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W. D. Bentley

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INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.



CENTIFOLIO



ROSE.





CENTIFOLIO

ROSE.

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY,

AND

GATHERINGS OF THE WEST:

A

MONTHLY PERIODICAL

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY THE REV. B. F. TEFFT, A. M.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1847.

INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

LATE in the afternoon of November 23, 1842, large columns of watery light were ascending and concentrating upon the sun, as he inclined low to the west, shedding his cold autumnal rays over my country and friends. As this image of home blended with that of heaven, took full possession of my imagination, the coachman, by whom I was sitting on the outside, pointed toward the horizon, and exclaimed, "*Roma! Roma!*" A moment's bewilderment made the mind waver as it turned from one entrancing vision to another, and straining my eyes as the carriage descended the hill, rapidly passing the lonely and time-worn tomb of Nero, I caught a glimpse of the city of the Cæsars; and as we rounded the point of the ridge, the dim outline of the dome of St. Peter's loomed up in the mist which overhung the Tiber. We quickly reached the level, crossed the full-flooded river on the ancient Milvian bridge, and soon approached the Porta del Popolo. Through this magnificent portal we passed into an open space, and halted at the base of an ancient Egyptian obelisk surmounted by a gilded glory and cross, and on whose pedestal I read, *Divus Augustus*. In the presence of this ancient emblem of Egypt, on whose base was that omnipotent name, once the adored household word of imperial Rome, and whose summit bore the symbol of our holy religion, pointing to the serial domes of two magnificent churches that threw their deep shadows over the inspiring scene, I realized I was in Rome.

To arrive in Jerusalem is an event in one's religious history: to arrive in Rome is an epoch in one's life. In the first case, the thoughts and the character acquire a deeper sanctity; in the second, an enviable celebrity. The pleasure of visiting the first springs from faith, as there is but little there that appeals to the senses, recalling to the soul those hallowed visions which impelled it to the east. A visit to the second derives its pleasure from what one sees—from those immortal works of art which the ancients and moderns have executed to represent

their patriotism, their pleasures, and their piety. They are the ever-during forms of beauty, of pleasure, of praiseworthy actions and of ennobling and purifying sentiments fixed in marble, brass, bronze, and mosaic, as models for the study and imitation of posterity. Rome was first the collector, then the creator, and now the conservator of these remains.

If Rome be the chief object of the amateur traveler in Europe, St. Peter's is the first wonder that he seeks in Rome. Consecrated to the interests of the invisible world, the pilgrim will perceive signs of his approach to it sometime before it appears in sight. As he descends to the Tiber, on the western side of which it stands, he finds the bridge that leads to it guarded by a host of angels in beautiful marble, each holding and contemplating some instrument of the passion of our Savior, as the cross, spear, sponge, hammer, nails, &c. And casting his eye aloft, he sees standing in the air upon the castle of St. Angelo, the statue of Michael, the archangel, with a drawn sword, intimating, as one might suppose, that St. Peter's whose soaring dome now appears in view, is under the protection of the heavenly hosts.

The traveler is disappointed upon first beholding this celebrated temple. It is encumbered on all sides by vast piles of lofty buildings, which abut upon it on either hand, and the edifice, on this account, seems to want breadth, and elevation, although it is four hundred feet in length, and one hundred and sixty in height. Nor does the portico, owing to its architecture being that of a palace rather than a church, make that grand and solemn impression upon the beholder which he naturally expects to receive upon approaching the entrance of a sublime religious edifice. But upon ascending into the vestibule, and looking up into the lofty vaulted ceiling covered with gold and adorned with mosaics, and upon the majestic centre portal, with bronze doors sculptured over with Scripture history and apostolic martyrdoms, and upon the colossal equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Constantine, he begins to realize the grandeur and beauty of this wonderful temple.

Although crowds may be arriving and departing, yet there is a profound silence, which is preserved by the portals for admission being closed, not by

wooden or bronze beams, but by curtains, which, being drawn aside, the stranger suddenly finds himself at the lower end of the church, from whence a scene of beauty, grandeur, and luxury bursts upon him, which cannot be described. Upon first seeing it, the devout Catholic might well be pardoned for the most enthusiastic or profound expressions of admiration or worship.

The first glance at the interior affects different persons differently. Some insensibly sink down upon their knees and cast a confiding and grateful glance toward the high altar; others fall prostrate and water the precious marble pavement with a profusion of tears. The Protestant is generally struck with wonder and delight, and stands in breathless silence, soothed and refreshed by the genial atmosphere, which is charged with the delicious incense that incessantly rises from many altars. At length he awakes from that profound wonderment that had entranced his soul upon entering, and begins to distinguish the several parts, and to comprehend the *tout ensemble* of this most wonderful temple. He looks up into the majestic vaults covered with the finest pictures fixed there in unchanging and ever-during mosaic; then he casts a glance through the vast ranges of columns encased in precious marbles, and adorned with magnificent funereal monuments, and the countless emblems and reminiscences of religion sculptured in marble and bronze. Amid this wondrous scene he will observe here groups standing in breathless silence contemplating some statue or picture, and there others kneeling at some favorite altar, or to some favorite saint.

At length he begins to advance into the church, and soon perceives that his feet move upon the precious marble pavement as upon a polished mirror. His attention is gradually concentrated upon a cluster of a hundred little lamps close to the floor, twinkling in their silver sockets amid a flood of milder light that comes down from the great dome, impending immediately above, and illumines the pavement. In the midst of this flood of celestial light is a heavy mass of shade, caused by the canopy of the great altar, under which repose the headless bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, the descent to whose tombs is constantly illuminated by the silver lamps.* Let the traveler approach the railing, and look down to the gate of these martyrs' graves, and he will see kneeling before it the statue of a Pope at prayer, which is so life-like, that for a time, it deceives him, and he expects to see it find entrance and disappear. If he choose to descend into the vaults beneath, he will there find the tombs of all the holy fathers, together with kings, queens, and princes, who have deserved well of the Church, but ill of their country,

* On the authority of Vassi and Nibby, Roman Catholic antiquarians, I assign the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul to this tomb and their heads to that of St. John Lateran, which is the metropolitan church of the Catholic world.

from which they have fled, or been indignantly driven, and at length found absolution and a grave here.

Upon ascending from the vaults below, the stranger, perhaps for the first time, looks aloft, and shudders involuntarily at beholding the dome, like a vast gulf, inverted and impending over him. In the concave of the lantern that crowns the dome, is a magnificent mosaic painting of the eternal Father, who looks down benignantly from that half shadowy, half illuminated recess, upon the tombs of the apostles and martyrs four hundred feet below.

Recovering from the first impulse of terror, he now discovers what, if he is a Protestant, shocks him—if a Catholic, fills him with reverence. It is a black statue of an ancient Jupiter, now regarded as St. Peter, seated in an elevated chair placed against a pillar, whose right foot is literally worn away by the kisses of the faithful through the lapse of a thousand years. I have seen the coarse, revolting peasantry press their garlicky lips and wrinkled foreheads ardently upon it, and the instant after, a princess passed her cambric handkerchief over it, and applied her delicate and beautifully chiseled mouth passionately to the same warm iron, and then lifted up her little son to do the same, while others were waiting to take their turn.

We must look for the emblems of St. Peter, as the head of the Church, in the tribune at the extreme upper end of the temple. There one sees an apparently small window of a mild yellowish golden color, so painted as to increase in richness and light toward the centre, where a celestial dove appears hovering over a bank of clouds, at the base of which, and blending with it, are saints, Ambrose, Augustin, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, bearing up the original chair of St. Peter, over whom two angels sustain the tiara, while hosts of seraphs hover around. The multitude do not worship here—they only wonder and believe.

Every time the visitor enters this mighty temple, every hour he spends in it, increases his admiration of this wonderful creation of man. But the Protestant cannot worship in St. Peter's.

He who has visited Westminster Abbey and St. Peter's will naturally compare the impressions which the interior of each made upon him. The interest of the two is totally different; yet each is overwhelming. In Westminster, the genius of the place overpowers you—in St. Peter's the place itself. The first fills you with reverence and awe as you gaze upon the monuments of those whose works and actions are the richest legacy ever bequeathed by mankind to man: the second fills you with wonder and delight as the most magnificent and harmonious composition in marble, metals, and colors, man has ever produced. Over the world of letters, science, and ambition, Westminster has the greater power: over the religious and ideal world St. Peter's reigns triumphant.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

JOSEPH ADDISON AS A PROSE WRITER.

THE world knows but little of the personal appearance of Joseph Addison; but his genius is appreciated, with more or less accuracy, wherever the English language is spoken. Lord Chesterfield once observed, that he "had never seen a more modest, or a more awkward man;" and this criticism may give us some conception of his person. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, in summing up the manifestations of his genius, lays it down as an axiom, that "he who would write English with correctness and elegance, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison;" and this sentence may furnish us with a sufficient idea of his mental character.

Chesterfield and Johnson, I will remark in passing, fairly represent the two great classes of critics, into which the world is divided. The one class judges only from personal appearances; the other by the acknowledged productions of the individual. The first looks entirely to the physical; the second as exclusively to the mental demonstrations. The one asks the question, how did he look? The other is satisfied to inquire, what can he do? If a man eats well, and sleeps at night, and cares but little how the world goes, his fine healthy face and full form will soon settle his fortune with the Chesterfield critics; but the thoughtful, studious, reflecting, and earnest man—he who lives an intellectual rather than an animal life, unless Providence has given him an iron frame which no labor can reduce—will do best to get his character drawn by the followers of Johnson.

This first order of critics, let me add, is not a new race of people. We have it on reliable authority, that Faustina, the mother of the Emperor Commodus, was so passionately devoted to their mode of judgment, that she discouraged in every way the mental education of her son, and, to improve his bodily appearance, brought him up as a gladiator. Socrates, also, was pronounced a villain, either because his figure and expression were not sufficiently bold and imposing, or there was some other deficiency in his person, when compared with the unchangeable Chesterfield standard. One of these critics, but a few years ago, on meeting with a flat-faced stranger in an English gentleman's parlor, expressed some resentment for being brought into the society of an idiot; nor was he prepared, by following his own rule of judgment, to manifest or feel much surprise, when he was informed that that idiot was only the celebrated Mr. Coleridge!

Notwithstanding the present popularity of this style of criticism, of judging a man's mind by his mien and magnitude, I shall prefer, in speaking of the intellectual characteristics of Mr. Addison, to

take the minority side with my old friend, Dr. Johnson.

There was a time when the name of Addison stood at the head of the literary canon. For almost a century, he was regarded as the best writer of the English language. He was seldom criticised, because criticism had already made him its model. Within the last half century, however, other writers have appeared, and presented their claims to rivalry with the great English composer; and it is for this reason, that the thinking part of the literary world begin again to examine and to rejudge their old standard.

In judging of the style of any writer, there are two points only to be noticed. They are, the thought and the expression of it. The thought in any piece of composition must be attended to, for several reasons. The first is, that the style of expression will very much depend on the amount of thought it labors with. If a writer has little or none of it to trouble him, his pen may glide easily and rapidly along, with all imaginable felicity of diction. The mind, freed from nearly every restraint, gives a loose reign to the imagination, and the words flow along in a continual stream of beauty. But just impose an intellectual burden on the mind, give it an intricate historic truth to unravel, or let it be employed in bringing to light some profound philosophical problem, and the muse of rhetoric is soon trammelled, the lines are apt to be found limping, and the mere manner of writing is almost necessarily lost in the difficulties or grandeur of the subject. There is so much importance to be given to this consideration, that, in the comparison of any two or more writers, the first question raised should always refer to the amount of solid matter respectively conveyed by them.

Another principal reason for attending, in all our strictures, to the thought of a composition, is, that the style of any writer will vary, as his matter is either original or borrowed. If it is borrowed, he has nothing to do but move quietly forward, with more or less variety and ease of manner, in the path made familiar to him by his predecessor. Perhaps he only polishes the blocks quarried and partly finished by another hand. But let him go himself to the granite or marble mountain—let him blast out with vast toil his own material, and, if I am not mistaken, the very habit of such rough labor will partially unfit him for the more delicate operation of the polisher; but if, as it rarely happens, there should arise a genius, capable of performing both parts with equal energy and perfection, no language can be too strong to celebrate his triumph. Such a man was Addison, as I shall endeavor to show before this sketch is finished.

Next to the thought in any piece of writing, the expression of it, I have said, should be regarded. Clearness of expression, or what is called perspicuity by rhetoricians, is of the first importance, because

ideas, however good, are of no value, unless they are made intelligible to the reader. Whether we write or speak, our object is to convey something to another; but if nothing be conveyed, or if our meaning is either obscured or distorted by the manner of conveyance, we might better have kept silence. All the fine words in the language, and all the embellishments of the most luxuriant fancy, can by no means supply the place of this sterling quality.

But a person may be very clear in the conveyance of his opinions, without raising the smallest admiration in the one who receives them. Your servant may vociferate some important truth to you, and though you perfectly comprehend him, he may deserve to be chastised for his impertinent behavior; or, by a complacent and agreeable manner, he may render an unlucky errand almost pleasing, and gild even a misfortune in the act of making it known to you. In the same way, a writer of the greatest capacity for thinking may fall infinitely below one of inferior talents, whose habits of expression happen to be more engaging.

In the possession of these two qualities of expression, many writers seem to be content; but a man of noble mind is not satisfied with being merely clear and agreeable for the moment. Having a work to do, he wishes to make on his reader's memory a lasting impression. He who writes barely for the temporary entertainment of the public, sacrifices every thing to amusement. Forgetting that he has an intellectual and moral character to maintain, and that to support it he must regard the ultimate effect of his compositions, he dashes on without concern, caring for nothing but to rouse present laughter, or to excite an evanescent sympathy, which passes off like the curling mists of a summer morning. But the truly great writer contrives to leave an indelible mark on the reader's heart and intellect. Perhaps, by a single article, he changes the opinions of a great part of his generation; and, from the day of its publication, he is quoted, not so much for his being of an amusing and humorous disposition, as for the power and impressiveness of his style of thinking. Although, in fact, he is only an impressive writer, his manner gives him a place among the philosophers and reformers.

These several qualities of a perfect style are rarely to be met with in the works of any single writer. One, like Bacon, has original and great thoughts—thoughts like diamonds of the deepest water; but then these very diamonds are half hid amidst the rubbish of his language. Another, like Plutarch among the ancients, presents you with good thoughts, but they are all borrowed from original sources. All that such a writer has to do, is to gather up his pearls wherever he can find them, and then string them at his leisure and to his liking. A third is very clear in what he says, but, like Sterne and Swift, in their lighter works, his want of substance renders him

unworthy of perusal. A fourth, wishing to make his page lively and agreeable, will sacrifice with Sue and Bulwer every other consideration, and even truth and virtue, to the mere gratification of his reader. The fifth class of writers, among whom are to be numbered all sorts of reformers, and of whose style that of Luther is an eminent example, in laboring to make their sentences impressive, sometimes forget that correctness and beauty are important elements of power.

It is only by looking over such a list as I have given, and perceiving how few are the writers who possess more than one of the leading qualities of good writing, that we learn to appreciate the productions of Mr. Addison, in which all the varieties of strength and elegance are harmoniously and beautifully blended.

As a writer of profound thought, Mr. Addison has had but few equals. Every page of his works seems to have been wrought out with deep reflection. A strong proof of this is seen in the fact, that his writings have been as universally read and admired by men of mere logical habits, as by those who can praise nothing in an author, but the splendor of his figures and the honey of his words. Besides, his political pieces exerted a general influence, even during his lifetime, on the public mind; and, at this day, every Englishman feels the abiding effect of his polemical efforts in the increased permanency and vigor of the crown. Victoria herself may well bless her fortune, that such a writer had preceded her own birth and reign, whose genius had cast almost an agreeable lustre around her bloody hereditary throne. But our writer's critical papers are undoubtedly the strongest evidence of his intellectual power. Criticism is that species of writing of all most difficult to manage; and when, like Mr. Addison's review of Milton, it is to be confined to a single author, it is almost beyond the bounds of possibility to make it interesting to common minds. There is demanded by it a closeness of thought, a clearness of distinction, and a refined delicacy in the discrimination and choice of words, which, however skillfully employed, require too great a share of the same qualifications in the reader, to render it easy and captivating to the great mass of mankind. The truth of it is, the depth and originality of thought so manifest in Mr. Addison's works, are the very excellences which make him less popular in this age than in his own. So busy is the world in our day in heaping up hoards of wealth, and so illiterate and mentally indolent do men become, whose lives have been spent in this way, that a work of any merit for refinement and ability of thought is cast aside as the greatest nuisance to be conceived. A style of less depth, but of more flare and flash, would have maintained Mr. Addison in his position down to our own times; while, as a lamentable fact, it must be confessed, that the Spectator, the Tatler,

and the Guardian have been partly displaced by the foolish and flimsy novels and love stories of a more thoughtless and degenerate age.

But the agreeable qualities in Mr. Addison's writings, in spite of his depth and originality of thought, have preserved him a place on our shelves. It is quite insufficient to say of him, that he is uniformly perspicuous in his expression. His style rolls along like a transparent stream over a bottom of pearls. While looking through it, you forget that you are doing so, but gaze with undivided vision on the rich creations of his genius, over which it flows. His humor is of that serene and quiet character, with which men of all degrees of passion are ever pleased. There is nothing in him boisterous, and fitful, and extravagant, as in those writers who are conscious of their inability to secure attention, without these glaring and laborious efforts of the pen. While perusing his papers, you seem to be thinking to yourself, with such ease and fluency do you read. It would probably be unjust to say, that every sentence was carefully sounded and measured before it was written down; but, by whatever means effected, the rhythm of each period is as sweet and sonorous as if it had undergone this scrutiny many times. You will scarcely find a single specimen of abruptness in his works. The beginning of each sentence is musically adapted to the preceding one's close; so that, from the first to the last word in a page or paragraph, and the same may be said of entire books, you glide smoothly along with the gentle and unbroken current of his style. To secure this musical flow, and at the same time preserve a just propriety of expression and correctness of thought, requires a habit of reflection and a command of language seldom to be met with in the same man. But Mr. Addison, as I have said, was a thinker of great depth, and then nothing can express his wonderful familiarity with words. In the conveyance of any thought, and therefore in the construction of every sentence, there is really but one set of words adapted to the case. A loose composer will catch at the first word that occurs to him, and, by this means, express an idea different from the one he had conceived. A writer more careful, but unfamiliar with the language in which he writes, will see his wants, but be unable, without evident toil and trouble, to meet them; and thus, through this particular deficiency, his style becomes hard and stiff even to himself. With what admiration, then, are we to look upon that genius, who, with a rich store of original and interesting thoughts, is always ready with the only words that can convey them with precision and beauty to our minds!

We are told by the critics that the art of poetry was invented to aid the memory in the retention of impressions made upon it; since, both by the beat and measure of good verse, as well as by the later addition of assonance, or rhyme, the mind is enabled

easily to recall a line or a stanza, with whatever thought it may contain. If this is true of poetry, why should it not be true equally of prose? Poetry, so far as we are now regarding it, is only prose written down in the rhythmical style; and, consequently, that prose which is most musical, other qualities being equal, makes the deepest and most lasting impression on the mind. It is for this reason, in part, that the style of Mr. Addison is so impressive, and his sentiments and even his language are so readily and lastingly retained. Some authors, like unskillful speakers, to be sure of an impression, will wax into a rage of rhetoric, and pour down a volley of words, as if they would take you by assault; but while the words are flying, and the winged missiles are falling, you take shelter under an assumed insensibility, which covers you like a shield; and, when the battle is over, you are glad that it is so, and have nothing but a confused recollection of the wildness and fury of the storm. Mr. Addison, on the other hand, never seems to be excited, but insinuates himself into your affections by the excellence of his sentiments, the elegance of his manner, and a subdued earnestness of spirit, which everywhere characterize his style.

The impressiveness of that style is clearly established by its effect on the literature of his age. It is also evinced by the influence his writings exerted on the fortunes of his life.

Joseph Addison raised himself to the highest distinction by his works. If any one will take the pains to examine, with a little care and research, the authors who preceded him subsequent to the Reformation, he will find that no uniform style had been established, even by the first class of writers. John Milton, it is true, had redeemed poetry from the low and vulgar; and Dryden had turned it into a useful channel. Other poets, not forgetting the incomparable Shakspeare and Chaucer, had reclaimed the imagination from the exclusive possession of the romancers, and made it once more a sober agent in the civilization of the species. Prior to the time of these great bards, the minstrels of England, the trouvères of France, and the troubadours of the entire south of Europe, but especially of Spain, had filled the world with love songs and ballads, with wild romances drawn from the chivalry of the feudal ages, and with those marvelous fictions which celebrated the fabulous exploits of Charlemagne, of Amadis, and of the Knights of the Round Table. But what Corneille did for France, and Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca for Spain, was accomplished, and perhaps surpassed, by Shakspeare and Milton, for the poetry of the English. But, for sometime after these bards, English prose continued in a most lamentable condition. With but a few exceptions, the best prose writers seemed to run out their sentences, without the slightest care as to their construction. Their style is every way perplexed

and tangled. I have marked a place in one of these old authors, where a single period covers the space of more than two octavo pages; and the passage itself is as remarkable for its turnings, and windings, and twistings, and inexplicable retrocessions and reversions, as the celebrated Cretan labyrinth. These old English authors are famous, also, for their prolixity and grandiloquence of style; and for this reason alone, not to mention many other blemishes of a similar nature, their ablest productions, such as the Intellectual System of Cudworth, a work of unbounded research, have secured only the learned and curious for readers. It is the glory of Addison to have begun a new era. The simplicity, and beauty, and wonderful ease and elegance of his composition roused the attention and taste of the literary world.

If any of my readers should imagine that the talent for fine writing is a birthright, requiring no study, nor pains, nor research, such a theory will find no favor in the history of Mr. Addison's literary habits. As he himself has somewhere remarked of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, so it may be said of him, that no one could be the author of his productions, who was not a master of the entire circle of human science. Where he touches upon the province of either ancient or modern history, he seems to know both with equal accuracy. If his theme requires illustration from biography, he appears to be as familiar with the great men of every age, as if he had been to each one of them a cotemporary. In those papers where he treats of law and government, he writes like one who has thoroughly read every thing in that line, from Ulpian down to Montesquieu. He speaks of the fine arts, of music, poetry, and painting, and very frequently of sculpture, in that particular and original vein, which betrays the most intimate knowledge of his subject. In the common walks of literature, both of the dead and living languages, he was as much at home as in his own garden; and not a flower has bloomed in their most unfrequented retreats, which he has not discovered and culled to adorn his rich garland. Not only the earth beneath, but the very heavens above, with all their planetary movements, were mapped out on his mental vision; and scarcely a star was ever known to rise or set, which does not somewhere throw a lustre upon his pages.

But a man may write well; his sentences may be correctly and even exquisitely finished; they may flow after each other like the ripples of a gentle rivulet, or roll onward like some beautiful transparent river; and yet, like that very rivulet, like that rolling river, the current of his style may be as cold as it is beautiful and clear. When the head only is engaged in a literary production, that production will be as destitute of warmth, as it can be full of beauty. The heart is the seat of all that fire of feeling which gives to every human effort its proper effect and force. The head and the heart maintain two sepa-

rate dynasties in the soul—a kind of *imperium in imperio*—which, though they work apart in many of the ordinary matters of human life, always unite their strength in every great and successful undertaking. Without high moral feeling, no man can do his best. His heart must be in his work; and, what is still more, his heart must be pure and right. A man destitute of these moral qualifications, whatever be his intellectual power, will rarely attain to the highest consideration in the literary world. If a writer be vain, haughty, or highly ambitious in his disposition, or if he is led on by any other improper bias or element of character, he will, without fail, manifest his weakness, and that, too, in a way most likely to mar the beauty of his composition. It is for this reason, as we might learn in the history of every truly great writer, that humility, sincerity, and earnestness, all of which are Christian virtues, are the surest guaranties of success; and that sinking of self in the work undertaken, which constitutes so great a part of the character of a true Christian, I would with emphasis lay down, as the last and lowest foundation of all real distinction in the writer.

Without this moral qualification, a man will be forever reaching after those things which lie entirely beyond him. A laborious effort, like that of a proud man always, will be seen in each line and sentence. His vanity will also incessantly prompt him to exhibit his learning, his wit, or his fancy; and his style will be full of those rank flowers, which always flourish in the imagination of such a writer. His haughtiness will be apt to show itself in a kind of careless vivacity of humor, in a negligent selection of topics, and in a triumphant rounding up of his periods. How different is all this from the sweetness of spirit, simplicity of diction, earnestness of manner, and heartfelt benevolence and sincerity of purpose, so conspicuous on every page of the truly great writer. Some authors, conscious of their deficiency in this respect, have seen the necessity of practicing humility, even though it were without feeling it; but far better is it, and infinitely more promising of success, to possess the substance than to pursue the shadow. Nor should the reader fail to observe, that, in this instance, as in every other, Art itself is more or less perfect, as it is inspired and guided by the spirit and genius of revelation. Christianity would be imperfect, if it did not impart to all its adherents the one thing needful, for every occupation of the intellectual and moral life.

It is impossible to review the life and labors of Mr. Addison, without realizing forcibly the moral power of such a writer. The same qualities of style which gained him one intelligent and impartial admirer, would be equally successful with the world around him. When one was acquired, he had nothing to do, but go on and win the admiration of all who could speak and read his language. But, so far as a people admire a man, to the same extent that

man is virtually their teacher, guide, or lawgiver; and when a whole people conspire to celebrate one of their own number, other nations soon acknowledge his authority, and feel his power. In this manner a great writer gradually gets possession of the public mind, and makes himself master of his age. A book, an article, a line from his pen, is felt through the bounds of the reading world. But his power stops not here. The living generations hand down his name to their descendants, crowned with all honor. When the latter read his productions for themselves, the same causes still producing the same effects, and time having hallowed what it could not destroy, the children learn to reverence what their fathers had but admired. In this way, one age after another is surrendered, and the great writer lives on and reigns in his works. Fashion, which changes all things else, cannot touch the soul. What one age pronounces beautiful, will be acknowledged beautiful for ever. While opinions vary, and philosophy changes, and science makes advances, the laws of taste are unchangeable and eternal. The writer of theories, and those who advocate forms of doctrine, will rise or fall with the fortunes of their peculiar notions; but he who, for the beauty of his composition—for a style founded on the immutable laws of the human mind, gets possession of one age, is sure of all ages. Nothing but the destruction of his native literature and language, or the actual annihilation of his works, can rob him of this reward. But the day is past, when a great language can grow old and die; and the art of printing has embalmed all the works of genius now extant. The numerous dialects of earth are also centering down to a very few. As the great races advance, they sweep off the civilization of the conquered people, and plant their own. Of the two living languages which are now making the conquest of the world, the Anglo-Saxon is decidedly the first; and, by our missionaries, but more by our English Bible, it is being carried into all lands. The time will come when such a writer as Addison, nay, when Addison himself, will be read by unborn millions in every quarter of the globe. When we look upon the moral power he will then exert, how trivial appears to us the short-lived fame of a world of ambitious men! What is it to be, for a brief hour, a president, or a king, compared with this eternal supremacy of genius—this deathless power of mind!

It is a singular fact in the history of the Church, that these Popes who have assumed the title of Innocent, have always been the most wicked, while the Leo's, or Lions, have ranked among the most mild, virtuous, and benevolent. But this is nothing new. Men who intend to lead a bad life, will frequently blind the public by high professions; nor is a rough outside the true indication of the mind and man.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARSEN.

I BELIEVE, reader, I have coined a new word—*miscellania*. It may, however, be an old one, in general circulation, and of legitimate authority. I cannot at present settle the point, for I cannot find my dictionary, if I have any, which is doubtful—it is so long since I saw it. But the word, new or old, suits my present purpose, for two reasons: first, it is less pretending than "Miscellaneous Sketches," under which I have occasionally appeared the past year. I find, after a year's experience, that I am no great sketcher after all. In this I have but met the fate of many a much greater man, who has had to try his hand at several successive arts before he found out what he was made for. Secondly, it affords me full scope to discuss any subject, and follow any train of thought that may be presented.

THE NEW YEAR.

So here we are again, reader, under mutual engagement for another year—I to write, and you to read. Many a pleasant discourse have we held the past year. The subjects of our miscellanies for the next year may be more varied. At present it is natural to indulge in some reflections appropriate to the season. Another year is gone—gone for ever; and with it is gone many a one of the children of earth. The flower, that peeped, at opening spring, on the hill-side, has faded, and the herb which produced it, has perished with the year. Even the old oak has quailed before the lightning, or been uprooted by the tempest, or felled by the woodman's axe. The insects that made summer cheerful, by their busy hum, sleep to wake no more. And many a sorrowing son of earth has buried with the year his hopes and his heart. Spring will return, and new flowers will come, and the air will buzz and the earth echo with the sound of insect life; but the places of the loved and the lost can never be filled again.

Incessant are the changes of earth. It seems but yesterday that I, a young and happy boy, was absorbed in the joyous sports of school-boy days. I can hardly believe that the grave and gray-haired men I see, when I visit my native place, are the same persons with whom I used to play in other days. But so it is. Time has laid his frosty fingers on such as are left. And they are few; for the most are gone from earth. Many a family, once large, happy, and all at home, is now scattered and broken up.

I remember a most interesting family, who, some twenty years ago, exerted, in the order of Providence, an important influence on my own destiny. In a quiet, retired nook among the mountains, overlooking a fertile valley below, and commanding a fine view of the mountains above, surrounded by

forest trees, and fruit trees, and shrubbery, and enlivened by the song of numerous birds, stood the family mansion. That mansion is now desolate. The hearth is cold, and no cheerful light streams at evening from the open window. Near the mansion stands an old, dilapidated, forsaken church. By that church is the burial-ground, where the cold marble tells in brief language the history of the family. A double slab, standing erect, records the death of two brothers, whose bodies lie not there. Lovely in disposition, they were united in friendship, like that which bound together the shepherd boy of Palestine and his generous friend, who fell on the mountains of Gilboa. Having, by economy and persevering industry, acquired a classical education, and attracted by motives of interest and of humanity, they made their way to the southwest, and established themselves, as teachers, in New Orleans, a city which has furnished the grave for so many sons of the north. Prospering as they did, successful and useful as they were, they yet forgot not their home and their friends. They had appointed the day to start for their distant home among the hills. The day was at hand, their goods were packed, and their passage engaged, when the pestilence that creeps so insidiously on those who breathe the miasmatic air of the south, was upon them. They both died; and in that city of death, among the promiscuous mass of humanity that there finds a grave, were they buried, and "no man knoweth their sepulchre." Another white slab marks the grave of the father of the family, a man of honor, of piety, and of uncommon sweetness of temper. He cleared away the forest from the very spot where the mansion, the church, and the grave-yard now are, and he saw the wilderness become the fruitful field.

The next record is that of the daughter, twenty years ago the life and joy of the family circle. Like her brothers, she died young, and died in the midst of usefulness. Next and last is the grave of the mother. She was the guardian genius of the household, the ruling star of its destiny. About her path, as she moved quietly along the walks of domestic life, there fell a radiance of affection, of intelligence, and of dignity. Her mind was formed on the model of magnanimous souls. Her spirit was of that benevolent and humane, that pure and lofty character, which serves to mark, in this frail condition of human existence, the exalted nature of man's undying soul. Whoever came within the magic circle of her quiet, unostentatious, yet powerful influence, found himself in a moral atmosphere, which virtue only might breathe. And dull must be the spirit, and cold the heart of him who might not find himself in such an influence a better and a wiser man. But she is gone.

And thus passes human life. I never visit a happy household without feeling sad at the thought of the changes which time must bring on it. I never plant

a tree or a shrub without thinking that it may soon bloom for strangers, while myself and my children may be gone the way of all that is mortal.

THE NEW PLANET.

The periodicals inform us of the discovery of a new planet, far beyond the orbit of Uranus. For sometime its existence was suspected, owing to certain disturbances in the motions of Uranus, which could be accounted for only by the existence, in the neighborhood, of some body, whose attraction might produce this effect. A philosopher is said to have calculated the position of the new planet so accurately, that observers might know just where to look for it. The discovery of this planet evinces the certainty and precision of science. Not many ages ago an eclipse of the sun or the moon would strike the world with awe, and even arrest the march of conquering armies. Now eclipses may be calculated, many ages beforehand, so accurately that the event occurs at the very minute predicted. Eclipses, not only of our own moon, but of the satellites of distant planets, are determined with such precision, as to afford the adventurous seaman the means of finding his longitude. A comet suddenly shoots athwart the sky, and is gone. But if it only remain long enough for the philosopher to get his eye upon it, the period of its return, though hundreds or thousands of years distant, may be accurately estimated. And in the late case, the place of a great planet is determined long before it can be seen by philosophic glass. Great are the triumphs of science.

This new planet is only new to us. It is doubtless an old acquaintance in that part of the heavens, having quietly pursued its way for ages. It may be a beautiful world, with hills, and vales, and rivers, and oceans, and verdure, and living beings. But the living beings, what and who are they? Are they human, like us? Do they die there? Alas! weep they, as do we, over the loved and the lost?

This planet is supposed to be at least seventy hundred millions of miles from our earth. Seventy hundred millions of miles! How immense the distance! Why, the railroad car, rushing at its utmost speed over its iron track, would require more than twenty thousand years to reach that lone world. And yet, distant as it is, it is one of our own neighbors, when compared with the thousands of fixed stars, that gleam from the sky on a winter's night. It is warmed by our own sun, and surrounded by the same starry heavens which look down on our earth. Could you, gentle reader, by any means, reach that distant world, and look from its plains on the heavens, you would see, with the exception of the smaller planets, the very same stars, and the same constellations which have been familiar to you from infancy. The Pleiads would still be shedding their sweet influences on you, and Orion and the polar constellation would look forth bright and beautiful in their old habitations.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

I SHOULD like to introduce the readers of the Ladies' Repository to the Black River Swamp, in the state of Arkansas, but not till I get to it, nor yet exactly as I was introduced to it myself.

In September, 1836, I left the Queen City, to attend the Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama conferences. It appeared like a long, fatiguing journey to perform on horseback and alone; but there were points in view which could be reached by no other means of conveyance. There might be disease and danger in the course; but I was on lawful business, intimately connected with the welfare of redeemed sinners; and why should any man ever fear to go where duty calls, or remain till his work is done? Moreover, I was well mounted upon Nick, a fine pacing gray. He moved as if on elliptic springs, and bore onward with a strength of muscle and power of endurance which excited my admiration. Far removed, not only from wife, children, and friends, but from the crowds of strangers which usually throng the public lines of conveyance, it was a time for reflection on the responsibilities and difficulties of my new relation, and not wholly unimproved. Lonely reflection, however, was soon superseded by practical duties. While in council with the brethren of Tennessee conference, at Columbia, a call made for volunteers to supply the wants of the new conference just set off in the state of Arkansas, was promptly responded to by some noble-hearted, self-sacrificing young ministers. Three of them were ready to bear me company thither, immediately after the final adjournment. Their names were Randle, Duncan, and Simmons. Passing down through the western district of Tennessee, we came on the fresh trail of fourteen thousand Creek Indians, just then removing from Alabama to their new home in the far-off west. At one of their camping places, then vacated, was seen a standing hollow tree, out of the side of which had been taken a slab, by cutting above and below, and splitting it off, and which had been carefully replaced.

A citizen, whose neighbors had made examination, informed us, that in the hollow of that tree was a deceased Indian, standing erect, with his gun, blanket, and hunting costume, as he appeared when living. We subsequently saw several of these depositories of their dead. As a matter of convenience, the Indians were separated into companies of fifteen hundred, and a sub-agent assigned to each. We came up with the rear gang in the vicinity of Memphis, were two days passing their extended line of companies, and slept three nights in sight of their camps. No nation of men ever exhibited more powerful muscles than were developed in the persons of the Creek warriors. Like other people, they bore

the marks of inequality. Some had the appearance of abject poverty. Among this class the men rode on ponies, carrying their guns and camp kettles, while the women trudged on foot, bearing heavy packs on their heads, and small children lashed upon their shoulders. A second class were better clad, had a better outfit, and presented more appearance of comfort. The third class, probably formed of the nobility of the nation, were gaudily attired in silk and jewelry, and exhibited the insignia of wealth and office.

After crossing the "Father of waters" at Memphis, we immediately entered the Mississippi Swamp, which, at that point, was forty-two miles across. The track was so worked up by the teams and pack-horses, that we found it more pleasant to avoid it when practicable. For miles together our horses waded, but generally found firm bottom, except about the sloughs, where many tired Indian ponies stuck fast, and were left to perish in the bog, and where our noble animals had to struggle hard to escape the same fate. On the evening of the second day we emerged from the swamp, and crossed the St. Francis river. At a small green bottom two miles beyond the river, two companies of Creeks, numbering some three thousand in all, were camped for the night. We took lodging at a country tavern on the hill, about thirty rods from them. They had nearly as many ponies as people, and almost every pony wore a bell. The camp axes were roaring, dogs and children appeared to be alike abundant and alike noisy. The whole taken together produced a singular confusion of sounds, and presented quite a novel spectacle.

Next morning about daybreak we rode out through the encampment in a northeast direction, on the Batesville road. Having cleared the great swamp, and reached an undulating surface, we congratulated ourselves that the worst of the journey was behind. For some twenty-five miles our course led us over desolate pine and oak ridges, which nevertheless, formed an agreeable contrast with the sludge from which we had escaped. At noon the rain began to fall slowly, at first, but steadily. In the afternoon we came by a small company of men engaged in raising a corn-crib near to a cabin which seemed to be full, and presented no appearance of comfort, when the following conversation ensued:

"How far is it to the next house?"

"Twenty-one miles, and three more to the tavern."

"What sort of road is it?"

"Not very good, nor bad, just middling."

"Is there any deep water to cross?"

"None that will swim, except Bayou De View, sixteen miles from here, and I don't reckon that will swim quite."

Then among ourselves we held a conference on horseback, the rain still coming down. "It is two

o'clock—say four hours till daylight will be entirely gone. Can we reach the point of difficulty before dark?" "Yes, I think we can." "If we fail to get through, we shall need our dinner by to-morrow." "Well, I have a little piece of corn bread," said one. "And I have part of a sweet potato," said another. "That is as good fare as we can get here," responded a third. It was suggested, if we had to camp out, there was no means of striking fire, but perhaps other campers might have left fire on the way. The case was finally summed up thus: our time in which to reach conference is short; there is no use in staying here in the rain; come on. And onward we went, ignorant of what was before us. In a few minutes our road disappeared under water. What does this mean? Why, the Black River Swamp. "They said last night we should cross it, but it looks worse then we expected." The sludge increased, and the horses sank more and more. Presently, while passing a bad place, Nick, better acquainted with M'Adamized turnpikes than swamps, went down till he was nearly buried alive in quicksand and water. After a long and hard struggle, he came out and brought me with him, but my heavy saddlebags were left behind in the mud. Having recovered them, we resumed the journey, but soon reached another slough, where to prevent a greater evil, I dismounted, drove the horse, and followed on foot through mud and water to the knees, by which means we made a safe crossing. But the thought of its being twenty miles to the next house, wet and cold, my boots full of water, and the night approaching, was not very cheering. It was about the last of October. The climate was supposed to be unhealthy. We had fairly entered a dismal swamp thirty-two miles wide, and in consequence of heavy rains, unusually full of water. Instead of traveling five miles an hour, as we had expected, our horses were unable to make three. The beaten track was the least dangerous, as it always is over quicksand; but for miles together it was wholly under water, varying in depth from six inches to three feet, and the bottom little more than a continuous quagmire, as deep as the horses could struggle through. While daylight lasted, we could follow the trace by the old blazes on the sides of the trees; but night closed in upon us long before we reached the main point of difficulty, and the rain still increasing. We lost the track, our feet dragged through brushwood, and the morass shook beneath us; but giving the affrighted horses loose rein, they returned to it. Again we took the wrong direction, and went plunging through water and alder bushes, in danger every moment of being engulfed in quicksand, but after sometime, found our road once more. A conference was then called to discuss the question, "Shall we give it up, or try to proceed?" It was a solemn conference; and though darkness and storm prevailed without, order and peace were maintained within. The sum

of our conversation was briefly this: to stay here all night, wet, cold and hungry, without shelter, without fire, or a foot of dry ground on which to stand, is perilous: to proceed was only perilous; and the conclusion was, to try it again. After losing and regaining the beaten way a third time, at last coming to a bank of sand, and then a rapid descent of some feet to a sheet of deep water, we inferred that we were at the margin of the much-dreaded Bayou De View. The bill of direction was, to enter near a large tree, bear up to the point of an island, then forming an angle downward, steer for a projecting log on the opposite shore. But, alas! under the lofty trees and lowering clouds, the darkness was such that we could not see the animals on which we rode. What was to be done? To encounter the turbid stream at random was bordering on presumption; to wait for daylight, when the stream was rising, was discouraging, and might defeat our whole enterprise. As it was a case in which life might be involved, a regular vote was taken, by calling the roll, and it was unanimous in favor of going ahead. It was also agreed that I should be commander. The line was promptly formed as follows: brother Randle, having a steady horse, and being a light rider, was to lead off, brother Simmons second, the writer third, and brother Duncan was to bring up the rear. It was further ordered to keep two rods apart, so that if we struck a swim, every man might have sea-room, and a chance for life. "All ready?" "Yes." "Proceed. Cry soundings." "Knee deep—up to the girt—midsides—steady—over the withers, but still feel bottom—more shallow now. Here is the point of the island." "Very well. Now form an angle to the left—down stream is easy." The latter channel was no deeper than the former, and all made safe landing. Thanks to kind Providence!

Our next direction was, to leave the old trace here, turn down the bayou some distance without any road, so as to intersect a new way, which had been recently cut out, starting from a point lower down. Between the ford and the new way we tore through brushwood, leaped over logs, and plunged into sloughs, at the risk of our limbs, but finally reached the road, when our horses gladly resumed the proper course. It was, to our great mortification, soon ascertained that the new way was more miry than the old. As we could see nothing, our quadrupeds had all the credit for keeping the road. Presently brother Randle's horse was heard plunging at a fearful rate for sometime, when he announced a very dangerous place, "water up to midsides, and the bottom very boggy." Brother Simmons next put in, and was glad when he got out. He advised me to veer to the left—it might be better, and he thought could be no worse. It proved to be unfortunate advice, as it threw me on to a heap of logs, that had been rolled in to fill up a deep and dangerous bog, but which were then all afloat. Nick had a terrible scuffle over

them. Once his foot hung fast, twice the water rolled over him, and the rider was well nigh unhorsed; but finally he righted, and brought me out unhurt. Taking a position as nearly as I could guess opposite to where the others crossed, I called to brother Duncan to steer by my voice, and put in. He came near sticking fast, but received no damage.

At a late period of the night, while groping amid darkness that could be felt, mingled with incessant showers, we were suddenly aroused by the joyful note, "A light! a light!" Approaching as near as some unseen obstruction allowed, we hailed. An old lady came to the door and demanded, "Who is there?" "Travelers." "Ah! I thought my sons had got back from bear hunting." "No, madam, we are strangers, have been belated in the swamp, and wish to know if you will shelter us the balance of the night." "Why la! me, I wouldn't turn off a dog such a night as this." Securing the horses to the trees, we joyfully entered the cabin of poles, about sixteen feet long and fourteen wide. The chimney was unfinished. There was a place for a hearth, but it was not filled up, and the fire was down in a hole some eighteen inches below the puncheons. Four of us with our wet baggage, added to the family, and two other strangers that were there before us, scarcely left us room to turn round. At midnight we made a comfortable dinner on pork and corn-dodger; and having dried off a little, we held our evening prayers at two o'clock in the morning, and quietly laid us down to sleep, grateful for our kind reception. About daylight we asked the old lady for our bill, which was two dollars. When we inquired if she meant two dollars each, she said "La! me, I should be rich if I had that much. I mean two dollars for all four." Having completed our preparation, we resumed the swamp, but the limbs of our animals were so lacerated by maple roots and cypress knees, that they took it very reluctantly. We reached the Cash river tavern with hard toiling in an hour and a half, the distance being three miles, where the landlady, in the absence of her husband, first served us with breakfast, and then ferried us over the river. When the boat had crossed the rapid channel, she grounded on the bank, which was entirely inundated; so that we had no alternative but to mount in the boat and leap over the bow into the water. Eight miles more of wading and plunging, which consumed just four hours, brought us out of the Black River Swamp at Litchfield, thankful that we were alive.

After reaching solid ground, and obtaining lodgings, our first concern was to unpack our clothes, books, and papers, and dry them. This done, we preached, exhorted, and held prayer meeting in the village of Litchfield, where the inhabitants received us kindly, and requested regular preaching, which was of course provided for them. Our little party felt toward each other like a band of patriot soldiers, who

had endured a hard and hazardous campaign together, and we distributed among ourselves small presents, as mementos of our mutual regard and providential deliverance. The last I knew of my companions in travel, they were all zealous and successful ministers of Christ. May they severally receive the crown of life!

In this narrative there is not a particle of fiction, nothing thrown in to fill up a chasm, but much omitted to shorten the article. Every man who adventured himself into that swamp in the condition it was then in, did it at his peril. Had I been offered one thousand dollars to retrace my steps, it would have been no temptation. Only for reliance on the providence of God, I should have despaired of getting safely out. In all the course of my life I have seldom, if ever, felt such a spirit of prayer and enjoyed such a power of faith in God, as I did during the perils of that, to me, memorable night. How we were to be delivered, I did not know, nor feel concerned to know, but felt the most unshaken confidence that God in his own way would bring us safely through. And after obtaining that confidence, I felt more of the spirit of rejoicing than is usual for me, even under more favorable circumstances. Such was the beginning of my first regular tour on what is sometimes called "the big circuit;" but I am happy to add, it was not a fair specimen of my journeyings, even in that new country.

IDEA OF CREATION AND SALVATION.

BY A MUTE.

In the following correspondence, we present one of the finest examples of the triumph of modern science and humanity ever published. It will both interest and instruct many of our readers. They will here see what modern enterprise, guided and impelled by the genius of Christianity, has done and is doing for the suffering members of the race. History gives no evidence that any one of our existing institutions of benevolence by which such an amount of human misery is alleviated or removed, was ever known to the most enlightened nations of antiquity. Prior to the coming of our Lord, natural blindness, deafness, and all the ordinary forms of inherited disease, were supposed to be so many monuments of the particular sinfulness of parents and their posterity; and, consequently, those most in need of the warm charities of our nature, were most abandoned to their helpless agony. But Jesus, in due time, came. From him the world learned the lesson, that neither the sufferer nor his parents had necessarily committed particular sins; but that the glory of God was to be manifested, in raising these unfortunate beings to the highest degree of happiness, which they may be prepared to appreciate and enjoy. What Jesus did by miracle, modern Christianity is endeavoring to imitate, as far as possible, by scientific zeal and Christian enterprise.—Ed.

German township, July 1, 1846.

DEAR SARAH JANE,—I have just read a copy of your letter to A. F., Esq. It would afford me great pleasure to have a copy of that containing your

views upon the questions following: 1. Your feelings and views, prior to your education, relative to creation, salvation, and the great Author of both. 2. What they are now relative to the same things, and, as nearly as you can, give the contrast, and you will place under lasting obligations your sincere friend and brother in Christ Jesus.

H. CLAY DEAN.

MISS SARAH JANE CORE.

A. F., Esq.,—I received your friendly letter from Doylestown, Ohio, of the 12th of November last. In answer, I can say, I have some recollection of your teaching school at our school-house before I went to Philadelphia. But many and strange things have since occupied my mind; for, as you are aware, I am one of those people who are bereft of hearing, and, consequently, of speech. "Even so, heavenly Father, it seemed good in thy sight!" But my lot was mercifully cast in an age of education and Christian enterprise, and I might almost say of miracles. I can now understand what the inspired prophet Isaiah foretold, when he said, "The ears of the deaf shall be opened, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing."

But I will endeavor to answer your questions.

1. What my views were before I was educated. I answer, they were so mixed and confused it is hard to relate them. Could you talk to me by signs, I could better make you understand. The mute is often at a loss for words.

I was ignorant of every thing except such things as I learnt the use of by the sight of the eye. I had much curiosity to look at every thing. I was very anxious to know things I could not understand. I saw my friends talking, but I saw the animals were silent and did not use their tongues as men do. I was extremely anxious to see many curiosities in the sky, to which I wished to fly like a bird. But I was very much disappointed. I formed an idea that there was a great man in a beautiful chair, who had a long white beard, and was dressed in white. He was highly favored to send water from the sky through numerous little holes, that were opened and then shut by many soldiers.

I was very much delighted with the moon, perceiving that it had a face like a beautiful lady that was very mild. I was very sorry to see it go down. I thought it would protect us from danger. I was always delighted with the rainbow, but did not know what it was, till I was educated, and told it was

"The presence of God in symbols sublime;

His vow from the flood to the exit of time."

I did not know why ministers and my friends attended to worship. I thought it was a habit agreeable to them. I had no idea they were addressing a Spirit. I knew nothing about the necessity and importance of being born again. I saw Jesus Christ on the cross, and angels in the pictures of the Bible

and other books. But I did not know who and what they were. When papa took me to Philadelphia, at eleven years of age, and left me amongst strange pupils, I did not know that they were all deaf and dumb as well as myself. Nor did I know that they had names. I was much surprised when I was taught I had a name, and that it was Sarah Jane Core. I often looked for my papa or friends to come back, but I saw none of them for nearly six years.

When papa came I did not know him, nor did he know me. I was sorry to leave my teachers and companions, but wanted to see mother, brothers, and sisters. But when I came home, it all looked strange. I soon wanted to go back, for the teachers and pupils were all so kind to me, and they could talk to me. When Sabbath came, I was so sorry that I could not meet with them in the chapel room, and see Mr. Hutton, the principal, explain the Scriptures.

I go to church here, but not with the same satisfaction. I look on Christians here as highly favored. I compare them going to church to some fine vessel sailing up the Delaware under a pleasant gale and near to port, while I, in my little bark, am humbly sailing after.

I know when I got to church, I cannot hear what others do, but I can read it is the place where God records his name, and meets with his people to bless them.

2. If any change has taken place in my mind, what produced it. I answer, it was light breaking in as education progressed. It was the Scripture, being read and explained, that taught me I was born in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, and that nothing but Christ and him crucified could cleanse me. I read the Bible and other good books to learn these things. But I know many people do not love Christ, nor try to obey him. They go on in sin, and must perish, unless they read good books, and pray to God to pardon them—which I wish he would do now.

I have endeavored to write you an answer to your letter. I grant your request to use it as you see proper, believing, as I do, no gentleman or lady will comment on a mistake in the composition of a mute. I have nothing further. SARAH JANE CORE.

SOMETHING SINGULAR.

THERE is a singular association of the number eighteen with the prominent incidents in the life of Napoleon. The engagement from which he assumed the consulate—that of Torlina on the river Beresina; the battles of Leipsic and of Waterloo, were all fought on the *eighteenth* of the month. On that day, also, his corpse was landed on St. Helena, and on the *eighteenth* the Belle Poule sailed with his remains for France!

A SKETCH.

BY ANNIE.

"Ye are at rest, and I in tears.
 Ye dwellers of immortal spheres;
 Under the poplar boughs I stand,
 And mourn our broken household band.
 Holy ye were, and good, and true:
 No change can cloud my thoughts of you;
 Guide me, like you, to live and die,
 And reach my Father's home on high."

MRS. HEMANS.

THE light was gradually fading in the west, and the cool breeze of evening succeeding the sultry heat of a summer day, when we directed our course to the cottage which adorns the estate of Ellerstein. There dwelt much-loved friends, of whose welfare we were anxious to hear. Long had we been absent from our own home, and, during the period, no tidings had reached us of those endeared ones. Our path lay through a romantic valley, whose beauties we might at another time have lingered to observe, but now we bestowed hardly a thought on the picturesque scenery which surrounded us.

We were longing to receive the welcome which always greeted us on our arrival at Ellerstein, and to be assured, from their own lips, that our lovely friends were in health. And fancy pictured the yet beautiful widow listening to melodious strains which the harp was wont to give, when its chords were touched by the fair hands of Alice, or her cousin Ella. Or, perhaps, they wandered together in the groves of Ellerstein, and discoursed of the better land, whither the children of the Most High are hastening. We reached the cottage. The jessamine closely twining around the pillars, yielded its fragrance to the evening air. The roses clustered as thickly as ever, the gentle zephyrs sighed through the foliage of the trees, and all seemed even lovelier than when we left Ellerstein.

We entered the open door, and a painful fear that there was a cause for the stillness which reigned around, weighed heavily upon our spirits. At length, seeing a well-known domestic approaching, we were about inquiring if all was well; but, ah! the hushed fall of his footstep—the sorrowing look, told, in language not to be mistaken, that death was there. His heart was too full for words; and slowly we followed him to an apartment hallowed by sweet associations. Here we learned that, as spring gave place to summer, the gentle Ella departed to that land where "everlasting spring abides;" for consumption had made her its victim.

And next Alice drooped, for grief had filled her heart, and she had sunk beneath its weight like some crushed floweret. She was lingering now on the borders of the grave, and we had come in time to say "adieu." We wept in bitterness of spirit; for all around us betokened that one had gone, and of the other it would soon be said, "She sleepeth." The

harp was there, but its chords would never more give music to the touch of Alice and her cousin. The favorite flowers drooped—the open volume had not been closed since the eyes of Alice rested there; and the poor canaries forgot to sing in their loneliness. All was silence, save one *Æolian harp* which, with plaintive melody, seemed to say,

"But yesterday thine eyes were bright
 As rays that fringe the early cloud;
 Now, closed to life, to love, and light,
 Wrapped in the winding-sheet and shroud,
 Shall darkly o'er thee brood the pall,
 While faint and low thy dirge is sung,
 And warm and fast around thee fall
 Tears of the beautiful and young."

We entered the room where Alice lay so changed, and yet so happy. A lingering beam of light glanced through the western windows, and lit the face of the dying—so soon, like *that*, to disappear. She had been brought hither, that she might bid farewell to nature, before her spirit winged its flight to "nature's God." And there she lay—the raven blackness of her unconfined hair contrasting strangely with the fair complexion upon which even now a death-like paleness rested. The dark eyes were lit with a strange brightness, as she gave one lingering look at hill and valley, and the long lashes drooped on the snowy cheek, as we heard her whispering, "Eye hath not seen the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." There was one kind look of recognition to those who had come to see her die—one long pressure of her mother's hand, as she bent over her in speechless agony, and the spark of life returned to its fountain. The brittle thread which bound her to earth was broken, and she soared away to immortality. Shall we see thee no more, beloved one?

The sods of the valley may cover you, and for awhile ye shall rest where darkness has dominion; but the night and the darkness shall pass away, and a glorious morning shall dawn. Ye are not lost, but gone before; for the God of nature was loved as the God of salvation; and ye are safely landed on the fair shores of the celestial Eden.

"Farewell! farewell! there is a morn
 That gives no place to night;
 There is a life whose glorious dawn
 Reveals a heaven of light."

SCANDAL is a compound word, derived from the verb to scan, or canvass, and from the verb dally, to play with. Its guise is of levity—its essence of bitterness. In its practice treacherous and deceitful, it illustrates the cat with her prey; for

"She doth play,
 And after slay."

It likewise, in its effects, reminds us of the fable of the boys and the frogs, that is, "This may be sport to you, but it is death to us." Of slander, it is the exponent and organ.

MYSTERIOUS ANTICIPATION.

There is in the history of the following lines, a mournful and mysterious interest. It is said that the writer (the wife of a Presbyterian minister) has given, in this sketch, an exact description of her own death-scene as it afterward occurred. The circumstances, of time and place, scenery and language, are all given—as if she had been permitted to contemplate her last end in the light of prophetic vision. But, allowing for differences of time, is it not in reality a privilege of all saints, thus to realize a prospective victory over death? And is not this the reason that, like the fair authoress, they are able to adopt the following triumphant motto? E. M'CLURE.

“O, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?”

BY MRS. CAROLINE LANE.

THE sacred dawn of holy time was near:
Softly and sweetly fell the summer dew
From evening's silver wings, that hovered o'er
This smiling earth. Star after star looked down
So bright, they seemed to speak the joy of heav'n
When angels bear a ransomed spirit home.
Hush'd was the murmuring breeze, and e'en the
sound
Of waterfalls, like music soft, was borne
Along the shady vale.

Slow from a cot,
O'erarched by bending elms, ascended up
Full many a curling wreath of smoke, that waved
A silence as it roll'd along; for there
The dying lay. Unlike the dreariness
Of night—unlike the darkness of the tomb,
Was this sad scene; for with the mournful tear
Of death, the tear of joy was mingled too.
Lovely, though cold and pale, and silent long
She lay, while bending o'er her pillow, stood
The young and beautiful, who early hoped
Life's thorny road to walk with her. At length,
Increasing sighs her peaceful slumbers broke,
One hand she placed in his, and heavenward raised
Her eyes, as if her soul was anchored there;
While nature's tie bound down her spirit meek
To earth.

“O, must we, *must* we part so soon?
Yes, I must leave you for a little while
To linger here, lonely and sad, while oft
Upon my moldering turf the cherished tear
Will fall. Ah, no! see you that beaming light?
You will not be alone. He on whose breast
My dying head reclines, will never leave
You friendless, while on him you cast your care.
Peaceful will glide your days: no sultry sun
Will smite your cheek, nor wintry moonbeams chill
Your ardent heart. Or, should some clouds around
You gather, like the morning mist, his smile
Will soon the gloom dispel. And when you cross
The dark, *dark* valley where I go, O then
Jesus will be your guide, and we shall meet
To part no more.

Then go, weep o'er a world
In sin, and tell of Jesus' name—weep not
For me, for I am happy, and I soon
Shall be at rest.”

Then from her withered hand
She drew her ring, and as she gave it, gleamed
A smile upon her cold and pallid cheek,
Like evening's beautiful twilight on the west.
Gently she closed her fading eyes, as if
A peaceful dream came o'er her; and while all
Were waiting for a last, a long farewell,
The Sabbath dawned—*her spirit was in heaven.*

WE MAY NOT GO BACK.

BY A. HILL.

WE may not go back—how reluctant soever
We journey along in our pathway of pain:
Time's current sets onward, and never, O never
Can mortals return to their starting again.

We may not go back: the career of our folly
Will cease when life ceases, if never before;
The good and the brave ones—the sad and the grave
ones,
Are all passing on, to return here no more.

We may not go back, though infirmities press us,
And deep carking care like a serpent may gnaw—
Though kindred may weep, and our loved ones ca-
ress us,
And all the soft links of affection may draw.

We may not go back, though the bones of our kin-
dred
Are bleaching all white on the warm desert sands;
For the caravan moves, and will not be hindered,
Nor stop by the way in these desolate khans.

We may not go back, though dark guilt is upon us,
And blood stains our hands with its criminal dye—
Though the hardened may jeer, and the virtuous
shun us,
And kinsfolk and friends from our presence may
fly.

We may not go back, though reluctant we linger,
And pine for the days of our years to return;
For wherever we look, Time's significant finger
Points steadily on to the traveler's bourne.

We may not go back, but move onward for ever:
The ocean we sail has nor bottom nor shore:
When once we have lunched our frail barks, we may
never
Return to the scenes of the past any more.

We may not go back; for the Power that impels us,
Is the same that moves onward the world in its
track;
And the whispering voice of our destiny tells us—
No mortal, once started, can ever go back.

GOD IN CONNECTION WITH THE ARTS
AND SCIENCES.

BY REV. R. SAPP.

WONDERS are multiplying upon our hands. Every day brings the intelligence of new discoveries being made in some department of the sciences and arts. This is an age in which the human mind is wonderfully and peculiarly active. And in the main this mind appears to be directed in search of facts in science, combinations in mechanics and arts, principles in politics and philosophy, which are calculated to exert a beneficial influence upon our common humanity, and be elements to enter into the composition of a pure and noble civilization. Old forms and modes of thought are vigorously attacked—old dogmas in government fearlessly examined and repudiated—old principles in science swept away and new ones made to supply their place; and new implements and structures in mechanics are taking the place of those which have been used for centuries. While contemplating these things, questions like the following pass through the mind: Is this the work of the unaided human intellect? Is there no God, or providence of God, superintending these extraordinary developments of mind? Do we still live in him, move in him, work in him, and in him have our being? Does he work all things after the counsel of his own will?

The assistance rendered by the eternal Spirit to the human mind, in the discoveries it has made, and is making, in the arts and sciences, may not be sufficiently recognized. There is an evident disposition on the part of man to place God at too great a distance from his sphere of action. Like the Athenian philosophers, we still seem incapable of entertaining a proper conception of the great truth, that "in God we live, and move, and have our being," and also incapable of acknowledging that "every good gift and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."

Believing in the exercise of a minute as well as general providence over man and his works by the Creator, we propose an examination of the question, *Has the Spirit of God any connection with the human mind, affording it genius, strength, or inspiration, and thereby assisting in the discoveries made in the arts and sciences which now bless our world?*

By science is meant certain principles, or truths, or self-evident facts, relating to any subject in the physical universe. By art, is meant skill, dexterity, or the power of performing certain works—the disposition or modification of things by human skill—a system of rules, serving to facilitate the performance of certain actions.

The following reasons are presented to induce conviction in the affirmative of the preceding question:

1. The Bible has the record of several works of

mechanical skill, constructed under the direct supervision and direction of the divine Being. The ark, for the salvation of Noah and his house, and those beasts of the field and fowls of the air which could not tenant the ocean—the first work of naval architecture in the history of the art, was built under the immediate direction of God. And is it not more reasonable that man received from this work his first lesson of building the ship and ploughing the deep, than he learned it from the little and fragile nautilus that floats in Grecia's classic seas? or the bird beautifully ploughing the ocean of air above him? Would not this stupendous work be remembered by the descendants of Noah? and may not the early Phœnician mariner have journeyed to Ararat, to have viewed this ship, made under the direction of God, which ploughed the world of waters, and braved their might and fury? The tabernacle, ark of the covenant, with their implements, and the temple on Moriah, were built under the instruction and supervision of the great Architect of the universe. And more time was employed in giving instruction to Moses, and showing the patterns after which the sacred implements were made, than was employed in making this great globe of ours—its immense oceans of air and water—its splendid rivers and thundering cataracts, and raising its mountains, and delving its vales.

2. The chief mechanics employed in building the tabernacle and ark of the covenant, were, for that express purpose, inspired of God: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah. And I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship. And I, behold I, have given him Aholiab, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee." The plans and drawings of the Jewish temple were given by the "inspiration of the Spirit." "Then David gave to Solomon, his son, the patterns of the porch, and the houses thereof, and the treasures thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the place of the mercy-seat. And the pattern of all that he had by the Spirit, of the courts of the house of the Lord," 1 Chron. xxviii, 11, 12.

3. The general agency of the Spirit of God upon mankind. The Holy Spirit is recognized as being abroad in our world, acting upon human beings for the purpose of restraining their passions, inspiring their affections, warning their consciences, quickening their intellects, directing their thoughts, testifying to the truth of Christ, and drawing men to him. It moves abroad like the atmosphere, or the light upon human beings, and greatly enlightens their intellectual and vitalizes their moral powers. Every age and generation have been under the

influence of this mighty agent. And what do we conceive, at this period of our history, would have been the moral and intellectual condition of our race, had the healing, inspiring, and soothing influences of the Spirit of God been withheld from the minds of men? We would have resembled the earth in its unfinished state, before the eternal Spirit brooded upon it and marshaled it into order, or breathed into it and filled its ocean depths and airy heights with life and loveliness; ay, we would have been in a forlorn and hopeless state, with intellectual powers enervated and spiritual powers besotted—wickedness and darkness would have universally prevailed among men. Our world would have been a Pandemonium. I compassionate that man who would free himself, or deny to the needy human intellect the softening and inspiring influences of the Spirit.

It is apparent from the preceding citations, that man received from the Almighty his first lesson in naval architecture; and that subsequently he inspired him with genius or wisdom for the execution of delicate and noble mechanical structures. It cannot have passed the notice of the diligent student of the Bible, that it contains frequent allusions to principles in astronomy, physiology, chemistry, and other sciences; and these, too, at a period as to preclude a doubt of their having been revealed before the genius of man discovered them. The fact of a connection with the arts and sciences, on the part of the Creator, being established, we may proceed to trace the reasons of our great Parent's thus connecting himself with the genius of man.

It was a remark of Coleridge, that the arts and muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed. However, it is not precisely thus in the history of the arts and sciences. Most of them have commenced in the very dawn of the nations, but frequently have remained in an immature state, or progressed slowly until the nations have arrived at their zenith, and commenced their decay, when they have exhibited their greatest perfection, and appear as if they would act the savior, and rescue a people from ruin. This will enable us to conclude that the wisdom and beneficence of God imparted the first lessons, or raised up and imparted genius to the fathers or progenitors of the arts and sciences in the beginning of the nation's history, and as they have advanced toward maturity, continued to impart to chosen men genius, that they might keep pace with the nation's progress. Thus we may suppose that Jubal received wisdom to play upon the harp and organ, and Tubal-cain as an artificer in brass and iron. It is not presumed that much proficiency would be made at this early period in these arts, unless divine assistance were rendered, or they brought their knowledge from Paradise; yet we find that Jubal was a father in musical sounds and numbers, and that Tubal-cain was

the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. The arts having this early and advantageous commencement, we may suppose, as the progenitors of the race spread abroad upon the face of the earth, to found empires, build cities, and establish commerce, they progressed toward perfection and exercised a civilizing influence upon mankind. The nodding column of the desert cities, and the exhumed remains brought forth by the antiquary, is evidence of this, and but confirms the sad account of the historian, of the departed glory of the nations. The Hebrews and Greeks, at an early period in their history, had their celebrated poets, musicians, painters, and sculptors; and as they filled their destiny and passed away, their places were supplied by others not less distinguished. This has been the history of most of the civilized and enlightened nations of ancient and modern times. What does this declare to us? evidently, that God in his wisdom, for the good of the great mass, for their enlightenment and civilization, has, in every period or age, raised up men to whom he has imparted, in large measure, the genius of poetry, philosophy, sculpture, painting, music, mechanics, and architecture. This opinion is strengthened in view of the fact, that every nation and age are led and instructed by a few master minds. A Galileo, Newton, M. Angelo, Arkwright, Fulton, Morse, will strike out in a path of newly discovered science and art, and carry a nation, or even the civilized world in their train. One or two geniuses in the republic of letters will give character to the literature of a nation. So in the arts. Is there no providence of God in this? It is a feature of our religious feeling, to recognize a divine agency with the discoveries and improvements which, in successive ages, appear among men. We look at this agency as entering every branch of art and department of science that have a humanizing and ennobling influence. We ask, then, whence did David, the Hebrew minstrel, and Mozart, the German, acquire those wonderful powers in the science of harmony, as to enable them, in their youth, to soothe the angry spirit of the monarch of Israel, and astonish the kings and queens and nobles of Europe? Did they inherit from their progenitors the powers of the fabled lyre of Orpheus, which moved the surrounding rocks, and enchanted the listening trees with its minstrelsy, or obtain power from on high? From whence did Apelles, M. Angelo, and Raphael obtain the peculiar genius to direct their pencils, and bring forth those imperishable specimens of art, and Phidias the skill to direct the chisel so exquisitely as to make the cold marble resemble the most delicate and manly of the animated human form? or Newton the genius to discover and trace the laws of a universe, and Fulton his ideas of that power to propel those huge vessels through the waters as "a thing of life," and Morse his thoughts of sending news on the lightning's wings? Count us not

heretical when we say, from the Spirit of God—from that sublime Agent which breathes life, and beauty, and glory upon every form of animated existence—which breathed upon the Greeks, and inspired their artists with genius to produce those noble specimens of painting, statuary, and architecture—models for all ages, and the admiration and wonder of the world. The agency of the Spirit, as it has been exercised and developed in the providential government of Jehovah, is wonderful. We gaze upon it with astonishment. God chose the Jews to be the depository of a code of laws and system of ceremonial and spiritual worship, through which he intended to bless the race. And for this purpose he raised up, at different periods, men whose eyes he unsealed, and whose minds he filled with visions and prophecies with regard to the coming history of man, and a morality as pure as a jet of life from the throne. Daniel, under this agency, is enabled to walk amidst the empires of the world, as they rise and fall, and mark the phases of their grandeur and degradation. Isaiah and Ezekiel have visions of the drapery of the Eternal, which is presented to their astonished optics; and their minds are carried forward to a period in the history of the Church and of the world when the glory of the Lord shall cover them as the waters cover the sea. And all the prophets of the nation, from Moses, who instituted the old, to John, who was wrapt up in the last visions of the new sanctuary, hymned the advent and triumph of the Messiah, and taught mankind the purest system of worship and practical morality. Thus we see that God intended the Jews to be the teachers of mankind in religion and morality; and for this purpose he inspired chosen men. We trace, also, a wise design in his raising up the Greeks and other nations of antiquity, with whom he appears to have deposited the *genius* of song, of poetry, of eloquence, and the arts, notwithstanding we acknowledge that the wisdom which guided their master painters, and sculptors, and architects was *different and inferior* to that *inspiration* imparted to the Jewish prophets. One was religious, the other artistical. One line of chosen men he called, and inspired with wisdom, to beautify the souls of men, and fill the world with pure spiritual worship—the other to beautify their habitations, and adorn the world with the noblest and most elegant specimens of art and taste. It is, therefore, the fault of man, and not of the agencies, that the world is not filled with worship and adorned with beauty and glory.

This view clothes the arts and sciences, already interesting, with additional charms. We here see the origin of that art which adorned Egypt with pyramids, Greece with temples, Rome with baths and amphitheatres, and the world with its princely palaces and towering castles. The same God who gave to David the pattern of the temple, filled the great men of all times with the illuminations of his guiding

Spirit. Our admiration of the virtues and mental endowments of the benefactors of our race is increased; and we feel an additional interest in seeking an acquaintance with the progenitors of the sciences and arts.

“Then studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient times, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, . . . and humanized a world.”

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

—
BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.
—

READER, let us discourse of science a little. I will not give you my name now, but wait to see whether you will be pleased to accompany me in a scientific excursion. If you be pleased with this excursion, we will take another. But if you find this uninteresting, I will trouble you no more with this class of subjects.

VOLCANOES.

What are usually called volcanoes, are openings made in the earth's crust by internal fires. Through these openings there are thrown out, either constantly or at intervals, smoke, vapor, flame, and melted rock, called lava. Sometimes there are thrown out torrents of mud and boiling water.

Volcanoes are most frequent in the neighborhood of the sea, or of large lakes. Sometimes they break out from unfathomable depths beneath the surface of the ocean, and form new islands. When a volcano is about to break out in a new place, the surface of the ground becomes heated, swells, and bursts. Through the opening thus made are thrown up masses of rock and lava, which choke up a part of the opening, which is frequently enormously large at first, and confines the eruption to one aperture, around which conical hills or mountains are formed. The concave space in the centre, through which the eruptions continue, is called the *crater*. The eruptions are attended usually by explosions resembling the firing of cannon. Some travelers compare these explosions to deep muttering thunder; but so far as I can learn, by personal inquiry of those who have visited *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, they are more short and violent than thunder usually is. These explosions are succeeded by red colored flames, showers of stones, and lastly melted rock or lava, pouring out at the top, or over the mountain side. Frequently all the neighboring country is overwhelmed with the shower of stones and ashes, or the melted *lava*. The fires of volcanoes do not bear much analogy to the process of combustion so familiar to us. It is not a fire kindled up by wood or coal, or any other combustible material with which we are generally acquainted. There is nothing of what we usually call *fuel* in the volcano. The fire

is produced by a chemical action between substances existing beneath the surface of the earth. A few illustrations will be sufficient to show you what we mean by chemical action. If you pour a drop of nitric acid, usually called aquafortis, on a piece of iron, chemical action ensues—the iron grows hot, and the acid eats a hole in it. If you mix together sulphuric acid and water, so intense a heat will be raised that you cannot hold in your hand the dish in which the materials are mixed. If you pour water on burned lime, chemical action ensues, and so great a heat is raised as to set on fire wood, or any other combustible that happens to be present. Should water have access to potassium, a substance which, united with oxygen, forms potash, of which soap is made, a most brilliant fire is immediately kindled up. Electrical operations, you know, produce great heat. The galvanic battery will produce a heat far greater than that of boiling water. Now all these substances, which, thus united with water, enter into such powerful chemical action, and produce such high degrees of heat, exist constantly beneath the surface of the earth. When not exposed to the influence of the air or of water, they may continue in a quiescent state. But let, by any means, the waters of the ocean get access to any of these substances, and a powerful heat, which nothing can resist, is at once produced. The heat becomes so great as to melt the rocks, which no artificial fire can do. At the same time the water, which caused the fire, is itself converted into steam. The expansive power of steam throws up from the crater the lava. This process is continued so long as the water can find fresh materials to operate on. When it ceases from any cause, it may again recommence action, as soon as the obstructing cause is removed.

The seat of the volcano is not in the mountain, but deep in the interior of the earth. The mountain itself is usually formed gradually by the matter poured from the crater. The crater of the volcano is nothing but the chimney, through which the fire, smoke, vapor, and lava, find their way to the atmosphere. This is proved from the enormous mass of matter, which a volcano in a series of years may pour out. It was estimated in 1669, that if the matter which *Ætna* had thrown out, could be all collected, it would form a mass twenty times as large as the mountain itself. Yet nine years afterward the same mountain covered with a fresh current of lava eighty-four square miles; and again, six years after that, the same volcano poured out another stream of lava twelve miles in length, a mile and a half in breadth, and two hundred feet high. If, therefore, the seat of the volcano had been *Ætna* itself, the mountain would have long since exhausted itself, and its broken fragment would have tumbled into the abyss. It is evident, therefore, that the seat of the fire is not in the mountain, but deep in the

earth. The volcano is not the furnace, but only the chimney.

Of the remarkable eruptions of volcanoes recorded in history, we can only select a few. I hardly need mention a fact so well known to you as the memorable eruption of *Vesuvius* in the year 79, by which *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum*, cities at its base, were overwhelmed. *Pompeii*, a city whose walls were three miles in circumference, was, with its streets, and houses, and temples, and no one knows how many of its inhabitants, buried so deep beneath a mass of ashes and lava, that for seventeen centuries its place was unknown.

One of the most extraordinary volcanic eruptions recorded in history occurred in 1815, in the island of *Sumbawa*, in the Indian Ocean. At *Java*, though three hundred miles distant, the sky was overcast at noonday with clouds of ashes—the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere which his rays could not penetrate. Showers of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields to the depth of several inches. Explosions were heard, like the noise of artillery. So nearly did the explosions resemble the report of cannon, that some British officers, thinking there must be a naval engagement somewhere on the coast, got their ship under sail to afford relief to their comrades, as they supposed, fighting the pirates. They found themselves contending with a volcano; rather a harder customer than *Don Quixote's* windmills. The sounds produced by this eruption were distinctly heard at *Sumatra*, nine hundred and seventy miles distant.

Islands are frequently elevated from the depth of the ocean by volcanoes. In 1831 a volcanic island arose in the Mediterranean, and excited much curiosity. The French and the English began to quarrel about the right to it. Both claimed to have made the first discovery of it. While they, however, were quarreling about the ownership, *Neptune* stepped in and claimed it as his, and took it down with him beneath the waves. Many hundred fathoms of water now cover it.

Numerous volcanoes exist in various parts of the globe. In the *Azores* there are about forty. Nearly all the islands of the Pacific and the West Indies are volcanic. In *Java* there are thirty-eight. They are numerous in *Greenland*, *Iceland*, and *Kamschatka*. The Rocky Mountains of North America, the Andes of the south, and the Cordilleras of Mexico, are all more or less volcanic. But however numerous and powerful modern volcanoes may appear, they were evidently more numerous, and more powerful in some former period of the world's history than they are now. In the neighborhood of *Naples*, in a space twenty miles long and ten broad, there are sixty craters of extinct volcanoes, some of them larger than *Vesuvius*. In *Sicily*, though *Ætna* is the only one now active, yet there are the craters of many more. Extinct volcanic mountains cover several

thousand square miles in the southern part of France. Indeed the earth seems once to have been one immense volcano.

I have never seen a volcano; but I would give more to see one in operation than to see any other natural object. It must be grand—it must be sublime. I have seen many a mountain. I have stood on the snowy peak of the topmost range of the White Mountains of the north, and felt myself well recompensed for the toil of clambering up over its rocky sides. I have stood on Niagara's brink, while the accumulated waters were pouring over the precipice, with a rapidity that was startling, and a noise that was deafening; but all this seems not to me like standing on the verge of the crater of Vesuvius or Ætna, and looking down deep into the bosom of the earth at the boiling ocean of melted rocks, while the deafening roar of nature's artillery drowns the battle sounds of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Waterloo, and the red flames flash toward heaven, the ascending smoke blots out the sun, and the waves of lava sweep over the plain.

This is one of the mighty agents which the almighty One employed to fit up this earth for a home for you and me. This mighty agent of irresistible power, that mocks at all the restraints of man, is as easily controlled by the great Ruler of the universe as the purling stream from the sylvan fountain, or the gentle zephyr of the summer evening.

BATTLE OF PRINCIPLES.

BY MISS SARAH E. AYLERTON.

ONE of the ancients remarked, that there are two worlds, the macrocosm and the microcosm, or the great world without and the little world in the mind of man. Both do exist; and the world without is but a manifestation of the world within. If there are conflicts without, so are there contests within. Thought battles with thought.

In the history of nations, as well as of individuals, we find that the prevalence of any one principle stamps not only their character, but often the character of the world. As the body acts at the command or wishes of the soul, so the political institutions are the shadowing forth of man's mind.

Every external revolution is a representation to the senses of what is taking place in the heart. Political revolutions may be called the foliage, thought the vivifying sap. The tyrant that seats himself in man's mind, wields the true Archimedean lever, and shakes the world. There has been a succession of mental tyrants—the one prevailing over the heart of man, though not without effort, and reigning supreme, subduing all under the weight of his power, until, finally overcome, he yields his throne to a mightier rival. But this has never been accomplished

without the throbbing of the heart, the shaking of the world, great natural tumults, the battling of principle with principle and thought with thought.

Let us, then, under the guidance of the historic muse, trace through successive ages these governors of mankind. The first of these almost omnipotent tyrants was this simple principle, "*Might makes right.*" He established his empire with Nimrod. From that day to the termination of the Roman empire, he wielded his sway over the world. When the Deluge with its mighty overflow swept from the earth a world of people, on account of their wickedness and crimes, we have reason to believe that this same powerful tyrant reigned, though in a more extended sense, over men's hearts. They caused the earth to glow with their riches and labors, at the same time it groaned under the weight of depravity and power. But they, with all their monuments of skill and grandeur—with their fame and exploits, sunk in the remorseless deep, leaving not a memorial behind of their former greatness and glory.

A new race, of an entire different character, soon sprang up, and again peopled the earth, which promised, for a short time, peace and prosperity. But again another principle, that supreme of all tyrants, extended his regal sway over man's heart. This principle was the Genius of War. He demolished the foundations of the most stately fabrics, plundered villages, laid low the most splendid cities, and filled the streets of every place with slaughter and blood. A dark cloud of ignorance and vice, superstition and heathenism enveloped the world. The principles of true religion, which had been preserved by the descendants of Noah, were lost amid the darkness and barbarity of this period of war.

Next the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem saw a star rising in the east, and watched its mild and benignant course. As the trumpets of angels sounded on their ears, it declared to them the coming of a Being "at whose name tyrants trembled, and conquerors fled away."

The introduction of Christianity was indeed a most glorious revolution. It came forth with a firm and intrepid step amidst a world of blood, to battle with men's prejudices and passions—to dispel the heavy clouds which surrounded them, and to teach them the most useful of all lessons—the art of governing themselves. It bade man rise up in all his original strength—to cultivate and beautify his soul—to remove the strong fetters of tyranny which bound down his noble nature—to shake off the ignorance and vice of his fellow-man—to be free in heart, pure and holy in conscience, that he might be prepared for another more glorious and eternal state of existence. This was the grand principle of the Christian revolution. It was to fit man for heaven. To accomplish this, it was to bring his mind into contact only with "those objects that are worthy of its noble powers, and the dignity of its immortal state—to

lift the soul itself into a purer and better atmosphere, and to impress upon it the living image of moral beauty."

Again our muse directs our attention to the lofty battlements of imperial Rome. We behold her standing in all her august majesty and splendor, the pride and glory of the world, the loved retreat of the muses, the habitation of science, of sculpture, of architecture, and painting. We watch her as she conquers the earth with her sword, and sways it by her sceptre. How grand is her station, how exalted her feelings, how mighty her power! We gaze upon her with mingled emotions of wonder and delight. But we turn around as if to invite a friend to gaze upon the spectacle, and we look again. The unutterable splendors have faded, the lofty battlements have toppled down, and nothing is left but a sombre tract of deepening shadows. Its beauty has departed—its glory has vanished!

We may lament, with the lovers of the arts and the friends of literature, the fall of this once proud and magnificent empire. We may sigh to think she could not have been spared, to be the pride and ornament of creation; but then there is a higher interest which should fill the soul—an interest which embraces all of the rights of man.

Although Rome has fallen, we can trace in her fall the first great step toward the march of freedom. The same power which worked out other great events, wrought out this. That power is the tendency of the human mind to moral and intellectual improvement. But in the history of the world an empire is but a bubble. It is raised up by toil and troubles—it rises on the ruins of other institutions, and then it becomes itself the sport of passions and prejudices. Its foundations become weakened, and are quickly dissolved. It finally sinks in a deluge of blood.

As we gaze upon the place where Rome once stood, a melancholy ruin is all that meets our view; and we are led to inquire, was the great purpose of this once beautiful city accomplished when it rose and fell? Was it erected merely to be overthrown? There is a chain by which all great events are connected. We can trace it in the overthrow of Rome. We behold it in the dawning light of Christianity. We find that there is not a principle, that has ever operated upon the mind of man, which does not yet live, either in the good or evil influences of life. Rome, with all her race, passed away; but it was to leave a space for new principles and better things. As long, therefore, as there is a tie which binds one nation or kindred to another, so long there is, and ever will be, a link which binds that event to us.

But we pass along. The sixteenth century dawned upon the world. Another great reformer of the rights and principles of men came forth to battle, not arrayed with sword and helmet, but with the pure robes of religion and morality. He dashed asunder the dungeon doors with which Christianity

was confined, untied her palsied arm, unsealed her sacred books, and tore off the garment of sackcloth which concealed the beauty and original splendor of her form. Well may the name of Luther shine bright in the pages of sacred history, and not less in the annals of the world. Truly may he be called "the benefactor of the human race."

But the end has not come yet. The great lesson that all men are free and equal, endowed with equal rights and privileges, although all past revolutions have been progressing toward it, is not as yet victorious. Mighty as had been the struggle for freedom, the greatest battle is yet to come. We behold upon the very verge of this contest, as if in anxious expectation of another great event, a new world to be discovered, unpolluted by the foot-prints of tyranny, despotism, and power. Hither, from the old world, came the oppressed to find a home where they might be free—free in thought, free in action, and, above all, free to worship God. The Bible was proclaimed by all the Magna Charta of the new race. But their foes, ever at enmity with freedom, pursued them here. Her arm, however, was now too strong—Freedom had now a home; and with patriotism on her side, she rose higher and higher, until she could at last settle the great problem that man might be free. The contest is now ended, and man is free. Truly may we exclaim, earth's proudest conqueror is Washington!

But he, alas! with his firm and heroic band, has passed away. Their names and memories yet live in the hearts of all, and are written in golden letters in the history of the new world. As we behold our indebtedness to our fathers, we should also know that they were not alone. They were not the sole champions of freedom; they were but the associates of other great souls, whose fame and praise should be associated with theirs. And as freedom has been striving for ages, so shall it endure perpetually, and at length rise upward in a bright and unclouded path to the very end of time.

Our muse has vanished, leaving us to our own reflections. We have viewed the past with the great conflicts that have existed between nation and nation, from the time that power established its reign down to the last glorious result. We have traveled from the old world to the new, and we find the same manifestation of principles, the same power acting upon man. But we have seen that in the end, right will prevail over wrong—freedom triumphs over bondage. Although tyrants may endeavor to obstruct its passage, and build up their barriers lofty and strong, yet they are soon swept away by the impending current.

We learn in the history of the past, as well as the present, that we are all one great family, called to the same duties, and blessed with the same rights and privileges; that "the charter of our religious and political duties is one and the same hallowed scroll; and that it

came from the hands of God." In the language of the inspired writer, "He is the blessed and only Potentate, the Kings of kings, and the Lord of lords. His empire is all worlds—his subjects are all creatures, his kingdom is immutable, his reign is eternal."

Earth has ever been a battle-ground, and thus must it yet be. Contests without are but shadows of conflicts within. But the issue of the world's war is not, cannot be doubtful. Right shall prevail, and peace shall wave her wings over the world:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS.

BY PRESIDENT WENTWORTH.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

THE Church of Christ is an impregnable fortress. Its great Founder has embodied the promise of its perpetuity in a figure of startling boldness. To his immediate auditors it was particularly expressive. To us its distinguished force will be apparent, when we reflect, that in the gates of the oriental city sat the councils for legislation and adjudication. At the gates, in times of war, were originated and matured the various plans of attack and defense. From the gates issued the forces to battle, and through them passed the triumphant hosts that bore the pride and pageant of victory. Within "the gates of hell," and nowhere else in the wide universe of intelligences, was concocted a plan for the spoliation of this fair world. Scarcely had creation exchanged smiles with its beneficent Author, when "principalities and powers," rulers of darkness, and all the titled authors of "spiritual wickedness," issued from the "gates of hell," ravaged the handiwork of omniscient Goodness, and left it a wide-spread waste of moral desolation. In the midst of the far-reaching ruin rises the citadel of darkness, and over it flaps heavily the banner of hell. Yet God has not left this noble domain to remediless subjection. Over against the strongholds of hellish usurpation springs a fortress: its massiveness frowns defiance; its beauty creates admiration. "Walk about Zion; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her palaces." Watchmen patrol the lofty walls; zealous hosts through the battlemented towers, and line the embrasured parapets. "The gates of hell" recede upon their harsh grating hinges. The powers of perdition are in motion. Infatuated men and infuriated demons array themselves against the Church of God. Some new mode of warfare—some new point of attack—some fresh accession of strength has obliterated the recollection of past discomfiture and stimulated their courage for one more onset.

In fierce and firm array advances a choice display of the sable chivalry of hell. Veteran warriors are there. They have done battle on the plains of heaven. They have contested for centuries the dominion of God and holiness on earth. There is the martial skill, the blazing eye, the compressed lip, the firm footfall of dauntless courage and indomitable pride. Infidels are auxiliaries—volunteer corps in the service of the devil. Celsus and Julian advance at the head of a regiment of scoffers; Voltaire is the honored aid-de-camp of Beelzebub; Volney is the trusty armor-bearer of Belial; the nodding plume of Paine discloses the position of the battalion commanded by this prince of scavengers. Their armor reflects the lucidness of the pit. "Crush the wretch," is the horrid watch-word. The attack commences. Missives from the arsenals of hell rain an iron shower upon the impenetrable bastions; mining implements seek in vain to disturb the quiet of the strong foundations; the scaling ladder is put in requisition, but here women and children put to rout the sanguine besiegers; the battering ram is brought into play, and thunders away at the brazen gates and impregnable walls. The engine is shivered with the stroke, yet not a turret trembles—not a bolt or a hinge yields—not a stone starts from its firm moorings! The ranks of the besiegers are thinned; their strength fails; their fruitless efforts cease; and as they retreat in disorder, the shout of triumph peals from myriads of voices: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it!" The coming conquests and the perpetuity of the Church are celebrated in every one of the countless reverberations, and are clearly foretold by the last and faintest of the expiring echoes. The hosts of God's elect shall one day go forth to glorious victory. The strongholds of darkness shall tumble in horrible ruin upon shrinking men and dismayed devils. But the fortress of God shall endure. The boasted fortresses of earth have suffered overthrow, and exchanged masters. The city of Sphinxes lies in ruins, and her hundred proud gates are torn from the brazen hinges; the strong walls of Babylon have yielded to human ingenuity and strength; the heights of Morency and the towering pillar of Hercules, have not always vindicated their reputation for inaccessibility and impregnable strength. Yet force or fraud has never prevailed against the walls of Mount Zion. "It was," will never be the melancholy motto written upon the deserted and moldering ruins of God's Gibraltar. The Church will stand when the voice of the archangel causes the earth to reel on its foundations. When the moon has waxed old—when the stars have gone out—when the lamp of day has expired, the Church shall endure. It will survive the hour of wild confusion, in which the heavens shall flee as a scroll, the mountains melt, and seas retire. It shall outlive the pyres of the last days, and rise amid the blackened ruins of the universe as unsullied and immutable as

the eternal throne. Then shall the rock lent to earth return to its native heaven. Founded upon Christ, shall rise the walls of the New Jerusalem. Its golden glories already flash upon the vision. Faith beholds the Church militant merged in the church triumphant. Faith views the city whose "wall hath twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb," whose streets are gold, whose walls are jasper, whose gates are pearls, whose light is the glory of God, and through whose ever-open portals darkness and sorrow have taken their eternal flight! With eye undimmed by the inner glories of the place, faith reads, blazing forth in characters of no mystic meaning, from the architrave of every pearly portal of the abode of God, the immortal motto of the Church militant, "THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT."

EXTRACT FROM THE METHODIST PULPIT.

We insert the following with pleasure. It has occurred to us a thousand times, that the incomparable eloquence of our ministry will never be fully appreciated by future ages. We have heard sermons which, for overwhelming power, would do the fame of Demosthenes no dishonor. Such performances are not uncommon in our pulpits. But, alas! they will be lost to the next generation. The best of our preachers speak extemporaneously. Their sermons are not written. They go out to dimipate in the treacherous air, though their power is felt for years in many a human heart. But we will say no more—alas! This is the order of Providence. Our ministry work not for glory, but to do good. Besides, genuine eloquence cannot be written down. The reader will be pleased to read the following explanatory note addressed to us by our worthy correspondent, to whom we return thanks for her kindness.—ED.

MR. EDITOR,—I have herein copied for your perusal what I consider a *brilliant passage* from one of our *common preachers*. Upon reading it, I find it has lost its power. It needs an immense audience, all breathless and still, added to the animated impressiveness and solemn utterance of a Methodist preacher. Perhaps it may deserve a place among your gatherings, and with this view it is respectfully submitted by your friend,
LOUISE G. LAWSON.

In a tremendous storm, which lashed old Ocean's waves to fiercest fury, a gallant ship of the United States was entirely dismasted; and her naked hull run for a time. At length, breakers were heard in the distance, and the rocks—the fearful, the terrific rocks were seen ahead. Toward these the ship was rapidly driving. At this moment they hove out the great sheet anchor, which now grappled and then loosed—again grappled the hidden rocks. At last it caught, and then the word already began to run from lip to lip, "*She holds! she holds!*" when the cable parted, and that once noble ship, swinging round, dashed suddenly upon the rocks, and, amid the rage of winds, and roar of waters, she was lost for ever.

But the Christian's anchor is *sure*. Man, filled with strong hope of a blessed immortality, bids de-

fiance to the tempest of time. Fearfully may the storms come upon him—high as mountains may the waves of affliction roll about him, and the roar of the breakers may be awful in his ear; but, if he heave out the anchor of hope, it shall go down in the depths of affliction and sorrow—it shall grapple successfully with the Rock of ages; and upon the wings of the winds, above the roar of the storm, shall be borne his note of joy, his triumphant shout, "*She holds! she holds!*"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

BY THE EDITOR

THE name of Julius Cæsar is immortal. He was undoubtedly the greatest general of antiquity, and, taken as a whole, the greatest man. Compared with Alexander, his military genius would not seem to rank so high as that of Philip's warlike son. But the difference between them is seen in their different circumstances.

Alexander had every thing prepared to his hand by his father. Cæsar began his career himself. Alexander inherited a powerful kingdom. Cæsar was the heir to a moderate private fortune. Alexander conquered Greece after she had been bleeding by a thirty years' civil war, and her power was almost extinct. Cæsar subdued Rome at a time when her strength and wealth were at their summit. Alexander had no party at home to oppose him. When Cæsar commenced, the senate and the entire military power of Rome declared him an outlaw, and his enemies set a price upon his head. Alexander met no adversary, particularly after he left Greece, entitled to any credit as a commander, and the people he subdued were reduced to the lowest degree of weakness by their inordinate wealth, idleness and luxury. With a prodigious army he overran Persia, which, a few years before, Clearchus, the Spartan general, thought he could do with only ten thousand men. But Cæsar, on the contrary, fought against Roman legions, the bravest and best disciplined troops in the world; they were commanded by Pompey, a man universally regarded, at the beginning of the war, as the ablest general of his age; and, more than all, the troops of Pompey outnumbered Cæsar's, during a great part of the time, nearly as five to one.

Alexander, as he advanced, left no enemies behind him, since, in conquering a country, he became at once master of the whole of it, and swelled his own army by adding that of his subdued enemies. Cæsar, on the other hand, engaged in a civil war, never knew who were his real friends, and, wherever he went, he was certain to be surrounded by his foes. Alexander, elated by his success, had not the strength of mind to moderate his passions, but, giving way to pride and luxury, died in the beginning of his

days. Cæsar, continent to the last degree, rigidly correct in all his appetites, and governing himself by laws more strict than those imposed upon his soldiers, preserved his health and life, and kept steadily on in the grand career of his ambition. Alexander, in fine, by a kind of magic, reared a lofty kingdom, which, like the visions of magic, fell in a moment to the ground. Cæsar built up an empire on a solid foundation, whose existence and glory constituted, century after century, the history of the civilized world.

Julius Cæsar loses nothing, as a general, by being compared with modern commanders. Napoleon gained nearly all his victories and honors by secrecy and celerity. No one knew his plans till the moment of execution, and then they were executed with such dispatch, that the enemy were taken by surprise. He also added deception to his other qualities. If he were about to come down like a thunderbolt upon any province or kingdom, he would be sure to make the feint of war in some remote corner, far away from the real object of his movements; while, with his usual secrecy, like an Indian in ambuscade, he would be making sincere preparations for a formidable engagement. Thus he diverted the attention of his enemies, embarrassed their counsels, and kept all Europe in a state of suspense and awkward speculation; while his own plans were as clear as the light in his vigorous and far-seeing mind.

Cæsar was not deceptive. Frank and open in his manners, he was equally so in his military operations. The whole empire knew what he was doing; and he performed his pleasure only because no man in the empire, nor all the men opposed to him, could put a stop to his onward progress.

The Roman general, wonderful as it may seem to us for a military man to know any thing beside his own trade of destruction, was really an able statesman, a respectable poet, one of the best of historians, and second only to Cicero as a powerful and brilliant orator.

But, after all his victories, after all his greatness, after all his success in founding a vast empire, and seating himself on the imperial throne, he fell by assassination, and died a most miserable death, by the hands of those whom his smiles had raised to consequence and power.

What a commentary is the life of Cæsar on the earthly condition of many of the human race! They begin their career with high hopes. Their ambition spurs them on and on toward the prize that sparkles in their sight. With vast labor the prize is taken. They sit down to enjoy it. They expect long years of happiness to pass gently and quietly over them. But, lo! the enemy stands near. His dagger is drawn and ready. They look up and behold their danger; the next moment the fatal blow is given; and then, like Cæsar in the senate-house, they fold their mantles round them, and submit themselves

reluctantly to their fate. Fortunate are they who can "lie down to pleasant dreams."

MINIATURE SKETCHES.

BY W. NIXON.

YOUTH AND AGE.

LIFE is frequently compared to a journey; and the truth is, that so many are the points of resemblance between the two, that in making even a limited excursion, reflections on the analogy they present, will be sure to be impressed upon the mind. Hurried along the road by a locomotive, transferred to a steamboat, removing the luggage, changing the passengers, the necessity of punctuality, the alternation of sun and showers, and the meeting with numerous and unexpected incidents by the way, seem to crowd the occurrences of a lifetime into the adventures of a day, and give an epitome of our passage, from the time we enter the great conveyance of the world, till that when we arrive at the point of destination.

On one of those occasions, finding myself surrounded by persons of all pursuits and ages, influenced by various motives, and animated by various expectations, I was, in imagination, insensibly introduced into the picture gallery of human life, where the passions, feelings, and habits of mankind were vividly portrayed. Glancing around the apartment, my eye was immediately arrested by a small allegorical painting, that represented age and childhood. And so great was the moral force and feeling it appeared to me to exhibit, that a brief description of it may not be unacceptable.

On the left of the picture was an animated and interesting little being, who, as he rushed along in eager and joyous confidence of future happiness, grasped at the sunbeams that glittered on his path; but ever found his hopes and expectations as illusive as a dream. Yet the laugh of gladness sparkled in his eye, and the ruddy glow of health was seated on his cheek. And thus, I thought, are we, in youth, engrossed with the future, undaunted by danger, unsubdued by disappointment. Motive is ever stimulating to exertion; and the law of our moral nature, notwithstanding our false estimate of sublunary things, is constantly working out the improvement of the world's social condition.

In advance of this was the figure of age, bending under the burden of disappointment and distress. His eye was retrospective—his countenance was sad. His gaze was turned to the hill he had descended, where the vapory substance that, on the other side, was gilded by the sun of youth, was, on his, but an undefined and shadowy mist, into which his tottering castles, and all the beautiful figures of his mental vision were rapidly dissolving. With the feeble step

of apprehension he advanced toward the clouds that awaited his approach, as if anxious to envelop him; while, from above, a cheering ray of glory was bursting from the gloom, as it were, inviting him from the unsatisfying pursuits of the world, to those which, not affected by the laws of terrestrial existence, are real and for ever.

In the countenance of the latter figure, I observed, as he turned his eye in the direction of his vanished joys, an expression of mingled tenderness, sorrow, and regret that seemed to indicate that memory, while it grieved him, also solaced his desponding spirit. And this, said I, as I contemplated the imaginary scene, is likewise due to the principles of our nature.

Macaulay has beautifully pointed out the tendency of the human mind to admire those who give us pleasure, and even to palliate, if not excuse, the faults of authors, whose works afford us improvement and delight. "The errors," he observes, "they have committed, the persons they may have injured, are lost in oblivion, while the excellences of their productions are imperishable."

Not only, however, is the memory of persons subject to this salutary law, but, also, that of incidents and events. The cares and troubles of other times, if not forgotten, are, at least, mellowed by the distance, and now exert but a soothing influence on the mind. But the sunny glade, the shadowy dell, the gurgling streams, the dimpling lake, the glittering moonlight, as well as the friends who were near and dear to the heart, are fresh in our recollection. Our residence at certain places, the scenes of other days, are divested of the apprehensions, the pains, the fears, and mortifications experienced in those places, and associated with those scenes. While whatever was agreeable in the picture is found to occupy so prominent a position, and so calm and soft a light is found to play over the imaginary landscape, that our by-gone times of trouble are hallowed in the memory, and even the remembrance of our sorrows fills the heart with a soothing, though a pen- sive pleasure.

SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

ALL nations have believed in supernatural beings. Anciently every people had its system of mythology, embracing gods and goddesses, its nymphs both of the wood and water, and its numerous other genii of every variety of character. Modern ages have supplied the place of these with peris, ghosts, and fairies, which, as is supposed, inhabit the earth, air, and ocean. Pliny says, "You often encounter spirits that vanish away like fantasies;" but Baxter beats the old Pagan, when he writes, that "fairies and goblins might be as common in the air as fishes in the sea!" The light of science, however, is rapidly discarding these ridiculous notions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Without needless introduction, we present the following epistle to our readers.—Ed.

MR. EDITOR,—I have been a delighted reader of your Repository for about four years, and am glad to see it daily rising in its literary character. Either your contributors are improving in their style, or you take more than ordinary editorial pains with their articles. I have seen a number of their contributions quoted in our eastern periodicals; and some of them have been copied at length in our newspapers. Several of the anonymous pieces have been received with great favor, and not a little curiosity has been manifested in relation to their probable authors. The "gray-haired man" has been supposed to be Professor Larrabee, and the poetical pieces by "an editor" have caused a deal of speculation. Some have referred them to your new contributor, Mr. Stevens; a southern friend of mine imagined she saw in them the peculiar style of Dr. Longstreet. But I am not certain whether either of those gentlemen writes poetry. Professor Larrabee's Miscellaneous Sketches are admired for the careless ease of style in which they are written. Mr. Stevens, it seems, has commenced a series of articles on an important subject. But, while I think of it, let me say there was not a little bombast in Mr. —'s [we shall conceal the name.—Ed.] prose article on —. This grandiloquence of style is never pleasing; and though a feeble writer may think, in reading over one of his inflated compositions, that he has done wonders, it is the simple, natural, easy style that does the business with ordinary readers. Your own articles ought to have taught—[we here suppress another passage of the letter, giving enough of it to show that our fair critic has received us into favor.—Ed.] By the way, what has become of Imogen, of New York city? Her piece entitled, "Scenes in Capernaum," has in these parts established her reputation as a writer. I have often heard the Repository commended in high circles; and I believe it is rapidly gaining the increased approbation of the public. But you must excuse me for saying, that I think there have been some pretty dull articles in it. There was a long one in the — number, on —, which was divided and subdivided like an old-fashioned sermon. Perhaps the Editor was from home when that piece was inserted. But there have always been so many really fine and spirited compositions in each number, that the dull ones have been borne off with a sort of triumph. A few evenings since, at our sewing circle, our pastor observed to me that he hoped you would continue your Literary Sketches till you have made a volume. But I must close. You invite me to become a contributor. I am no writer; but if you think an occasional epistle would be acceptable, I will endeavor to do something in my way. L. J. T. NOWTON.

COMPLAINT OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY B. T. CUSHING.

By my lone casement in the eve I'm sitting,
 Looking far out upon the deep blue sky,
 "Fretted with golden fires"—white clouds are flitting
 Across its face. Beneath, the forests lie,
 And plains and hills in distance; and the falling
 Of sheeny waters flashes on my sight—
 Books tell me that they murmur, but their calling
 Comes not to me—my ear is closed in night!

I oft have wondered what strange power is lying
 In that mysterious thing which men name sound—
 What hues it paints upon the soul with dying
 So rich and beautiful, yet so profound!
 Is it a something which the ear in viewing
 Is touched with rapture, as by flowers the eye?
 In vain my fancy tires her wing pursuing,
 I cannot grasp the secret though I die!

They point me to the bird which high is winging
 Its way where boughs float on the summer air—
 They write me that a gladsome lay 'tis singing.
 Is its gay song, then, like its plumage rare
 That shines in gold and purple? They do tell me
 The sombre owl gives forth a dismal call:
 I'm sure that song could ne'er with rapture spell me—
 It must be like a coffin's mournful pall.

I now remember childhood's sky was o'er me
 When first I pondered how my brethren there
 In some fond secret were far, far before me;
 And as I pondered, could I but despair?
 Lo, when our mother, so serene and beauteous,
 Moved her sweet lips, they seemed to catch the bliss,
 And answer it with smiles and movements duteous—
 I then thought *sound was like my mother's kiss*.

As I grew older by the shore they took me,
 Where the big wave came foaming toward the rock;
 But whilst I stood there, they in dread forsook me,
 Stopping their ears as they felt the shock,
 Before it came, of the huge billow dashing
 Against the beach. I then thought there must be
 A *feeling* in their ears which knew the lashing,
 As did my shaken limbs, of the great sea!

But when all backward rolled that billow teeming,
 They took up from the shore whereon 'twas cast,
 A spiral shell of many colored gleaming—
 Red, yellow, purple—like the clouded east:
 With joy we danced! Soon tired I of the treasure,
 But to their ears they placed it, and with glee
 Again they sprang—thence deemed I sounds of
 pleasure
 Were like that colored shell by the deep sea!

I view the soldiers on their chief attending,
 And deem their war-note like their dazzling march;
 Goes it not upward with the steed tramp blending,
 And flaunting, like their banners, heaven's proud
 arch?

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And when the youth in dances brisk are moving,
 Speeds not their music like their flying feet?
 And have not lover's words a power like loving?
 And is not beauty's voice as beauty sweet?

I had a dream of most supernal splendor,
 Of a green field where gushing fountains played,
 And broad-branched trees grew up, and blossoms
 tender,
 'Neath everlasting sunbeams; and that glade
 Was full of wing'd creatures robed in glory;
 And as they hovered o'er me, the rich tone
 Of wind, and brook, and birdlet, told its story
 Like odors to my ear! I woke, 'twas gone.

I see yon girl the lyre's soft numbers stealing—
 I watch her lips move, and I view the crowd
 Standing entranced—then years my heart with feel-
 ing,
 As if by hunger's fiercest pangs 'twere bowed.
 I long—I pant for that same sweet emotion,
 Which others feel in music's glorious round;
 O, give me hearing as the winds to ocean—
 I faint—I die in the wild thirst for sound!

But I must bear! This life will soon be over—
 Then shall I in a land more lovely be,
 Where no dark clouds this longing ear shall cover—
 Where I shall hear, even as on earth I see;
 Then shall I know the soft voice of mother,
 Softer than those bright eyes I used to love—
 Then shall I hail each merry-hearted brother:
 O, take me, Father, to that world above!

LINES TO A LADY.

BY REV. E. M'CLURE.

Hast thou seen the river flowing
 In its silent course along?
 Giving sweetness to the echo
 Of the shepherd's evening song:
 Gazed upon the moss-rose drooping
 With its load of early dew?
 Half retreating—yet entreating,
 To be worn by one like you.

Hast thou seen the star of evening,
 With her silvery hosts abroad;
 Burning nightly in their brightness
 To illumine the throne of God?
 Or beheld the wat'ry rainbow
 As it spanned the concave o'er,
 Like the angel's glorious pathway,
 Seen by one in days of yore.

All are beautiful, though transient—
 Rivers leave their channels bare;
 Stars will fade, and roses wither;
THIS vanishes to air—

Nothing lasting is, like GOODNESS,
Naught so durable as TRUTH:
These, for aye, may bloom and flourish
In their own eternal youth.

Where the angels' crystal river,
Pours its living tide along,
Giving sweetness to the echo
Of their own immortal song,
There, the stars will shine for ever,
Like the "spirits of the wise;"
There, the roses shall not wither,
And the rainbow never dies.
Wouldst thou, maiden, know no sadness,
Such as evil can impart?
Wear the smile, and feel the gladness
Of a gentle, loving heart?
Then let innocence and virtue,
Point thy way, and guide thy feet,
To that upper, purer Eden,
Where the happy spirits meet.

STANZAS.

BY J. F. MARLAY.

THE world is dark,
And dismal, and drear;
And my feeble bark
Is tossed with fear
On life's mad sea,
Whose boisterous swell,
Ah! soon shall be
My departing knell.
O, never a hope,
E'er yet did bloom
In my heart, but found
An early tomb;
And friendship's vow,
And youth's warm tie,
All broken now,
Forgotten lie.
Father in heaven,
To my erring feet
Be thy light given!
Let me entreat
A crown on high
When life is done—
Where bliss is pure
As thy dazzling throne.
The ills of life
I'll calmly bear;
The doubtful strife
Of hope and fear—
If I but know
Thou dost approve,
And my ways show
Marks of THY love.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1847.

THE New-Year has come. With its frosts, and snows, and wind, and rain, it is here. The old one is gone for ever. The record it has borne to heaven of our deeds will stand. Nothing can change a letter of it to the end of time. Repentance for past errors, with a firm resolve to improve upon ourselves for the future, and a strong reliance upon the goodness and promises of God, is all that now remains to us.

It is a solemn reflection, that, wherever we are, or whatever we do, our conduct is taken down by a faithful scribe, whose books will one day be opened for ourselves and the universe to read. Whether, as Lord Bacon suggested, thoughts once in the mind are never lost, our memories becoming thus the books of judgment from which are to be pronounced our dooms; or whether, as is more likely, this infinite recollection is too great an approach to Omniscience to be shared by mortals, the all-embracing memory of God being itself the historic treasury of the universe, from whose awful revelations we are to be judged at the great assize, are questions, after all, of no practical importance. One thing is clear, we must meet, either by proxy or in person, our account with God; nor may any one foretell, how late or how soon the day of his own reckoning may come.

Men of melancholy dispositions have complained, that the Creator holds his infirm and erring children to an account too severe and strict. We were created, they say, without our knowledge or consent. Our first years are full of feebleness and wants. Our next are crowded with petty toils and troubles. Manhood, our best estate, brings us to the centre of a vortex of anxiety and care; and then old age, after a few days of manly struggle with our fate, reduces us to a second childhood, then lets us drop, as full of sorrow as of years, into a grave of unknown horrors. And after all, when we have laid down our load of suffering, and the valley of tears is at last escaped, God, who made us what we are, call us up for every misstep in the rugged walks of life.

This is a mournful view, and as unreal as it is dark. Minds of a more healthy and cheerful tone behold the universe in another light. If they look at man himself, they see his body wonderfully constructed for the enjoyment of every conceivable delight. The most pleasing sensations are continually passing to the soul through every sense. The human form, agile, beautiful, and strong—the most perfect specimen of mechanism the universe itself can boast, is a happy proof of God's benevolence to man. Thought, too, is ours—thought, that wanders through nature's realms; and travels at will through the bounds of space; and visits and studies the most distant and the sublimest works in the Creator's vast domains; and at last soars upward and takes hold upon his throne. Feeling is also ours. What the mind can clearly see, the heart as warmly feels; and, standing as we do in connection with the great electric chain, by which creation is linked together, we hold a sympathy with all this glorious world, this system of created things, this battery of God charged with his boundless love. Volition is also ours. Freedom, both of thought and action, is the inheritance we hold. It was a gift unfought for, and though tyrannic human restrictions may bind us in respect to many of our actions, in all that are most essential, man is everywhere and for ever

free. Well might the Danish prince exclaim, "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in comprehension, how like a god!" And the prince is more than sustained by the Bible. It everywhere speaks of man as having been formed in the image of his Maker; as having originally reflected, in miniature it is true, but still in his own order of perfection, both the intellectual and moral character of God; as being, in a word, but *little* lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor!

So wonderful is the goodness of God, so active in his nature is the principle of benevolence, that his very judgments partake largely of his love. What the race would have been, or what they could have enjoyed, had not sin entered into the world, and death by sin, no man can tell; but, as we are now constituted, those conditions of life generally regarded as Divine punishments, inflicted on humanity at the fall, are little less than mercies in disguise.

We were condemned, for example, to eat our bread by the sweat of our brows. It is possible that this necessity for labor would have been a perpetual drawback on the happiness of the primitive state; but now, with all our sinful propensities to urge us on to mischief, a condition of perfect idleness would be a perfect curse. Not only the nature of the human mind, but the history of the world declares, that those people who are the most unemployed, who obtain their livelihood with the lowest amount of toil, are uniformly the most immoral and the least refined. Thessaly was the richest province of ancient Greece; and when rock-bound and rock-covered Attica was sending the light of its glory into all lands, but few in the first ranks in Thessaly could read! They were always the most base and treacherous in peace, and the most cruel and cowardly in war. Their rich plains furnished so easily such an abundance to their hands, that a hardy and active national character was never formed. Egypt, too, and then Sicily, each at different times the granary of the world, from the days of the Shepherd Kings to the time when Rome overran the earth, were for ever the prey of nations less favored but more energetic than themselves. So characteristic is this fact of the universal condition of the race, that it is far from being certain in the history of the new world, that those portions of it most remarkable for the variety and abundance of their natural productions, or the fertility of their soil, will ever stand first in the moral or literary annals of mankind. Abundance, ease, idleness, luxury, and then vice, are the several landmarks on the road to ruin; and where the first is readily attained without labor, with down-hill speed a nation or a man rushes on to the others.

But we are told, that atmospheric excesses constitute another class of Divine punishments for our sin. Milton, the most evangelical of modern poets, and at the same time the most beautiful and sublime, represents the angels at God's command, as throwing disorder into the works of nature, as a judgment merited by the fall:

"Some say he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
From the sun's axle: they with labor pushed
Oblique the centric globe."

This was enough to set all nature in a whirl. Heat and cold would necessarily pass to and fro between the most

opposite extremes. The air, before quiet or serene, would be successively heated up and cooled off by a variation in the directness of the sun's rays; and thus the earth would be fanned or scoured by every variety of wind. Tempests would fall upon the mighty deep, and rouse up all his waves. Vast sheets of cloud would be driven together—electric batteries would be formed above our heads—the awful thunders would roll, and the red lightning glare—not only men and beasts, but the very earth would tremble, and give signs of fear. These mighty fluctuations, and all that range between tropical heat and polar snows, are cited, we repeat, as punishments inflicted on mankind. If they are such, or whatever they may be, it is difficult to decide, of which attribute they partake the most, God's justice or his love.

With what propriety can that arrangement be called an unmixed punishment or evil, which gives to man such a boundless and beautiful variety, within the circle of the year? It is not always winter. Frosts and snows do not always bind the earth and cover the sweet fields. How tender and touching to the heart are the scenes of spring! But these do not last till they become monotonous and dull. Summer, in her richest attire, comes flaunting forth, and gives a new relish to the world. Then autumn, with his melancholy winds and moonlight mild, lets the flushed spirits gently down, and prepares us for the closing up of the changeful year. Such are the seasons! Who would have them otherwise? Spring, summer, autumn, winter—buds, flowers, fruits, and blazing fires—these are the changes we enjoy. What a loss to man, should either of them get possession of the earth, and reign alone! Let them stand as they now are. They give event and variety to life. They teach the reason prudence, the heart love, the will trust and obedience. They please the senses, interest and rouse the intellect, warm the affections, and exercise every faculty. The imagination lives and revels on these changes. Without them, such an art as poetry would have never been. Without them, such names as Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, and Young, and Cowper, and Thomson, would have never reached us—their genius had not been born. The pencil, too, had never given us its unearthly colorings, its bold designs and glorious achievements. Oratory would have wanted figures, and died or languished in its dullness. Life itself would have been a changeless, *lifeless* monody, running for ever on in one dull and lazy strain. No—this could never be joy. God, who, when he punished pitied us, gave us proof, that he intends, in this life at least, to inflict only such stripes as heal. Whatever be the derangements sent upon us for our sin, he shows himself, like an almighty and unwearied benefactor as he is, out of every evil

"Still educating good."

With the boundless love of a true Father, he punishes us only by reducing us to less degrees of joy. Such are the inward workings and yearning power of his benevolence, he must ever show a smiling face, before he concludes a frown.

If these remarks are true of the life of man, what can be said of death? Death has always been regarded as the greatest of natural evils, and the most inveterate and terrible enemy of mankind. Taking Paradise as the starting point of our observation, death would be indeed the heaviest stroke, which the imagination can conceive. To be suddenly, forcibly, painfully arrested and removed from Eden's happy bowers, would form

an insupportable crisis in the history of every man. But we are not in Eden. We are living in a state of imperfect bliss. Though every thing about us is beautiful and divinely formed, and every object in nature gives us its kind and degree of pleasure, we have had reports of a better and a brighter world. It is there only that perfection dwells. To that perfection our souls passionately aspire. Here we are weighed down by sense; there, the refined and spiritualized body offers no resistance to the upward tendencies of the mind. Here, our intellectual improvement is limited by the want of opportunities and means; there, each moment is our opportunity, and helps beyond our power to fancy are everywhere displayed. Here, we are surrounded by temptations to go astray; there, every moral influence is setting us onward and upward to the summit of all purity and joy. Here, in a word, we are more or less cramped in our mental and moral energies, by being physically bound down and imprisoned to a place; there, the influence of matter is wholly lost, the body may put on wings, and the spirit may bear us through the boundless realms of creation, in the way that angels move. And now, to this intellectual, pure, and happy world, the gate of death is the only entrance; and should its Keeper deny us passage, where he now admits us through, we might more properly regard him as our foe.

Such, it seems to us, are the reflections of a healthy, happy, undoubting mind. Such sentiments are also adapted to the present season. They belong, in fact, to every season, place, and circumstance. They are imparted to us by faith, and are the peculiar property and solace of Christian men. Let them cheer you, reader, in all your walks and ways. Exercise that faith from which such happy visions come. Remember, no evil in this life is unmixed with good. Labor has ever been, and ever will be, as we are now constituted, a blessing to the race. Rough weather and hard climates improve our energy, by calling out our strength. Pain admonishes of disease; disease is but imperfect health; and death itself, which comes at last, and will come, is but a friendly messenger, sent to relieve us of our burdens, and open us a passage to a world of knowledge, purity, and bliss.

THE plague of Athens has been sounded through all lands. It was, undoubtedly, the severest visitation of its kind ever inflicted upon any considerable part of the world. The Asiatic cholera, in the worst of its ravages, is a mere indisposition as compared with that scourge. It swept off the inhabitants of the crowded metropolis by the thousand. The citizens would fall in the streets and perish. Every house had its dying to watch over, and its dead to mourn. The springs and fountains were literally hedged in by the carcasses of those, who, incited by the raging thirst caused by the distemper, fled to them for water. The noble and high-born, legislators and statesmen, generals and commanders, by this single stroke were mingled with the mass of their fallen countrymen; and, by the death of Pericles, the main-spring of every important movement in the state, the wheels of government nearly stood still. But there is one piece of history which we have often coveted to know, and which we once made a little research through the classics to obtain. Socrates, the great moral philosopher, was then living, and our anxiety was to be resolved what were his engagements during this mournful and

critical period. That he conducted himself like a great and good man, which he was, we have every reason as well as wish to believe; but we would like to be informed, in what manner he showed the greatness of his soul, by what offices he made himself a ministering angel to the sick, and in what respects his conduct might be compared with that of the Christian minister of our day. Particularly would it be a satisfaction to be assured, whether or not the great moralist at any time felt the deficiency even of his excellent philosophy, in giving comfort to the soul; and whether he did not occasionally get a glimpse of the necessity of a higher philosophy than his, if he would adequately establish and console the departing spirit on its entrance upon immortal scenes. But all this train of interesting thought belongs to speculation and conjecture. All we know is, that the philosopher, by a most temperate life, and a perfectly serene state of mind, escaped wholly the infection, and survived the death of thousands of his fellow-citizens, to give the light of his pure example to ages then unborn. And it will not be amiss to observe, that both Elian and Diogenes Laertius, writers of the highest sagacity, ascribe his good fortune solely to the temperance of his life—a virtue which he ever most faithfully maintained.

NOTHING is more detrimental to health than foul air. The air drawn into the lungs is the great purifier of the blood; from the blood every part and fibre of the body receive growth and nourishment; and if this be allowed to carry impurities through the system, health will be speedily destroyed. Either immediate death, or eventual disease, will unavoidably ensue. As you are going to rest at night, suspend a bird at the top of your curtained bedstead, on the inside, and you will find him lifeless in the morning. It is for this reason that domesticated birds are so frequently short-lived and sickly. They need to inhale the free air from the lakes and mountains. The atmosphere of any room, not constantly ventilated, soon becomes stagnant, and is as unfit for breathing, as the water from a standing pool or puddle is for drinking. Washington Irving remarks, that, on his endeavoring to sleep in a close room, after his famous wild-wood rambles in the west, he found the air so oppressive, as almost to banish sleep from his eyelids. For several months he had been accustomed to breathe the unprisoned breeze of the prairies. Dr. Franklin, also, somewhere gives us to understand, that he seldom or never slept in a room, at home or abroad, either in summer or in winter, without having raised in his apartment one or more of the windows. Let parents, teachers, and invalids be sure to furnish for themselves, and for those under their guardianship, the purest air that circulates about them. Many a cheek will look fairer, and many a heart will beat fuller and freer, if all persons will attend, for this winter only, to this salutary caution.

It has been wisely said, that a soft answer turneth away wrath. Resentment is cherished only in the bosom of a very unwise man; and retaliation, whatever be its kind, is the fuel to all manner of strife. Where there is no retaliation, there can be no war. To leave quietly, without retort, a person in his anger, is the severest rebuke that can be offered him. This kind of reproof should be administered only under extraordinary provocation, and when there is little or no proba-

bility of benefiting the transgressor by milder means. Should there appear in him any promise of reform, any tokens of a return to a better tone of feeling, by speaking kindly you will soften his anger, if you do not excite his shame. A person possessed of even the slightest sensibility will be disturbed, by seeing his passion put into invidious comparison with your perfect composure and serenity of mind.

There is a story of Julius Cæsar, who was severely lampooned by Catullus. The emperor invited the poet to an entertainment, and treated him with such marked consideration, that Catullus was ever afterward his admirer and friend. Addison relates, also, a similar incident in the life of Cardinal Mazarine, whom one Quillet, a poet of some eminence in his day, had handled rather roughly in a Latin poem then recently published. The cardinal made the poor poet the offer of an abbey, a preferment of great value, and by this kindness so humbled his antagonist, that the next edition of the poem was expurgated of every offensive passage, and was actually dedicated to him who had given the bard the humiliating lesson.

If the lust of power is natural to all men, in what way can an individual acquire or exert it more completely, than in these bloodless conquests of love? In what manner can one person obtain a more absolute ascendancy over another? Indeed, should any one think of setting himself up in this way, he might exercise a control over the hearts of both friends and enemies, or rather so rapidly make all men his friends and almost his slaves, that there might be danger of his becoming even proud of his power. We think there have been, and as certainly still are, just such men. Some even counterfeit a love which they do not feel; and by this means wield an influence far beyond what they really deserve. These persons generally treat all characters alike. They will smile on those whom they inwardly despise, and do acts of kindness barely to get the better of their foe.

But it is not difficult to detect the base metal in this sort of coin. There is a want of that open-heartedness in this affected friendship, so marked and unmistakable in the true. Besides, if your friend loves you while you are connected with him, and can render yourself useful to him, but abandons you at the moment of your separation, and endeavors to weaken your influence, and, perhaps, prostrate your power, be assured that that person never truly loved you at all. He only loved himself, when he seemed to be your friend. His affections are concentrated entirely on himself. He treated you kindly only because your services were connected with his success. Set such an individual down as entirely base and ignoble; but if you wish to conquer him, use not his weapon. Look upon him with pity, and conquer him by the force of *real* love.

DENDY records the fact, as he received it from a book printed in 1687, that the fourteenth of October was regarded by the English as a lucky day for their princes. On that day, it seems, among many other remarkable events, William the Conqueror won the crown, Edward the Third landed, and James the Second was born. This may stand by the side of what we stated, on a former page, of the eighteenth of several months, in relation to Napoleon; and it may help convince some of our believers in dreams, that wonders may happen by chance.

NOTICES.

PHRENOLOGY; or, the *Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena*. By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D., of the Universities of Vienna and Paris, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, of London. Harper & Brothers. 1846.—The above work has just been issued at New York. The origin, progress, and present condition of phrenology are matters of historical, if not of scientific interest.

Dr. Gall, a German physician, was led by several circumstances, to regard the configuration of the human head, as the infallible indicator of the power and peculiarities of the indwelling mind. When quite a child, he discovered that those of his school-fellows, who were remarkable for their rapidity and accuracy in memorizing their daily lessons, uniformly possessed large and prominent eyes. His boyish logic, equal in this instance to that of Aristotle, at once inferred, that if fullness of eyes indicated the power of learning words, other faculties of the mind might be discovered by similar indications. But, as yet, he knew nothing of anatomy; and his new thought grew only by the results of personal observation. At length, resolving to become an anatomist, undoubtedly for the sake of his new idea, he studied under the best masters, and soon became a proficient. Turning his attention principally to the nervous system, but studying less that portion of it pertaining to organic life, he made numerous dissections of the brain. Here he professed to discover, not only lobes corresponding to the larger divisions of the head, but numerous little apartments, something like lumps or ganglia, which he supposed to be the respective organs of the various faculties of the mind. Keeping up his habit of daily observation, and comparing the results of it with his scientific investigations, he soon began to form a system of philosophy founded on the facts in these ways acquired. He divided the skull into two great parts, the anterior and posterior, making the former the seat of the intellectual faculties, and the latter of the propensities or affective states of mind. By following steadily on in the same style of reasoning, he at length made out quite a chart of the human head, designating, by figures, the localities of the different powers and affections of the soul.

At this stage in the proceedings of this new idea, Dr. Spurzheim became associated with its discoverer as a pupil. After completing his studies, and graduating at a learned university, Dr. Spurzheim applied himself to these investigations with the zeal of a young enthusiast in a new field of study. To him the world is indebted for the term phrenology, which signifies simply the science of mind; and, taken in its original sense, it embraces all mind, human, brutish, angelic, and divine. Dr. Spurzheim was not ignorant of the breadth of meaning possessed by his new word; and, consequently, included under his researches the mental manifestations of all known beings endowed with sensitive, intellectual, or moral powers. By more complete dissections of the brain than had been made by his associate and predecessor, he prepared a more accurate chart of the human skull, making his divisions upon it minute and intelligible. Having thoroughly satisfied himself as a discoverer, he next became a propagator of his new theory. After visiting, with various success, the principal European capitals, he at last embarked for the United States, and landed at Boston. In that city, after a brief but brilliant career as a lecturer, he died, and

was buried in the cemetery at Mount Auburn. On entering the cemetery, the first monument you meet is an upright shaft resting on a large pedestal, on which you read the sole but sufficient inscription—SPURZHEIM.

But the new opinion did not die with its apostle. Many individuals in Boston, in New York, and in numerous other places, received his doctrines; and even phrenological societies were very generally formed throughout the country. Dr. Combe, of Edinburg, took up the subject; and in a variety of able works, gave it his learned approval. His books possess great philosophical merit, apart from the theory maintained by them, and have been read with both pleasure and profit by tens of thousands of the first men, on either side of the Atlantic.

With Dr. Combe phrenology reached its zenith. In the hands of the Fowlers, and many other itinerant self-seekers, it has degenerated to the reputation of a humbug; and it is now regarded as such by the best minds of both hemispheres. If phrenologists should ever see fit to complain of the treatment, which the public has more recently given them, they owe it chiefly to their own folly. So long as they were content to investigate and publish, their theory was making rapid advances in every quarter: men of character, and even some medical writers, such as Dunglison and others of the school at Philadelphia, had adopted it as a new science, and were doing much to establish it in this capacity. But, alas for phrenology, its best friends, like the murderers of Cæsar, gave it the death-stroke of their own daggers. Dr. Sewell, of Washington, performed the funeral obsequies, and, like another Anthony, "put a tongue" into its wounds, and made them "eloquent" against it.

Such, in brief, are the origin, progress, and present condition of phrenology. To insure it an everlasting burial, our opinion of its merits and demerits is not needed; nor do we feel any disposition to kick a dead dog merely because he is dead. But the dog has had his day; and we only record a few objections, by way of *memorabilia*.

1. The first and leading objection we have against phrenology is, that it is not true. It does not accord with facts. Having, in our college days, turned some attention to the "science," we took some pains to test it by the infallible rule of application; and for several years afterward, while engaged in different seminaries of learning as a teacher, we made it a practice to try the doctrines of Gall by the heads and comparative mental powers of our numerous pupils. These doctrines frequently received confirmation; but, after years of examination, our list of exceptions became numerous and conclusive. The poorest reciter, except one in our class at college, had the largest and most prominent eyes we ever beheld in the head of any mortal. Afterward, while teaching, we had a pupil, whose head was of Websterian dimensions, large, prominent, and full, with intellectual faculties roundly developed, especially his language. After he had enjoyed three years of daily instruction—and my associates in teaching were men of rare qualifications—his proficiency in human learning may be gathered, from the manner in which he once read, during religious worship in a family, a well-known passage in the Bible—"Besides all this, between us and you is a great calf fixed"—and so on. We doubt whether, at this day, he can read five lines of his mother tongue correctly; and yet, in

every way, he not only then was, but ever had been sound and healthy. About that time, also, we borrowed a human skull from Dr. Cyrus Knapp, then and afterward the able superintendent of the Insane Hospital of Maine, but now successfully engaged in treating curvatures of the spine and similar diseases, in Cincinnati. In this skull we discovered, that some of the outside projections had corresponding ones directly underneath, on the inside; and from this fact we took the hint to make more extended examinations. From what investigations we have been able to make, we have drawn the following conclusion—that *the exceptions to phrenology are altogether too numerous for the rule*.

2. Truth is always salutary—phrenology is decidedly deleterious, in its influence. Its friends have very strenuously maintained, that there is nothing in it which ought to exert a bad influence on the world. But this is not the way men judge of any subject. They never ask what a thing *ought* to do, but only what it *does*; and, that phrenology has actually done evil to society, we think there can be no reasonable doubt. Many a young man has turned out of a promising path of usefulness, merely because some itinerant phrenologist has told him he had no *bump* for it. This we happen to know. Others have gone into vain speculations, and ruined their earthly happiness, because another had assured them that in such a way nature had intended them to exert their faculties. Parents, too, have based the education and professions of their children on this uncertain foundation; and many a sad failure, arising from this cause, might be recorded. The progress of morality and religion has also been retarded, not less than that of science and secular business. Phrenology has armed every impenitent man in the world with the potent though miserable excuse for his impenitence, that his *bumps* were against his being pious. His "marvelousness," and "reverence," and other organs were too small, or his "combativeness," or "acquisitiveness," or "destructiveness," was too large, to admit of much prayer to God, or any devout faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The administration of justice, also, in every civilized nation, has received a check from this same source. Not only have criminals pleaded the configuration of their head, for which they were certainly not guilty, in palliation of their deeds; but, what is vastly worse, the great public has learned how to apologize for crime by the same means. But there is an evil inconceivably more terrible than these—an evil that strikes at the root of all progress in man. Phrenology lowers infinitely man's conception of himself, of his capacity and destiny, and thus discourages all effort at what is lofty, spiritual, and good. It materializes, not only the character and operations of the mind, but the entire philosophy of the present life. Every thing pertaining to us is governed by a sort of fatality, over which we have no shadow of control. Man is to look upon himself as a mere machine, operated by forces concealed within his head. That which science, and philosophy, and revelation have done, in elevating and spiritualizing man's opinion of his soul, in enlarging his views of the proper dignity and destiny of mankind, and in deepening our sense of personal responsibility to God for the degrees of truth and virtue to which we may have respectively attained, all—all is to be given up that phrenology may reign!

3. If the brain governs the mind, and not the mind

the developments of the brain, then man is a slave by the very conditions on which he lives. Slavery, and that of the lowest sort, slavery to matter, is the essence of human life. Plato has been complained of, for representing man as imprisoned in the body; but, if phrenology be true, he is not only imprisoned, but a prisoner in chains! What is the use to discuss questions about intellectual and moral liberty, or to talk of liberty at all, if man, in the laws of his very being, is a slave? Why did our forefathers fight for freedom, or why do their children hold up its banner, if there is no such thing as freedom in the world? It is decidedly unworthy of us, automaton as we are, to bluster any more about human liberty, when there is no liberty to be enjoyed. Let us pull down our useless capitol, burn up, our unmeaning constitution, and dissolve the great Republic at a blow, if we live only to be slaves!

4. Phrenology has assumed so many forms, it would be impossible to follow it with any certainty or satisfaction, whatever were its truth. When first started, its cardinal point was, that size of brain was in all cases the measure of mental power. Next, it was size or volume of brain, *ceteris paribus*, other things being equal; but this "*ceteris paribus*" covered up a great deal of mystery. At length, however, the mystery was all settled. These "other things" were made to include several important items, such as the healthiness of the subject, the kind and degree of animal temperament, the fineness or coarseness of fibre in the bodily organization, and even early habits, including, we should suppose, the amount of intellectual discipline. In this way it has gradually yielded to public censure, until there is really no novelty in it.

The ancient Greek philosophers had maintained, that smallness and roundness of head were the indications of great genius, and their catalogue of celebrated men, whose heads answered this description, finally became too troublesome for these modern materialists. Their cotemporaneous opposers, however, did not let them rest under the disapprobation of the old philosophers only. They confronted phrenology with an array of great men, of our age and country, such as Canning, of England, and our own Chief Justice Marshall, whose capital measurements were not even of ordinary dimensions. The immortality of the soul is the grandest theme of human contemplation, which has tasked if not exhausted the abilities of a Socrates and a Cicero; but the ablest extant treatise on that subject, is the work of the English cobbler, Drew, whose head was remarkable only for its want of size. The great John Wesley has also given the phrenologists, as well as some theologians we know of, a deal of trouble; but the phrenologists satisfy themselves by saying, that Mr. Wesley was a very small man, and he could not be expected to carry a head of unwieldy volume. But then, say these gentlemen, his temperament was of the first order; and to this it has been more recently added, that his early and constant mental discipline rendered his brain and nervous system uncommonly vigorous and active. Indeed it did; but what has this to do with the fundamental doctrine of phrenology!

Since phrenology has been going into disrepute, we have not always maintained our usual seriousness in contemplating it. We have advised some of our friends, whose confidence in this system outmeasures ours, to try an experiment on their children; and we have gone so far as to invent a small machine expressly for their

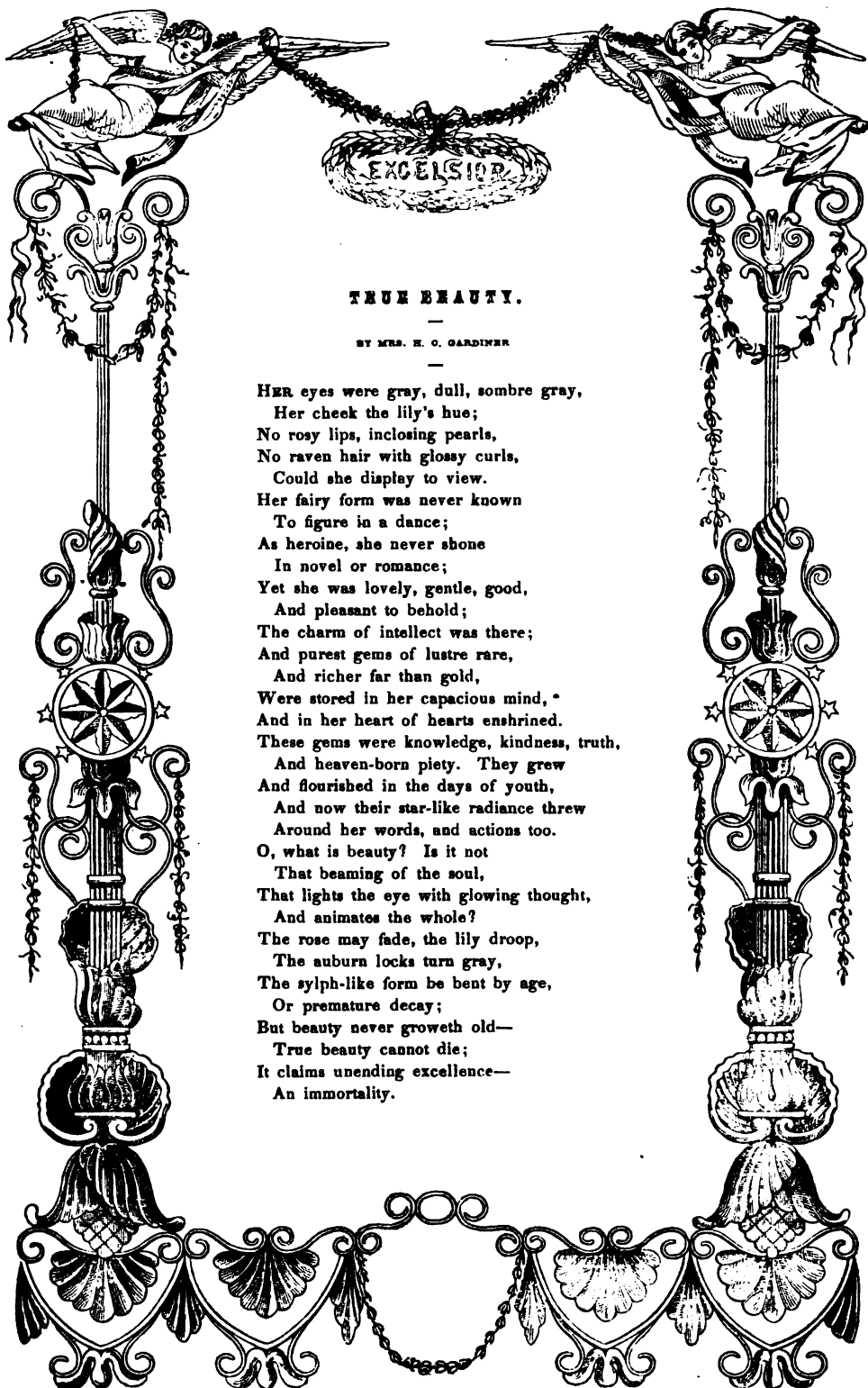
accommodation. It is a little stucco or plaster of Paris cap, made by laying the above-named cement, on a perfectly developed head, and then putting it aside to become dry and hard. The head from which the cast or cap is taken should be of a child-like size, and great care should be used to get exact impressions of every bump. This cap, then, would be hard and hollow, having little cavities on the inside for all the good bumps freely to grow into, but a solid substance to keep all the bad ones down. If worn upon the head of a growing child, it would certainly give shape to it, and that would be the very shape of the cast or cap within. Thus, characters might be formed by pattern. These troublesome expenses, in what is called education, would all be lost in a few of these caps, which would cost, perhaps, as many dollars. But a farther use might be made of our invention. These caps could be made to order. They might be so made as to contain in them any desirable character. Should a mother desire to make a poet of her son, let her order a cap with ideality and other necessary organs largely allowed for in it. If another should wish her child to be a mechanic, when he was determined to be a sailor, she must send for a cap with the requisite qualifications. In this way we could take the destinies of our children into our own hands, and those familiar lines of the Twickenham poet might be changed to great advantage:

'Tis Paris caps that form the infant's mind,
Just as they shape its head the man's inclined!

It is true, these caps could not be made of elastic matter, so as to stretch as the head increased. They would necessarily keep the child's cranium to its original size; and this, we allow, is a serious objection to our otherwise useful invention. But, then, the head would be a good one of its dimensions; and the mother might easily console her ambition, by reminding herself of the true proverb, that "it is better to be good than great."

Our estimate of Dr. Spurzheim's book, however, is not to be gathered entirely from our opinion of its subject. The book itself is able. It is written in a clear, neat, unambitious style, and its literary character is quite respectable. It abounds in scientific facts, and its reasoning is ingenious and captivating, if it is not conclusive. There is some truth, also, in phrenology; but, when carried out in detail, and thus applied to practical purposes, it is not only unphilosophical, but ridiculous.

REMARKS.—Our first number for 1847 is now with our readers. By a careful perusal of it, they will perceive a change in the length, character, and style of the articles, and will doubtless approve of the unusual variety of matter presented to them. Our new contributors, Dr. Durbin, President Wentworth, Rev. A. Stevens, and others in this number, are among the ablest writers of the country; and their contributions will be frequent in the current volume. We hope, also, that the two new embellishments will be admired by our readers. The flower, we are certain, will be useful, in many ways, to our young ladies; the other ornament is too nearly allied to our own fancy, to admit of many editorial praises. But it will henceforth perform for our poetical writers a peculiar office. Within it we shall hereafter insert the best piece of poetry, of the suitable length, which our contributors may have furnished for the month. Who shall wear oftentimes the wreath of laurel? The poetry must be purely Christian; for the EX-CELSIOR, you see, is suspended from the hands of angels.



TRUE BEAUTY.

—
BY MRS. H. O. GARDINER
—

HER eyes were gray, dull, sombre gray,
Her cheek the lily's hue;
No rosy lips, inclosing pearls,
No raven hair with glossy curls,
Could she display to view.
Her fairy form was never known
To figure in a dance;
As heroine, she never shone
In novel or romance;
Yet she was lovely, gentle, good,
And pleasant to behold;
The charm of intellect was there;
And purest gems of lustre rare,
And richer far than gold,
Were stored in her capacious mind, -
And in her heart of hearts enshrined.
These gems were knowledge, kindness, truth,
And heaven-born piety. They grew
And flourished in the days of youth,
And now their star-like radiance threw
Around her words, and actions too.
O, what is beauty? Is it not
That beaming of the soul,
That lights the eye with glowing thought,
And animates the whole?
The rose may fade, the lily droop,
The auburn locks turn gray,
The sylph-like form be bent by age,
Or premature decay;
But beauty never groweth old—
True beauty cannot die;
It claims unending excellence—
An immortality.



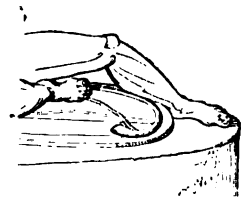
Engraved by E. C. Weir

THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

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her—he, their sire,
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d. Shall he expire,
Goths, and glut your ire."

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die lion fell struggling in death, pierced by the spear
of the Dacian, or Jewish captive, and were equally
tumultuous in their hellish transports when the cap-
tive stranger yielded up his life to the furious beast.

Such was the fate of St. Ignatius, who, in the reign
of Trajan, was brought from Antioch for this spe-
cial purpose.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

THE COLOSSEUM, AT ROME.

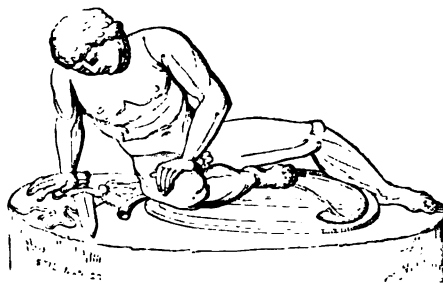
(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

STANDING upon the Palatine Hill, amid the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, I felt I was in the midst of Rome. At hand were the remains of the Circus Maximus, of triumphal arches, of ancient temples, and of the Forum and the Capitol. But the most wondrous of all the ruins of Rome rose to the east of the Palatine Hill, in the valley between it and the Celian and Esquiline Hills, where were the gardens of Nero. There stood alone the cracked walls and sinking arches of the great Amphitheatre of Flavius Vespasian, now called the *Colosseum*. There is no spot on earth that awakens such a train of painful recollections as this. Connected with the triumph of Rome over Jerusalem, having been built chiefly by Jewish wealth and Jewish captives, it is a luminous commentary upon our Savior's words, "Whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." It is a monument of despotism, ambition, vanity, cruelty, brutality, and bigotry, without a single bright speck in its history to relieve it. None but a despot could have commanded the men and the money to have built those vast concentric walls, with their countless arches and pillars, which yet stand one hundred and eighty feet high, and are nearly two thousand in circumference; and this, too, after the ravages of fifteen centuries of barbarism, and of foreign and civil war; and the still more destructive ravages of modern Rome, that has built "walls, palaces, and half cities" out of their ruins. Nothing but vanity and ambition could have desired to have built them; and surely nothing but the most consummate brutality could have drenched the arena, for a hundred days together, with the blood of five thousand wild beasts, and thousands of captives, while one hundred thousand spectators rent the air with their shouts when the noble lion fell struggling in death, pierced by the spear of the Dacian, or Jewish captive, and were equally tumultuous in their hellish transports when the captive stranger yielded up his life to the furious beast.

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But still worse than this were the exhibitions of gladiators, captive men trained to parry and to thrust, and pitted against each other, to the death, for the amusement of the multitude. Catching the inspiration of the place, as he stood in the arena encircled by the vast amphitheatre of seats and galleries, expanding upward to the clouds, Byron broke forth in the following strain:



"I see before me the gladiator lie:

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his dropp'd head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire."

Tradition, fairly made probable by history, declares that many *Christians* also perished here during the imperial persecutions. They were thrown to the wild beasts, which quickly devoured them, leaving only the larger bones strewed upon the sand. Such was the fate of St. Ignatius, who, in the reign of Trajan, was brought from Antioch for this special purpose.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with

these horrible exhibitions is, that the elite of Rome, with the *vestal virgins*, not only attended, but occupied the lowest range of seats nearest the arena, defended from the wild beasts by the height of the podium, or lower interior wall, upon which rose a colonnade with gilt network, through which the noble and gentle of Rome might see the horrid sports.

It is always difficult, generally tedious to describe a complicated building. But with the aid of the engravings, the reader may possibly obtain a pretty correct idea of this most magnificent of the ruins of ancient Rome. The external wall of the Colosseum is slightly oval; but its interior wall, inclosing the arena, is much more oval. The greatest diameter of the exterior wall is six hundred and nineteen feet, the lesser five hundred and thirteen; but of the interior, the greatest is three hundred feet, and the least one hundred and ninety feet. This interior wall, inclosing the arena, is pierced with openings at its base, through which the combatants and wild beasts were admitted to the arena. They approached through subterranean passages from subterranean apartments, some of which were near at hand, and others in distant parts of the city. The second wall from the arena rested on arches, and rose sufficiently above the first to form, by arches connecting them, an ascending bank of seats like a gallery. The third wall also rested on arches, and rose above the second, which was connected with it by arches sustaining a higher bank of seats. So, also, the fourth wall from the arena rested on arches, and rose above the third, which connected with it by arches sustaining another and higher range of seats. From the fourth wall the arches were thrown upward, and rested against the inside of the exterior wall, and supported the highest range of seats. Yet above there was an open gallery, where multitudes stood and looked down one hundred and eighty feet into the arena in the centre. Of these successive tiers of seats, the first, immediately adjoining the arena, was occupied by the imperial court and *vestal virgins*, so near to the combatants that they might occasionally be sprinkled with their spouting blood. The second tier was occupied by senators, the third by knights, and the fourth and highest, together with the open gallery above, by the people.

The appearance of the *exterior* of the Colosseum is seen in the engraving. It is built of hewn stone, and presents three ranges of open arches rising one above another, surmounted with a range of square windows, and finished above with a massive stone cornice. The arches in the lower range are alternated by half pillars of the Doric order; those in the second range by half pillars of the Ionic order; those in the third, of the Corinthian; and the windows above are alternated by light Corinthian pilasters.

Almost all the inclined arches on which the seats

rested, are more or less broken; but the arches supporting the walls are sound. One half of the two outer walls have wholly disappeared, and all the marble seats, and much of the brick work within. They were demolished to build the modern city, as were the palaces of the *Cæsars*, and other public edifices. One may form an idea of the depredations upon the Colosseum from the fact, that the small rubbish had raised the ground twelve feet within and around the edifice. This also is the case in the Forum, and on the Palatine Hill, and, indeed, all over the site of the ancient city. The rubbish has been removed from many of the monuments and public buildings, and their bases exposed far below the present surface. The stranger at Rome should not fail to visit the Colosseum by moonlight, on one of those serene evenings which render Italy so delightful. The profound silence and the deep solitude invest this greatest of ruins with indescribable interest and grandeur. As he enters the arena, the emblems of his own religion, the cross and the small sacred stations around, will remind him of the triumphs of Christianity in the very amphitheatre,

“—where murder breathed her bloody steam,
—where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar’d or murmur’d like a mountain stream,
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays—
—where the Roman million’s blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd.”

He will stand breathless in the pit, and cast his eyes aloft far toward the heavens, and seeing the ruined arches and crumbling walls expanding away upward, garnished to their very summits with grass and shrubs that spring from the broken benches where once Rome’s hundred thousand children sat to see, he may be pardoned if, for a moment, he imagines the phantoms of departed heroes flitting amid the shifting masses of light and shade which invest the overpowering ruin.

I cannot take leave of the Colosseum without transcribing the saying quoted by Gibbon from the venerable Bede, and from Gibbon by Lord Byron, who found it fit well into his verse:

“While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world.”

THE ETERNAL CITY.

This is the title frequently given to the city of Rome. It would seem, from its history, almost to deserve this appellation. But little has happened, in the history of the world, for the last twenty-five hundred years, which has not had some connection with the seven-hilled city on the Tiber’s banks. It once was the acknowledged mistress of nations; and it is now the home of the artist, the library of the scholar, and the seat of empire to the largest portion of the Christian world. It is now impossible to foresee the period when it shall cease to stand.

MISCELLANIA.

—
BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.
—

WINTER.

I HEAR the winds howling about my door, and searching for some crack or cranny in my cottage. Mournful to the soul is the sound. It seems like a knell. My children instinctively cluster around the blazing fire on the cheerful hearth. But one is absent. My heart wanders away to the place where she sleeps. She heeds not the wintry wind of this wild night, though it sweep roughly over her bed. But I must not think of her now—no, not now.

On this bitter cold night, how many a poor child of hopeless orphanage must suffer in destitution and despair. Hungry and cold he must shiver in the blast, anxiously waiting for the morning. And when morning comes, he must again to his toil, that he may by some means obtain a bit of bread. There surely is something wrong in the organization of human society. It will be all made right in heaven, but I fear not on earth, at least not in my day.

THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE.

I have read somewhere of late, that some philosopher has discovered, as he supposes, the long-sought centre of the universe. It is known to all, that the earth is not only the home of the beings on its surface, but the centre around which revolves all bodies within the distance of some few hundred thousand miles from it. The moon revolves regularly about the earth, though it is possible that there may be other bodies in the neighborhood of the moon revolving about her as their centre, and borne with her around the earth. All the planets in the solar system may thus have bodies dependent on them and revolving around them. It is certainly known that several of them have moons performing their revolutions at stated periods. But it is also known that the earth and all other planets of our system revolve about the sun. It is known, also, that the sun is but a star, resembling, in all essential respects, the thousands of other stars that shine in the pure blue of heaven. It has long been suspected that the sun and all the stars of heaven revolve about some great centre of the great system of the universe. This centre is now supposed to be found in the beautiful cluster called the Pleiades, or the seven stars. I do not vouch for the accuracy of this result; for I am, as you know, no philosopher; but I hope it is correct. There is something grand in the conception of moons revolving about their primary bodies; planets revolving about suns, and suns revolving about some great centre. And if there be among the stars of the firmament some one distinguished above others as the great centre of the universal system, I would that it might be one of those seven beautiful sisters, the Pleiades. That beautiful cluster attracted my attention in the days of early childhood, while as yet I

knew nothing of science. They shone down mildly on me as I gazed on the glorious sky of a summer evening, and were reflected back to my eye from the bright waters of the Atlantic. Amid all changing things they alone seem unchanged. Even the polar star has, to my eye, changed its place, and seems sinking to the horizon, but the Pleiades shine on still, reminding me of what I once was, but what I may no more hope to be.

Wonderful is the wisdom, that gave laws to the physical universe. No less wonderful is the display of that wisdom in the moral universe—the universe of mind. The planetary system is subject to variations and perturbations, yet all these disturbances mutually counteract each other, and all things move in order and harmony. So human opinion has its cycles. It is constantly in motion from one extreme to another, as if from the opposite poles of an electric battery. But truth has nothing to fear. Opinions may vibrate from side to side of the line of truth, like the magnetic needle; but all things will at last settle in the right direction.

A REMINISCENCE OF OLDEN TIME.

Many years ago, I cannot now tell how many, but it was when I was a little boy, I saw for the first time an assembly of ministers at conference. It was at a little country neighborhood, called Methodist Corner, in the interior of Maine. There was no town or village there, but merely an agricultural neighborhood. Yet a conference was held there—a conference, too, out of which have since grown five other conferences, each of which is now larger than the original one was then.

I there, for the first time, saw some of those great and good men, whose names are deservedly held in so great respect among us—men who made their mark as they passed through this world, and left their impress on their own age, and that which followed them.

The first of the great men, whose appearance and preaching made a great impression on my mind, was M'Kendree. It was Sabbath morning. Arriving at the Church at the usual time of commencing service, I found it jammed full of eager listeners, and the dense crowd extended from the door to the farther side of the road. Being, however, a little fellow, I made my way through the crowd, and reached a position near the altar, in full view of the preacher. I never saw him again, and know not as I have a correct idea of his person and manner. He appeared to me a tall, powerful man, of a strong and firm muscle, able to cope with physical difficulties of any kind. He stood erect and dignified. I thought at the time he would make a splendid military commander, so much dignity and bodily presence was apparent in his person. He had just arisen to begin his discourse. Distinctly and impressively he read his text, and without delaying for apology or studied introduction, proceeded directly to the subject. His

manner was totally different from any thing I had ever met with before. Accustomed as I had been to the slow, precise, and measured reading of the settled minister of the parish, I was struck with the bold, powerful, and sometimes rapid utterance of M'Kendree. He used great variations of voice. Sometimes he would speak in tones soft and sweet as the *Æolian* harp, then he would burst out in elevated strains, making the old house resound, and raising the feelings of his audience to such a pitch, that one simultaneous shout of applause would leap, as it seemed to me, from a thousand tongues. The man, the manner, the voice, and the discourse, made a deep impression on my youthful heart. I would that a portrait of M'Kendree might be drawn by the skillful pen of some one who knew him in the days of his power and his glory. It would do us good to look on the picture.

Next after M'Kendree came Ruter. His name had already been rendered famous by his successful controversy with Dr. Brown, the distinguished President of Dartmouth College. The controversy had involved a discussion of some of the points of Calvinism, and Ruter had acquired, as was acknowledged on all hands, great glory. He arose in the pulpit, and stood in a slightly stooping posture, looking mildly and modestly down. His head was slightly bald, and his countenance indicated a head of thought and a heart of emotion. When he commenced speaking, the very tones of his voice charmed me and chained my eyes and my heart to him. I never saw him again, and my impression may not be correct, but there was then a plaintive, melancholy sweetness in the sound of his voice, which was music to my ear. His manner seemed easy, graceful, and dignified. The round, full, sweet tones of his voice, have not yet even died away from my memory. I seem to hear him still, though I too well know that he speaks no more on earth.

Next came Brodhead. He was a hale, handsome old man, with a head as white as time could bleach it. He stood up with gracefulness and dignity worthy of a king, and spoke of faith, and of hope, and of heaven. I afterward formed an intimate acquaintance with that good old man, and found him one of the kindest hearted men I ever knew.

There were, too, at that conference, Merritt, and Mudge, and Munger, and many others now dead, with Hedding and Pickering yet among the living; men of whom we may not soon hope to see the like again.

Of the leading men at that conference, few survive. Of the survivors fewer still are effective. They have generally retired from the field, and left the harvest to be gathered by younger men. Yet what a halo of glory has gathered about their names! It has sometimes been to me a source of regret that so little has been written of the great men who have gone before us in the work of the ministry. But it

may be well as it is. Little is written of them. But they live in the hearts of the people. The place they occupy in the public mind is much like that held by the deified heroes of antiquity in the poems of Homer. I would, indeed, prefer the unwritten fame of Bigelow, and of Armstrong, and of Strange, to the most finished and classical biography that could be written.

POETRY OF THE HEBREWS.

—
BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.
—

In speaking or writing on the subject of poetical literature, authors usually confine themselves to those works which have obtained the high sounding epithet of *classic*. Among the authors of such works are found those who have been dignified by the appellation of *the fathers* of the respective departments in which they excelled, or which they were supposed to have founded. Thus Homer is styled the father of epic poetry; *Æschylus*, of dramatic; *Simonides*, of elegiac; and *Archilochus*, of satiric. That these honors are oftentimes unfairly bestowed is very certain. In the earlier literature of the Hebrews are found specimens of elegiac and dramatic composition, of a date long anterior to the time in which the supposed, and accredited, founders of their respective departments flourished. As an illustration of the latter kind, (the dramatic,) the song of the poet king, Solomon, may be cited, upon which we propose to offer a few remarks, in the present article; leaving the consideration of other departments to a future time and a subsequent number.

The Song of Solomon is an extremely interesting production, considered merely in a literary point of view. It is the offspring of a royal pen. It dates back nearly a century beyond the time of Homer. It is probably the earliest specimen of dramatic composition in existence. Its author lived nearly five hundred years before *Æschylus*, the father of the Grecian drama, and was probably cotemporary with *Hesiod*, the earliest profane writer whose works have come down to us. These facts invest the poem with an interest which belongs to few other literary productions. If to this we add the interest attaching to it from its canonical character, few, if any works, can compare with it in either intrinsic or relative value.

Few books, however, have been less studied; and few less understood or appreciated. And it may be added, few have suffered more from a translation into a foreign language. The design of the whole has, by many, been strangely misconceived. Some have supposed it merely a description of physical love. Others, going to the opposite extreme, have spiritualized every incident, and made it the representation

of some relation subsisting between God and his people.

It is not the design of the writer of this article to discuss the character of the poem in a theological point of view; or to attempt a confirmation or refutation of either of the above theories in regard to it. He simply wishes to point out some of its beauties, as they are represented to the eye of the student of oriental literature.

As before intimated, the poem is dramatic in its character. The principal personages are a king, called *SHELOMOH*, and a rustic shepherdess, called *SHULAMITH*, who becomes his bride. Like the Grecian dramas, in later times, a choir of virgins is introduced to enliven the scene, called *THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM*. The brothers of the shepherdess appear, near the close of the piece, and each speak once. Other personages are introduced, but do not speak. The whole poem is divided into nine parts, and the scene changes from the royal residence to various places in the country contiguous.

In this poem, as in other Hebrew writings, there are no breaks, or indications of a change of persons, or of a shifting of the scenes. There is, however, a certain clue to the discovery of all these changes. As the principal actors are one man and one woman, the *gender* of the pronouns and verbs, (for the Hebrew verbs are so varied as to express separately the gender of each person except the first,) shows distinctly which one speaks; and when the chorus speaks, the plural number is used.

The true character of the poem appears to be that of a spiritual allegory, in which, as in the parables of the New Testament, many circumstances are introduced having no direct bearing upon the general object of the piece, but brought in merely for ornament, or to give a completeness and finish to the other parts. The principal portion of the *machinery* and the incidents are probably borrowed from the circumstances attending the marriage of Solomon with the Egyptian princess. But these are not strictly adhered to; for in several places scenes are introduced, and circumstances narrated, impossible in reality, or, as such, entirely repugnant to oriental customs and tastes. As examples, we might refer to the invitation given by Shelomoh to his bride, to walk with him to Lebanon, one hundred miles distant, covered with snow, and infested with wild beasts; the nocturnal ramble of Shulamith through the city; and the invitation given by Shelomoh to his friends to participate in the pleasures of her affection equally with himself. All these indicate that the poem is not to be taken in a literal sense, but that in its very nature it is allegorical. Of all the relations which God has instituted in this world, as existing between the members of the human race, the marriage relation is the most tender and endearing; and is constituted the channel through which flows the purest and most exalted earthly happiness. On this very

account has infinite Wisdom seen fit to employ it as the representative of that endearing and ennobling relation which exists between himself and his people. Consequently, throughout the Bible, conjugal fidelity is made the synonyme for obedience; while conjugal infidelity is but another name for idolatry. These things being thus understood, it would be difficult to portray the history of the ebb and flow of vital piety, either in the Church as a whole, or in the heart of an individual believer, in clearer or more glowing colors than the Holy Spirit has employed in the book before us.

An objection has frequently been urged against this most delightful poem on the score of indelicacy. It is said that many of the allusions, and many of the expressions, are unsuited to modern ideas of correct taste and propriety. This objection, while it holds good when urged against the commonly received translation, loses its force when applied to the original. As before remarked, few works have suffered more than this one by a translation into a foreign language. Our translators, mistaking entirely the character of the poem, have attributed to the unclothed figure descriptions and allusions which belong entirely to the *dress*. This general error runs through the whole translation.

Another remark may here be admissible. The manners and customs of society, especially in relation to the subject of dress, have experienced many changes in the space of three thousand years. In different countries, also, different customs prevail. At the present day, if a Turk meets a female unveiled in the streets, he considers it so flagrant a violation of modesty as to justify him in taking her life upon the spot. With us, the face is continually exposed. These two things must ever be borne in mind when making up a decision in regard to the literary productions of other climes, and other days. When this poem was first penned, it was customary for females to leave their bosoms as much exposed as their faces. Consequently, any allusion to such a custom, then universally prevalent, cannot reasonably be construed as an indelicacy; whatever may be said of the custom itself. And even in regard to such allusions, this poem stands on infinitely higher ground than many of *classic* character, and more recent date.

Having said thus much in reference to the poem as a whole, we shall proceed to illustrate more fully its poetic beauties by a few quotations, which we shall endeavor to present, as nearly as possible, in the rich style and dress of oriental thought.* The first is a portraiture of the bride, drawn by a master's hand. "How beautiful thou art, my cherished one, how beautiful! Thy eyes are doves behind thy ringlets;

* It may not be improper here to state, that the following quotations are made from a manuscript work by the writer, embracing a "new translation of the Song of Solomon, with notes, critical and illustrative, original and selected."

Thy hair is like a flock of goats,
Which recline on Mount Gilead;
Thy teeth like a flock of sheared sheep,
Which go up from the washing-place:
All of them are twin-bearers,
And not one among them bereaved:
Like a scarlet cord are thy lips;
And thy mouth becomes them:
Like the two halves of a pomegranate are thy cheeks behind
thy ringlets:
Thy neck is like the tower of David,
Built for an armory;
In which a thousand shields are suspended,
All of them shields of the mighty."

In order to appreciate fully the richness and beauty of the passage, a passing remark may be necessary in reference to the style of writing, especially the figurative, prevalent in the east. The orientals differ very much from the occidentals in this respect; and particularly so in their comparisons. The former need but a *single* point of resemblance to make the simile perfect for their use. Thus our Savior said to his disciples, "Behold I come as a thief in the night." The only point of resemblance which he wished to impress upon their minds was the *unexpectedness* of his coming. The same feature is clearly exhibited in the foregoing quotation. The dove is probably the most beautiful and symmetrical of all the feathered tribe; hence, a proper object with which to compare beautiful eyes. In a similar manner the hair is represented as black, smooth, and glossy, resembling a flock of Syrian goats as seen in the sunshine: the teeth, regular, even, and of delicate whiteness, like a flock of sheep recently sheared and washed: the lips, of a beautiful rich color, as if dyed with scarlet: the cheeks, plump and of a most delicate tint, resembling the two halves of a pomegranate, which is described by travelers as being more rich and delicate in its hues than our own peach: and the neck, tall, arched, adorned with necklaces—the trophies of her charms—resembling some tower of strength and beauty, in which were suspended the arms of the captured.

But let us proceed with the description, as amplified in another part of the poem.

"How graceful are thy steps with sandals,
Daughter of a noble one!
The cincture of thy loins is like necklaces,
The workmanship of an artificer:
Thy golden clasp is like a round goblet,
Which lacks not purple wine:
Thy linen robe is like a sheaf of wheat,
Bound around with lilies:

* * * * *

Thy eyes are like the reservoirs of Heahbon at the gate of the
daughter of princes:
Thy nose is like the tower of Lebanon,
Overlooking the plains of Damascus:
Thy head is like Carmel,
And the hair of thy head like the precious purple:
The king is captivated with thy flowing ringlets!
How beautiful and how lovely thou art,
Dearest of all things affording delight!"

We observe here the same style of comparison as above. Her robe is of a fawn color, bound around with a white girdle, the clasp of which is set with a large purple gem surrounded by smaller ones, compared to a goblet filled with wine, and surrounded by a "bead." Other portions of the picture are compared to various landscape scenes of exceeding beauty, and well known in the times of the writer.

Let us now glance at the counterpart—the portrait of the bridegroom. The circumstances calling it forth are these. The bride having retired to her apartments, the bridegroom approaches, and sues for admittance. Her delay in complying occasions his departure. She seeks him; and during her search meets the chorus, and inquires of them if they have seen the object of her affectionate interest and solicitude. To her question the chorus respond:

"What is thy loved one more than the loved one of others,
Most beautiful one among women?
What is thy loved one more than the loved one of others,
Since thou hast thus adjured us!"

Her reply is the following:

"My loved one is fair and ruddy;
Distinguished above ten thousand.
His tiara is pure gold;
His hair is waving palm-branches, black as the raven;
His eyes are like doves by brooks of water,
Washed in milk, floating in fullness;
His cheeks are like a bed of balsam—
Like vases of aromatic herbs;
His lips are like purple lilies distilling liquid myrrh;
His hands are adorned with golden rings, set with topaz-gems;
His robe is like wrought ivory, adorned with sapphires;
His legs are pillars of white marble,
Erected upon pedestals of fine gold;
His appearance is like Lebanon,
Imposing as its cedars;
His mouth is sweetness;
Yea, he is altogether most precious!
Such is my loved one,
And such is my friend,
Daughters of Jerusalem."

We may well defy any thing of more modern date to surpass this in poetic imagery and beauty.

Solomon well understood the workings of the human heart, as the following characteristic of pure love well shows. It is addressed by the bride to her husband.

"Place me as a signet-ring upon thy heart—
As a signet-ringed bracelet upon thy arm;
For love is invincible as death;
Ardent affection as unyielding as the grave.
Many waters cannot extinguish love,
Nor floods overwhelm it.

If a man should give all the wealth of his house for love,
Despising they would despise him."

The Hebrew form of expression is retained in this last line, in preference to changing it to suit the English idiom. It is a form of intensity, and means, "they would utterly despise him."

To illustrate the fact that much of the poetic beauty of this sacred poem is lost to the modern reader, unless thoroughly *studied*, let the following

suffice. Shelomoh, seeing his bride promenading in the royal garden at an unusually early hour, inquires the cause. Her reply is—

"To the garden of nuts have I come down,
To survey the green vale;
To see if the vines effloresce;
If the pomegranates are in bloom.
I knew not why my mind was so exhilarated
That I became like a war-chariot of my noble people."

The expression in the last two lines is very elliptical. The sense is expressed by the following paraphrase: "Ere I was aware, I felt an exhilaration, and a speed, as if borne on one of the war-chariots of my noble people;" that is, an Egyptian war-chariot. The idea is a very beautiful one, and common among the oriental poets. When two lovers are in the vicinity of each other, although unaware of each other's presence, they are hastened onward by some unseen influence or attraction, until they meet. She was coming into the garden, and by some exhilarating cause, unknown at the moment to her, was urged onward till she saw him, which immediately accounted for the exhilaration.

We shall conclude this article, already too long, by a single quotation more. It is pastoral in its character, and as such has yet to be equaled.

"The voice of my loved one!
Behold! he comes!
Leaping over the mountains,
Springing over the hills.
My loved one is like a gazelle,
Or a fawn of the antelope!
Behold him now standing behind our wall,
Looking in from the window,
Glancing from behind the trellis-work!
My loved one addresses me, saying:
'Arise, my cherished, my beautiful one, and come forth!
For behold the winter has passed away;
The rain is over and gone by;
The flowers appear upon the plain;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the note of the turtle-dove is heard in our grounds;
The fig-tree spices its young figs;
And the vines, flowering, emit their fragrance:
Arise, my cherished, my beautiful one, and come forth.'"

HYPOCRISY.

BY A PLAIN MAN.

"Without hypocrisy," JAMES III. 17.

SINCERITY and frankness are rare but inestimable qualities of human character. A fixed resolution to be precisely what one would wish to appear, is distinctive of very few, though that few embraces the better, nobler part of mankind. Most persons wish to appear better than they deserve. Scarcely a man can be found who would be perfectly willing to pass for just what he is. Before one would consent to be inspected, there must be a little preparatory exercise taken, both as to his person and mind. Both

must submit to a particle of brushing and cleansing, and various ablutions and superficial improvements, before the individual could think himself a fit representative of what he hoped to be his popular reputation.

This element of hypocrisy pervades every department of society, and every portion of the world. Appearance seems to be the primary law of our race—a sort of gravitating power in the human family, which gives motion to society. The laws of fashion, the freaks of popular fancy, the customs and manners of the world, however unnatural, excessive, or ridiculous they may be, receive the most unqualified submission from all those who are zealous to keep up appearances and preserve their hard-earned name. The outward is cultivated with all care and assiduity, while the inward, the immortal, imperishable self, is left to corrosion, putridity, and decay.

We repeat, this hypocrisy is the universal sin. It enters into all our plans; it covers the whole surface of the world; it lays a false and wicked varnish upon the character of an apostate race, and hides man from his own eyes. Few will credit the most correct and graphic descriptions of human sinfulness, so deceptive and flattering is this veil which this treachery has thrown over the heart. Who that moves in polite circles, can believe the apostle in his senses, when giving that thrilling account of man's natural depravity which we read in one of his epistles? And yet, my friend, behind all this decoration of person, this polish of education, and exterior accomplishment of manners, there spreads a picture too dreadful to be seen, too horrible to be told.

BARBARIAN POETRY.

The following poem, translated from the German version of Humboldt, is the oldest modern barbaric poetry on record.

LELO is dead, Lelo is dead:
Zara was the murderer of Lelo.
The strangers from Rome declared war against us;
And Biscay set up her song of victory.
On one side was Octavianus;
On the other, Lecobidi, the Biscayan.
Master of the sea and of the strong-holds,
He surrounded and besieged us.
The dry plains were his,
And so were the shady forests of the mountains.
When we were posted in favorable spots,
Every one felt himself strong and courageous.
They cased themselves in heavy armor;
But the unarmed body is light and quick in its motions.
During five long years we were besieged;
We had no rest by day or by night.
But though they were so numerous, and we a small
band,
We made with them, in the end, a treaty of alliance.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

BY ALFRED HOLBROOK.

BEHOLD the lofty monarch of the sky,
My son—fit emblem of the Deity.
With potent grasp, of power supreme, his sway
Extends to wilds of space untenanted
And unexplored. Near and remote, his power,
Resistless, awes, upholds, and governs all.
His sovereign rule no tyrant's rod severe,
Unblessing and unblessed. But, gushing from
His bosom wide, pure emanations, free
And large, dispense, and light, and life, and joy,
To all his realm.

In wid'ning circles vast, and far in space,
Dependent orbs their willing courses run,
But pay their annual tribute of approach
And reverence, then haste them on their way.
Two favored sons of light in radiance bask,
And know nor winter's chill, nor darken'd course,
Oft wheeling 'neath the eye of Majesty.
Some, more remote, find solace sweet and mild
In converse with dependent orbs, around
Themselves revolving. Tellus not alone
Pursues her pathway. Cynthia fair, with ray
Serene, in mystic circles round her wheels:
The night she banishes, dispelling cloud,
And mist, and solitude. Thus bound with strong
Affection, they, in fealty to their King,
Yield due obedience, and onward fly,
Subservient to his will, rejoicing in
The strength by him conferr'd, reflecting each
Upon the other benefits received.

Hast thou, my son, yet learned the lesson taught
So manifestly on this first broad page
Of Nature's volume? Hast thou read the truths
Divine, here shadowed forth to mortal ken,
In things material? Again, behold
Th' illumined page. Note thou with fixed eye
And earnest gaze, the truths sublime revealed.
As by the force of *gravity*, the sun,
With ever present energy, controls
His wide domain, and host of minor orbs
Their endless circles run harmonious;
So God, the sun's creator, Lord of all,
By force of *love* unceasing and intense,
Almighty, infinite, pervades the realms
Of thought and feeling—love, the golden cord
That binds, controls the heart, and soul, and mind
Of all obedient intelligence.

Nor is its power and influence denied
To fallen, wand'ring man, though wander'd far
In the dark waste of sin and folly wild.
He, too, may feel the rays of light, and life,
And joy reflected from his Savior's face,
If he but turn, by strength imparted still,

Seek out his proper path, by love constrained,
Of duty and obedience. Be wise,
My son, return, obey, and live.

SCENES OF BEAUTY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

Not to the noble ones alone,
The proud, the wealthy, or the great,
The strains of melody do come:
Its note is heard, its sweetest tone,
Among the poor of low estate.
Not in the sheltered, trim parterre,
Is found the fairest, sweetest flower;
Each lily of the field might here
Give beauty, and with grace appear,
As queen, to decorate the bower.
Not in the artificial groves,
Delights the singing bird to dwell:
Wild though the forest be, it loves
Each verdant nook, each shady dell,
And there its choral anthems swell.
Lovely is nature! glad I list
The music of the sighing breeze.
How beautiful the glowing west,
As sinks the sun at eve to rest!
But dearer to my soul than these,
Her pure, unclouded rays, who now
Ascends in light the eastern sky;
Sweet queen of night, upon thy brow
Mildness is written, and we bow
In wonder at thy course on high.
No earthly power but power divine,
Supports and guides that orb of thine.

THE BIBLE.

BY LAMDA.

Go to the Bible for truth sublime,
Man's heraldry high, and the birth of time;
For its gems are here like the stars of night,
Which God hath sown o'er the fields of light.

Go to the Bible for argument high,
For reason strong, and mystery;
For deep are its fountains of holy thought
On the mighty works which God hath wrought.

Go to the Bible for simile bright;
For its treasures are rich and infinite:
It gathers from earth, and sea, and air,
Its golden imagery fresh and fair.

Go to the Bible for pathos deep,
Where the Spirit's hand the heart-strings sweep;
And tides of sympathy gushing roll,
And burst the fountains of the soul.

STRONG CONSOLATION.

BY IMMOEN MZKIKIN.

"Wilt thou not, from this time, cry unto me, my Father, thou art the guide of my youth?"

"O'er my days, should the sun of prosperity throw
Her meteor-like rays, most enchantingly bright,
Or instead of her genial enlivening glow,
Should I feel the chill blast of adversity's night,
Be my guide, O my Father! protect me, I pray,
Through adversity's night, or prosperity's day,
And lead me to thee, O thou fountain of truth,
My Father, my Father, the guide of my youth."

A BEAUTIFUL autumnal day had passed its meridian, when Mary S. started to perform one of her frequent visits of mercy to the afflicted of the village in which she resided. The rather serious illness of her mother had confined her to the house for the last week, making, by contrast, the present walk more cheerful and invigorating.

Nature wore a calm, but, to a reflecting mind, somewhat solemn aspect. The beautiful drapery of summer was exchanged for the sombre robe which predicted the rapid approach of dreary winter; while the forsaken bough and fallen leaf spoke eloquently of life's suspension, when the God of the material and spiritual world withdrew his vivifying power, and permitted Death to sway awhile his cruel sceptre. Mary's heart grew sad as she approached the dwelling of a young friend, who, within the last week, had been bereaved of a kind and much-loved father. Her sympathetic feelings were too strong for the clay tenement in which they dwelt, operating oftentimes to the almost entire prostration of her physical strength; and in this instance they were peculiarly called forth; for but three years had elapsed since her own dear father took his upward flight, after a protracted period of intensest suffering; and Mary's heart and mind had known the discipline of long, severe, and varied trial.

She was directed to the dressing-room of her friend, which she found darkened, and its inmate thrown upon a sofa in the utter abandonment of grief. "Helen, dear Helen," said Mary, as she stooped to kiss her friend, "I am come to weep with you." "O, Mary," exclaimed the sufferer, "how glad I am to see you;" and throwing her arms around her she wept bitterly.

Mary made no efforts to check the violent emotion of her friend. She allowed it to expend itself in action, and then remarked, "You have a right to weep, dear friend: the God of nature has rent one of the closest ties his hand has formed, and your heart is bleeding from the severance; but I hope you prove the God of grace is nigh to comfort, and to heal the wound."

Helen. I do not feel as I ought, Mary. I seem to be surrounded by one vast blank. I have but one feeling—that I am fatherless. It presses me down

to earth, and when I think of God, it is but to tremble in fear of added chastisements.

Mary. O, Helen, he visits in love, not in punishment. You cannot see it, feel it now; and deeply, painfully do I sympathize with your present sorrow.

Helen. I knew you would, dear Mary, even though you must condemn. Sorrow did not find you so rebellious. Tell, O tell me, Mary, just how you felt—just how I ought to feel. O, show me some way to improve this bitter stroke.

Mary. I will, Helen; but lie down quietly upon the sofa, and I will sit by you; and now try and compose your feelings, and raise your heart to God in prayer. You say sorrow did not find me rebellious, dear Helen. If you allude to the time when my dear father left this weary world, it did not; but, strange as it may seem to you, that was not to me an hour of sorrow.

Helen. Not that! O, I thought there was no sorrow like unto that.

Mary. Listen to me, Helen, and you will learn that the sorrows which life brings, are oftentimes deeper than those which death creates. From my earliest recollection I loved my father with the deepest affection of my nature; and he was worthy of all the love a child could pour upon a parent—elevated in moral principle, of stern and unbending integrity, yet benevolent even to excess—so affectionate, so kind, so forbearing, so perfect in all his earthly relations, that man scarcely laid a fault to his charge, while his children loved, respected, rested on him to a degree they afterward proved to be idolatrous. When quite young I experienced religion; and the first prayer of my renewed spirit was breathed for my beloved father; though, but for the revealed truth, that "God seeth not as man seeth," he seemed too far above me in his moral eminence, to need such feeble prayers as mine. Time fled, and I advanced in Christian knowledge and experience; and in the light of God's word, I clearly saw that the perfection which filled my childish vision, did not meet the requirements of God's law, nor rest upon the hallowed basis of his Gospel, and my prayers, my anxieties for him grew more intense and abiding.

Our years of earthly happiness flew rapidly by, and he stood erect in manly strength and conscious integrity. I had awaked to see so clearly his danger, that many times did I utter the prayer, "Save him by any means, but O save him." The answer came, and found me utterly unprepared to meet it. His discipline of sorrow commenced—friends deceived, wealth vanished, his idolized family was smitten. I cannot now enter into detail, Helen. Beneath a complication of trials, during which he struggled manfully and well, the strong man bowed. The body sunk beneath the mental conflict, and I was called to watch him slowly pass through every gradation of suffering and weakness. First the confinement to the house, so irksome to manhood, then

to the chamber, then to the easy chair; finally to the dying bed. At the first hope and fear struggled within me; but hope conquered, and I anticipated future recovery. Slowly fear became predominant, and then despair took possession of my heart; and months before the spirit left his body, my *father died to me*; and all that you are now enduring, Helen, of separation, and desolation, and bitterness, was mine in the hour when hope fled from my bosom; and yet, dear friend, I could not grasp the consolation which now is yours, of knowing that whatever might be my sufferings, his were for ever ended.

Helen. O, Mary, I know mine is a selfish sorrow; for I dwell on my loss far more than on his gain.

Mary. But, Helen, the keenest point of suffering is not yet touched, and I cannot well describe it. During this protracted illness he felt the worthlessness of every earthly trust, and looked to God for help; but shaken in spirit, and agonized in body, it was long ere he was enabled to apprehend the way of salvation by faith. Body and spirit sympathized and reacted, producing a protracted state of severe and unremitted agony; and then, Helen, I learned what sorrow was. My nervous system seemed attuned to his—it vibrated in perfect unison; and as I gazed upon his pallid, aching brow, a thrill, even such as he endured, again and yet again, shook my being to its very centre; and had not the everlasting arms been around me and beneath me, neither body nor mind could long have sustained the endurance.

Gradually the angel of peace effected an entrance to that weary heart; and with a deeper joy than the language of earth has power to express, I saw my father calmly resting upon Christ, and heard him tell of sins forgiven and heaven begun on earth. But the bodily suffering remained unmitigated, and, therefore, I longed for his dismissal. My love for him was purged from selfishness; and when the last dread hour came, I kissed his marble brow, *exulting* that it never more would throb with pain and anguish.

Helen. Then, Mary, how can you fully sympathize with me? You had learned to rest solely upon God before your earthly staff was broken.

Mary. Listen to me patiently, Helen; for I have an especial end in view, or I should not thus dwell upon past sorrows. For many weeks my absorbing feeling was joy. For eighteen months I had been pressed at all times, in all places, with the deep consciousness that my father suffered. Now that was removed, and every other thought seemed lost in this; and I praised God continually. After a time, family arrangements, personal duties, a thousand little circumstances, awoke me *fully* to my own position. My mother was a widow—I was fatherless. My guide, my guard, my dependence was indeed removed—I was fatherless.

As the weeks rolled by, the feeling of loneliness grew more and more vivid. The strong arm on

which I had leaned for support had for ever vanished, and I stood with none to ward off the ills of life. The vacancy of which you speak, I most deeply realized, though I felt continually the sustaining power of the Almighty. If I had not felt his everlasting arms around me, I should utterly have sunk; but for sometime God seemed in heaven, while I was struggling upon earth—not forsaken, not exactly desponding, but permitted to realize to the utmost, that I had no earthly dependence. I could not long have borne that oppressive feeling; but at this crisis help was given.

O, Helen, how it saddens me to remember the innumerable multitude, who endure the agony of this desolation, and who, when earth's reeds are broken beneath them, know naught of heaven's enduring consolations! I wonder, yea, I do wonder, that they ever rise above the fearful pressure, and regain even the shadow of their former buoyancy.

Helen. But, Mary, it seems to me that all this suffering belonged to the period when hope died respecting your father's recovery.

Mary. It did, Helen. I knew it all—the iron entered into my soul; but I was too absorbed by him to watch my own emotions. For months I scarcely realized an individual existence—thought, feeling, desire, were all centred in his welfare. My very prayers were but breathings for strength to endure the daily travail of soul for him. My efforts of faith were all expended in grasping the promises of deliverance and blessing to the afflicted, tempest-tost, and weary.

But let me pass on, Helen, to a brighter dawn. It does not do for me even now to dwell upon the past. Its scenes are gilded with earth's brightest sunshine, and then overshadowed by its deepest clouds; and I find it a hurtful self-indulgence to revert either to one or the other with any minuteness, excepting when the hope of benefiting others sanctifies the act.

I told you the crisis came, and hope was given. In this deep loneliness of suffering, my heart's unceasing prayer went up to God. The answer came in sweet and soothing influence. The Spirit opened to my mind the especial class of promises made to the "widow and the fatherless." I found myself placed in a new relation to God—standing in a position apart from the general mass even of Christians, with promises they could not claim. I found that our God, who knew the human (O may I not say the *female*?) heart, in its mighty capabilities to suffer and to bleed, when earth's strongest ties were riven, assumed a double relation to those thus called to endure. I had always recognized him as my Father in heaven. Now he came down to earth; and with a vividness I have not power to express, entered and occupied the place of my earthly parent. It was no longer vacant—God filled it. The natural, filial feeling seemed spiritualized and just transferred—became to me as an emblem and a guide.

Did anxious thoughts for the present and the future press upon hearts utterly unused to cares like those, the Spirit reminded me how calmly and how freely I had rested for years on an earthly arm and an earthly heart; and I felt ashamed to trust my God less than I had trusted my father. Did hours of pain and sickness press, and my weak heart go forth in unutterable longings for the sympathy and love which never wearied, I heard the Spirit whisper, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and when the oppressor's hand bore hard upon us in our defenseless state, while the strong arm which had heretofore warded off its attacks was paralyzed in death, O then how sweet, how unutterably sweet was the assurance, "He relieveth the fatherless and the widow." Now, dear Helen, in the providence of God, you are suddenly placed among this class. O, avail yourself immediately of its consolations. You need not struggle long with loneliness; but now, while yet your earthly father's love has not passed to the remembered joy of earth, while it seems yet within your grasp, make its strength, its purity, its support, the plea, the measure, if you cannot now go beyond it, of those spiritual blessings and relations which, as a Christian, you ought to realize.

Helen. I will try, Mary; but they seem to my aching heart to occupy such different positions.

Mary. A strong proof, Helen, that you are resting wrongly in your earthly relations. When perfected by suffering and the "grace of God," your soul has been taught, practically taught, to recognize God as the centre of all affection and desire, you will then so apprehend him in every earthly relation, that the removal of a friend will seem to the spiritual vision but the taking away of an emblem which shadowed forth a glorious reality; and the affection of husband, father, friend but the phases of that almighty love thus kindly revealed to our dim moral vision. As the soul, purified by the grace of God, rises from the defilements of earth, and approximates in character and position nearer and yet nearer to its God, where it grasps, with untold power, the solemn realities of its own and other's eternal destinies, at the same time, Helen, every thing earthly grows more shadowy and unsatisfying, and the best and brightest of human hopes and human affections seem but the type of some glorious truth too bright for the dim vision of unsanctified minds.

Every earthly affection—every earthly relation—every sundered tie—every civil, ecclesiastical, and political arrangement and overthrow, appear as either aids or developments of the one great fact that the period is rapidly approaching when God will be all in all. But, excuse me, dear friend, I fear you will think I wander.

Helen. No, Mary; but I am painfully conscious of my inability now to grasp those higher truths; but I will cherish the view given of God as my

Father, and try and be comforted by it; but, Mary, how shall I confess it? there are seasons when I do not even wish to be comforted—when it seems luxury to indulge grief to the utmost.

Mary. Beware, dear Helen, I beseech you beware on that point, or you may be left to experience a sorrow of which you do not dream. Let the recital of my errors be to you a warning and a voice. For sometime after my father's removal, as I have told you, I was strangely withheld from sorrow. A strong hand seemed upon me, that I could not mourn; and this blessing and this grace the tempter and my wayward heart converted into poison. I became distressed, because I did not mourn. I seemed to be growing callous, and feared the furnace had hardened rather than purified. I argued that it was treachery to my dear father's memory to be so happy without him until I grieved the sustaining Spirit; and two or three times the restraint was removed for a little while, and I permitted to feel just as I should have felt years ago, or would naturally feel now—such overwhelming, crushing sorrow, words cannot express it—such maddening grief, that I shrunk in terror, and looked to heaven in thankfulness for that restraining power, and in earnest prayer for its return. Mercifully it was given, and with it clearer views of my mercies than my sorrows, and I became more calm and thankful than in my brightest days of earthly sunshine.

Helen. One more question, dear Mary: did you ever recover fully from your sense of your father's loss?

Mary. I answer candidly, no, Helen; but that is owing partly to a peculiar temperament. In a natural sense I can say, "Time deepens all the lines which sorrow traced;" but by never, never dwelling with any minuteness on the past, by resolutely denying all selfish rumination, by filling the present with the multiplied duties of a Christian, and by anticipating the rapturous moment when my glorified father, with a brow undimmed by sorrow, will greet and welcome me to the land which sin has never stained, and we together join in praise to our redeeming God—by these means I am kept calm and submissive. And upon the same principle that men endure the amputation of a limb, for the preservation of life, do I stand forth before my kind Physician, and thankfully endure the severance. He heals the wound—he gives other support—he enables me to acquiesce in the process. But still, Helen, it is amputation, and the limb is gone, and I must wait until "mortality is swallowed up of life," before my feeble human heart will cease to quiver and to ache in the hot fires necessary for its purification.

Helen. Mary, why did I not dwell on these things while my father lived?

Mary. Why, Helen, but because we are blind and will not see—deaf and will not hear. I have felt, O,

for a trumpet voice to call upon the young who are yet living in the full enjoyment of paternal love, to examine the character of their reliance, lest, in the blind idolatry of earth, they merit that fearful malediction, "Cursed is he that trusteth in an arm of flesh;" and I would plead with young Christian hearts to make their earthly father's love to them a vivid picture (though still but faint) of their heavenly Father's; and again to measure their love, their reliance, their trust in their Father in heaven by what they know they feel to their father on earth, and to be very, very sure which exceeds in depth, in purity, in practical obedience and trust.

One more word, dear Helen, and I have done. In some respects my experience must be no rule for yours. Delicate health, by preventing full active employment at all times, and thus affording time to indulge the natural tendency of my mind to quiet rumination, has rendered conquest over grief more difficult and tardy.

But you are younger, have vigorous health, and a buoyant temperament. If you will fully avail yourself of the gracious influences proffered—if you will yield yourself up, body and mind, to active effort for others' benefit, this excessive grief will ere long become a softened sorrow, and your father's love become one of the pleasant memories of earth.

God is now saying unto you emphatically, "Wilt thou not, from this time, cry unto me, my Father, thou art the guide of my youth?" Let your heart sweetly respond, "Father, abba Father." But ponder well, dear Helen, the terms of this relationship, if you would know it in its fullness and its sweetness. "Come out from among them and be separate, and touch not the unclean, and I will receive you, and be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and my daughters, saith the Lord God almighty."

LITERATURE AND MENTAL CULTIVATION.

BY PROFESSOR E. W. MERRILL.

WITH the permission of the reader, I will introduce this number with some thoughts on poetry. It is said to be as ancient as the origin of language. One thing is certain, that it has held a conspicuous place in the literature of the learned world of all ages. The Greek language styles poets *makers*, or *creators*, as if their productions were *ideal* structures, calculated to please and cultivate the imagination. Simonides, the celebrated poet of Chios, has said that a "picture is a dumb poesy, and a poesy a speaking picture." Owing probably to the melody of its numbers, Dryden has somewhere denominated articulate poetry to be music. Spencer, more comprehensive and eulogistical in his definition, has declared it to be "the true Pandora of all heavenly graces." No language could be perfect without it,

but like an unfinished pyramid formed from nature's marble.

By enlarging the field of mental vision—multiplying the objects of contemplation—in a word, elevating the character of thought—it enables the mind to grasp bold and lofty conceptions—it has a tendency to lead it from low and trivial reflections, to contemplate nature in her purity and loveliness—to select the richest flowers from her verdant fields—to gather the brightest gems from her pearly treasures. It might very properly be called the art of the imagination.

The primary object of the poet being to supply us with the fanciful and pleasing part of literature, he searches not for those subjects of investigation that require the greatest amount of mental effort to comprehend them, but sports with us on a playground of his own creating—with the clouds and the rainbow—the storm and the tempest; or, on the wings of his imagination, bears us away to some *ideal* world—unfolds to our view its amber cities and emerald isles, peopled with a race of fairy beings.

In skillful hands it lays open the human heart—paints its passions and incentives to action. It gains access to the tenderest sympathies of the mind—tends to cultivate the affections and better feelings of our natures. It is a mirror, reflecting out upon society the grandeur and loftiness of that nature. The utility of poetry, however, may be traced much farther. It instructs as well as pleases. It possesses a peculiar power in language and philosophy to be found in no other department of letters. By a free use of his *license* in the composition of words, the metrical arrangement of his numbers, and the use of language, the poet is enabled to set before us nice colorings of thought, and vivid descriptions of the sublime, that dull prosaic lines could never pencil. Much that is valuable in science and knowledge, and many important events of history, have come down to us through the medium of poetry, without which there had been nothing to embalm their memory.

MODESTY.

"Tis like the blossom on the grape,
Hiding its purple, to bestow
A softer shade, that may escape
The praises of a richer glow.

"Tis like the moss around the rose
Bursting in beauty through the veil,
As half unwilling to disclose
Its crimson to the passing gale.

"Tis like the mist that shades the sun
Rising and gilding hill and dale,
Thus rendering all he shines upon
Less dazzling, but more beautiful.

EMMA CHARLOTTE.

MRS. L. C. LAWSON.

THE *Ladies' Repository*, addressed to my wife, Mrs. L. C. Lawson, reached Lexington this morning, and the sad truth that she was not here to receive it, came over my soul like the chill of death. In times past, I regularly handed it to her when first received; but now, O *now*, she is numbered with the pale dead! But death was not unknown: fair flowers have faded and died by her side; but now, O God, with a more terrible vengeance, the icy hand is laid on the parent.

Dark and drear was that blighting moment. The receding sun had passed from view, and even the last fading rays left the chamber of death; the drear wind moaned through the leafless branches near the window, as if echoing the notes of deep grief that arose within. Little children hung mournfully by the couch of their dying mother; burning tears gushed from their young founts, and more mature hearts bled at every pore. For hours the icy hand of death was visible. The bright intellect wandered; the eye that had so often beamed with pure affection, grew dim; rapid and still more hurried became the respiration; the pulse faltered, and at last grew indistinct; the cold chill of death spread over the body; and as I wiped the dew of death from her fair brow, and grasped her icy hand in mine, the pure spirit bid adieu to earth, and winged its way to an eternal heaven.

Her valued *Repository* lies upon the table; here is the album, and there the portfolio of the departed saint; her pen lies idle by the inkstand; while she sleeps in the cold house of the dead. Stillness and desolation reign around me. Were the sun blotted out from the heavens, and every fair flower plucked from the green earth, the desolation would not be greater to nature than this bereavement is to me. Pain may torture the body; the frame may be torn piecemeal; each nerve may be scorched with living fire: but what of *such* pain! It is a mere vision—an illusion—*nothing* compared with that *agony* which follows the severance from a much-loved companion.

Why do we mourn? Philosophy comes to our aid, and the Christian's bright hope is around us; but still we mourn. The budding flowerets left behind instinctively droop; the tender vines that twined around their true support, fall to the earth; the soothing hand of the mother that wiped away their infant tears, is stilled by the paralysis of death; the pure lessons of virtue which she breathed into their young souls, have ceased. Thus we mourn. But there is *one* star in our midnight sky—one ray of light gleams through the black night: *she who thus ministered on earth is now an angel of light!* The mysteries of eternity are revealed to her. The purity and intellectual endowments of mortality have bloomed and expanded into the graces and intelligence of angels. Full fruition dwells in the existence; that melodious voice, so sweet on earth,

joins with new raptures in the eternal songs of praise; and an endless eternity of bliss becomes the just reward of a pure life on earth.

Still we mourn. Life ebbs slowly now. Dark desolation is stamped on the fairest flowers; the brightest light is dim and misty; every feeling is mingled with sadness, and sorrow, and every thought bears the sable impress of grief. The tears of little children spring fresh and free from their pure souls as they mourn for the lost one; and riper years bend in aching submission to the fate of earth.

Let me ask the prayers of the readers of the *Repository*—especially *mothers*—for my three little bereaved, motherless daughters.

With your permission, the name of my departed wife will appear a few times more in the *Repository*. I find in her album some verses which may not be unworthy of publication. Let me beg you to continue the *Repository* to her address. I append the following verses, written by Mrs. Lawson a short time since, and not wholly inappropriate on the occasion.

L. M. LAWSON.

Lexington, Ky., December, 1846.

—
LIFE.

Life is a fleeting breath,
It may not stay;
'Tis speeding now from death—
Passing away.

Life is a changing cloud—
A varying day—
Change on—night be my shroud—
Passing away.

Life is a bubble light
Beneath the spray,
Where sunbeams sparkle bright—
Passing away.

Life is a passing thought—
A vision gay;
Of such my life is wrought—
Passing away.

Life is a voice of air—
A fun'ral day;
'Tis something sad and fair—
Passing away.

Life is as breath of spring
In joyous play;
As birds upon the wing—
Passing away.

—
DEATH IS HERE

Ask of the cities gone,
Once gay and full of cheer,
The lands of love and song—
Death! death is here.

Ask of the gorgeous rose,
As glories new appear;
Alas! for hues like those—
Death! death is here.

Ask of the giant tree,
Whose branches wave so near
The floating clouds, and see—
Death! death is here.

Ask of the youthful brow,
With the spirit's impress clear;
Slowly his head he bows—
Death! death is here.

Ask of the breaking heart—
Alas! the burning tear
Soon doth unbidden start—
Death! death is here.

Loved ones, there is a land,
Where illness we'll no more fear;
But sing in a bright band—
Death is not here!

TIME.

—
BY BISHOP MORRIS.
—

TIME is a particular portion or part of duration, which, to us, may be present, past, or future. Time, as it refers to this world, is measured by days, years, and centuries; therefore, it had a beginning, and will have an end. Hence, the definition of one author: "Time is a fragment of eternity cut off at both ends." Moreover, it is a revealed truth, that "time is short." When time will end is unknown to man or angel, as our Lord Jesus Christ informs us: "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." But the manner of its termination is revealed, and is truly awful: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, . . . that there should be time no longer." So soon as that solemn oath shall have been administered, the heavenly bodies will cease to revolve, the planetary system will be dissolved, day and night, seed-time and harvest, will no longer succeed each other, and time will be lost in the boundless ocean of eternity.

The portion of time allotted to each human being in this world is extremely limited: "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And yet the events arising out of this short existence, are of infinite moment to us. Their effects will remain for ever. The Psalmist exclaimed, "Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee." Yet in this particle of time, which, in comparison of eternity, "is as nothing," and in this only, may we prepare for a state of endless being. About one-third of the period of life is spent in sleep and needful recreation for health and comfort. A man who lives sixty years, passes about twenty years in a state of insensibility, and in receiving the daily refreshments requisite to sustain his feeble nature. Much time is consumed in journeying and resting, and much more in useless ceremony, and light, common-place conversation. No small proportion of time is wasted in the pursuit of novelties, and feasting our eyes on

vain curiosities. But to designate all the means employed in the consumption of time, would be at once tedious and difficult. Consequently, the remnant of time left for useful pursuits is comparatively small. How appropriate, then, is the admonition of Solomon: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

Time, in anticipation of any desired event, seems long; but viewed in the past, it appears very short. It also appears differently to young and aged people. A week appears to be as long to an individual when youthful, as a month does when he is far advanced in life. This fact, which has the sanction of general experience, speaks volumes respecting the value of time, and the importance of improving it while we may. Yet under the influence of restless anxiety respecting some future event, or the wasting influence of discontent in general, time hangs heavily on hand. Many who are thus affected, resort to various means of killing time, when they should be studying how to improve it to the best advantage. A lost day can never be recalled. Each precious moment as it transpires, is irrecoverably gone, and bears to eternity some good or evil report of the use we have made of it. Instead of contriving new schemes for wasting time, we should by all possible means strive to redeem it for useful purposes. To this end, we should be systematic and punctual in all the duties of life. "He who lives not by rule, lives not at all," said Wesley: that is, he lives to no valuable purpose. By saving time enough to read a few chapters of the Bible each day, we may read the whole of it in a year, which would be of more real value to us than the self-indulgence of a lifetime. If one-half of the time which is spent in idle and unprofitable conversation, were devoted to secret prayer, it would add vastly to our felicity in this life, and to our preparation for the life to come. No one ever regretted in a dying hour, that he had employed too much time in getting ready for that solemn scene, but thousands have lamented to the last that they had devoted so little time to the accomplishment of that all-important object. When a life that has been chiefly spent in the pursuit of folly is nearly exhausted, how precious does lost time then appear. If it could possibly be redeemed, no consideration would be thought too great for the ransom. He who once sought how to kill time by the hour, now pleads for it by the minute, but pleads in vain. The ungrateful mortal who has wasted a lifetime in sinning against his Maker, deserves not to have his probation extended. How gladly would he then recall the hours sacrificed on the altar of sensual gratification, and convert them into seasons of prayer, if it were possible; but time with him is closing up, and he is just going, "where hope never comes," to render an account of himself to the Judge of all the earth.

If a lost spirit could enjoy one Christian Sabbath, with the privilege of hearing the Gospel, and its overtures for repentance, faith, and salvation, as he often did in this world, who can imagine the estimate he would place upon it? How then should we, who live in a "day of merciful visitation," and in "a time accepted," appreciate our privileges, and improve the golden moments as they pass, remembering that, with us, "The end of all things is at hand."

DOING GOOD.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"Who went about doing good."

SOME of the *hinderances* to our doing good will now be considered. We observe,

1. *The selfishness of the human heart is evidently in the way of this work.* By selfishness we mean such exclusive regard to one's own interests as to lead an individual to but seldom consider, or wholly disregard the interests of others. How predominant is this disposition in our world! *SELF*, with many, is the great object to be considered—the *Alpha* and *Omega* of their existence. They lose sight of the woes and sorrows of others; the wretchedness of the race seldom enters the mind; sympathy for suffering humanity finds no place in the heart; and deeds of charity and benevolence are no part of the labor of their hands. Should they make an occasional effort to do good, under some powerful excitement, it is so controlled by selfishness that it is spent before its object is accomplished. Nearly all their promptings and incitements spring from selfishness, and, of course, terminate on *self*. Beyond this, nothing is really cared for, or desired. They live in the nutshell of their own narrow contractedness; and beyond this they seldom move or act. Here they "live, move, and have their being." To "seek their own," is the highest object of their ambition. To such hearts the spirit of philanthropy is an utter stranger. Its happy, ennobling, expanding, and moving influences, they have never experienced. Doing good is a subject which has never occupied, to any extent, their thoughts. "Good will to man" has never cheered and animated their hearts.

Such are a curse, rather than a blessing to the world. Their selfishness is at war with every thing essential to human happiness, and, should it prevail, the earth would become a fit dwelling-place for demons. Soon every sympathy for the perishing would be lost—every desire for the good of man extinguished—and the spirit of benevolence buried in eternal oblivion.

To do good, then, selfishness must be destroyed—the selfishness of which we speak. Thank God, the Gospel can do it! Man must feel that he lives for the good of man—the good of the world. It must

become his highest glory to benefit, in the greatest possible degree, his race. To bless universal man, must be the object of all his efforts. In this, he will most effectually glorify God. Christ "died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." Christ labored and died for the world. All his professed followers should "live unto him"—possess his spirit, and imitate him in their labors and efforts to do good. Thus did the sainted Wesley, who, in the close of life, could, in truth, exclaim, "Eighty and seven years have I sojourned on this earth, endeavoring to *do good!*" Would that these words were written in letters of gold! O, when will the spirit of Wesley be possessed by all who profess to love and venerate his name!

2. *Covetousness is opposed to doing good.* Where this takes possession of the heart, but little can be done for the good of mankind. Money becomes the all-important subject for thought and meditation—how it may be best or most certainly obtained, taxes the mind to the extent of its capabilities. It matters but little whether an individual seeks for money for the purpose of hoarding it up, or for making useless expenditures: the question is, does he *love it*? If so, whatever may be his object in acquiring it, he is disqualified for doing good; for how can he serve two masters at the same time? "He will either love the one and hate the other, or hate the one and love the other: ye cannot serve God and mammon." If, in serving mammon, he cannot serve Christ, how then can he labor successfully in doing good to those for whom "Christ died?" Impossible! for it should be remembered, that the service of Christ embraces the doing "good unto all men." "If any man will love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." He, then, that loves the world, is destitute of the moving principle to a life of usefulness. Paul said, "The love of Christ constraineth us." The world had been "crucified unto him, and he unto the world." Hence, he could count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus." And did he find himself mistaken in the final issue? No, verily! Hear him: "I am now ready to be offered. I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me." Glorious prospect! Who would not end life thus triumphantly! Paul thus triumphed at the close of a life of usefulness: he had "kept the faith"—his work was well done.

How little of real, noble, Christian liberality is yet seen among a large proportion of those professing to be good? They have been intrusted with an important talent for usefulness; but for what is it appropriated? For what end is it employed? Is it used for the good of man, and for the salvation of the world? Nay, verily! These are objects but seldom considered. To bestow a reasonable proportion

of their earthly treasures for such objects, would, in their estimation, be throwing them away. They regard them as too good to be employed in the cause of Christ. They love them too well to part with them, unless they can discover in the act some pecuniary advantage. To do good, with them, is a thought which has not yet properly entered their hearts. They have not yet learned to "honor God with their substance," in using it for the salvation of the world. And, yet, this is one grand end contemplated by the Giver of all our temporal blessings. Dear reader, if you would do good, "beware of covetousness," "which is idolatry." If you give it a place in your hearts, it will greatly hinder your usefulness—it will disqualify you for doing good. Remember the "young man" described in the Gospel. He came to the Savior, with much apparent humility, and anxiously inquired what he "must do to inherit eternal life." The Savior "loved him," and, as he was wont to do, gave him the best of instructions. "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." What effect did this have on the young man? "He went away sorrowful; for he was very rich." O, the love of riches! What has it done! Our Savior, probably, designed this young man for a minister; and had he complied with his instructions, he would undoubtedly have made him instrumental of great good to the world. But the sad tale is told: *he loved this world*. By this, he probably lost his peace, his usefulness, and his heaven!

3. *The love of human praise is obviously detrimental to doing good.* How many desire the "praise of men more than the praise of God?" To be applauded by their fellow-men is, to them, an object of the highest moment. This is prominently kept in view in all their undertakings. If they engage in any of the noble enterprises of the day, designed to ameliorate the condition of man, it is only that they may more effectually secure the commendation of others. All their labors and efforts are expended with this ostensible object before them. Hence, in all their professed zeal to do good, they will go just so far and no farther, than, in their estimation, they may the better accomplish this object. And having, to some extent, for the time being, obtained the summit of their desires, they seem to suppose that they have arrived at the acme of human attainments. But how soon are they disappointed? Alas! they find they have been mistaken in life's great work. The grand object of their being is lost. By their misdirected efforts, they succeeded in gathering for their brow a few of the fading laurels of time; but they never secured the honor of the "faithful servant." The "joy of their Lord" can never be theirs. Dreadful must be the retrospection of such, when, from the "spirit land," they shall review the deeds of their short probation. If you would do good,

seek the honor "which cometh from God only." To such, the Judge will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;" "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

4. *Ignorance of the condition of the world, has greatly hindered the work of doing good.* How few have carefully examined the map of the world, and become familiar with its fearful disclosures? Who that has a heart to feel, can survey the physical, moral, and spiritual state of the world, without forming resolutions for increased exertion for the world's redemption! But what a criminal ignorance exists on the subject, by even many professing the Christian religion! How few understand the character and condition of a large proportion of the twenty millions of our population! How little is read and felt on the subject! Not so in reference to matters of pecuniary interest. Here the mind is awake—the nation is alive. Nor is this ignorance confined to the lower grades of society: it is found in the most honorable and polished circles of life. It is fearfully exhibited by those who are exerting the leading influence over the nation's destinies. It is high time the eyes of the Church were opened to the wretchedness of our world. And could this be accomplished, we apprehend a simultaneous effort would be put forth to rescue man from his degradation, and place him in the possession of the blessings of the Gospel. To engage successfully in the work of doing good, we must work understandingly—we must understand the real character and condition of those for whose good we are required to labor. Otherwise, our efforts may be all in vain.

5. *The false teachings, that Christian effort will avail nothing for the good of man, and the salvation of the world, has operated unfavorably in this work.* We pronounce them false; for such they are. They are from the stereotyped edition of falsehoods of the father of lies. The Bible declares their falsity, and assures the Christian that noble achievements shall crown his fidelity. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." He is assured that if he casts his bread upon the waters, "he shall find it after many days." We purpose to notice this point more fully in a subsequent number. Suffice it to say, for the present, that no well-directed, pious effort can be lost. It will make an impression somewhere—an impression that will be *felt*, too, on the great mass of mind. Labor, then, to do good; and your labors shall give a sweet odor to your name, and your memory shall be blessed.

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AMIDST our doubts and fears, let this reflection console us, that truth will at last prevail.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY A GRAY-HAIRED MAN.

At our last sitting, gentle reader, I gave you some of my recollections of my childhood's home. It was my lot early to leave that place, and to become a wayward wanderer, friendless and alone. Being left an orphan in early life, I found, for a time, a home in the family of a distant relative, and then I had to go out into the world to take things as I might find them. It was then that I began to suffer most keenly the sorrows of orphanage. I was but a child, scarcely a dozen years old. I thought of turning sailor; but the ocean was yet winding her shell, and breathing her deep-drawn requiem over the watery grave of one whom I had loved, and who, had he lived, would have been my protector. One summer evening I ascended a rocky cliff on the seashore, and stood looking away over the expanse of deep blue waters. The ocean in all its grandeur was before me. Though not a breeze ruffled its surface, yet its ceaseless waves were rolling in over the beach, and dashing on the rocks at my feet. My soul swelled at the beautiful, unbounded prospect. I felt all that the poet has since sung in the following sublime strains:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,  
They melt into the rest of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.  
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them, when they were free,  
And many a tyrant since, but still art thou  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play.  
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow:  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

As I was gazing on the scene, I saw on the verge of the horizon a noble ship, with all her sails spread, on her way to some distant land. I looked toward the city, but a short distance over the bay, and there were other noble ships moored at the wharf, ready on the first favoring breeze to launch out into the deep. On board some one of those ships I might find a place, and then my home would be on the deep, and I should lead a merry life, and might see the orange groves of the south, and breathe the spicy odors of the east. I was concluding to become a sailor, but just then that melancholy dirge seemed to rise again, reminding me of the loved and the lost, who slept beneath those waters. My good genius prevailed, and I turned from the scene, determining to spend my life, be it long or short, on the green earth. But where should I go, for the earth, beautiful though it was, and, as it then seemed to me, of incomprehensible extent, offered no home for me.

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Far away towards the setting sun rose a range of blue mountains. The sunlight of evening was falling on them, lighting up their summits with exquisite beauty. I had been told that amid those mountains were fertile vales, and meandering rivers, and gently sloping hills, covered with flocks and herds. A family of my acquaintance had removed to that elysium, and some members of it returning had powerfully wrought on my youthful imagination, by highly colored pictures of the beauty and fertility of that romantic region. To me it seemed some fairy land, some region of the blest. If the orphan might find a home anywhere, it might be there. It required but little preparation to start on my journey; for I had nothing but myself to move. So I said good night to the ocean, and in the morning started for my mountain home. As I advanced,

"Hills peeped o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arose."

Sometimes it would appear as if my progress must soon be arrested by an impassable mountain, rearing its rough head right across my path. But as I advanced further, I found my fears groundless, for the road wound around the hills, and before I was aware, the mountain, that of late seemed blocking up my way, was passed without being noticed. Thus is it with the difficulties of human life. The Lord helps those who help themselves; and if we press on in the right way, difficulties will vanish. At last, after many a weary day, I reached the place of my journey's end. Here I hoped to find a home—a home among strangers, but yet better than no home. This place was altogether different from Barren Hill. There was no ocean, no bog, no cranberry meadow, and no neighboring city. The place was cooped up among hills. The mountains were grand, the vales were beautiful. A rapid river ran through the valley. Into this stream the mountain torrents poured their waters with startling velocity. It was a wild, romantic region, inhabited by an industrious and amiable people. Among them I found employment as a farm laborer, being able, with my little hands, to earn enough, by industry and economy, both in summer and in winter, to make a living. Here, however, I began to realize the sufferings of the orphan.

I was often depressed with feelings of loneliness. Father or mother, brother or sister, I had none. Distant relatives I had; but they were far away, and knew little of me, and cared nothing for me. My heart yearned for the caresses I saw bestowed on more favored children. When the kiss of love went round, there was no kiss for me. I was but a stranger in the place, and had no part nor lot in the joys of the household.

My feelings of loneliness were greatly increased by the want of sympathy of mind, and similarity of taste between me and the society around me. I had yearnings after something better, higher, and nobler than then fell to my lot. My soul seemed imprisoned

and struggling to get free. I had feelings which none fathomed, and thoughts which none understood. I was deemed odd, unsocial, and singular.

Another source of suffering was found in the embarrassment in going into society, from a consciousness that, owing to my way of life, and the want of some one to guide and instruct me, my manners were rough and uncouth. I often got myself into most sad predicaments of awkwardness, which exceedingly perplexed and mortified me.

But it would be useless for me to attempt to describe the sufferings and perplexities through which I passed in my orphan state. I am not good at that kind of description, and I can convey to you, kind reader, no idea of the embarrassments and sorrows which fall to the lot of the friendless, homeless orphan. On me the recollection of my own sufferings has at least one good effect. It induces me to treat those who are now as I was then, as I would that others should have treated me. And Providence has surely favored me with the opportunity of practicing to any desirable extent the lessons which I with sorrow learned.

Kind reader, deal gently with the orphan. For the sake of your friend, the gray-haired old man, deal kindly with the orphan.

#### MY FIRST LOVE.

Be not startled, gentle reader: I am not going to tell you a love story. Not exactly. At least, not such a one as you find in the fashionable magazines. There is some love in my nature; but I have not much affinity for these popular tales. Yet I must talk something of love. When I was young, I had nothing to love but a kitten, and then a lamb; and both these died. When I became older, there were few that cared for me. Amid, however, the cold neglect of the world around me, there was one being, whom Providence seemed to throw across my path, as my guardian angel. She was some two or three years older than I, and was greatly my superior in education, taste, and accomplishment. Her mind was a gem of the first water, her sensibilities were quick, her heart all affection, and her temper all gentleness; and, what was better than all, she was deeply, devotedly pious. She had none of that useless reserve, which would restrain a lady from doing good in every possible way. She lived near the family in which I was residing, and her gentle heart was moved by my lonely and neglected condition. She sought an interview with me, and frankly told me she felt interested in me, and invited me to call at her father's house. From that time I was a constant visitor, almost every evening, after the day's labor was over, to that humble yet hospitable cottage. My friend took the liberty of giving me advice on many matters of interest to me, and of making many suggestions for my improvement. My visits to that family opened a new world to me—a new world of thought, of feeling, and of

happiness. Our intercourse continued for some three years. It was our custom, in my visits to the family, after the evening was near spent, to have prayers, in which the family, father, mother, and daughter all joined, each praying in succession. A heavenly influence seemed resting on us.

I had begun to regard my friend, my *Mary*, as some superior being. I could hardly believe her human, like other beings around me. The influence she exercised over me was unbounded, all-powerful, and constant. And it was all turned to good account. But a sad reverse awaited me. I was called away for a few weeks on business to another part of the country; and when I returned, my *Mary* was dead. She had fallen sick soon after I left, and lingering for a few days, died, and was buried before I returned. I knew nothing of it, until, on my return, I called at the house and inquired for her. Alas! alas! my heart sunk within me.

I learned that her last act was to pray earnestly for my prosperity, success, and happiness in life. Years, ah! almost an age has passed away, and yet the memory of *Mary* lives fresh in my heart. It sometimes seems to me that she was some angel whom Providence sent on earth with a special mission for my benefit, and having accomplished that mission, she returned to her native heaven.

Well, reader, I must be done for this time. Perhaps, however, we may meet again.

#### THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

BY REV. E. MCCLURE.

WHAT shall be the orphan's prayer,  
When for him there's none to care?  
"Our Father who art in heaven"  
Is the answer kindly given.

What shall his petition be  
When he falls upon his knee?  
"Let thy kingdom, O my God,  
Send its light and truth abroad.  
As the angels still obey,  
So may we from day to day,  
Doing all our Father's will,  
And preserved from every ill.

Give us, Lord, our daily bread,  
Nor allow us to be led  
By the giddy, youthful throng,  
Where the tempter is too strong.

Teach us to forgive and love,  
In the spirit of the dove,  
Till our souls admitted be,  
Where thy glory we may see,  
And with seraphs evermore,  
Praise thee, Father, and adore."

## LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER.—My mind will often fly away more swiftly than the chainless lightning, to the place where dwells my mother. The scenes of my boyhood, mother, when I wept my tears of childish sorrow on your bosom, are present with me. I am again, in fancy, in the little cottage, where I first remember to have looked out upon "this breathing world." Night begins to pin up his ebony curtains with glittering stars; the birds carol their last evening song, and fly away to the leafy grove beside the well-remembered stream, in which I used, with childish glee, to bathe. And you have been all day away at your accustomed toil. I am kneeling on a chair at the shattered window, while my heart beats high with hope, that every step I hear may be thine. Soon I see your cherished form, I clasp my little hands for joy, and, throwing wide the door, bound out to the wicker gate, shouting with maddening rapture as you clasp your child to your lonely bosom. Ah! you are all to me—mother and father too; for no fond father's hand smooths my nightly pillow. *The rum-sellers have ruined him*, and driven the feelings of a once kind nature from his breast. And when the cold world scorns the drunkard's boy, it goes like daggers to my heart. I can now see your frugal hand, from the poor widow's scanty store, prepare our hasty meal. And when around the board we sit, I hear thy voice the great Protector's blessing ask upon your little ones. I see the big, submissive tear roll down your care-worn cheek. Supper over, you show me how to clasp my hands, and teach me to hush the hallowed name of Jesus; and, through faith in him who lives to intercede for man, to commit my soul to the keeping of him, whose eye never slumbers. And when deep sleep upon me falls, you there, in that dim-lit chamber, continue to ply the weary needle, till "the iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."

The vision changes! By time's resistless current I am carried along, till past the bounds of boyhood. Then, innocence is forced from my breast by the influence of damning vice. Time comes when I must leave thy watchful eye. That sweet "God bless thee, my boy," which you uttered with tremulous voice, with eyes full of tears, and with your trembling hand upon my brow, is still ringing in my ears. I haste away to America's metropolis. There few knew the inebriate's son, and, goaded on by demons, I plunge into wild excess. Save the few hours when your teachings, mother, came sitting before my excited mind, my heart is void of virtue's high resolves.

But it is night—my feet are treading the consecrated aisles of one of God's earthly temples. It is the last night on an old year's calendar. I look around upon the glittering pageant as revealed by the flashing light and heave a sigh. Stillness, dread and oppressive stillness, reigns. From God's holy

book his servant pronounces words which you had oftentimes read to me. I listen, and as the lightning hurled from the armory of Omnipotence blasts and splinters the giant oak, that has withstood the tempest's desolating onset, so did the resistless energies of the Holy Ghost break the will of your wicked boy. The thunders of Sinai roll around me in almost insupportable, deafening loudness—the ire of an incensed God curls about my guilty head and makes my knees to quake. I leave that place, determined, by the grace of God, to be a different youth or perish in the attempt. At this very moment, a letter from you, mother, exhorting me to religious paths comes opportune indeed. The dashing billows of despair were hushed by the voice of Him, who, in other days, spake peace to the waves of Galilee. The rainbow of promise arches the troubled elements of my mind, and I feel the blessedness of sins forgiven.

"Long my imprison'd spirit lay,

Fast bound in sin and nature's night:

Christ's eye diffused a quick'ning ray;

I woke; my dungeon flamed with light!

My chains fell off, my soul was free,

I rose, Redeemer blest, to follow thee."

Again the vision changes. Years have rolled away. Night and day I hear a voice sounding in my ears—"Go herald the glad tidings of salvation to a ruined world." Oppressed with a sense of my unfitness, what strivings I endure to silence that voice. But no! driven from my last covert, a world wading in sin and rushing down the dizzy steeps of everlasting death, and that fearful voice behind me, I rush to the outer walls of Zion, and unfurl the crimson banner of the cross. And, now, here I am, and if one immortal spirit, through my instrumentality, is brought to a joyous entrance through glory's gates into the kingdom of heaven, that soul will be mainly indebted to you, mother, for impressing upon my mind, when young, the principles of the religion of the blessed book of God.

VIVENZO.

## MENTAL ABSTRACTION.

Cases of mental abstraction very frequently occur, and particularly among literary men. Our writers on intellectual philosophy, and those who have treated of insanity, have recorded numerous and strange instances. From these sources we might quote a large quantity of them; but, so far as our reading has extended, no case has ever occurred surpassing that recorded by Plato of his master, Socrates: "One morning," says Plato, "he fell into one of these raptures of contemplation, and continued standing in the same posture till about noon. In the evening, some Ionian soldiers went out, and, wrapping themselves warm, lay down by him in the open field, to observe if he would continue in that posture all night, which he did until the morning, and as soon as the sun rose he saluted it and retired!"

## A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY.

BY MARIA L. AGARD.

MANY, many years ago, and far away to the east, there lived an excellent family, the eldest son of which was a comfort to the declining days of his father; for he was a hundred and eighty-two years old when this son was born. Both the old gentleman and his son were, by occupation, farmers.

The neighborhood in which this pious family resided was very wealthy and fashionable, and the people lived in great luxury and constant dissipation. But our youth entered into none of their pernicious practices, and made no intimate acquaintances among them; but, with the approbation of his parents, selected a comely and discreet maiden from a respectable family, and settled, with fair prospects, for a long and happy life, such as their fathers had led, in the quiet simplicity of their rural home.

Years passed on, and while the dissipation and immorality of his neighbors increased, his own little family of three sons grew to manhood, and, in their turn, took prudent and pious damsels for their wives. But those around them were unholy in all their doings and imaginations. So great was their wickedness that their all-wise Creator, grieved at their corruption, repented that he had made them. A benevolent heart is touched by the prospect of woe to others. So it was with the father of the three sons. He was not content to see the wicked perish in their iniquities. Being persuaded that sudden destruction would overwhelm them, and taught by the heavenly Preceptor, he became a preacher of righteousness. Then did the zealous minister of truth strive with men to turn them from vice to virtue, from error to truth, from sin to God. But, like many other sincere and devoted ministers, he was grieved to see men pursuing their own ruinous course in defiance of the fearful denunciations he uttered. But the time at last came—a time in which all would vainly regret they had not listened and sought safety while it were possible. But now it was too late. The frowning clouds poured down their torrents, and the earth, as if spurning her degenerate children, sent all her hidden fountains forth to meet the cataracts from above, till the whole earth presented one scene of devastation and dismay. There was frail woman, with outstretched arms, calling on husband, brother, father, to save her from a watery grave. There was tottering age, with dripping and disheveled hair, beseeching hale and sinewy youth to rescue from so fearful a death. There was feeble disease, with clasped hands, crying to the strong for succor. There was defenseless infancy, beautiful in its helplessness, gasping for breath, and spreading its dimpled hands toward those of whom help was expected. Early youth, merry in its budding beauty, was there, but its rapid foot and giddy head would

not save from the world of waters. There, too, was strong and able manhood, vainly clutching at unsubstantial aids, and grasping that which would but hasten his fate. The tallest mountain tops afford no safeguard from the pursuing waters. But where was our preacher during this fearful wreck? Perishing with the guilty who had disregarded his sermons? Do you not see that noble vessel proudly riding the destructive waves? There are our faithful minister and his excellent wife with their three sons and daughters in safety. And the whole human family beside, is utterly destroyed! For many days and nights that little community of eight persons rode aloft o'er hill and dell, while beneath them were cities in destruction. But it was not to continue thus. The waters ebbed, the olive-leaf appeared, the bow of promise was set, and man once more inhabited the earth. Need we say this good man was Noah?

This virtuous family formed a connecting link between the old world and the new. Its father lived six hundred years with the antediluvians, and conversed with those who were familiar with the first created man, the father of all living. 'Twas thus he learned the story of the fall from innocence, the banishment from paradise which was its meed; of the first foul murder, and its consequences to the wretched fratricide; and of the translation of holy Enoch. These were inspiring themes of story and of song. How charming must have been the tale, as it fell from the lips of eye-witnesses, and they the eloquent and inspired men of God. Nor was this the termination of their intercourse with men. A great family arose from these eight persons, with whom their progenitors commingled through a period of eleven generations, until the fiftieth year of Isaac, a space of about eleven hundred years. Was not Noah a striking type of Christ? He reproved wickedness, taught righteousness, prepared a *salvation* for all that would obey his voice, and saw the destruction of those that scorned his instructions. Nor was he unlike Adam, in the position he occupied to the world. He was the second progenitor of the human race. He saw the entire triumph of virtue in the renovated world. Was not this a distinguished family?

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YOUTH may indeed be likened to the vernal season of outward nature, when there is bud and flower, but no fruit; now the sap has come up, boasting of vigor, yet there is no true strength. It gives itself forth to the eye, delighting *that*: it effuses the odor of deliciousness. But let it not boast itself: at present it has neither power nor fruitage. Wait till its condensed balm shall be given to the science of healing, its odors concentrated to the office of soothing; then shall its harvest be likened to knowledge, and to the sweetness of wisdom. B.

THE SEPTUAGENARIAN POET.

The following piece of poetry is a literary curiosity. When the circumstances attending it are considered, it is also to be looked upon as a wonderful achievement. The writer of it is an old Methodist preacher—the first raised up in New England, and, when it was written, was beyond his “threescore years and ten.” He is one of that choice band of veterans, who, in other days, raised the banner of Methodism in Puritan New England; and, though his battles have been many, he has seen the ensigns of victory. He has now woven his own chaplet, which we, as an editor, and not less as an admirer of these old heroes of the cross, take infinite pleasure in laying upon his brow. May God bless him, and all his old compeers wherever they may be. Their names will be held sacred, when their scarred bodies shall be sleeping in the dust.—En.

THE SONG OF THE DIVER.

BY REV. ENOCH MUDGE.

I DIVE where groves of coral grow,
Where sea flowers all their beauty spread,
Where white rocks rise like drifted snow,
Where sea-nymphs sleep in ocean's bed,
Where pebbles shoot their glittering rays,
And sparkling pearls in beauty blaze.

There trees of coral rise,
The sea-fan spreads its verdant wing,
And spangled sands their glances fling
In flashes to the skies!

Moluscan tribes in revelry,
In all their pride and varied forms,
Enjoy their bliss in the deep sea,
Free from the upper-howling storms:
While raging surges o'er them flow,
All is tranquility below.

There, lovely sea flowers
Spread in the deep their sweet perfume,
And bask in a perpetual bloom
Within their coral bowers.

The shelly family, array'd
In robes of peerless glory, shine;
In them Jehovah has display'd

His wisdom and his power divine:
This all the *multivalves* declare,
In all their species there;

The *bivalves*' numerous forms
And brilliant colors, all display
Their Maker's praise in every ray,
And pure devotion warms.

The *univalves* no less inspire
The mind with thoughts sublime and grand!
Their iridescent plays of fire,
And variegated spiral band;
Their wrinkles, curves—the transverse line,
And mottled robes in beauty shine—
Each fold, and whirl, and streak,
The saffron, or the ruby lip,
The nodules and the dimpled dip,
Unbounded wisdom speak.

Their natures, textures, parts, and forms;
Their wants, and their supplies of food;
Their means of safety from the storms:
These all declare that God is good!
Divine economy supplies
All means to their localities,
And plentifully given.
Such scenes the diver sees below,
And from his heart devoutly flow
His grateful songs to heaven.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CITY?

How do I like the city,
With its splendor and its mirth?
O give me again my own wild home,
Where the wood flower has its birth!

The wild-wood flower, with humid eye,
That seldom seeks the sun;
Yet ever receives a parting kiss,
Ere the daylight work is done.

It groweth alone in the solitude,
On a bed of mossy green,
'Mong the roots of the oak of the wood,
With ivy and ferns between.

It loves the shade of the mighty tree,
And the veteran loves the flower;
For he shelters it well, the hale old oak,
In the tempest's trying hour.

Lobelias are there with scarlet bells,
The flowers of hate and pride;
But close to the door of our humble home,
We've planted this flower beside.

With an angel hid in its pearly cup—
The angel of love and peace;
And no other spot on the earth's wide breast
To me is as dear as this. HERMIONE.

HAVE FAITH.

HAVE faith in God though troubles roll
Like seas across thy burdened soul,
And the dark cloud that shades thy path
No gleam of hope or sunshine hath.
Though friends forget, or faithless prove,
Or dies to thee the light of love,
Or on thy heart's forsaken shrine,
Its drooping flowers neglected pine.

Though like a spectre, grim and dread,
Cold poverty overhang my head,
And want stand knocking at my door,
I'll trust thee, Lord, for evermore.
In want, in grief, in loneliness,
When bowed by sin, or deep distress,
O to no refuge can I cling,
Like thy dear cross, my God and king.

M. E. WENTWORTH.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

BY REV. G. H. M'LAUGHLIN.

It is a rural residence, rich in natural scenery, and yet somewhat ancient in its artificial improvements, which was once the home of an unbroken and affectionate family. Scarcely had the savage ceased to roam, when first the adventurous father fixed here an humble habitation for his family—a young wife and infant children. This was a place, not only of patient, domestic toil, but of peaceful, gracious piety. Here the evangelical pioneer of the Gospel always found a place of welcome repose. Immigrants soon came and colonized this vacant, yet fertile valley. As the country became improved and populated, the word of the Lord grew and was multiplied; so that soon the surrounding country presented an aspect of physical and moral loveliness, which made it desirable as a residence of the religious and intelligent.

And now, after the lapse of many years, I take, as my point of observation, that rural spot. A beautiful landscape surrounds me. There are oft-repeated, alternate views of farm and forest, and

"Hill and dale and liquid laps of murmuring streams."

It is a Sabbath morning, and a sacred awe checks the fancy, and soothes the soul, which casts a superior beauty on all around. An aged man stands by my side, wrapped in calm contemplation of this, his quiet home. I was often with him; for it so happened that thus my fortune led me.

But hark! what do we hear? The well-known music of the church-going bell, as it rolls sweetly over the beautiful hill that intercepts the adjacent city, and it seems to say, "This is not your rest: come hear of a *better land*." Thus prompted, I see (it is no imagination) the father and two of his tender daughters, who love the call to worship God, leave for church. The cheerful wheels roll rapidly. They tread the accustomed aisle, and seat themselves to hear a sermon. There sits the aged sire in his accustomed pew, his hair whitened with the frosts of many winters. How sweet to him the Savior's name! How welcome the news of a heavenly hereafter! I know well his pew. It was where he always sat, and where, in time of love-feast, he always spake of the Christian's love and hope, and shed the Christian's tears. O, how many lessons of parental love and holy wisdom did he there leave to his children and his Church! The service closed. It was his last. He and his pious daughters seek their home. They have arrived. But, ah! strange feelings fatigue the aged man. The serene Sabbath evening closes, as usual, with pious, paternal admonitions and supplications at the throne of heavenly grace. The family retire to rest. While the night passes, refreshing with balmy sleep the young and peaceful, it wearies the way-worn patriarch with

incipient but violent disease. With the dawn of a memorable day, the family learn that, what they had little feared, the father had seemed to realize as truly near at hand. Coming events seemed to cast the shadows of death before them. To his mind there was an impressive *presentiment*.

"The soul hath its feelers—cobwebs floating in the wind,
Which catch events in their approach
With sure and apt presentiment."

We cannot tarry long to talk of prescience, or to fix a firm foundation on which to place presentiment. The occasion is too solemn. He felt that this earthly tabernacle was being speedily dissolved, and dared to say, with the apostle, "The time of my departure is at hand." It seemed that the Lord had said to his servant, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die."

There is something very soothing in the words of a good man, even though they appear prophetic as to the time of his departure. They are not only impressive, but peaceful and comforting. How unlike the frightful, feverish forebodings of the afflicted sinner. Death, as an outlet to a world of darkness and misery, and as the entrance to a world of light, and life, and glory, had no sting for him. The family, however, feared for themselves, while they sympathized deeply for their suffering friend; and with much reluctance could they acquiesce in a dispensation so afflicting. That circle had never as yet been broken by death. True, there was a time when death seemed to approach and lay his cold and iron hand upon a junior son. Then, too, I happened to be present; and I never can, nor would I forget that scene. Sympathetic tears stole down my cheeks, as his father and mother said, "Farewell, my child," and then the father, who now precedes his darling boy, having kneeled beside his little couch, said submissively, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." But such a scene was not at all terrific. The little boy, with languid limbs extended, was breathing softly, except occasionally a heavy sigh told the pressure of mortality. Even the dew of death was not appalling on his pretty face. It seemed to be more like the lovely dew of "heaven." As a kind parent would gently take the hand of his little son, and with an affectionate smile, and careful step, would conduct him into an adjoining room, an apartment more comfortable, better furnished for his enjoyment—into his own sitting-room; thus, it seemed to me, was the Savior about to take this "little one," saying, "Leave a world of sickness, and sorrow, and death, and come into a better, brighter world. I have gone and prepared a place for you, that where I am you may be also." But God permitted him, perhaps for the sake of friends, and the good of the Church and the world, to recover and grow up to manhood. And William is still on the stage of life—a man of God, I trust. May the Lord bless him!

But now a FATHER is about to leave his loved ones, and be the first to break that familiar circle. He talks deliberately of death, gives direction to his business, and selects the domestic cemetery, where, in safety and quietude, without ostentation, finally to lay him down to rest, till the resurrection of the just. Numerous thoughts, however, excite a father's mind, and affection propounds many ponderous questions. Who, with prompt paternal care, shall see the children fed, and clothed, and educated? Who, at early morn and evening twilight, shall offer faithful prayers? Who, now, shall take to church these youthful souls, and watch their wayward steps, and bring them back to virtue and to God? The holy Comforter answers with laconic sweetness: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow trust in me."

The *presentiment* was a true one. A fortnight more closed the scene of his final suffering, and brought that "perfect man" to his "peaceful end." We have watched him in pain and weariness. We have heard him pray and praise. "And now," said this dying man of God, "I prove that to be true which I have often told you, 'The grace of God is sufficient for us.'"

His last morning on earth has come, and death has come; and angels have come all the way to earth to take him home to heaven.

"The chamber where this good man meets his fate" is filled with the family and friends. And now,

"Hanging 'twixt mortal and immortal being,"

God strengthens him to give to his family his final valediction. And then, with an imperishable impress, he gives to each an affectionate kiss—a pledge of *undying* love. "Farewell, dear companion of my youth. My daughters, meet me in heaven. My sons, see that you serve the Lord. Farewell to all. Sixty or seventy years, if you are faithful, will collect us all in heaven." Then all is still. A father dies—a saint sets out for glory.

"How sweetly parts the Christian's sun!
Just like the summer monarch sets,
Midst cloudless skies, his journey run,
To rise in brighter regions yet.
O, where the Christian ends his days
Lingers a lovely line of rays,
That speaks his calm departure blessed,
And promises to those who gaze
The same beatitude of rest."

It is well that the pencil of celestial light should beautify completely and gloriously that Christian life, long in "painting for eternity." Truly, there is left us an exceedingly great and precious promise. Yes, when the soul is sad, and gloom gathers thick and dark around us, then will we go where

"Faith lends her realizing light"—

where the sunlight of heaven dissipates the lonely sorrow of life, and the darkness of death, and contemplate

"The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven."

His children are not left abintestates; rather are they testamental legatees of a lasting and valuable inheritance. "If in this life only we have hope" of social happiness, "we are of all men most miserable."

When Alexander had charitably relinquished the kingdom of Macedon to his successors, his friends asked him what he had reserved for himself. He answered, "Hope." That hope carried him rapidly to the east, even to Babylon, to victory, to triumph, and to the imperial power of the world. When we have given up a dear friend, yes, *all* of them, are we asked, what we reserve for ourselves, we answer, *HOPE*—that, when we shall have conquered the *world*, the flesh, and the devil, who has the power of death, we shall have a social seat, even on the "throne" of the Son of God. "To him that overcometh, will I grant to set with me upon my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

"This glorious hope revives
Our *courage* by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
From sorrows, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect 'love and friendship' reigns
Through all eternity."

Shall death do away the sympathy of the soul? In that vast, that innumerable company of sanctified spirits, shall the soul lose its identity and its power of cognition? Ah, stern stoic of infidelity, "knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Wouldst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Wouldst thou do away the vernal beauty and chill the balmy zephyrs of lovely spring, with the sear decline of autumn, and the piercing, roaring winter's wind? Then do away the sympathy of the soul immortal! Bind with frozen bands the sweet influences of social happiness! Let loose the link of love that binds man to his Maker—the saint to his Savior! Let loose that bright, that beauteous band which binds all saints in light into one common, beatific brotherhood! Then, and not till then, reverse the ordinances of heaven.

"Let not the stoic boast his mind unmoved,
The brute philosopher, who ne'er has proved
The joy of loving or of being loved."

But let us still linger round the closing scene of life. It is fraught with interest to all that live. Reader, it is a solemn thought that *we*, too, shall soon sink in death. Does the idea of death bring terror to thy mind? Who can take it away, and prepare it for the presence of God? Avaunt that self-conceited virtuoso, who, with vain philosophy, would fix the soul to fly! This sacred chamber is not the place for him, except it is to learn how God can save unto the uttermost, even the sensitive and intelligent soul, from the fear of death, and the dread of final retribution; for He came, "that,

through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Collect all the light of oriental human song and science, and how dimly burns the blaze—how flickering the flame! How far inferior to the clear and steady light of Jesus' love, to illumine the dark valley of death! Ay, death has a "damp" to quench those flames of fancy, and the deep, dark grave has a "gas" utterly to extinguish those false, philosophic fires. "The lamp of the wicked shall be put out." "There is no wisdom nor knowledge in the grave, whither thou goest." Reason may assist to test the danger of descent. But naught will safely pilot the soul to the paradise of God, and serve as a "safety-lamp" to the sleeping body, but the *Christian's* lamp, replenished with the holy oil of heavenly love. When the good man feels that heart and flesh do fail him, and as he is just entering the shadowy vale, infested with fearful fiends, who would fain snatch away the soul, and take it to their fiery abode, I hear him sing with seraphic sweetness, "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?" "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

HEALTH.

Of all the blessings of a merely temporal nature, health is universally regarded as the first and best. When the various organs of the body are performing their several functions with regularity, there is a joyous sense of strength and vigor, which every healthy person knows under some name, that carries with it a signification of heartfelt satisfaction. The blood flows freely to every part, carrying peace and joy to every limb and fibre. The breath we draw is full of life, and at every inspiration we swell with a sort of animal pride that we are so strong. The soul itself sits cool and collected, enjoying the fine flow of spirits which pervades the body, and gathering strength as the flood of health rolls onward. Happy is the man, who has the *sana mens in sano corpore*—a sound mind in a body sound.

To acquire health, if we do not possess it, or to preserve it if we do, is one of the chief concerns of the present life. We live to do good, and the longer we live, and the more healthful we are, the more can be accomplished for the world. We should, then, avoid the causes of disease, and use every means of promoting health.

A few simple rules can be laid down, which, to those who follow them, may be rendered of great value.

1. Be sure always to breathe good air.
2. Let your dress be appropriate to the season, to your state of health, and to your occupation.

3. Take regular and abundant exercise.
4. Let your food be nourishing but simple.
5. Above all, be cheerful, and keep a good conscience—a conscience void of offense toward God and man.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY PERILLA.

MR. EDITOR,—With pleasure, I read, in the August number of the Repository, a Latin prayer, written by Mary, Queen of Scots, shortly before her execution. It was also there suggested that the sentiments of the prayer should be arranged in verse. For my own amusement, I immediately made the attempt, but not with any intention to transmit it to you. However, as no one seems to have complied with the request, if my little effort is worthy a place in your columns, you can insert it. You will perceive, sir, that I have not *translated* the prayer. I have only attempted an *exposition* of its sense. Who can reflect on the painful situation of Mary, and behold her piety and resignation without a tear!

*"O Domine Deus, speravi in te—
Carissime Jesu, nunc libera me!
In dura catena, in misera pana, desidero te,
Languendo, gemendo, et genu flectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut libere me."*

O, blessed Lord, on bended knee,
Rest of all hope, I now look to thee;
My Lord and my God, on thy strong arm
I rest secure: life hath to me no charm:
Of friends, of wealth, and honor, all bereft,
To my crushed heart thy love alone is left.
O, look in pity on me! Thou alone
Can loose these galling chains. Man's heart of stone
Heeds not my prayers; nor do I now desire
To bear again earth's honors—I aspire
To higher joys—a heavenly crown,
More bright and lasting than the world's renown.

But galling are these fetters: I would fain
Be free again, nor longer wear the chain
Which cruel despots have around me thrown.
My precious Savior, now thy servant own;
Release me from this weary, suffering clay,
And bless me with the light of endless day.

BOSSUET.

THE life of Bossuet, the celebrated French bishop, is worthy the attention and study of every young person. Bossuet was five years of age when, by accident, he read a copy of the Latin Bible, which made a powerful impression on his mind. At the age of fifteen, he entered college, and in due time graduated with the highest literary honors. He became at once the greatest preacher, the best historian, the finest scholar, and the ablest writer of his age and country. Our young readers would do well to make the acquaintance of Bossuet.

A SCENE IN COLLEGE.

BY E. W. HANLEY.

BRIGHTLY shone the lights in yonder college halls. The voice of music sweet was wafted upon the evening zephyr over hill and vale below. Glad hearts were there, mingling together in holy sympathy, or sharing the pure and innocent delights of life's sunny hour; and ever and anon the merry laugh, or voice of praise divine, as it echoed from room to room, told that joy dwelt in the weary student's heart.

Another morning dawned—as brightly shone its sun over that "forest city," bathing its lofty spires and neighboring hills with its golden radiance. But, alas! how changed that college scene. Hushed is the voice of merriment. Music and gladness have fled away. Silence, deep, solemn silence, reigns instead. The heart, so lately beating in youthful ecstasy, now throbs with grief—the countenance, so lately lit with radiant smiles, is now shaded by sadness. The books are closed, and every mind buried in reflection deep.

It is the hour of death. The "pale horse" and his rider are there. Like the implumed bird faintly flutters that youthful spirit. For a moment he looks around. Nature is lovely: life hath charms: sweet hopes and sunny prospects are his: a thousand cords are binding his to kindred hearts. He struggles: a prayer reaches the "throne:" that "holy Comforter" Jesus left behind, calms his troubled spirit: then, with upturned eyes, brilliant with heavenly light, and an angel's smile upon those icy lips, he drops the parting word, bursts from earth's bands, and soars away to that better land—that home in the skies.

Slowly strikes the bell. It sounds the requiem of departed youth and purity. Mournfully move that numerous train toward yonder hill. With heavy hearts and faltering step they bear the lifeless form of young Alfred to its long resting-place. There, under the same green turf with the pious Hurd, beneath the waving bough of the yew nourished by ashes of the lamented Fisk, they lay it, till the archangel's trump shall sound.

Yes, it is even thus! Alfred, thou hast left us—thy sun hath set; yet not as when at twilight's hour he falls behind the western sky, but set in mid-day glory. Strong ambition urged thee on. Devotedly didst thou bow at science and religion's shrine, grasping with thy searching mind their hidden mysteries. Too ardent was that search. Secretly did that bright sword destroy its tender sheath.

Now all is past. No unintelligible Virgil distracts thy mind, or lives of ancient heroes, or pious martyrs makes thee envious for their glory. Haste thee, then, from the toiling student's home to brighter scenes on high. There waits to greet another of

his valued sons thy *Almus Pater*, Fisk; and classmates dear pause in their celestial tours to escort thee to the "great I Am." There God himself will be thy teacher, and angels thy fellow-students.

Spirit of the departed, must our friendship cease? Can our kindred hearts never mingle in communion sweet, as oft they have done? O, are there not ministering spirits sent to those who are left behind? Then wilt thou not come at twilight hour, when pensively I wander forth, to muse on joys of other days, and whisper to my spirit of thy bright home—its verdant fields—its flowery plains and crystal streams—its palaces and temples grand; and when troubled with life's varied ills, wilt thou not stoop to breathe upon my soul a sweet, a heavenly peace, such as they alone can know who are free from sin? O, be ever near while through this checkered scene I stray, cheering in sorrow's hour—warning when vain pleasures rise—ever pointing to yon blissful shore, where the praise of our God is the "feast of the soul."

A LETTER.

We cannot indorse the praise in the following letter, but hope its general import will be appreciated.—Ed.

SIR,—You are aware that I am not a member of your Church, but of the Presbyterian denomination. I have, nevertheless, been a reader of your *Repository* for more than half a year, and am willing to confess to you, that, in my humble opinion, it surpasses every similar work published in this country.

But, in your December number, you opened to me a new fact—that the very best of works sometimes needs the help of its friends. Were I a Methodist, I should think myself doing my Church an honor in circulating such a work; for, so far as my knowledge goes, it contains the best expression of your literature which you have thus far presented to the public. . . .

There is another reason, which, I should suppose, would work powerfully upon the feelings of your ministry, and almost force them to scatter the *Repository* over the land. Its profits, if I understood your allusion, are devoted to the support of your worn-out men, and their widows and orphan children. With such a provision as that, and with such merits as your book has to support it, I candidly think our Church could circulate fifty thousand copies, east and west. You remarked to me, in your note, that you had about six thousand subscribers. It seems to me your ministry, so famous for their zeal and energy, ought instantly to change the *six to sixty*. . . .

But I must close. Within you will find a short article, in answer to your polite invitation.

R. T. SPALDING.

A FAMILY PIECE.

The following lines were written by a young lady, on hearing her intelligent and excellent pastor remark, that he felt himself to be almost alone in the world. His parents, before their emigration from Ireland to this country, lost two of their children; and, during their passage, two others died, and were buried in the bosom of the deep, green sea. The father and the mother next fell victims to disease, and were buried on the banks of the Ohio. One of the household sleeps beneath the green turf in the state of Delaware; another, and the last of the eight now at rest, died recently, and has her resting-place in Scott county, Ia. The excellent minister, the youngest of the family, in a short note to us, briefly but feelingly remarks, that he has "often heard his mother speak of the burial of her two little ones at sea, as the most bitter cup ever offered by Providence to her lips. For days she had seen the sharks following in the ship's wake; and the picture of that awful scene, with all its terrible imaginings, was heavy on her heart till she died." But, the best of all, the eight are all in heaven, and the living are on the heavenly journey.—

EDITOR.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS M. C. D.

PEACE, peace to her slumbers! she too is at rest,
Where her heart shall know sorrow no more:
We have placed, sadly placed the green turf on her breast,
As we placed it on others before;
Yet afar are the graves of our dear kindred band;
And the soft tear of sorrow we shed,
As our thoughts onward fly to a far-distant land,
Where slumber our earliest dead.

O, green isle of Erin! thou emerald isle,
"To our hearts is thy memory dear,
Though the lip has left off its accustomed smile,
And the eye has since gathered the tear!
We have treasured a thousand remembered ties,
We have gazed on thy skies of blue,
We have thought of thy children's affectionate eyes,
And their high deeds of daring too!

O, say, does a footstep e'er linger in love,
Or a kind hand e'er scatter the flowers—
Do the stars look lovingly from above—
On those far-distant graves of ours?
They are ours for ever, though years have passed by,
Since we gazed on that island of green:
They are ours for ever, though many and high
Are the waves that roll darkly between.

O, sad was the time when we bade thee adieu—
Where our kindred yet tranquilly sleep—
When over the waters the gallant ship flew,
As if proud of her home on the deep:
Yet our hearts, as we thought of those desolate graves,
Still sadder and heavier grew,
When beneath us was naught but an ocean of waves,
And around us a heaven of blue.

Few days had passed by, and we stood on the deck,
When the daylight's first blushes are born:

Above us, in heaven, not even a speck
Disturbed the calm beauty of morn;
Yet sadly we gazed on that heaven of blue,
And mournfully down in the deep,
As on, like a sea-bird, the buoyant ship flew,
Scarce rousing the waves from their sleep.

For death was amongst us—the young and the gay
Lay down in their beauty and died;
And we grieved that the ocean should name them
her prey,
As they peacefully slept side by side.
But the plunges that followed, the coffins that sped,
Far down in the depths of the sea,
Will haunt us for ever, like ghosts of the dead,
Wherever our wanderings may be.

Green fields! O, ye numbered our earliest graves,
As ye witnessed our earliest woes,
And within your far depths, O, magnificent waves,
As many more sadly repose!
But the murmuring streams of the wide-spreading west

Have mingled our griefs with their own,
As we placed, like sad exiles, the turf on their breast,
And left them to slumber alone.

The dead of a household! O, separate far
Do the loved of our household repose!
Yet hope, o'er those graves, like the light of a star,
Its beam of soft radiance throws!
We know not how long till the dawn of that day,
When the dead shall be with us again;
But we know that the ocean shall yield up his prey,
And the earth strive to hold hers in vain!

STORM IN THE HARBOR.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

FAR, far from home, the rising waves
Defy our fragile bark,
And open round their yawning graves
With hissing waters dark.
Like battle-drums the thunders roll
Above the sullen deep,
And see from lurid pole to pole
The livid lightnings leap.
With bloodless lip and pallid cheek,
The boatman plies his oar,
And anxious eyes through storm-clouds seek
The channel to the shore.
Down the long waste of waves and flood
Our eyes discern no speck:
No hand but thine, almighty God,
Can save us from a wreck.
O Thou, who hold'st the wind and wave
Within thy mighty hand,
Canst snatch us from this threat'ning grave,
And bring us safe to land.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

COMPARISON OF LANGUAGES.

If there is nothing in man more wonderful than his gift of speech, there certainly can be no study more interesting than that of language; and, as every one is indebted to his nurse and mother, more than to all other persons, for what he knows, not only of his vernacular tongue, but of the first elements of language, there is, consequently, no branch of education more peculiarly the province and business of woman. She, who teaches all men how to speak, should herself understand the science and art of speaking; and I can conceive no good reason, why, in our modern systems of education, it has been so fashionable to exclude the female mind from this delightful field of study.

It has been said, and with much truth, too, that a knowledge of words is also a knowledge of things; and the wisest of philosophers have professedly discovered in language the ground-work of all true philosophy. Woman, therefore, in the cultivation of this part of human learning, is, at the same time, acquiring the rudiments of that true intellectual system of the universe, which, above all things, she wishes to communicate to her offspring.

Foreseeing this dignified position of woman, the Creator has wonderfully adapted her to fill it. She is endowed, far above the other sex, with a capacity for acquiring words. There is, also, in her brilliant fancy, in her buoyant imagination, a lively susceptibility for that grand and beautiful sketch of universal science, which is so strikingly shadowed forth in language. And, then, to complete her qualifications, God gave her an invincible love of truth, and both a power and an inclination to communicate it, in every age proverbial.

It is, therefore, in view of the foregoing statements, very proper to call the attention of females to a frequent consideration of their peculiar office, and to that mighty instrumentality so specially committed to their keeping.

Language, in its broadest sense, is the means of communication between mind and mind; and, in this signification, it has been poetically applied to the method, by which natural objects convey to man the wisdom, power, goodness, and other attributes of God. Philosophers, also, and not a few theologians of a peculiar cast, have looked upon the physical universe as the primeval word, which Revelation, the second word, was intended to explain. Sometimes nature is spoken of as a mighty volume, in which there are distinct books and chapters, and where each rivulet, bush, and brake, is a letter in the great alphabet of things.

The lower animals, also, are believed to have their languages, by which a friendly or a hostile reciprocal intercourse is maintained. These languages are certainly understood by those who speak them; for, every day we live, we see the conduct of individuals among them governed by what they listen to from their mates. The twitter of the swallow is answered from the straw-built shed. The bark of the dog is repeated by his enemies or friends from door to door. The loud laugh of the horse, and the bellowing ox, are responded to from the distant hills. The birds are peculiarly intelligent of each other's language; and they seem to take high pleasure in holding converse from the boughs

of the breeze-shaken tree. Brute animals have great power in expressing their different passions. The roar of the lion, the scream of the hyena, and the panther's terrific yell, are fully understood by all the trembling inhabitants of the wood.

There would seem to be, in nature, a kind of communion between all her works. The rattling of distant rain, and the low sighing of the winds before a storm, are clearly perceived and appreciated by the feathered tribes. Some birds are supposed to foresee, from natural signs unknown to man, changes of weather many days, and even weeks before those changes come. There is, also, an intercommunication between animals of different classes. The common cock, describing the hawk cutting his airy circles, knows fully the intentions of that bird of prey; and, to all beneath his care, he instantly communicates his fears. The deep growl of the mastiff is plainly understood by every member of the bleating flock and the lowing herd; and it has been often remarked by sportsmen, that the fox has an instinctive and peculiar dread of the light yelp of the beagle, even when not pursued. But, that which inanimate objects convey to the animals, and what the animals communicate among themselves, with still greater vividness and power is perceived and felt by the mind and heart of man. Going out into the great world around him, he clearly comprehends the many and mysterious voices, with which nature unceasingly addresses him. He knows the full ideal meaning of the sighing zephyrs and the complaining winds. He understands the cricket's cheerful cry, better than the little insect himself. He appreciates the melody of the lark's matin song, and the nightingale's evening orison, far better than their mates. If, at the close of day, he listens to the ruminating cattle's call, he knows its sense. If, at dead of night, the wolf's howl, or the watch-dog's signal, arouse him from his sleep, he is at no loss to interpret what he hears. Looking out and upward into the vaulted heavens, he feels the "sweet influences," not only of the seven radiant sisters, but of all the stars, and has the echo in his heart of what they all conspire to mean. Standing on the shore of the unresting ocean, he hears the breaking and dashing of its waters; he shudders at the noise of its distant water-spouts; he trembles at the "neesings" of those terrible monsters, which sport and gambol in the deep.

Arriving, in this way, at the province occupied by man, we find him pre-eminently above all other creatures in the gift of speech. Here we are bound to pause, and to contemplate with wonder the powers of the human tongue. In the rudest dialect ever spoken, there is an order, a system, and a philosophy, truly astonishing to a reflecting mind. Here we see, that the infinitely various subjects of discourse, the numerous qualities of those subjects, together with all their actions and passions, their dependencies and relations, their times and modes of being, of acting, and of suffering, and even the refined affinities and bearings of thoughts and feelings the most delicate and ideal, are all appreciated, classified and arranged, and that with a proportion and symmetry little less than miraculous, and really sublime.

Some philosophers, indeed, in their just admiration of human language, have regarded it as the express gift of revelation to the father of our race; presuming, as they do, that no art of his could have invented a method of mental intercourse, at once so philosophical,

so perfect, and so grand. Others, perceiving the natural power of all objects to awaken ideas in the mind, and seeing the innate capacity of the lower animals in the communication of their thoughts, have been led to consider human language as the last result of an instinct given to man at his birth. This latter would seem to be the more correct opinion; for, though the Creator may have quickened the activity of this instinct in Adam, and thus wonderfully accelerated the construction of a language, the Bible gives no intimation of an instantaneous gift of speech; nor is it credible, that a messenger from heaven sat down with Adam, on the green, grassy hillocks of paradise, and, from text-book and lexicon, or by any other means, gave him daily lessons in the etymology and syntax of words. Besides, it is always unnecessary and even dangerous to suppose the intervention of Divine power, in the performance of any thing, which can be accomplished by natural or ordinary means; and the formation of a language is an achievement certainly no greater, than many others known to be the work of the human mind. To construct a system of sounds, which shall represent things, is a task in no way more difficult, than to invent a system of characters, which shall perfectly represent those sounds. In the first of these labors, we have a powerful and a discriminative instinct to impel and guide us onward; in the other, we are left to the unaided ingenuity of the mind. But genius has carried still farther its triumph. It has invented a process by which many pages of those characters can be impressed, with wonderful regularity and beauty, in the twinkling of an eye. Who, then, will venture to affirm, that man is so dull an animal, that, prompted by instinct, enlightened by reason, and pushed by necessity, he could not have constructed an oral method of expressing his ideas? Tell not this of him, who, in all other respects, has made himself master of this great world; whose hand has been laid upon the ocean and his waves; whose beck controls the fierce artillery of the clouds; whose thoughts have been made to vibrate with the speed of lightning through the world; and whose bidding, in all the manifold arts and operations of mankind, nature has been compelled to do, until there is soon to be little left for man, but to stand and superintend the immense machinery of the universe working in his behalf.

The intimate connection between the civilization of a people, and the language they employ, is a forcible proof of the human origin of speech. In every age, those nations most advanced in science and the various arts of life, have uniformly spoken the best languages of their day. Egypt, in her glory, stood first among the kingdoms in all the elements of intellectual life; and history, so far as it has been gleaned from the sparse allusions of the early Greek and Roman writers, bears an undivided testimony, that her language was the most copious, perfect, and refined of all then in use. The language of the Hebrews, by some supposed to be the oldest in the world, in the next era occupied the highest place; and, certainly, their generals and judges, their heroic bards and monarch minstrels, have left a monument of their genius, to say nothing of inspiration, in every way worthy of their name. The third epoch in the history of language is that in which the Greek became the receptacle and organ of the highest civilization of the race; and no scholar will deny, that, from Homer to Demosthenes, a period of more than five centuries, it contained nearly all the thought of the human

mind. Next Rome, with her stately and polished speech, appeared; and the Latin, after a long and laborious struggle with the Greek, gained the ascendancy, and stood forth as the ruling language of mankind. Since the fall of Rome, and the transfer of her civilization to her conquerors, the northern dialects have successively set up their claims to the literary supremacy of the world. That supremacy, indeed, has undoubtedly been traveling from one language to another; and it will not be difficult to tell, with satisfactory precision, where it has most recently taken up its abode. From Italy it manifestly passed to Spain; from Spain, I think, it removed to France; from France it has gone over to Germany, where, at this moment, the highest civilization reigns, and nearly every great thought begins.

But, if such have been, at their respective periods, the most perfect languages of the world, it would be a fruitful task to compare them carefully among themselves; and, if the relation between a civilization and its language is so direct, and there has been, as all admit, a gradual progress of the race in this respect, it would become a curious question, whether, as in all things else, there has not been a progress, also, in the history of speech. If the Coptic was the organ of the first civilization, would not the Hebrew be found to transcend it? In the same manner, should not the Greek surpass the Hebrew, and the Latin excel the Greek? And, in the advancement of modern language, might we not demonstrate an improvement in its passage from the Italian to the Spanish, from the Spanish to the French, and from the French to the more powerful and perfect German? That the progress of civilization has made precisely this journey, is historically certain; and, language being the expression of a people's civilization, I see not why it may not also be its exponent.

If language be, as we have defined it, the method of communication between minds, that which performs this office best, must bear the palm. In an actual comparison of the eight literary languages, which, at different times, have held the supremacy, each, doubtless, would be found to possess some peculiar excellence, unsurpassed and perhaps unequaled by the rest; but, when critically examined in all respects, there might be realized this gradual increase of merit, to which I have before referred. The Coptic, for example, as Champallion thinks, might excel in *vivacity*; the Hebrew, as every body knows, is remarkable for both *vivacity* and *strength*. Scholars, in every age, in addition to the two qualities before named, have given the glory of *copiousness* to the Greek, and to the Latin *dignity* in addition to them all. In the same way, besides much of the respective characteristics of their predecessors, *sweetness* is attributed to the Italian, *majesty* to the Spanish, and *fluency* to the French. But the German, at once so wonderful for almost every excellency, cannot be fully represented, but by borrowing an epithet from itself. With deference, therefore, to American taste, I would yield the title of *many-sidedness* to the present imperial language of the world.

But, having thus awarded praise where it manifestly belongs, my readers will now allow me to predict, that the Anglo-Saxon is to be the next ruling language. The supremacy, for the last hundred years, has been gradually passing to ourselves. Anglo-Saxon civilization is soon to be the model for all the world. Our constitutional liberty, our native enterprise and energy,

and the acknowledged capacity of our mother tongue, combine to fit the Anglo-Saxon for this high destiny. All things, from the world's four quarters, both men, and wealth, and ideas, are pouring in upon us. Thought, whatever be its origin, whether starting in Italian, or Spanish, or French, or German civilization, with us finds its last home and resting-place. The genius of translation is vigorously at work among us; we are opening anew the sealed fountains of the Greek and Roman classics; and their crystal streams are constantly discharging their liquid treasures into our language.

The capacity of the English for this pre-eminence cannot be seriously disputed. Whatever praise may belong to its predecessors, our language seems to have inherited something from every one of them. Though it is yet doubtful whether we have Coptic words in disguised use among us, no one will deny that we have rich stores from the most ancient sources. The Welsh, which is the parent stock on which every thing in our language has been ingrafted, is of Celtic origin, and equal in antiquity to any European dialect. The invasion of Julius Cæsar transferred to the Welsh the vast spoils which the Latin tongue had gathered from all parts of the old world; and the Danish, the Saxon, and the Norman conquests, have successively added to it whatever was valuable and original in the new. Our vernacular tongue, then, at first a language of vast capacity, may be said to contain the vivacity of the Coptic, the strength of the Hebrew, the copiousness of the Greek, the dignity of the Latin, the sweetness of the Italian, the majesty of the Spanish, the fluency of the French, and the many-sidedness of the German.

Should this seem to be adulation, I answer, our language is yet young; and it has not been so fully tested as to divulge to every one the wonderful power it contains. Language is like a harp, which yields different music, as it is differently played. When Shakspeare took, from the hands of Chaucer and Spencer, our English lyre, it had been regarded by all as quite an imperfect thing; but he soon roused the world by the native power inherent in its chords. Shakspeare handed it to Milton, who, by one mighty stroke, made the very heavens, and even the earth and hell, resound with the awful majesty and sublimity of its strains. Milton gave it to Dryden, who demonstrated the copiousness of its harmony and the greatness of its strength. From Dryden it passed to Addison; and from him we get the first conception of the charming purity of its tones. Pope, who "lisp'd in numbers," (and he lisped them well,) convinced all men of the luxuriant richness and variety of its notes. Thomson, who received it next, gave proof of its surprising compass and delicacy of sound. Young, a gloomy genius, rolled from the sounding chords a midnight elegy, and gave life and being to a virtue before unknown. But Young, from his pyramid of skulls, stepped down, and handed the lyre to Cowper, who, tasking its utmost capacities, drew from it a seraphic sweetness, of which none had dreamed. Then last, but by no means least, Byron snatched it from the elder bard, and brushed from its impatient strings a wild and reckless strain, which, as it raised the reputation of the instrument, achieved a glory not to be despised. Thus, from age to age, different geniuses have arisen, and, to the astonishment of all men, have successively brought out one virtue after another to public view, till we are compelled to regard the English harp as equaling, with the prospect of outdoing, all Grecian

and all Roman fame. Who shall strike it next, no man can tell; but, from past experience, we are prepared to expect such proofs of power and sweetness, of sublimity and strength, of copiousness and majesty, of dignity and vivacity, as shall give it the loftiest place, during the next epoch in the progressive history of speech.

But I must close this sketch. I have given you, gentle reader, only an outline of my thoughts. I did not venture to fill up the outline, fearing you might regard my lucubrations as too abstruse. I have taken language at its beginnings, and traced it upward to its highest style. In this long ascending line, you have had a section, where the rude speech of rocks, and hills, and mountains, with the gentler utterance of intervening vales, was found. Another was occupied by the life-like wailings of the woods, and winds, and waters. In a third were ranged the languages of flowers, whose soft speech is the real Italian in the dialect of things. The fourth brought us into the region of animated nature, where, from the cheerful cricket's cry to the chirping canary in his cage, and from the canary to the lark, which, as the poet tells us,

"At heaven's gate sings,"

we have listened to such voices as heaven, in truth, might be well pleased to hear. At length we reached the section occupied by man, who, with his melody of words, surpasses all beings in the gifts of speech. Not resting here, we have sketched our way along, from the lowest forms of human utterance to the loftiest achievements of the human race. From this point, as a *punctum saliens*, we have taken a short flight into future time, and endeavored to foreshadow the coming triumph of our mother tongue.

In preparation for that triumph, we, as Americans, must act a noble part. England, with all her glory, has reached her zenith, and will soon begin to fall. America is yet young, and, if true to her best interests, has a long national life to live. In that life, my readers, and specially the younger portion of them, are to have their full share. May I not, then, urge upon their attention the literature of their native tongue? Let them take it under their protection. Let them cultivate their language, and make it what it is to be—the most perfect, when considered in all its bearings, ever employed by man. Then will other nations, by the study and admiration of our genius, yield to our Anglo-Saxon ideas; and then, and not till then, will our free civilization roll like a sea over all lands.

PERICLES ON DRESS.

IT is a remark of the great and celebrated Greek statesman, Pericles, which the reader may find in the second book of Thucydides, that the dress of a female should be such, as "to be as little as possible the theme of conversation among the other sex, either for praise or censure." This is undoubtedly the true doctrine, not only for ladies, but for gentlemen.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

THESE were a military order, instituted in the sixth century by the father of the celebrated Arthur. Some writers, however, have supposed the whole story to be a fable; but Hume, the great historian of England, thinks it has fact for its foundation. Geoffrey of Monmouth, an old English chronicler, relates Arthur's history with much minuteness; and a still older annalist, the author of the well-known *Brut Angleterre*, sustains

Geoffrey's account of him. The story is, that Uther-Pendragon, a British king, was advised by the court magician, named Merlin, to assemble fifty of his most brave, pious, and valiant knights, and at certain periods to make them a feast. This feast was spread on a round table, at which the king, and afterward his son Arthur, sat, and devised the wonderful adventures against the Scots and Saxons, which were so celebrated by the romantic trouvères of that age and country. Admission to this table soon became the reward of valor; and the military heroes of that day sought the honor, by deeds of daring enterprise. The feats of these adventurous warriors were the theme of a distinct race of Anglo-Norman poets, some of whose works are yet extant. They are of much value to the reader, who wishes to get a lively conception of those heroic times, when the English nation was in its infancy. They possess great interest, also, for the English scholar, who is searching the character and construction of his language to the bottom. Those entitled, Tristan de Leonnois, Lancelot du Lac, and Perce-Forest, are among the most useful and entertaining.

Von Hammer, a Dutch writer, relates the story of prince Arthur in another manner. The story, he thinks, is founded on the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, who, it was superstitiously reported, received into the cup, from which Jesus drank at the last supper, the blood that flowed from his side at the crucifixion. By means of this cup, Joseph, going into Britain, performed the most astonishing miracles. But it was finally lost; and Von Hammer imagines that the order of the Round Table was instituted for the purpose of finding it. It was to be appropriated to the use of the king of Great Britain, who, by its potency, was to fright the Scots and Saxons from his borders.

Such is the substance of what is now known respecting the Knights of the Round Table, in whose story we have some Paganism, a little chivalry, and a great deal of Catholic superstition blended. As they are frequently referred to in history, and more frequently still in literary works of every character, this short sketch of them may be useful to the general reader.

THE FAMILY OF ROTHSCHILD.

THIS family is, at this time, confessedly the most powerful, below royalty, in the world. The father of the five brothers was an orphan at eleven years of age, but died one of the richest capitalists of his times. His sons have added unknown millions to the family estate. They are stationed in the principal cities of Europe, in all of which they have branches of their great house. One resides at Frankfort-on-the-Main; another divides his time between Berlin and Vienna; a third lives in London; a fourth spends most of the year in Naples, in Italy; and the fifth is stationary at Paris.

It can no longer be said of them, that they do the common business of men; for such has been their rise of capital and reputation, that they now transact, almost exclusively, the affairs of governments. They stand at the head of the finances of Europe, and kings are their daily customers. During twelve years, it has been estimated, they raised and loaned to different nations the vast sum of five hundred millions of dollars.

On his dying bed, the father of the five brothers delivered them these maxims: 1. Never to wait for exorbitant profits, but to keep their capital busy. 2. To retain their capital in common stock, and never undertake

any business without mutual consultation. 3. Above all things, to meet all their engagements, and honestly fulfill every contract entered into to the letter. They have ever since adhered faithfully to these excellent business precepts, and the result has been felt through the world.

As we have spoken of the father, we will also say a word of the mother of this remarkable family. There is something in her conduct, since the death of her husband, worthy of general approbation. With all her wealth, she put on no airs, nor attempted to make a figure. She resolved she never would leave, except for the tomb, the modest dwelling which she and her husband had so long occupied. So far as we now recollect, she is still living. There she is, in her little dwelling in Frankfort. Her sons make her frequent visits, and cheer her old age by their kind attentions. In almost all respects, this celebrated family is an honor to the human race, and a bright example for the rising generation.

THE JEWS.

SUCH is the interest taken by all people in the condition of the Jewish nation, that every item of intelligence respecting them is universally acceptable. The publications of the great Hebrew association of London are opening the eyes of the world, more and more, to their position and power. There are now, it is said, about seven millions of the sons of Judah and Benjamin; and how many there may be of the lost tribes, no man knows. It is wonderful to contemplate the present actual power of this ancient people, pushed as they ever have been by the tyrannical governments of the world.

In the preceding article, we have just seen the finances of Europe in the hands of the Rothschilds, who, as everybody knows, are Jews. The excellent Dr. Kurtz, recently returned from a tour in Europe, gives quite a catalogue of great men, scattered over all countries, and occupying the highest posts, who belong to this interesting people. Such names as Neander, Benary, Wehl, Mendizabel, Soult, have become historical, and will be known in after times. From several sources we have been gathering facts respecting the Hebrews, and find scarcely a place of profit in our day, where these men are not. The first Jesuits were Jews. More than fifty of the first professors of modern Europe are Jews. Several of the greatest of European philosophers, such as Spinoza, Maimon, Maimonides, Mendelssohn, whose fame will go down to the close of time, were Jews. And, in fine, they are everywhere, engaged in all professions, and holding their position in the world in spite of every obstacle. They would almost seem to be yet the children of providential care. God may be reserving them for a glorious agency in the final conversion of mankind. When they shall themselves be restored to the true faith, what an immense influence they will wield for the cause of revealed truth! A people, who seem to have the business, the literature, and above all things the languages of mankind in their power, will be able to do mighty battle for the Lord! May the day soon come, that the apostle's word shall be made good, when *all Israel shall be saved!*

POWER OF FAITH.

"No cloud," says Bishop Horne, "can overshadow a Christian, but the eye of his faith will discern a rainbow in it."

NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF THE WESLEY FAMILY. By Adam Clarke, LL. D., F. A. S. Second Edition. Lane & Tippett: New York. 1846.—No member of the Methodist Episcopal Church should fail to know all that is contained in this interesting book. The beginning of every great work it is universally held desirable to know. Here we have the origin of one of the greatest movements that has ever been witnessed in the world. Reader, purchase this book, and you will read it with much pleasure, and reap from it a rich reward.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Lane & Tippett: New York. 1846.—Praise of this work is superseded by the general admiration of mankind. This is a very neat edition, well bound, and sold at an inconsiderable price.

GARDEN OF THE LORD. By Imogen Mercein. Lane & Tippett: New York. 1846.—This little book is a perfect gem. It is written in a very beautiful style, is full of the ripe fruits of faith, and is adapted to do much good. It is the work, moreover, of one of our most valued correspondents, whose articles in the August and January numbers of the Repository, have gained for the fair authoress an enviable name.

GOLDEN MAXIMS. Selected by Rev. Robert Bond. Lane & Tippett: New York. 1846.—This is a very small book, but it contains choice sayings from many great men. It will be very useful to the young.

THE LIFE OF BUNYAN. By Stephen B. Wickens. Lane & Sandford: New York. 1844.—The life and times of John Bunyan will ever be of interest to the religious world. The work before us is well written. The author, we see, follows the best authorities for his facts; and the book ought to be read by all.

DR. HOOPER'S PHYSICIANS' VADE MECUM. Enlarged by Wm. Augustus Guy, M. B., Cantab., &c., with additions by James Stewart, A. M., M. D., &c. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1846.—We have already informed our readers that we are no kind of a doctor, though we have been nick-named that way almost from a boy. We cannot, therefore, judge *ex cathedra* of this book: but, in this age of ignorance in medical science, we hail every new book on this theme with joy. It is adapted to families and physicians. They will, therefore, read and judge of it for themselves.

THE EMIGRANT. By Sir F. B. Head, Bart. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1846.—This book is written in a lively style, and treats of topics of great interest to the general reader.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, delivered at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, August 5, 1846, by Edward Thomson, D. D., President, &c.—We need not commend this address. The author of it is too well known, loved, and prized, to need our praise. It is in his best style, and will be read with pleasure and satisfaction by his numerous friends.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, delivered at the Ohio Wesleyan University, August 5, 1846, by Herman M. Johnson, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.—This, another excellent performance, will do credit to the Professor's heart and head. The many friends of the University may congratulate themselves, that they have secured the services of so ripe a scholar, and so excellent a man.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

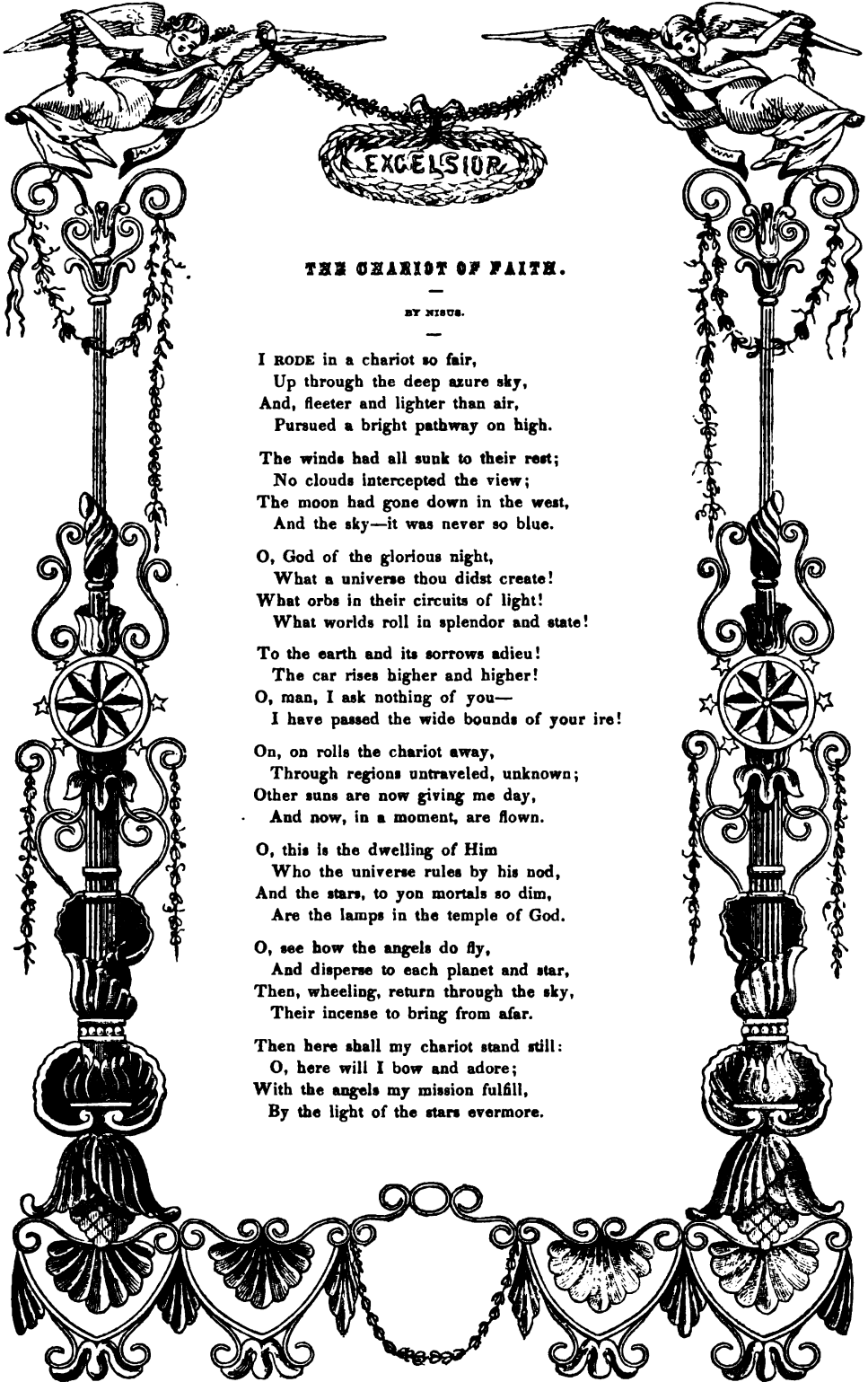
THE February number of the Ladies' Repository is now ready for our many readers. Its unusually large list of articles, we hope, may entertain and even profit them. But we wish all our readers to understand, that, when we say any thing commendatory of the work, we do not intend to include our own contributions. Our vanity is not of quite so high an order. We speak only of the efforts of our correspondents.

In this number we have made a slight change in the editorial department—just enough, perhaps, to break the monotony of its appearance. Perfect uniformity we do not think adds any thing to the interest of a literary magazine. Its very best quality, in fact, is variety. No reader wishes to be able, from the constant sameness of every issue, to foresee precisely how each number will appear through a whole volume. He covets the surprise of novelty, and will look upon an altered aspect, now and then, with a lively relish.

Perhaps our readers will, more than commonly, enjoy the contents of this number. We confess we have had an uncommon satisfaction in perusing the pieces, as they have severally come before us. There is a greater variety of topic, than in any of our preceding numbers. Both science, and art, and literature, profane and sacred, and morality, and religion, have their share of attention. Our poets have been unusually busy, and their effusions are certainly of a high order. Perhaps the cold weather brightens up their genius. If this is the case, we would advise them to write a full supply while the poetic frost is on them. Our own fancy is frozen up, as it had not inherent life and power enough to keep it stirring.

In the last number there occurred a few very slight typographical errors, one on the cover, and one or two in the body of the work. In spite of all possible care, these will sometimes happen. In our own reading, we find them often in works of the very highest typographical merit, and not seldom in the first literary magazines of the day. We have, at our residence, a Bible, executed in the neatest style, and quite expensive in its binding, which contains an error of this kind, that changes entirely the sense and the theology of an important passage of Scripture. No one would imagine, however, in reading such a passage, that it was not properly dictated to the inspired penman; nor would any person of good sense suppose, on the other hand, on seeing a misspelt word, or a solecism in grammar, in an article from a good writer, that the fault were his. Such a lack of charity, we trust, not one of our numerous readers possesses. We will add, also, for the satisfaction of our contributors, that *their* articles, at our own instance, are yet read three times, while the editorials are read but twice; and, consequently, mistakes are more likely to occur in our matter, than in theirs. This advantage we give our worthy contributors, feeling no sensitiveness on the subject ourselves. Our principal proof-reader we believe to be equal to any other, in the east or west; and we think that typographical errors, not only now are, but ever have been, as few in the Repository, as in any similar work.

We venture to continue our Literary Sketches in a new place, though we presume they find not many readers. We feel bound to risk our credit, now and then, as a magazine writer, if we can call the attention of even the few to such topics, as, we think, merit attention amongst us as a people.



THE CHARIOT OF FAITH.

—
BY NISUS.
—

I RODE in a chariot so fair,
Up through the deep azure sky,
And, fleetest and lighter than air,
Pursued a bright pathway on high.

The winds had all sunk to their rest;
No clouds intercepted the view;
The moon had gone down in the west,
And the sky—it was never so blue.

O, God of the glorious night,
What a universe thou didst create!
What orbs in their circuits of light!
What worlds roll in splendor and state!

To the earth and its sorrows adieu!
The car rises higher and higher!
O, man, I ask nothing of you—
I have passed the wide bounds of your ire!

On, on rolls the chariot away,
Through regions untraveled, unknown;
Other suns are now giving me day,
And now, in a moment, are flown.

O, this is the dwelling of Him
Who the universe rules by his nod,
And the stars, to yon mortals so dim,
Are the lamps in the temple of God.

O, see how the angels do fly,
And disperse to each planet and star,
Then, wheeling, return through the sky,
Their incense to bring from afar.

Then here shall my chariot stand still:
O, here will I bow and adore;
With the angels my mission fulfill,
By the light of the stars evermore.



THE WOLF OF THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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* This is the only one remaining of twenty-two magnificent equestrian statues, in bronze, that once adorned imperial Rome.

† Under the Papal government there is but one Senator, who is Prefect of Police.

of years! As I stood before that time-worn statue, the whole history of Rome rose to my mind, from the hour when the overflowings of the Tiber wafted the outcast brothers to the foot of the Palatine Hill,



THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1847.

THE WOLF OF THE CAPITOL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

—
BY J. P. DORBIN, D. D.
—

WHEN one finds himself approaching the Capitol Hill at Rome his feelings are indescribable. If he approach it on the south, he traverses the ancient Forum, where cattle now lie down to rest in the shade of the scathed ruins of the Temples of Concord, of Jupiter Stator, and Jupiter Tonans. If he approach from the Campus Martius on the north, from the base of the hill he beholds the monuments of each of the illustrious periods of Rome. Two broad flights of marble steps ascend the steep acclivity: the one on the left to the church of Araceli, where once stood the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; the other to the summit of the hill where was the Asylum of Romulus. At the head of this latter flight are the time-worn statues of Castor and Pollux, the emblems of the heroic age: at the base two beautiful lions in Egyptian granite, the monuments of the republic: near at hand are the martial trophies of Marius, the remembrancers of the civil wars: in the court on the summit stands the fine equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze,* a memento of the imperial times; and above all, crowning the Palace of the Senator of Rome, a gilded cross glitters in the sun, proclaiming that Jesus of Nazareth has triumphed over the city of the Cæsars and the gods.

The summit of the Capitol Hill is now occupied by a modern edifice, inclosing a large court on three sides, while the fourth is open northward toward the modern city. The central part of this building, which impends over the ancient Forum on the south, is the Palace of the lone Senator of Rome;† the wings on the east and west are appropriated to remains of antiquity which are under the care of conservators. Hence the inclosed court is called the *Palazzo di Conservatori*. Upon entering this court

one is struck with the magnitude of the ancient statues. Here he will see a bronze head of Commodus five feet high, which required a statue forty feet in height. There he will see a beautifully sculptured foot in fine marble, six feet and a half long, which required a statue about seventy feet in height. But that which fires the attention, and, for a moment, suspends the breath, is the only authentic statue known to exist of Julius Cæsar. It is remarkable for calmness and dignity, and recalls to the mind of the traveler the undefined but increasing impression which he at first experienced when rambling through the museums of Florence and of the Vatican, namely, that busts and statues of the renowned men of antiquity overthrow all our speculations founded on physiognomy or phrenology. We look in vain for wisdom or dignity in the head of Socrates—for vehemence or manliness in the statue of Demosthenes—for cruelty or sensuality in the head of Commodus or Nero, or for remarkable martial bearing in this statue of Cæsar.

But the great attraction in the Halls of the Conservatori is the original thunder-stricken she wolf, in bronze, with the chubby urchins, Romulus and Remus, sitting under her, and stretching up their necks, being able to get their mouths only within an inch of her dugs. The undraped boys are modern, but the wolf is ancient, and is the same mentioned by Cicero in his third oration against Cataline.

"Surely," says Cicero, "you may remember that under the consulate of Cotta and Torquatus, a great number of turrets on the Capitol were struck by lightning; that the images of the immortal gods were likewise overthrown, the statues of ancient Romans overturned, and the brazen tables of the laws melted down. Even Romulus, the founder of this city, was scorched—that gilded statue which you may remember to have seen in the Capitol, representing him an infant, sucking, and reaching at the dugs of the she wolf." How wisely has Providence ordered, that a little monument shall recall the events of thousands of years! As I stood before that time-worn statue, the whole history of Rome rose to my mind, from the hour when the overflowings of the Tiber wafted the outcast brothers to the foot of the Palatine Hill,

* This is the only one remaining of twenty-two magnificent equestrian statues, in bronze, that once adorned imperial Rome.

† Under the Papal government there is but one Senator, who is Prefect of Police.

to the time when the ambition of Cæsar triumphed over the liberties of his country, and the Forum became silent upon the death of Cicero. Upon a nearer scrutiny of the statue of the wolf, I perceived its hind legs were fractured by the thunder-stroke that fell upon it two thousand years ago. No reminiscence of the ancient Pagan world produced in me so profound a sensation as this, except the fragment of the twisted column of brass which now stands in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, upon which was placed the tripod-scat of the Pythia when she gave out her oracles at Delphi.

Turning from the thunder-riven statue of the wolf to look upon the vast collection of ancient statuary, one becomes sensible how intimately religion was connected anciently with the fine arts. The Hall of Canopus is appropriated to Egyptian sculpture, which never made any advance in variety, elegance, or boldness of design, simply because their deities were beasts and monsters which were required to be closely copied in repose. Hence there was no room for the intellect and imagination to display actions and passions, but the eye simply required an exact copy. But when the Greek was called upon to produce his god in marble, the exploits of the deity which raised him from the earth to the skies, dilated the soul and filled the imagination of the artist, and he seized upon the action and the moment which he chose to express, and thus produced the divinity in human form. This led the Greek to study the traditions of his ancestors, the laws of human thought and feeling, and the beauty and energy of design, so as to fix them in marble. Hence the terrible majesty of Jove, the dignity and delicacy of Venus, the fierce sternness of Mars, the airy lightness of Diana the huntress, the grace of Apollo, and the strength of Hercules. When they wished to exhibit several actors, they sometimes formed groups of separate statues, as the Laocoon and the Niobe; but more generally a multitude of figures, or a series of actions, were sculptured in basso-relievo upon large surfaces: at first upon the exterior of vases, then upon tombs, and finally upon triumphal arches.

Illustrations of these remarks will be found in the museums of the Capitol and Vatican, on the arches of Severus, Titus, and Constantine, and on the pillars of Trajan and Aurelius. On these were sculptured the history of some military campaign, illustrated by spoils, captives, and shackled kings. Mythology and philosophy were generally sculptured on vases and sarcophagi, while the celebrity of the individual was expressed in a single statue or bust.

In the Hall of the Urn, at the Capitol, is a sarcophagus of white marble, on which is sculptured the whole history of Achilles at Troy—his quarrel with Agamemnon, his departure from Scyros, his revenge of the death of Patroclus, with Priam supplicating

for the body of Hector. On another sarcophagus is represented the formation and destruction of man, according to the New Platonic philosophy, and on another the story of Diana and Endymion, and on a fourth the conquest of the Amazons by Theseus. Thus we see the ancients thought that "the memory of the activity of life was the best homage they could pay the dead." And who will say that they erred in this respect?

While walking amid those vast collections of ancient statuary in the museums of Italy, one feels strangely present with beings whose actions adorn the pages of fable and history; and he realizes a higher expression of human beauty than has yet been manifested in living forms, because the *beau idéal* is bodied forth without any of the depreciating accidents which mar the living specimen. As instances of this triumph of the ideal over the positive, I may mention the Venus de Medicis, which is an embodiment of modest beauty, perfectly passionless, and the Apollo Belvidere, which is a wonderful expression of agility and strength in that state of extreme tension which follows the discharge of an arrow from the bow, while the archer maintains his position, and watches the shaft as it speeds to its mark.

These triumphs of art, however great, were the deification of the human *form*, reposing in the accomplishment of some great action, or the exhibition of some great virtue. But, since Christianity has fixed the powers and empire of man in the soul, the expression of the sentiments of the heart is that which modern art endeavors. And in proportion as it is successful, it excels all that the ancients have achieved by as much as the attributes and empire of mind excel the strength and dominion of the body. The paintings of modern Italy have more power over the heart than the statuary of ancient Greece and Rome. These last awake our profound admiration and wonder, but they never reach the soul, and make us feel that we have fellowship with them, as do the works of art which Christianity has produced.

THE EMPEROR NERO.

THE name of Nero is famous over all the world. He was the sixth emperor of Rome. In early life he manifested no little intellectual ambition. Under the faithful instructions of the philosopher Seneca, he became a sound thinker, and even quite a scholar. He was, particularly, so thoroughly acquainted with the Greek language, that he could speak it as fluently and as elegantly as he could his own. His administration was far from being unpopular; but his madness against the Christian religion, and his bloody persecution of its early adherents, have cast an indelible ignominy on his name. The title of "Bloody Nero" will go down to the end of time.

THE PRESS.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THAT printing machine is a wonderful invention. Nothing could supply its place in the dissemination of knowledge. Through its agency one individual may speak to millions, not only while he lives, but when sleeping in his grave. Thoughts committed to paper, and printed in books centuries ago, are still in existence, and familiar to reading men of this generation. Thus, by the power of this simple engine, distant ages are brought together; and, with the aid of translators, men of all languages may converse and become acquainted with each other's laws, customs, and religion, through the press. When the world was dependent on scribes to multiply copies of manuscript, only limited scraps of history could be preserved, and the knowledge of them was necessarily confined to a few individuals, who might obtain access to the huge rolls of parchment on which they were written. We are indebted to the press for the abundance and cheapness of reading in this age. Had not the art of printing been discovered, "even the word of life," contained in the records of salvation, would still be locked up in the archives of the university, and read only by a few learned doctors of the law. The press, under a wise and gracious Providence, has thrown the Bible among the multitudes of common people, and made it at once the parent's companion and the child's school book. Thus, the people generally in this favored land may have access to the fountain head of knowledge, which is able to make them wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. So it is in all Protestant countries, and so it should be in all the world. To expect the people to find their way to heaven without the holy Scriptures, is as unreasonable as to require mariners to navigate the high seas without chart or compass. Every intelligent Christian can adopt the sentiment thus figuratively expressed:

"The Bible is my chart
By which the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show;
It is my chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true."

Whenever the people of any country shall be furnished with the Bible, and sufficient knowledge of letters to read it, they will soon understand their chartered rights, both as Christians and citizens, and will have courage to assert them, too, in defiance of Popes and tyrants. They, whose usurped authority rests upon the slender foundation, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," have important reasons for withholding the Bible from their deluded subjects. And, to them, nothing is more troublesome than the press: it is difficult for them to exclude from their

limited dominions all the light which it sheds upon the world around them. How important, then, is the press in multiplying copies of the sacred writings, and removing obstructions to their circulation. Just in proportion as pure Christianity progresses and prospers in the world, sound learning, civil liberty, and all the blessings of social life will advance among the nations of the earth, and no faster. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people," is as true now as it was when Solomon wrote it.

But the press, like all other benefits conferred upon man, is liable to be abused and perverted to improper use. While "the liberty of the press" is to be maintained by every Christian and patriot, care should be taken to restrain it within proper bounds. There is certainly a marked difference between the liberty of the press, and the licentiousness of it, whether viewed in the political, literary, or religious department of its operations.

The political press should teach the rights of man, expound international law, advocate the principles of our free institutions, keep the people advised of the state of commerce, and publish general intelligence. But it should never be enlisted in the cause of mobocracy, or demagoguism, or such party measures as conflict with the general good of the country; nor should it ever be degraded by dealing in slander, or personal invective, or any disgusting details of private scandal. This standard is evidently none too high. But if every political newspaper which falls below it were expunged from the catalogue, how few of them would be left. How many political papers are there in the United States which do not evince more zeal for their respective leaders and parties, than they do for their country? Which of them will not abuse a political opponent to prevent his elevation, or flatter a political friend for the remote prospect of obtaining office? Nay, which of them will not publish fulsome notices of a masquerade, a theatre, a circus, a horserace, or a tipping-house for the paltry sum of a few cents? "Straws show which way the wind blows," and these objectionable items but too clearly indicate the spirit of the political press. In vain may it attempt to reform the people until it reforms itself.

The literary press operates in a milder atmosphere, sustains a relation less exciting, and occupies a position less perilous, and, consequently, is, in a great measure, clear of the objections above-named. That it has its toils, perplexities, and discouragements to contend with, is admitted; but being free from the contaminating influence of office, and from the agitation of evil passion, it meets these difficulties calmly, patiently, and in hope of ultimate success. Beside, its toil is pleasant. What delightful labor, to store the mind with knowledge, and then employ it in erecting monuments of science, and strewing the garlands of literature along the path of

life for the benefit of those who come after. Such employment, though it may promise but little wealth, and no sensual pleasure, has the advantage of being free from the corrupting influence of vicious associations, and threatens no remorse of conscience to be endured in the evening of life. Still the literary press is only less liable to abuse than the political, and not wholly secure against it. The appetites of its readers are various, some of them quite vitiated by the use of improper aliment; hence arises a temptation to indulge their perverted taste to the injury of their judgment and general vigor of character. If proof be demanded, reference may be had to all the varieties of fiction, from the less offensive novel, down to the common-place love tale, written by a novice for some would-be literary periodical, and to the debilitating and contaminating influence which they exert upon the minds and characters of their deluded readers. All tales of wild adventure, whether in war or love, are highly injurious to young readers of both sexes. They not only lessen the inclination for study and the desire for the acquisition of useful knowledge; but they fix in the mind erroneous views of men and things, by portraying characters which never existed, and recording events which never transpired, and thus introducing them to a world very different from the one in which they live. Walker's definition of romancer is, "A liar, a forger of tales." And yet thousands of young females, whose minds are naturally sprightly and amiable, spend their days and nights in poring and weeping over these forgeries, as though they were credible and useful histories. Such a young lady has received an erroneous education. It has led her in the wrong path, and the sooner she retraces her steps the better. She is in danger of becoming an object of pity in the estimation of intelligent people. They who have encouraged her to take this delusive course in the pursuit of knowledge are justly censurable. May no one article of romance ever be allowed to disgrace the pages of the *Ladies' Repository*. It would pay a poor compliment to the judgment and literary taste of its numerous and intelligent readers, who are now happy in the enjoyment of at least one periodical, designed more especially for females, which addresses them as rational beings, teaching lessons of literature and religion calculated to improve the understanding and the heart, and in a style which is agreeable to a refined taste.

But what should be said of the religious press? Its responsibility is as much greater than that of all others, as our spiritual and eternal interests are higher than those of earth and time. Mistakes here may endanger the everlasting welfare of deathless spirits, yea, spirits redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, and already placed upon ground of possible salvation. The press which is professedly devoted to the interest of religion, should never become

entangled with any question of worldly policy, or of popular excitement, or of personal or party conflict, or angry controversy on any subject whatever. All such errors tend to weaken public confidence in the religious press, and to divert its patronage into other channels. It is worse than useless to teach religion in theory, while its teachers contradict their own principles in spirit and practice, as the conclusion which naturally follows is, their religion makes them no better than their neighbors. The common sense of mankind will estimate the real value of every system and every enterprise by its practical results. If a press, though professedly religious, kindle the fire of contention, raise the storm of angry passion, and indicate a spirit of malevolence, it will be justly regarded as an engine of evil, sowing the seeds of discord and persecution. Religion would be far better off without any press, than with one which only betrays her interest, by practically renouncing her own principles, or with any number of presses which exhaust their energies by combating one another. What folly it is for those who are professedly aiming to accomplish the same great and good object, the conversion of the world, to turn aside from their high and holy calling, and wage a war of mutual extermination. Every consistent Christian sighs and weeps over such an exhibition of human depravity. Let the religious press be restricted to its appropriate work, and it will find ample employment for all its time, strength and resources, without assuming any needless responsibility. The main design of it should be to impart a knowledge of that religion, which brings "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And whatever tends to the accomplishment of this result, should be encouraged by it. Here an almost boundless field of useful enterprise opens to view. It embraces the regular Christian ministry with all of its intense interest, the progress of revivals under the ministration of the Gospel, foreign and domestic missions, plans for the instruction of youth and childhood, sanctified learning, and all benevolent associations which have for their object the glory of God and the happiness of man. All of these interests are to be noticed, explained, defended, and encouraged, by presenting the truth in love, and in meekness of wisdom. Surely there is much land to be possessed and cultivated by the religious press before the peaceful reign of Christ shall be universally established and acknowledged. Beside, this press is expected to furnish the whole world with all the religious reading which it needs, or may need, in the form of books, duly assorted, distinguishing between the good and evil. The work is vast and increasing, both in extent and importance; but the means for its accomplishment, if not yet abundant, are at least accumulating. The gold and the silver are the Lord's, and his treasury is increasing. Presses are multiplying,

and they are moving under a full pressure of steam power, so that a copy of the Bible can be printed in a minute; and missionary ships are bearing off the Old and New covenants to heathen lands by the ton. Only let the religious press not be turned aside from its own proper work, and it will prove itself an invaluable auxiliary to the Christian ministry in subjugating the world to "the obedience of Christ," and raising it to holiness, happiness, and heaven.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

HOW IT SHOULD BE USED.

WE have described the appropriate *position* and *composition* of the domestic library. The question, *how it should be used*, remains for a brief reply.

My friend B. had recourse to his old pastor for direction in this respect, as well as in regard to the *composition* of his collection.

"The mode of using them," said the quaint divine, in his prompt, conversational style, "is plain enough: it is implied in the classification by which we have arranged them. In the first place, God's book must take precedence: it must give light to all others, as the sun does to the planets. Give the family every day a little of the pure wheat. This can be done at the domestic devotions. Never read a whole chapter at those times—such a course soon becomes monotonous and common-place; and, in most instances, you would find that your children could not tell you, one hour afterward, what was the subject of the lesson. They need something to fix the attention and excite reflection. Take, then, a *small portion* of the word—have *comments* upon all difficult texts and *practical reflections* at the end. This is the mode to which I was brought up, and I owe to it many of my best and strongest impressions of the divine word. It is the almost universal custom in English families. The very best book for the purpose is Doddridge's Family Expositor of the New Testament. It is chronologically arranged. It gives you a paraphrase of the passage by the side of the translation. It critically defines the text, and then practically applies it; and it is full of the heavenly savor of the doctrines of grace, with as little as possible of their metaphysics. Besides all these considerations, the sections are brief. Dividing thus the word into small morsels, and thoroughly digesting it, will be infinitely more advantageous than to read long chapters mechanically and hastily. Very nourishing food should never be taken in large quantities. If you have time, you can hardly do better than to add, also, one of Jay's sweet exercises to each lesson. They are like the manna that dropped from heaven."

The venerable pastor showed his sectarian predilections in his authors; but the choice is excellent.

Methodist families, however, will find in Dr. A. Clarke as good a *critical* commentator as could be wished, (waiving a few learned whims,) and in Benson a rich practical expositor. It is to be regretted, nevertheless, that we have no commentary particularly adapted to family use, like Doddridge's Expositor.

"And now then," resumed the pastor, "as to the general list: let us look at it. Here are the dramas, the 'fictions,' and the poets. I know not that much system is requisite about the first two. I would let the young folks read them at their leisure, or at their whims. Let them *begin* with these, and at first keep away from their discernment your design or plan; for if they get an early inkling of it, they will see in it the routine and drudgery of a domestic school, and your trouble and expense will probably be in vain. Put, then, Robinson Crusoe, Rasselas, Goldsmith's Vicar, or Bunyan's Pilgrim, in their way, as by accident, and when once they catch at the sweet bait, they will not soon drop it. In due time you can draw them by the line whither you please. As to the dramas, Joanna Baillie's are excellent illustrations of the passions, and can be read at casual intervals. Hannah More's should be read in connection with the loved narratives which they illustrate, at the times when you reach them in the historical course, which we will discuss directly. Select ones from Shakspeare, if you use him at all, should come into the same course, at such points as will render them illustrative, or at least embellishing comments on the characters of the narrative. Never, however, have Shakspeare read in your family without first reading the drama selected yourself, and even then you will be perplexed to keep the cheeks of your children from blushes. I still adhere to my former advice respecting him. Perhaps the best course for a Christian family is to turn him, 'neck and heels,' out of the library. Many would call such treatment orthodox bigotry, or downright barbarism; but, though Shakspeare is an archangel of mind, remember archangels have been turned out of heaven. A man's family should be his empyreum, and his children its cherubim. Sacrifice any thing for the purity of your children.

"As to the poets, I have no other plan in respect to them than that they should be read, as far as convenient, first, in *chronological order*, beginning with guarded specimens from Chaucer, and the other earlier bards, as you will find them in specimen collections, and including the whole of Milton, Spencer, Thompson, Young, Cowper, &c., down to the latest acknowledged poets. Their subjects and styles are so various, that they cannot be classified. A chronological series will, however, exhibit the successive periods of the English muse, and will open to the mind a perspective of poetical scenery as varied and as rich as any language affords. Second. The poets should be read in connection with their biographies

and the critical works which relate to them. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* is the best of his works, and perhaps the best accompaniment to their productions which the language contains. He gives hearty vent to his prejudices and constitutional 'choler,' as in the sketch of Milton; but his criticisms are masterly, and none more so than those of that very sketch.

"Next come the biographical and historical departments of the collection, and these should be mostly blended in use. Biography is the history of individuals, and history the biography of nations. You may have the closest system here, and yet boundless variety. First in the series should come the historical portions of the Scriptures in chronological order. *Townsend's* arrangement is the work for the purpose. Then take *Josephus*, who will repeat, but also illustrate and extend the Scriptural narrative. *Prideaux's Connections* should follow, showing the relations of the Old and New Testaments to the history of the Jews and neighboring nations. Here you can pause and take a general retrospect of the ancient states. *Rollin* is not the greatest historian who has treated of them; but he is sufficiently accurate; and the high moral tone and general simplicity of his volumes, render them perhaps the most acceptable book of the kind yet given to popular readers. *Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* should follow; but it must be read with care: it is a wonderful combination of eloquence, criticism, wit, history, theology, truth, and falsehood. You can easily guard against his skepticism; but take special care against his obscenity. He has shown, in his great work, a character as petty as his intellect is grand.

"At this point of the course we approach the middle ages, when the Church absorbed and characterized every thing. It is a good position, therefore, from which to contemplate its progress and agency. *Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History* is the best work for the purpose—after him to be *Hallam's Middle Ages*, an elaborate and difficult production, but indispensable to a right view of those marvelous times. Then should follow *James' History of Chivalry*, *Robertson's History of Charles V.*, *Blunt's History of the Reformation*, [*D'Aubigne's* should now be substituted by all means,] *Hume's History of England*, *Neal's History of the Puritans*, *Robertson's History of the Discovery and Settlement of America*, *Irving's Columbus*, and *Botta's History of the United States*.

"A large catalogue," continued the pastor; "but remember you are planning for several years. And now let me remind you that your biographical list is to be woven into this historical outline, as far as may be. For instance, when reading *Rollin*, refer often to *Plutarch's Lives*—while passing through the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, or the sixth century of *Mosheim*, bring in a good biography of

Mohammed—in the *History of the Reformation*, to be as episodes, biographies of the individual reformers, as Wickliffe, Luther, Melancthon, &c.—in the *History of the United States*, turn to *Marshall's Washington*, *Wirt's Patrick Henry*, the *Lives of Hamilton, Jay*, &c. Can you conceive of a field of more abundant and more varied intellectual entertainment than such a course of historical reading? And yet this is but one channel—the direct one, to be sure—of the current of time, strewn with the splendid wrecks of nations. There are numerous collateral streams of perhaps greater because minuter interest, such as the individual histories of Spain, Scotland, Switzerland, Italy, &c. These you can trace as you find time and have disposition."

We would not propose, at this later day, any very material change in the pastor's historical outline, except the addition of a few more recent authors: for example, between *Robertson's History of the Discovery and Settlement of America* and *Irving's Columbus*, we would introduce *Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella*, between *Irving* and *Botta*, *Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*, and instead of, or at least beside *Botta*, to be *Grahame's* or *Bancroft's History of the United States*. In a former conversation the pastor highly commended *Tytler's General History*. We suppose he would have it used as a comprehensive review of the above course, or as a handy compendium for reference, as he nowhere designates it in the course. His object was to interest young and rather repugnant minds, and text-books must be kept in the back-ground in such an experiment.

By thus presenting the pastor's method with history, we have sufficiently illustrated his entire plan, and need not refer to its application to the other departments of the collection. The capital idea of the old divine was, that *system* should characterize the use of the books to the greatest practicable extent. "The great rule," said he, "of successful reading, or study, is *method* and *reviewing*, and the plan I have suggested will furnish both—the first quite vigorously, the second really, though not apparently; for the successive books in the series will generally furnish a partial retrospect as well as continuation of each other; and then you have here, also, such a variety as must be congenial with the most versatile taste."

We repeat, what we acknowledged in a former number, namely, that most of our readers will, doubtless, pronounce the pastor's list and method both adapted only to special cases, such as are furnished with ample means and leisure; but we will not heed the objection. We have not been prescribing for *what is the actual position* of the domestic library in most instances, but for *what it should be*; and we contend that, though the good pastor's standard is, in some particulars, above ordinary practicability—as all models should be somewhat ideal, in order to exalt the *real* above what would otherwise

be its altitude—yet most of the volumes included in his catalogue, or, at least, nearly as good substitutes, are within the reach of families of middling competence; and no very considerable annual appropriation would, in a few years, place in any such family this invaluable *intellectual furniture*—a source of most salutary influence, of delightful entertainment, and purest joy to all its members.

BIBLE SKETCHES.

BY REV. THOMAS FOX.

CREATION.

WHAT scenes of deep and thrilling interest must have been unfolded to angels as they lingered around the morning-of creation? And could they leave their lofty habitation and commune with mortals, with what delight should we listen to their instructions—with what pleasurable emotions would we gather around them as they related the genesis of time—as they described those progressive acts of the great Jehovah when he called this universe into being!

But though this privilege is denied us—though no ancient one, “whose hoary locks have swept the feet of Deity,” may break the silence that encompasses the past, yet we may turn to the oracles of truth, and from their silent yet responsive pages read, in miniature, the world’s history. Here we learn that “the things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.” There was not merely a remodeling of previously existing matter, but a *creation* in the proper sense of the term. God, by his omnific word, spake, and matter from nonentity appeared. What exalted ideas of the Supreme does this suggest! Who else can create? All the men and angels in the universe could not produce one particle of matter. How sublimely grand is the Almighty’s reference to this fact when addressing astonished Job out of the whirlwind, “Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who hath laid the corner-stone thereof: when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”

But matter was produced only in its elementary state. Other attributes of Jehovah, besides omnipotence, were to be exhibited in the workmanship of his hands. Wisdom and goodness were to be blended with power in this visible display of his glory. Chaos first appeared, or, in the language of one of the heathen poets, among whom traces of Bible truth are frequently found,

“One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass;
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed
Of jarring seeds, and justly chaos named.”

Soon the spirit moved upon the inert mass, and gave to it vitality—gave to it, if we may use the expression, *mineral life*. Probably this was the commencement of motion, that mysterious something, which equally proves the existence and power of a great First Cause.

Again the fiat went forth, and the principle of light, and, also, probably of heat, was ushered into existence. And here, as elsewhere, we perceive the correspondence between the sacred record and true philosophy. Revelation informs us that light existed before the sun took his place in the firmament; and that this luminary was subsequently appointed merely as a “*light-bearer*.”

How exactly does this accord with matter of fact! Philosophy teaches us that there is latent light pervading all substances; and that the sun is in itself a dark body surrounded by a luminous appendage, making it emphatically a light-bearer to surrounding worlds. Earth now received its diurnal motion, by which day and night succeed each other. But how wonderful is this motion! Who can account for it? Have we not here a striking display of the continued and pervading energy of the great I Am?

The work went on. Ocean’s capacious bed was formed, and filled with the yielding wave. Rills, and brooks, and rivers commenced their meandering course, and murmured forth the praise of Him who bade them flow. While the dry land which now peered in majesty above the watery flood gradually acquired a suitable consistency for its destined use.

The surrounding firmament, clarified from vapors and exhalations, became a proper medium for the transmission of light, and for the operation of those great laws by which the machinery of the material universe was to be governed.

As yet no vegetation appeared—no trees, nor plants, nor flowers, adorned the hills, or decked the plains. Another act was now unfolded in the mighty drama—another kingdom was added to creation’s domain—another step was taken in the ascending scale of Jehovah’s works. At the Almighty’s bidding, grass, and herbs, and trees sprang into being, and robed with more than vestal loveliness the virgin world.

What scenes of beauty were now revealed to the heavenly visitants, as they flitted through the amaranthine bowers, or perched on the life-imparting trees of Eden!

But still the work was incomplete: another department was requisite to finish the scheme. Amid all this variegated fragrance, and grandeur, and beauty, there were none to enjoy—none to adore. Earth was not the home of angels; another and higher form of life was now awakened into being. The seas were filled with sportive tribes of delighted existences; the groves were vocal with richly plumed songsters, while the forests and valleys teemed with animated life. Still the climax was wanting: an

intelligent being to govern and to adore, as well as to enjoy. To summon such a being into existence a council of the Trinity was held, denoting the important work about to be executed. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." This compound being composed of matter and spirit wondrously united, was the connecting link between earth and heaven—between the material and spiritual world. His very nature designated him for higher enjoyments and nobler employments than earth could afford. It proved him designed for the companionship of angels, and of God. Man stood forth at the head of creation as God's vicergerent upon earth, "made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor."

God surveyed the finished work, and pronounced it very good. It was good in the abstract, and good in the concrete. Every part was appropriate, and adapted to the end for which it was designed; and the whole presented one harmonious and beautiful unity, speaking forth the invisible glories and eternal Godhead of the great Original.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

—
BY MRS. SARAH A. HOBART.

GRAVE, where those moldering relics lie,
Which once a mother's heart enshrined,
Thou art the dearest spot to me
That in earth's wilderness I find.

Oft when amidst life's varied woes,
Oppressed with grief the heart has bled,
Pensive I've sought thy blest repose,
The lone and silent tear to shed.

But when on memory's page I trace
What thou hast been in life to me,
O, then, all minor woes are lost
In that one grief of losing thee.

I muse upon thy tender care,
Thy deep, untiring, watchful love,
Which it was once my joy to share,
Ere yet thy spirit soar'd above.

Friendship's fair flowers may bloom for me,
And I a brilliant wreath may twine,
And gems of consanguinity
May in the rosy chaplet shine;

But that bright link, a mother's love,
Since severed from affection's chain,
I ne'er may hope its bliss to prove,
Or bind the broken link again.

Thine was the heart of sympathy,
That ever felt another's woe;
And in the cup of misery,
Ever some cordial drop would throw.

And thine the patient faith that still
Meekly endured affection's rod,
As seeing Him, invisible,
And bowed submissively to God.

Oft I have sought thy silent bed
At twilight's meditative hour;
When day's departing beam had shed
A softened light on vale and bower.

And as upon thy place of rest
The star of eve its radiance threw,
Methought the spirit of the blest
Might linger there the scene to view.

And if an heir of bliss divine,
Through grace, thy child may hope to be,
Perchance the office may be thine,
To guard me by thy ministry.

Though dead, thou hast a language still,
Which e'en the inmost soul can reach,
As well as if its mystic thrill
Was borne upon the wing of speech.

It bids me raise my thoughts above
Earth's anxious cares and empty toys,
To that bright atmosphere of love
That's beaming with celestial joys.

Thy grave shall be the hallowed shrine,
Where oft to Heaven my prayer shall rise;
And may that blessedness be mine
At last to meet thee in the skies.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT, DYING THE DAY IT
WAS BORN.

—
BY SOLIA.

THERE sleeps beneath this marble tomb,
A little flower, that 'gan to bloom,
But withered ere the even;

For came the giant wizard, Death,
And stole away its fragrant breath,
As bees the sweets of flowers.

It was a gentle little thing,
Like violets, that bloom in spring,
Within some pleasant meadow.

It gently smil'd a time or two,
And oped its eye of liquid blue,
But not on earthly sorrow.

We wept not o'er its flow'ry bier:
Why should we shed a single tear,
That it had flown to heaven?

Its mother lost an evening star:
Its gains indeed were greater far—
It 'scaped to-morrow.

DOING GOOD.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"Who went about doing good."

IN redeeming a promise made to the readers of the Repository some months since, we must notice several considerations for doing good. Among these, we urge,

1. *That doing good is a test of Christian character.* Some profess to be good, while they seem to think nothing of *doing* good: they seem to suppose that real goodness may be possessed without furnishing any evidence of its possession in the life. Such are greatly mistaken—"not knowing the Scriptures." They are building on a wrong foundation—their superstructure will fall; and, whatever goodness they may imagine they have, they will utterly fail in obtaining the reward of the "good and faithful servant." In order to be made "ruler over many things," we must be "faithful over a few things." Eternal joys are suspended on our fidelity—a fidelity for life. A profession, if it is what it ought to be, is good. We ought thus to profess; but that we possess what we profess, must be demonstrated in the life. "By their fruits ye shall know them." How illustrative and striking the figure! "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit." Here, then, is the test of Christian character—one fixed by the Savior himself—a test demonstrative of the wisdom of God, and highly beneficial and honorable to the universe. The Christian character, then, will be known. Its "fruits," or a course of well-doing, will declare it. "A man's works," says one, "are the *tongue* of his *heart*, and tell honestly whether he is inwardly corrupt or pure." Some may have mistaken the true test, and substituted for it the common standard of piety in some given place, or the views and opinions of others respecting them, or their own views respecting themselves; but all these will not avail, for "by their *fruits*"—*such* fruits as God requires—they shall be known. These will *speak*, and they will speak so as not to be misunderstood. From them a verdict will be rendered, and that, in most cases, will be correct. Look at the lives of Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce, Martin, Mrs. Fletcher, and a host of others, whose praise is in all the Churches. How strikingly did their lives exhibit the genuineness of their piety! They were devoted to the good of their fellow-men—to the welfare of the race. They were benefactors of mankind. Their character was not misunderstood, though efforts may have been made to destroy or shade it. Yet even these may have contributed to its more full development, and to a greater exhibition of its glory. Their abundant labors for the good of mankind will be referred to as evidence of their piety—their love to God and man through all coming time.

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Would you, then, present to the world the surest test of genuine piety, *labor to do good*. Would you convince the world of the honesty and sincerity of your motives, "always abound in the work of the Lord." Would you stand acquitted before the last tribunal, "be not weary in well-doing." Remember that it is by "patient continuance in well-doing, we seek for glory, honor, eternal life," and that "blessed are they that keep his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

2. *We are furnished with means and seasons for doing good.* How numerous are the means placed within the reach of every Christian for this purpose! "To him the sea rather unites than separates the various portions of the globe; the forests of a thousand hills are ready to furnish barks to convey him to the ends of the earth, the fibres of plants to form his canvas, and the mystic powers of the magnet to direct his course." All our powers are instruments for doing good. These are numerous, and are capable of great usefulness. Every power of mind, such as reason, judgment, will, memory, and imagination—every power of the body, the senses, the eye, the ear, the tongue—these may all be made to do much for the good of the world. Says a very excellent writer, "Every man has some power to be useful in doing good, either to contrive plans of benevolence, or to labor in their execution—either to encourage them by his influence, or to support them by his contributions—either to assist them by his example, or to further them by his prayers. Every man is of value in proportion to the use to which he can be put, or to the good which he can do. Jesus Christ went about doing good, and the good which he accomplished in his short career was immense. Yet the powers which he had, as instruments for doing good, were just such as we have. When he went about doing good, he was in the likeness of sinful flesh—his body having the same infirmities as ours, his feet as liable to weariness as ours, his heart as liable to be distressed as ours, his sense of hunger and thirst as enfeebling as ours, his feelings under opposition, reproach, and pain as keen as ours; and yet what large amount of good did he achieve with such powers as we have! Why cannot we employ our bodies and minds like him? The same powers which we employ in amassing wealth, in attaining rank, or procuring fame, he employed in doing good. Were we to employ our present powers as he did, we would do good as he did, and we would 'walk, even as he walked,' in labor and usefulness."

In the revolutions of Providence we are furnished with seasons for usefulness. These seasons are abundant. Perhaps they are furnished by national prosperity or adversity—by the political movements of nations—by the loss or acquisition of property by individuals—by the sickness and death of acquaintances, and by the various calamities with

which we are often visited, which bring great distress upon families, communities, and sometimes upon the country. Providence is now opening doors of usefulness before us. Will we enter them? Such is the present state of society, that access may be had to almost all countries, and communities, with benevolent efforts. Nearly every condition of man may be reached, and a salutary influence exerted over all classes. Here is abundant room for the exercise of every power of mind and body in doing good. Here we may put forth all our energies with the prospect of a glorious success. But these opportunities for usefulness will not always exist. With some of us, they will soon be passed. We should seize them with avidity, lest they pass neglected, or misimproved. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in thy hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbor, go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee." By thus neglecting to do good in the proper season, the favorable opportunity may slip, and when once gone, perhaps gone for ever. What fearful risks we often run by neglects of this kind! We are taught to "do good as we have opportunity." Whenever an opportunity presents itself, then is the time to work. One maxim of Him who "went about doing good" was, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work." And the wise man instructs us to do with our "might whatsoever our hand findeth to do."

3. *Doing good is the special work of the Christian.* The sun was created to shine, the rivers to flow; but it is equally true, that the Christian is "created unto good works." For what did the Savior give himself for us? The answer is given by an inspired apostle: "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, *zealous of good works.*" And we are further divinely taught, that "we are not our own, but bought with a price; therefore, we should glorify God in our body and spirit, which are his." Doing good is the peculiar and characteristic work of the Christian. To this he should direct all his energies. Having unreservedly consecrated all his time and talents to the good of man, he feels that to sacrifice, to suffer, to labor, either at home or abroad, in heathen lands or in the fields, already, to some extent, enriched by the blessings of the Gospel, is his greatest delight. His lips, as if touched with sacred fire, speak forth the Redeemer's praise. His works, steady, consistent, and persevering, declare that his great business is to do good; that this is his proper individuality; that to bless his family, his kindred, to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed, to scatter the blessings of peace and happiness among his fellow-men generally, and to spread the triumphs of the cross in the world, is the all-moving interest of his soul. Like a highly useful minister now in the

itinerant ranks, and occupying an important post of usefulness, he can exclaim, "Let me live to do all in my power to give this world one turn round to God!" Labor on, then, fellow-Christian, though storms and trials severe await you. Let your watchword like that of Napoleon's general, be, *onward!* Grace shall be given you equal to your day, and when your work is done, how peaceful the issue! The odor of your name shall then be sweet, and your memory shall be blessed!

With another communication on the subject, kind readers, I will dismiss the theme for the present, hoping it may be resumed by abler hands.

MY MOTHER.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

MOTHER, what pure, what hallowed associations linger around thy name! Thou wert the joy of my life, ere thou departed; and even now thou hast a sure abiding place in the halls of memory. Years may change all things else—time may consign them to the dark chambers of oblivion—the remembrance of friends may become dim, and every vestige of many whom we have known and loved may be effaced from the tablet of memory; but thy dear image will never depart. At the call of busy fancy, it will start up with life-like vividness before me—years vanish as by some magic spell—the cares and toils of manhood are all forgotten—I live no longer in the present; but I dwell in the bright, the sunny past—I become again a creature of pure feelings and impulses—a very child.

Mother, it was thy voice which, in infancy, hushed me to rest, before the stain of sin had fallen on my soul, or guilt had sullied the purity of my young spirit. It was at thy side I first learned to liep forth my infantile prayer, to clasp the hand, to bow the knee, and, with child-like simplicity and sincerity, to take into my mouth the holiest words. Thy lips taught me those lessons of virtue, which all the waywardness of after years has failed wholly to efface; for when temptation spread around me her blandishments, when folly, in its myriad forms, presented itself before me, the remembrance of thy teaching, like a guardian angel, would waken the better feelings of my heart, and lead me, even when partially estrayed, from sin and folly to repentance and tears.

Yet she has departed. The light of her eye has faded, and the music of her gentle voice has been hushed in the silence of the tomb. But, though dead, she still speaks; and, even now, there is no name on earth which can raise in my bosom such varied emotions. Her reproofs, while living, have often melted me into tears; and yet the remembrance of any unkindness, or youthful waywardness of mine, will cast a gloom over my spirit.

But far more powerful than her living words are those which seem at times to rise from the dwelling place of the dead—words which strike not the outward ear, but which are heard in the inmost recesses of the heart. I have heard those words stealing over my spirit, amid the sounds of mirth and revelry, when my heart was elate with joy—when I had almost yielded to the syren voice of pleasure, and, intoxicated with delight, had nearly become her willing captive. I have then turned away from the gay throng to hide the feelings which were busy at my heart, and the tear that was trembling in my eye. I have left such scenes as at an angel's bidding—from the noise of revelry, to think on the lessons that my mother once taught me. I have heard those low, soft tones come stealing upon me, at the solemn hour of midnight, filling my mind with pure and holy thoughts—my heart with emotions too deep for utterance. At such moments, I have looked forth on the quiet face of heaven, studded with its innumerable stars, which, though silent, seemed speaking to me of peace and purity, and which, by their distance from this sin-stained earth, appeared fit abodes for spirits like hers.

With tearful eye I have often turned from a scene like this, with my feelings purified and my heart made better, by this secret and silent communion. I could not repress the thought, that, if happy spirits can look down on the abodes of guilt and sorrow, hers, at such a moment, would cast a look from its radiant sphere, and whisper to my spirit to meet her among the blest, where the blighting influences of sin and sorrow are for ever unknown—where peace and purity have their eternal abode.

Mother, though departed, thy grave is to me a silent monitor. It bids me remember the lessons thou hast taught—to practice the virtues thy example placed before me—to follow on to the bright world which is now the home of thy spirit. Mother! watcher of my helpless infancy! dear counselor of my riper years! the remembrance of thee shall never depart—no pursuit, however dear—honor, wealth, or fame, shall ever cause me to forget; but, amid fortune's smiles, or the chill blasts of adversity, flushed by bright hopes, or depressed by "corroding cares," thou shalt ever be a resting-place, on which memory shall often delight to linger.

Mother! dearest name on earth! name ever to be cherished while life shall last, as thy name was first uttered by my lips in infancy, in the final hour, my last look shall be up to God—my last thought of heaven and thee.

SOMETHING SINGULAR.

It is a singular fact, which we have never seen referred to, that the word *truth* does not occur in Richardson's great dictionary, on which more than one man spent his life.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

BY DELTA.

THE great object of pursuit at the present day is happiness, and after it the world has, as it were, gone mad. The young especially, as is natural, are the most eager and persevering in the race. We may well pause for a moment or two to inquire what it is they have in view; for many, as they grasp the phantasy of their imagination, discern naught but a horrid skeleton, and turn away with loathing and disgust, or, maddened by long delay, rush recklessly on, and sink into the debauchee's, the criminal's, or the drunkard's grave. We may succeed in delineating a few of the features of this creature of fancy, and in tracing its aspect when stripped of its outward habiliments; then turn to a fairer object, and picture a fairer scene.

Where do we find the so-called pleasure of the world? Ask the ambitious man of the origin of his enjoyment. He will point you to the thousands who have been plunged, by the musket's or cannon's dread messenger, by the glistening bayonet, or the sweeping charge of the heavy cavalry, in a moment, from this world to another. Whether they met an angry or a smiling Judge concerns not him. Suppose you point him to the vast crowd of widows and orphans, made such by the death of those who marched to battle at his command—he laughs you to scorn, and only replies that the blood of those so earnestly lamented has formed a stream large and deep enough to waft his vessel of fame to the desired haven. Alas! why will men erect trophies and monuments to ambitious men, and reckon up, with eager zeal, the number of their slain? Is it because they regard not the cry of wounded, disgraced, and suffering humanity?

Put the question to the rich man, "Whence springs thy enjoyment?" He will point you to the slave-ship, laden with miserable human beings, whose souls are as immortal as his own, and the offerings of whose hearts are, we may safely imagine, far more acceptable in the eye of an avenging Deity. He will point you to the miner's humble cot, where scarcely can the necessities of life be procured, and the luxuries which superabound in his halls, are never seen. He will show you the sot, who spends his all to gratify the fiendish appetite to which he ministers.

Go to the man of pleasure, who avows as his only object in life the pursuit of worldly enjoyment. "What is the origin and end of thy happiness?" Can you not discern the halls of the *fashionable* drinking establishment? Do not the soft and tender note of the lute, and the delicious melody of the guitar inwrap your senses, and blind you to the past, the present, and the future? Do not the palaces and villas, adorned with the productions of every clime, and embellished with the finest efforts of art and

genius, "the crimson trappings that blush around guilty scenes," the splendors of the receiving-room, or the robes of state, satisfy you that *he* enjoys true pleasure? If not, follow him elsewhere. See you, through the windows of yonder cottage, a small circle in tears? Whence are they? The man of pleasure has been there, and the old father's comfort and mother's reliance has been torn away. Is it to honor and dignity that she is borne? No! to shame and disgrace. Are you still unconvinced? Follow farther. You will encounter the gay dance and maddening waltz, the hazard-table, the gambler's hell, the hospital, and the gloomy prison. Still farther. The demon of remorse pierces his heart, and he descends to the last low resting-place of the drunkard; or the halter, the pistol, or the keen-edged knife affords him the quietus of his despair, and he sinks into the suicide's grave.

"These are not the only features of worldly pleasures. Surely there are others, and more attractive."

There are other scenes. But who will condemn, in good conscience, the dram-seller, and release the one who fritters away his existence in idle conversation, or indolently wastes his mind and strength over the last novel? Utter prostration of the physical system follows the latter, together with a total inability of the moral powers to concentrate their efforts in times of the least or greatest danger. It requires the almighty power of God to arouse the one who has been *accustomed* to bathe in the Lethæan pool of amusement in its mildest form.

But let us turn. The great object of every one should be "to be good and happy." How the worldling pursues this object we have seen somewhat. But we may rest assured, that the only foundation of that true and elevated pleasure, which only is worth the name, is "to live for others." Every position of life we assume, every plan we form or carry into effect, will disclose whether we live for ourselves or others. None waste so much their energies as those who decide to live for themselves. The bleakest, barrenest island of the ocean yields support to man in some form or another—the fisherman's cot is built upon the narrow sandbar. Shall man live for himself?

One of the great modern female writers declares three great enemies, or rather *hinderances* of pleasure to be, selfishness, indolence, and vanity. Rid ourselves of these, and the paths of true pleasure will be plainer.

If we are employed in deeds of benevolence and charity, where will be our selfishness?—in passing from house to house, contributing a share of the abundant blessings the Father has bestowed, what time will there be for indolence? As we visit those who are lowly, and who, by the providence of God, are in trying circumstances, but, in the midst of all, rely confidently in Him who has suffered them to be in affliction, can we be vain of external blessings?

Benevolence is, then, a great promoter of true pleasure. The influence of each one is great, and will be greater as each shows himself capable of feeling a fellow's woes, and sharing in his cares. The messenger seems indeed an angel of mercy, distributing to all alike the dews which from her airy pinions fall. Where this seems to be most the case, I cannot tell, so much brilliancy spreads itself around the every action of such a one. In joy or sorrow we still claim a share, while under our influence the sun of prosperity shines all the more brilliantly, and the clouds of misfortune yield to disclose a sky beaming with the bright and invigorating rays of hope.

"Life, like a golden land, stretched out before us,
And Love, and Hope, bright angels, sitting o'er us."

These are the things which give zest to our lives.

Another source is study. Here we have enjoyed ourselves, and will fly to the fount of knowledge to quench the thirst which the gayety and folly of the world cannot slake. It remains with us to decide whether we will improve the talents given us by the Disposer of all things, or resort to means which the world employ to murder time. Is the ignorant being, who, wrapped in all the vice and degradation consequent upon his state, seeks and clings to mean pursuits with care and ardor, a person whom we would single from the crowd as happy? Who would exchange their situation, in this enlightened country, where they enjoy the benefits which Knowledge, spreading her golden wings, has showered upon them, for that of the ignorant Hindoo, who throws her offspring into the muddy Ganges, and lingers, with idolatrous delight, until the bloody jaws of the crocodile rise above the tarnished wave? Who, that has pursued the ennobling path of knowledge, culling honey from each enchanting flower of wisdom, has lingered with delight upon the enraptured pages of Cowper, or the sublime verses of Milton or Young, has perused the precepts of Locke, of Brown, or of Alison, and has, by their influence, been enabled to turn over the mournful pages of the past, or the brighter ones of the future, reaping equal benefit from each, would exchange with the eastern wife, who builds the funeral pile of her husband, ascends the summit, and, beholding the child of her bosom apply the death-torch, welcomes the flame? Well may we turn and listen to the cry of Wisdom, as she declares, "My ways are ways of pleasantness, my paths are paths of peace." She leads us where the joys of refined social life cluster around us, and bestows upon us true pleasure with no stinted hand.

Nothing below can surpass—nothing equal the joys of religion. But too many others have shown its beauties and charms. Suffice it to say, that it alone will soothe *all* our sorrows, and

"Make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

May not this pursuit of happiness be engaged in with profit? It is surely as easy in the prime of life

to pursue that which is pure and true, as that which is false and fading. This leads to misery and pain, and finally to endless woe. That contains the only flowers of peace that bloom for human kind. This fills with anticipations never to be realized, and disappointment only inflicts the severer pang. That teaches us to look to the interests of others, and finally leads to the harbor of repose, where the gentle gales of Eden waft endless enjoyments, and the soul is filled with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

Kind reader, which course do you choose to pursue?

LADY JANE GREY.

(BEHEADED, 1554.)

BY G. F. DISNEY, A. M.

THE last words of that youthful and amiable monarch, Edward VI, were, "O, Lord God, deliver me out of this most miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen." His piety and evangelical principles are unquestionable; and it was the chief concern of his last illness, to secure the progress of the Reformation after his death. Hence, he was persuaded by his ministers to make the Lady Jane Grey his immediate successor. Fatal act! At this moment, there were no fewer than four princesses, who could assert their pretensions to the crown, whilst Lady Jane Grey founded hers upon the will only of the late king in her own favor, and she accepted the regal honors with greater reluctance than she soon resigned them. This she did in the short space of ten days, and retired, with her mother, to their home in Leicestershire.

That bigoted Romanist, Mary Tudor, was now on the throne, and soon Lady Jane, her father, the Duke of Suffolk, with Lord Guildford Dudley, her husband, were made prisoners by her orders. The resentment of the bloody Queen was to be appeased, and, accordingly, sentence of death was pronounced against Lady Jane Grey and her lord. Neither of them had yet reached their seventeenth year. How youthful and how innocent thus to suffer!

This celebrated royal lady soon exchanged the throne for a scaffold, and her golden sceptre for the executioner's axe; but these trials were her infinite gain, in that crown immortal and throne immutable, reserved for all who die expecting salvation alone through the mercy of God, and the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Two days before her execution, Queen Mary sent Dr. Feckenham, the royal chaplain, to prepare her for the solemn event, or, in other words, to convert her to Popery. She was evidently more than his equal, both in Scripture and argument. Still she declined carrying on the discussion, saying that her time was too short for

controversy. When the chaplain renewed his labors, the meek and pious sufferer added, "that she was prepared to receive patiently her death in any manner it would please the Queen to appoint. True it was, her flesh shuddered, as was natural to frail mortality, but her spirit would spring rejoicingly into the eternal light, when she hoped the mercy of God would receive it." This beautiful and pious passage to Queen Mary is very touching, and has been unrecorded by most historians.

She gave an instance of uncommon fortitude the very morning on which her execution took place, in declining to have an interview with her husband, who was to suffer just before her. Such a parting, she observed, might discompose them, and was unnecessary, as they would shortly meet in a better world. No one doubted the innocence of her intentions. Upon the scaffold she declared them, lamented only that her life had not been more spiritual and divine, and rejoiced, at the same time, in the prospect of her approaching and never ending felicity. Calling upon the spectators to witness that she died with these hopes, she was disrobed by her attendants, and, with a serene countenance, submitted to execution. The public death of this amiable, innocent, and royal lady, and her young husband, will ever increase the bloody stains upon the reign of a female sovereign who signed the martyrdom of Hooper, John Rogers, Ridley, the venerable Latimer, and Cranmer!

Lady Jane Grey was strongly attached to the Reformers; and although only sixteen years of age, her mind must have been most highly cultivated. Archam, Elizabeth's tutor, upon one occasion, found Lady Jane reading Plato in Greek, whilst the rest of the family were pursuing the pleasures of the field; and she assured him, that the writings of the old Grecian philosopher afforded her more amusement than the most refined sensual pleasures. She was well instructed in Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. On her way to the place of execution, she met the officers of the Tower bearing to the grave the headless body of her husband. She looked on his corpse for sometime, and then wrote three sentences upon her tablets—one in Greek, another in Latin, and the third in English, importing her hope that the Almighty and posterity would do him and their cause justice.

The evening before she was beheaded in the Tower, she sent a letter to her sister, Lady Katharine, written upon the blank leaf of a Greek Testament, and in that language. This volume she bequeathed as a legacy to her. And the following is a translation of the letter itself, clearly exhibiting the genuine piety of its author—her reverence for the word of God—her earnest concern for the spiritual welfare of her sister, and her holy submission to the stroke of death. The precious memorial well deserves to be remembered, and often recorded. It is a brilliant

gem that should sparkle in the pages of the Ladies' Repository.

"I have sent you, my dear sister Katharine, a book which, though it be not externally adorned with gold, or the curious embroidery of the most artful needles, yet internally it is of more value than all the precious mines the wide world can boast of. It is the book, my only, best, and best-beloved sister, of the law of our great Redeemer. It is the testimony and last will which he bequeathed to us wretches and wretched sinners, to lead us in the path of eternal happiness; and if you read it with an attentive mind, and an earnest desire of following its precepts, it will surely bring you to immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live and learn you to die; it will win you more, and endow you with greater felicity, than you could have gained by possessing the estates of our afflicted father; and, as you would have inherited his honors and estates, had the Almighty prospered his undertakings, so, if you apply diligently to this book, laboring to direct your life according to the rule it contains, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous can withdraw from you, the thief steal, nor the moth corrupt. Desire with David, my best sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God. Live still to die, that you may, by death, obtain eternal life; and trust not the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your days; for all hours, times, and seasons, are alike to the Almighty, when he calleth; and blessed are they whose lamps are furnished when he cometh: the Lord will be equally glorified in the young as in the old. My good sister, once more let me entreat you to learn to die. Deny the world, defy the devil, despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, but do not despair; be strong in faith, but do not presume; and desire, with St. Paul, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, with whom, even in death, there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waiting, lest when death stealeth upon you like a thief in the night, you be found sleeping with the servants of darkness; and lest for want of oil, like the five foolish virgins, you be refused admittance to the marriage supper; or, like him who had not on the wedding garment, be cast into outer darkness.

"Rejoice in the Redeemer of mankind, as I trust you do; and as you have taken the name of a Christian, follow, as near as possible, the steps, and be a true imitator of your great master, Christ Jesus; take up your cross; lay your sins on his shoulders, and always embrace him.

"With regard to my death, rejoice as I do, my dearest sister, that I shall be delivered from this body of corruption, and clothed with the garment of incorruption; for I am assured, that I shall, by losing this mortal life, obtain one that is immortal, joyful, and everlasting, which I pray the Almighty to grant

you, whenever he shall please to call you hence, and to send you his all-saving grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith. From which I exhort you, in the name of your almighty Father, never to swerve, neither from the hopes of life or fear of death; for if you will deny his truth, to prolong a weary and corrupt breath, Omnipotence himself will deny you, and cut short by his vengeance, what you were desirous of prolonging by the loss of your soul. And if you will cleave unto him, he will prolong your days to a comfort uncircumscribed, and to his own glory! To which glory, God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you.

"Farewell, once more, beloved sister, and put your whole trust in the Almighty, who alone can help you. Amen!

"Your loving sister, JANE DUDLEY."

Lady Jane Grey must have esteemed the word of God as of precious and inestimable value. It was the book of her private meditations—her frequent perusal—the rule of her faith and conduct. What an illustrious example of imitation for the young! Alas! alas! how many, neglecting the sacred pages, prefer the contaminating and worthless light reading of the day! But this royal and pious lady, like a wise virgin, sought celestial truths; and when she was called to suffer and to die, her lamp was trimmed, the oil burning, and its light shining. Learn another truth from her history. Joyful and happy in the consolations of the Gospel, she was anxious for the spiritual welfare of others. Hence she so faithfully exhorts, admonishes, and instructs her sister. Have you a sister, brother, parent, or friend, without Christ in the world, and on the road to ruin? Let your fervent and faithful prayers to God be offered in their behalf.

MY HEART IS IN MY FOREST HOME.

My heart is in my forest home,

Where towers the giant tree,
With the snowy arm and the bracelet green,
Stretched over the cool, brown lea.

My heart is in my forest home,
Where the sweet briar loves to climb;
And where the little birds sit and sing
All through the summer time.

I left it with a heavy heart—
A boding of fearful things;
But a word from Heaven bade all depart—
Like sunshine in showers, with clouds apart,
Sweet thoughts to my soul it brings.

I will not weep, though the mountain streams
Bid dark-hued waters flow
O'er many a league, where the stars look down
To their mirrored selves like the grain just sown,
Ere they picture our cabin low. HERMIONE.

THE LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

BY MARIA L. AGARD.

'Twas autumn, and its varied tints threw a rich mantle over decaying vegetation. The lemon-colored maple, the scarlet oak, the deep green pine, the shaggy hemlock, and the kingly elm conspired to lend beauty to the landscape surrounding the cottage of A. Its location was remote from town, and the elegances of refined society; but the gentle mother had impressed on all within an air of cultivation, both intellectual and moral. Neatness and comfort reigned. The good taste of the inmates was visible in the clustering vine, the clambering honeysuckle, the fragrant rose, and the graceful matrimony. This family consisted of six persons—the pious father and mother, two dutiful sons, and as many lovely daughters. Though removed from the neighboring busy village, and the world of fashion and frivolity, they were not without their associates. The bird, the flower, the bee, the rocky glen, the bounding waterfall, the quiet forest—these were their playmates and teachers, when laughing Summer threw her gorgeous carpet over all things. But when autumn's sober evenings came, the happy children drew around their cheerful parents in the lighted parlor, where affection governed, and the willing heart obeyed its dictates. This isolated family had formed a little world of its own. All that was requisite to the happiness of each, was found in the bosom of that happy group. But it might not *always* be thus. Mutability is stamped on all things earthly. The sons were grown to manhood. Their former sphere of action was too limited, and the elder was about to leave that happy home, to mingle among the busy multitude of the crowded city. He might never return to their circle. The father regretted the coming departure of him whom he had reared from infancy, whose physical, moral, and intellectual growth he had watched with paternal anxiety, and whom he considered the prop of his declining age; but it was *best*, and he did not repine. To the mother, a woman of uncommon tenderness of heart, a separation of one branch from the parent stem seemed like tearing asunder the bonds which unite the soul with its mortal tenement; but the Christian rose superior to the mother, and the tide of grief was checked. To the devoted sisters, every moaning zephyr breathed a requiem over their departing joys. He had been their teacher, their adviser, their guardian. They loved him with all the purity of a sisterly affection—he watched over them with all the devotion of an elder brother. The younger brother sighed as he thought, "I shall be *alone*;" but philosophy strengthened the nerve, and religion shed her purer balm over the soul. Evening came, the *last* which they should spend together. The morrow would see the loved one borne from the cottage

hearth on the bosom of the loveliest of lakes. The younger members of the family, with some sympathizing spirits, who had come to say "farewell," drew around a centre-table, and poured forth their mellifluous notes in sacred song. Who is not moved by music? It falls on the saddened soul like evening dew on the tender herb. None could converse with nature as they had done, and possess no delight in music or poetry; for they are the offspring of nature.

"He that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

But these were children of sentiment and affection, and, of consequence, enjoyed souls full of both. The careful mother was, in the meantime, busied with the wardrobe of her son, doing some of those many little kindnesses a mother only knows how to perform. What recollections are awakened by the name of mother, the pure and devoted angel of our existence! In infancy she soothes our little sorrows, in riper years she dissipates the clouds of care which hang upon our shadowy brows, and when we leave her, to go forth into the world, we are followed by her fervent prayers for our present and eternal weal. It was thus at the cottage of A. Soul-cheering melody beguiled the moments till the clear voice of the elder sister became choked by thoughts of the morrow. She rested her soft cheek for a moment on her brother's head, and glided from the room to weep her adieus in silence and solitude. But no vulgar eye or unfeeling heart was there to remark upon the scene. Those who saw and listened were cherished ones, of warm sympathies, and kindred souls. *One* had been bereaved of a fond and youthful wife and an only and lovely babe. He was *alone*. At the cottage he had been cared for and cherished till a deep, mutual sensibility existed between the inmates and the mourner. To one whose heart beat not in unison with theirs, all would have seemed like heartless mummery; but the gaping multitude may not gaze on a scene so holy, when the heart's richest treasure of tenderness is poured forth in one expressive hope, one heartfelt wish, "O, son, brother, stay thou with us!"

But the clock, at last, struck the hour for retiring. The family Bible was laid upon the table, and the clear, distinct, and manly voice of the elder son read, for the last evening in that circle, an impressive chapter from the well-learned word of God; for that family were accustomed to study its sacred truths, and bow in morning and evening devotion at the domestic altar. And as the fervent petition ascended, every heart was touched by a soothing influence, which calmed the troubled feelings. O, there is a softening cordial in prayer which improves the heart that feels its balmy influence.

When the parting hour came, there was but *one*

whose eye was clear and tearless—but one voice unchoked and unfaltering—but one bosom that did not heave with emotion. With calm voice and settled brow his last words of affection were spoken, and he was borne from the embrace of all he loved. Will he return to those fond parents to whose lessons of truth he has listened? Will the pensive brother share again the joys and griefs, the toils and rewards of his early playmate? Will the gentle sisters once more chase coming care from his youthful brow by their sunny smiles? And he, the absent one, will pray to die among his kindred, that his mortal casket may repose with the ashes of those who, in life, had loved him.

THE YOUNG BRIDE'S MUSINGS.

BY MRS. F. L. B. COWDERY.

FAREWELL to the home of my girlhood!
Farewell to the bright-winged hours,
So laden with joy and loveliness,
Like bees going home from flowers!
As I list, some low-sighing zephyr
Comes tremblingly to my ears,
And tells of some child-worshiped pleasure,
Which faded and died in tears.

And that loving-toned bird is singing
The same song I used to hear,
When 'neath my chosen elm sitting,
With friends to me most dear.
With thee, too, gay bird, I'm parting,
With the friends, and tree of yore;
And, alas! this thought comes o'er me,
I'll never hear or see them more.

Old home! O, to none art thou dearer,
Than the wild one leaving now,
Each place some scene sacred rendering,
Of a wish, hope, tear, or a vow.
How oft in this lone, silent chamber,
Have I knelt with an aching heart,
And strove *all* my thoughts to surrender
To that God who scorneth a *part*.

And then, ah! our family circle,
Broken will be, when I'm gone;
And severed and severing ever,
How long ere each be alone!
Father and mother I'm leaving,
Sisters and sister so dear:
They may soon o'er my dust be grieving—
Soon shed o'er my grave a tear.

But away with these thoughts so sadd'ning,
Here's beaming a ray of love,
Which has led me on to the sundering,
And wooed me its truth to prove;
So now out on the wide world lanching

The freight of my trusting heart—
O, Savior, guide to that bright haven,
Where the good and true ne'er part.

JUVENILE POETRY.

The following very excellent poem is the production of a juvenile pen. But it is a pen which ought to be busy; and we take great pleasure in giving encouragement to so youthful and promising a mind.—Ed.

THE PROMISES.

ADDRESSED TO AN AFFLICTED SISTER.

BY MISS HARRIET BIRNEY.

WHEN o'er our pathway storms arise,
And darkest clouds obscure our skies;
When cherished flowers of earliest bloom,
And buds of hope, all find a tomb,
Submissive to the holy One,
We'll bow and say, "*Thy will be done.*"

When pain afflicts, and hope is dead,
When sighs are thrown, and tears are shed,
When balmy sleep our pillow flies,
And closes not our weary eyes,
How cheering, then, is that decree,
"*As is thy day, thy strength shall be!*"

And when we feel an anxious care,
What we shall eat, or drink, or wear,
Then let us in that Being trust
Who watches o'er confiding dust.
Though want surround on every side,
His promise is, "*I will provide.*"

When friends forsake, and we, bereft,
Alone in this cold world are left,
Then, dearest sister, you and I
On that blest promise will rely,
That sweetest promise ever penn'd,
"*Lo, I am with you to the end!*"

FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

THIS book is friendship's wreath;
Thy friends are flowers:
O, may they bloom till death,
In rosy hours!

This book is friendship's crown;
Thy friends are jewels bright:
O, may no woes imbrown
Their starry light!

But though thy jewels fade—
But though thy flowers may die,
There's One doth bloom in sun and shade—
There's One doth shine like stars on high.

BARRETT'S DREAM.

BY REV. A. M. LORRAINE.

To no minister have we felt more closely united than to William Barrett. At his request, we went to assist him in conducting a protracted meeting at Springfield. While sitting at the parsonage fireside, our conversation incidentally turned on the subject of dreams. "Brother," said he, "if you can have patience to hear a recital of the kind, I will relate a very singular dream which I had many years since. Indeed, I have always been at a loss what to call it—whether a dream, vision, or trance; for it was certainly, in all its character and features, distinct from all my mental exercises before or since, sleeping or awake." He was going on with his prelude, which, in itself, promised to be interesting, when we urgently requested him to give us the dream.

"Well, in the morning of my ministry, my mind was greatly harassed in regard to the *divine call*, as is quite common, you know, with preachers. Having gone through with a string of discouraging appointments, without perceiving any immediate fruit, and being greatly depressed with the most humbling views of my own inefficiency, I concluded to wind up my *itinerant* career, at least, and retire. I had, however, an evening appointment, at a private house, where I had not yet been, and concluded it should be my last. I was late in reaching the place, and commenced the services immediately. When the congregation had retired, I felt so exhausted in body and afflicted in mind, that I wished to sleep. The brother pointed me to the room which was prepared for me, and I retired without a candle. As soon as my tired head was laid upon the pillow, it seemed as if the heavy hand of death was suddenly laid upon me. I never expect, in the final separation of my soul and body, (by whatever means,) to experience more physical anguish than was endured on that occasion. The whole body of vitality and consciousness appeared to be rapidly withdrawing from all my members and extremities, and concentrating its forces in my breast. Thence it slowly retreated into my throat. One more agonizing spasm, and last gasp, and my unharnessed spirit was calmly gazing on the pale body which it had left. There seemed to be nothing peculiar in the light that was about me; but matter and things were as clear and indisputable in my perception as ordinary noonday scenery. The next things that arrested my attention, for a moment, were certain oddities which were peculiar to the room in which I had lodged. Particularly did I notice some grotesque figures which had been drawn on the wall by children, or those who were as simple and as inexperienced in the fine arts as they. In the next moment, the room, with all its furniture, was no more; and my whole mind was riveted on a person who held a milk-white horse,

and who commanded me to mount and follow him. This I did. As we started I looked back, and saw the farm-house with all its appurtenances, nothing altered in any respect; but every thing wore the appearance and impress of reality. For several miles we traveled through a country of common-place scenery—such as I had been familiar with for several days. The roads were sometimes good, sometimes middling, sometimes swampy; but, in their general aspect, they got better and better as we advanced. By and by the air became more balmy—the landscape 'more serenely sweet.' Extraordinary prospects were scattered here and there. Groves and shrubbery, of unearthly beauty and texture, would occasionally appear, until, at last, we seemed to be ranging a very paradise on earth. As we ascended a gentle rise, my guide bade me turn to the right. I turned and beheld a most stupendous wall of rich, transparent, and precious stones, indescribably variegated by colors, lights, and shades. And while I gazed, its wide and peerless portals slowly swung with a noiseless welcome, and we entered in. Now the consciousness overwhelmed me, that this was not an earthly, but a heavenly paradise. I can no more describe the celestial scenery than I can the unutterable ecstasy that at once possessed my soul. I must give you, brother, the naked narrative—the embellishments lie on the other side of the river. We traveled on a celestial highway, walled with vines, and flowers, and deathless leaves, such as I suppose Eden never bore, until we came to the head of a spacious and apparently endless avenue. Far in the distance stood the dazzling throne. Well might a prophetic sojourner on earth say, '*High and lifted up!*' And then the *train*—the millions of happy, holy ones, that flowered all the plain! The odorous air, and the sweet and mellow music, and alleluiahs, that it wafted through all the bright regions on high, I may only mention: conceive you the glory, if you can. My soul for *once* drank it in, in rich and generous draughts. In all this blaze of light my mind particularized some things. The throne seemed to be sustained by seven pedestals of transcendent beauty, receding as they rose one above another, so as to form spacious platforms. These, with the exception of a space immediately in front, were filled with happy spirits. When within a short distance of this glory, my conductor commanded me to dismount and walk. As I put my foot on the first step, looking to the right, I saw a younger brother, who had died lately, in hope of eternal life. As soon as our eyes met, we were locked in each other's arms; and he exclaimed, '*My brother! O, my brother! and so soon!*' Relations and Christian brethren crowded around, and I thought I had scaled the summit-level of all glory, and was ready to ask, 'Can heaven give me more?' but just then I glanced my eye upward, and saw Jesus! Brother, relatives—all heaven beside, were dropped like so many

broken play-things. In a moment I was prostrated at the upper pedestal, and Christ was all, and in all. He smiled upon me, and said, 'You cannot tarry here;' and presenting me two books, which seemed to be a Bible and hymn-book, he added, 'Use these well, and when you have finished your work, you shall return to this land of light.' The 'voice of music ravished as he spoke;' but the import fell on my heart with an anguish which I bitterly realized then, but cannot now describe. An imperative sense of duty constrained me to turn my back upon this glory; and I slowly retired, not without casting many a longing look behind. My guide led me down the same avenue—out of the same gate; and, although the appearance of the external country was not materially changed, yet it had become less charming, by reason of the internal excellency from which I was now banished. I rode on several miles, until the damps and miasma of this lower world seemed to cloak me around; and wending my way through an ordinary country and common roads, at last reached the farm-house where I had preached. As I was about to enter the gate, I saw, at a little distance, in a field to the left of the house, a congregation collected under some trees. Curiosity prompted me to the spot. It was a funeral occasion. There were but few graves there. One was open. To this they bore a coffin; and, as they lowered it down, a solemn consciousness came over me that it contained the body of William Barrett, deceased. The grave was filled up, the congregation dispersed, and I retired into the house, entered my chamber, and awoke, and found the bright morning sun beaming into my windows.

"It was not the least astonishing incident in my dream, (if it were a dream,) that, although I had the evening before entered into the room for the first time, and without any light, yet I found the very peculiarities and singular drawing on the wall which I had so minutely examined, in what I supposed to be my disembodied state. When I met the family, my first inquiry was, 'Is there any grave-yard immediately in this neighborhood?' The answer was, 'No public one. We have a family burying-ground on our own place;' and conducting me to the door, they pointed to a grove, yea, *the* grove which I had visited in my nocturnal ramble. I went immediately to the ground, and found every thing there which I had seen in the night, with the exception of the congregation and Barrett's grave."

We have followed our brother closely as it regards the matter and circumstances. We cannot pledge ourselves as it regards the language—*verbatim*.

But the Editor may say, "*What profit—what good purpose can be answered by the publication of a dream?*" My defense is,

1. A dream is as truly a circumstance in life as any thing else.

2. Be this a dream, trance, or inexplicable fantasy

of the human mind, or what it may, it is a beautiful illustration of a sound doctrine common with all saints. The idea of all the minor glories of heaven being swallowed up by the appearance of Christ, is in good keeping with the song of *all Churches*—

"His presence makes my paradise,
And where he is, is heaven."

3. The above relation, given me with all the Christian sincerity and Gospel simplicity which always graced my brother, shed a sacred radiance through every chamber of my soul, which smoothed down my pillow that night, and gave me sound and sweet repose; and the remembrance of it, ever since, has always been pleasant, and not evil.

4. It was vastly important, and productive of much good to the dreamer. It encouraged him greatly to brave the whole of Methodist itinerancy—its lights and shades—its sunshine and its storms. And if his humble but eventful history were written, it would more plainly be seen how faithfully and successfully he used the books committed to his care, until he wound up his triumphant career in the town of Wilmington. He had led out his horse, and was about to leave the room to go to an appointment, when the messenger came. We are told so sudden was the stroke, and so anxious were his friends to give instant relief, that he died with his traveling leggins on. Yes, as a Methodist would emphatically say, he fell in his harness; and the ardent prayer of Wesley was his portion:

"O that, without a ling'ring moan,
I might the welcome word receive—
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to preach and live!"

Time has rolled on: other ministers have come and gone; and the name of Barrett is sounded by living voices but seldom, though always with profound respect. But there is a disconsolate one who still lingers, like Rispah, around the green grave, in whose memory and affection he cannot die. We have a heart to sympathize with all the sons and daughters of affliction; but especially would we mingle our awkward tears with the preachers' widows'. It is their misfortune and our grief that we have little else to give. And the highest compliment that can be paid to our philanthropy, *at last*, we fear, will only amount to this:

"He gave to misery all he had—a tear."

Sleep on, brother Barrett, sweetly sleep! Surely, the long and dreary night of the grave is far spent, and the day is at hand. And as soon as the jar of Gabriel's trump shall rasp across the nerves and fibres of creation, and come booming and thundering down the rocky forks and branches of the Miami, thy prison-house shall shake—thy grave open, and thou shalt come forth! The illustrious and pious dead, who now lie scattered and slumbering about thee, (I have a *sister* there,) shall awake; and with loud alleluias, the flock of thy latest charge

about their grave-yard preacher home. May I be there to see and share the joy.

5. The dream of William Barrett, with all its concomitants and fruits following, vows and covenants, was, doubtless, to many a soul, "*salvation*."

THOUGHTS ON AFFLICTION.

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BY O. B. J.
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As all the dispensations of God are replete with kindness and mercy to his children, afflictions are of course the gift of love; for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." And shall we, for whom Christ died, and for whom he brought "life and immortality to light," receive good gifts and joyful blessings from the hands of God, and murmur when he sends upon us sorrow, and those "*light afflictions* which shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?" God forbid! May he sustain us by his promise, that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and teach every one of us to feel, "it is good for me to be afflicted!"

It is good to be afflicted, because it teaches us that we are dependent for all our blessings upon a higher Power. The same sinful desire that prompted our first parent to partake of the forbidden fruit, still rules predominant in every unregenerate heart. That desire to "be as gods"—to feel no superior—to acknowledge no object worthy our admiration and obedience, unless of our own choice, is a constituent part in the character of every child of man. This feeling prompts to infidelity, asks us to forget God, and demands of us to assume the badge of royalty, and dream that we are independent. The imperfect Christian, feeling, at times, the springing up of those dark passions and appetites of his depraved nature, in the hour of full prosperity, is tempted to forget God, the being who grants him all his blessings. He begins to *look down* to earth for his enjoyment. His closet is neglected—his hour for private meditation and communion is forgotten—his family altar has begun to fall, and it does not send forth a regular incense of prayer and praise. A kind and indulgent Parent sees his danger, and mercifully places him upon a couch of affliction, that he may again learn to *look up*. The stricken one may seek for help on every side; but there is none. He may call upon the wealth he has accumulated; but it can assuage no pain, nor lengthen life. He has to *look up* for assistance; for in the hands of God are the "issues of life and death."

Afflictions teach us to suffer the will of God. It is easier to *do* the will of God than to *suffer* it. Difficult as it may be to wage war against sin, and, in prosperity, to live for God, it is still more difficult, though not less joyful, to suffer what God may impose upon us. My own heart, reader, has had its

severe lessons to learn. In the early part of my ministry I lost my health. From that period, my afflictions increased daily. I could not preach. It injured me even to pray aloud in the large congregation. My mind became bewildered. I sat me down and wrote to my father, to whom I opened my whole heart—told him all my cares and fears, trials and temptations, and prayed for advice. The answer to that letter came as sunshine to my stricken heart. It recapitulated my case, spoke of old pioneers with whom he had been intimate in the eastern states, who had suffered similar temptations, and told me "to fear not"—light would yet break in upon my pathway. He cited me to the murmuring Israelites, as they stood upon the shore of the Red Sea. "Look at their situation, far more gloomy than yours. They had left the land of Egypt at the command of God, attested by wonderful miracles. They had advanced thus far, and God seemed to have forsaken them. On either side towered impassable mountains, before them rolled the boisterous sea, and fast pressing upon their rear came Pharaoh's hosts. Just as their hearts had failed them, and they were giving up all as lost, a voice was heard above all their repinings: 'Stand still and see the salvation of God.' Moses, against whom they had so bitterly complained, with his rod smote the sea, and its dark waves, obedient to the command of God's delegated power, parted, and stood as walls upon either hand, while, guided by the cloud-mantled Jehovah through the miraculous pass, they reached the other shore in safety, and sung their song of deliverance, as the waves engulfed their bitter pursuers." This letter changed my thoughts. I looked upon the bright side. My heart melted, and soon began to rejoice that it could *suffer* as well as *do* the will of God.

Affliction is good, because it calls into action the hitherto hidden power of religion, and enables the sufferer to bear, not only with patience, but with joy, those afflictions his Master may send upon him. O, how joyful is a full submission to the will of Heaven! When the *heart* says, nay, feels, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" O, what blessed, holy streams of divine love flow into the soul, and form a well that for ever gushes up into everlasting life.

Our theme is not exhausted; but we dare ask no more room in the Repository, nor try the patience of its readers much more.

But, kind reader, although we must suffer here for a season, our holy religion points us to a land where there is no more pain, no more affliction. Look up, weeping, sorrowing pilgrim,

"There are no tears in heaven."

Here, to me at least, afflictions are necessary; but faith has long since told of a land in which I shall not suffer—a land where Jesus dwells—where the "smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul"—where

pains never come, afflictions never enter, but where the "*eternal weight of glory*" shall ravish the soul with "wonder, love, and praise." And shall there be no more pain, nor sorrow, nor woe? Ask those who for a thousand ages have swept their harps of gold to the "song of the Lamb," and you shall feel borne back to your heart, "There shall be no more curse." A few more years, and the afflicted child of God shall have entered heaven. Ah! I fancy I see him now. He is thronged by heaven's joyous inmates. The crown, and the palm, and the harp are his: it is his to join the song of the redeemed. He wonders, as the glory of heaven surrounds him, "Shall these things never end?" Age after age passes away. Eternal joys still pour their stores upon him. He has ascended to the summit of the New Jerusalem's highest mount, and gazing around, he cries, "Shall these things never end?" Faith for a moment pierces the veil of coming eternity, and beholds waves, seas, nay, mighty oceans of love and joy rolling onward to flood the streets of heaven, while, from the numberless voices of heaven's redeemed hosts, and from the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, "as the voice of many waters," shall be heard the shout, "THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH!"

MY SICK SISTER'S ROOM.

BY MRS. E. L. B. COWDERY.

My sick sister's room,
Place of care and gloom,
Scene of prayers and tears,
And of hopes and fears,
Of love's kindest acts,
And death's sternest facts:
They are there—all there.

On a fever bed
She layeth her head,
And her cheek is pale,
While her form so frail,
Is wasting away
To its mother clay.

It is so—all so.

We all gather near
To the one so dear;
But she knoweth not
The deep anxious thought
That filleth each soul,
And with weight doth roll:

We may part—all part.

We feel she will die,
And each tearful eye
Leaveth her, to weep,
That we may not keep
Her pure spirit here
For many a year,

Till we die—all die.

INDEPENDENCE.

BY H. DIAL.

READER, even polite reader of the Ladies' Repository, did you ever hear this remark from a lady, "I am independent?" Did you ever make the remark yourself? and, if so, did you ever reflect how incongruous, how harsh it sounds to the refined ear? Did you ever observe one who was in the habit of using this expression—her spirit and bearing toward her associates? Were they of the most refined order? Were they such as would excite a spontaneous feeling of approbation—of love? Did this remark instinctively harmonize your spirit with hers? or did it not rather cause, at least for the moment, a sense of regret, and aversion toward her? True, you repressed the feeling, and said to yourself, "It may be right;" for independence is a noble quality; but did you not feel that you would rather it had not been said—that it was, at least, of doubtful propriety?

That a lady should cherish a spirit of independence is right, nay, it is indispensable to perfection of character. And nothing is more beautiful and lovable than that genuine and modest independence which sustains the spirit, in acts of duty, against the ridicule of the world. But need it be published? Need she be so careful that it may be observed, as to call attention to that virtue herself? Why, with its very mention the charm vanishes. And if she has that true independence which gives strength and efficiency to purpose, and which, at the same time, is perfectly consistent with the female character, yet her simple reference to it displays a vanity which more than counterbalances the credit due to the virtue of independence. Nor should this be a matter of surprise to the fair reader. The same is true of every other feature of character.

Suppose a general has led the armies of his country to successful battle, and, after the din of arms has ceased, and he has returned to his home and friends, if he should be ever ready to direct attention to his bravery and address in conducting the battle, would not even his valor be lost in the fog of self-adulation? Would you not laugh at his egotism in spite of his bravery? No one has questioned his bravery; but he, as if fearful that it might be done, again and again proclaims it, until his egotism is not only despised, but his courage is doubted. So in this case. You not only become liable to the charge of self-flattery, but the genuineness of the very virtue you so much delight in is suspected. And there is good ground of suspicion; for if you were conscious of the possession of independence, in this world would be your reward, and with it you would be content.

Again: the prudent man of wealth is not anxious to display his gold: he rather keeps it under lock and key. But when it can be successfully invested, he

brings it forth, not for a show, but for use. True independence is indeed invaluable; and the world will pay a respect and deference to it that it will deny to undue diffidence. And, from this fact, a person possessing it may have an influence wide and commanding. But if you are so independent that you must boast of it, I immediately infer that you have no true independence, and that you wish to have the credit of what you have seen and admired in others, and thus practice a fraud on those around you.

The beauty of character is the perfect harmony of all its parts. And if this harmony exists, no individual part may demand peculiar attention; for thus the harmony is broken—the picture marred. In a sound body every organ performs its office unconsciously; and a person may be unaware of the very existence of an organ, until it calls attention to itself by becoming overgrown, or diseased. "Let any organ," says one, "announce its separate existence, were it even boastfully and for pleasure, then already has one of the false 'centres of sensibility' established itself—already is derangement there." But, in manners and mind, more than this is allowable. You may be conscious of your virtues, and, indeed, this is necessary, that you may use them to good effect; for in this is their value. "It is certain," says Addison, "that there can be no merit in one who is not conscious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious." Silence, in general, with reference to our good qualities, is prudence, and much more if they are of doubtful character. And, certainly, this feature is not a prominent one in female character—at least, not so prominent that it should be observable. Let it exist and have its influence on the life, but let it exist in quiet. It should not be conspicuous among the feminine virtues, because it is a principal masculine virtue. If any quality may, with propriety, be gloried in, let it be one peculiar to its possessor. Thus it might be tolerable, but, even then, not lovable. Its praise is its silence.

With the ancients, there was a kind of awe connected with the idea of silence—the deep and incomprehensible were there—the boundless unknown. A temple arose to the god of Silence, to give sanctity to the idea. "Silence," says one, "is deep as eternity—speech as shallow as time." And shall we prefer the measurable to the infinite? Shall we proclaim into ridicule our little virtues, and thus lose their power to charm? for there is a kind of power about a dignified silence, in general, which is felt, though its cause be unexplained. How important, then, is silence, as to this particular virtue—a mouth to which converts it into a very weakness. But it will never be loquacious, except where vanity holds a conspicuous place in character.

In the more distinguishing virtues Isabella and Elizabeth present a fine contrast. Elizabeth had

courage and vanity—Isabella had courage and modesty. Elizabeth gloried in learning; but Hume, her admirer, admits that, "unhappily for literature, at least for the learned of this age, Queen Elizabeth's vanity lay more in shining by her own learning, than in encouraging men of genius by her liberality." Isabella's pretensions were far more humble in learning and accomplishments, in general; yet she encouraged the learned by a munificent patronage. Elizabeth had those strong and masculine powers of mind which divorced her from the sympathies of her sex. Isabella had the fortitude of a hero; but so nicely was it balanced by decorum and propriety of manners, that none were more feminine. Elizabeth's "views might be more or less expanded; but self was the steady, unchangeable centre, while Isabella's generous nature knew no centre or circumference, but melted in sympathy and love for all her race. None had a higher pride of independence than Elizabeth, nor more ostentation in its display. Isabella, without show of individual power, while, in truth, "her will was law, governed in such a manner, that it might appear the joint action of Ferdinand and herself." She quietly, yet firmly acted for her people, and, doing this, had not time to boast of it. Elizabeth's ostentation provokes ridicule and contempt. Isabella's modest reserve and amiability throw around her very faults the tints of virtue. Who would not rather imitate an Isabella, in the harmony of her virtues, than an Elizabeth in her irregular powers and passions!

The essence of the whole matter is found in the old Roman motto: "*Esse quam videris*:" (excellence and not its semblance;) not the boast of endowments, nor the pride of independence, but the reality, in quiet. Improprieties are often the result of a want of reflection. Will one of my readers think, and again say, "I am independent?"

PRECOCITY OF GENIUS.

LORD BACON began to write against the Aristotelian philosophy in his sixteenth year. At the age of nineteen he wrote his famous treatise entitled, *The State of Europe*, which gained him vast applause. In his twenty-eighth year he was made Counsel Extraordinary to the British Queen. From this post he was advanced to that of Lord High Chancellor of the British realm. He died with the just reputation of being the greatest philosopher of his age. Pitt was Prime Minister of England at twenty-five. Canning was in Parliament when barely beyond his boyhood. Julius Cæsar, when a youth, was so remarkable for his strength of mind, as to cause Sylla to observe, that "he saw in that stripling many a Marius." Besides, if we may be allowed to couple two of the most opposite things in nature and in history together, Alexander had conquered the world, and the immaculate Jesus had redeemed it, at thirty-three.

THE THREEFOLD CHARACTER OF MAN.

BY REV. HERRA JONES.

"For I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

DAVID, who uttered the above sentiment, was a man with a physical, intellectual, and moral nature, like that of other men. He lived in the same world in which we live. His general relations, to time and eternity, to society and to God, were the same as ours. In no respect was he so different from any other human beings as to modify, greatly, the above sentiment, when applied to them. It is emphatically true of every man, that he is fearfully and wonderfully made.

1. *As a physical being.* I profess no great acquaintance with the anatomy and physiology of the human body; but even the cursory observer may see that its structure is wonderful and fearful. We admire the beauty, symmetry, and utility of works of human contrivance. Our wonder is kept on the stretch by the new inventions of human genius that are constantly appearing. We stand, in rapt admiration, before the creations of the sculptor and painter; but as lovely, or grand, or life-like as they may appear, they have not life, nor breath, nor speech; and they can scarcely be said to approach the human body in its wonderful, mysterious, and strangely harmonious structure. The nice adaptation of its parts to each other—to the whole body—to the end for which they were designed—the peculiar and complicated construction of the eye and ear—the nicety and delicateness of the whole nervous system—the great strength of such small muscles—the number and skillful arrangement of the bones—the manner in which food is converted into nutriment, and diffused through the whole system—the force with which the heart propels the blood, the rapidity of its circulation, and the mode of its purification—the exquisite formation of the lungs—all the organs of speech—the voice itself, so varied in tone, so rich, so strangely sweet, so spell-like in its power—the vital principle, that keeps the whole in motion—considered as a whole, or in its various parts, where is there any thing in art like it?—where any thing half so wonderful? Who would have any nerve, or muscle, or bone, or limb, or organ, or any part of it, different, either in formation, location, or function, from what it is? Well might David, even when gazing at his body, exclaim, "I am wonderfully made!"

But the body is also fearful in its structure; for there is no moment, nor circumstance of life, in which it is not in danger of derangement, of a loss of its vital principle, and of a reduction to the dust from whence it was taken. The slightest violation of those laws of health, which are so imperfectly understood by the great mass of mankind, and perfectly by none, will introduce derangement that *may* result in death. A very small insect, that less than

the strength of your little finger could crush, may, by a bite or a sting, carry a mortal poison into it which no medical skill can remove. A single tainted breath, a little unwholesome food or drink, the too intense heat or cold, a slight wrench of any part of the system, a little over excitement or want of exercise, may occasion death. Death comes, sometimes, when it is least expected. When the whole system seems to be in a glow of health, and in harmonious action, all at once the glow fades away, the heart ceases to beat, the breathing stops, the whole action is arrested, and it lies before us a lifeless clod. Individuals have retired to bed, at night, in apparent health, and in the morning were found dead. At what moment, or hour, or why life left them, we know not; but it is gone. Others have been walking along the street, with no appearance of disease upon them, and have suddenly fallen, and closed their eyes for ever upon the light of time. How fearful to die thus suddenly—thus unexpectedly to drop back to dust! Truly our bodies are "fearfully," as well as "wonderfully made."

2. *As an intellectual being.* Man, as a physical being, wonderful as he is, partakes of the nature of brutes. But, as an intellectual being, he rises above the brutes, partakes of the nature of angels, and reaches even to a faint likeness of Deity. How astonishing his progress in knowledge! He commences life, with only the *power* to know. During a few of the first years of his existence, his sphere of observation is exceedingly limited. The nursery, a few toys, his parents, the domestics, constitute his world. But every observation that he makes, increases his ability to observe. As his ability increases, his sphere enlarges, and the records of facts and appearances on the tablet of his memory multiply. Soon he begins to ask how and why things are so. Then he examines, analyzes, and compares the records on memory's tablet, and arrives at principles and laws. He traces effects to their causes, and ascertains that causes, of a certain nature, must produce certain effects, even though he has not witnessed those effects. Thus he learns to reason. In a little while, the child of the nursery, who did not know that fire would burn, or why an apple, let loose from the hand, fell to the floor, stands before us a man, and unfolds to our astonished view the laws and mysteries of the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms, explains the geological structure of the earth, and spreads before us the laws by which the whole universe of matter is controlled. If we do not watch each step of advancement, in capacity, strength, and discipline, the change from the boy to the man seems like a dream. To-day he lies a puny infant in his mother's arms: to-morrow he rises and grasps the lightnings of heaven, and makes them do his pleasure. To-day he gazes with wonder at the light on his mother's table: to-morrow he plants his feet on some central point of the works of God, and,

with no looks of surprise, stands amid the concentrated blaze of the universe of worlds, and discourses eloquently of their relative sizes, distances, and motions. To-day he is pleased, but knows not why, with the flowers that bloom along his path, the songs of the birds around him, and the music of the brook, that goes murmuring by his father's door: to-morrow he gazes, with an intelligent eye, upon the living lines of beauty drawn all over the green earth, and painted in characters of glorious light on yonder sky, and listens with an ecstasy of delight to the unjarring harmony of myriads of worlds, that,

"In Reason's ear, utter forth a glorious voice."

To-day he can scarcely tell the occurrences of yesterday: to-morrow he rehearses fluently the history of the world during all past time—the rise, progress, decline, and final overthrow of every nation that has passed to decay, and the causes of their fall. He draws out, from the misty past, enervating luxuries, overgrown pride, cold-hearted selfishness, mad ambition, dark-featured vices, and horrid crimes; and then, as their consequent, garments rolled in blood, wasted fields, desolate homes, burning cities, and the smoldering ruins of once splendid and mighty empires, and holds them up as warnings—as beacon lights to nations that are, or are to be. To-day he does not know what you mean when you speak of God: to-morrow he reasons from effect to cause, and from cause to effect, and proves the existence of a great first Cause, that he calls God. He makes you see his footsteps on every mountain, plain, river, lake, and ocean, and on every star that shines from the blue depths above. He makes you hear him walk over earth in the whirlwind and the storm, and listen to his voice in every whispering breeze, in the rolling thunder, in the terrible earthquake, and in the myriad notes of nature's music. Reading from the records that He has made of himself in nature and providence, he shows that it is more reasonable to suppose, that he is just what the Bible declares him to be, than any thing different. He unfolds his government, laws, and righteous claims on the love and service of man, man's rebellion, the depravity of his heart, his sinful course, the awful penalty of the law, Jesus the hope of the world, the Lamb bleeding to wash away its sins, the excellences of religion, the peace and joy that it affords its possessor here, and the ineffable bliss that it promises him hereafter. In moments of holy enthusiasm, he raises him above the mists of this world, opens the gates of heaven, and places him in the company of cherubim and seraphim, angel and archangel, and shining seraph, amid the radiant glories of the throne, the glowing smiles of Jesus, and the thrilling music of voices and harps unnumbered. But let us take another view of him. In imitation of his great Author, he is a creator. Look at the magnificent cities that he has planned and built—at the monuments of his greatness, in architecture, painting,

and sculpture—in the complicated and powerful machinery that he has constructed—in the palaces that he has sent "walking over the water like things of life"—in the fire-horses that he has sent running over the land with almost the lightning's speed, drawing hundreds of human beings, and thousands of tons burden—in the electric conveyance of thought that he has devised, by which two individuals, hundreds of miles distant from each other, may converse together in the same moment of time. When I think of these astonishing facilities for rapid conveyance of news, with reference to the diffusion of the words of life among mankind, I almost seem to see the angel, that has the everlasting Gospel to preach, flying over earth. How wonderful is man's intellectual structure! How wonderful its power of thought, of invention, of memory, of imagination, of reasoning! But, O, how fearfully delicate that structure! A little too intense application, a too great exertion of its faculties, straining them beyond their full tension, suddenly snaps asunder the main-spring—its wheels are thrown into wild disorder—its power is gone—its glory has departed. The man who, a little while ago, stood before you with a giant intellect, the mighty power of whose thought was felt in every enlightened nation—whose eloquence fell, like a resistless spell, upon listening thousands—who was the admired leader of millions, is now an object of the deepest commiseration, and may be led by a little child. The brightness of his genius has been shrouded in a starless night. Like one who has lost his way at midnight, in some deep wilderness, he gropes and gropes, as if he expected soon to spy some light; but no light appears—no ray flashes across his vision. O, is it not fearful to think how easily the light of intellect may go out, and a dreadful night of insanity ensue, that shall last till life is over!

3. *As a moral being.* As an intellectual being he is capable of perceiving his relations and duties to God and his fellow-men. But it is as a moral being that he can feel the force of moral obligation, receive premonitions and prelibations of the consequences of performing or not performing his duties, and choose, in full view of the results, the reward, and the penalty, to do them, or to leave them undone. It is as a moral being that he can influence and be influenced by the character and conduct of others. How wonderful and fearful is this power! Look at it a moment. A single act of deception, dishonesty, or injustice, performed in the presence of a child, may give a vicious direction to his character for life. He may be the means of molding the character of a hundred others, and each of those hundred a hundred more, and, in that astonishing ratio, they may go on multiplying during all time. How many millions will appear at the judgment that have been influenced by that single act! How many, amid the agonies of the second death, may

point back to it as the occasion of their damnation! On the other hand, suppose that act were a virtuous one. How many of that bright and happy company, who shall sweep the lyres of heaven, may attribute their salvation to its influence! Think of this, ye parents and teachers of youth. It is as a moral being that he can engage in enterprises that tend to the injury or the benefit of society—to its purification from vice, and an alleviation of its countless miseries, or to pour streams of pollution and death all through it, and breathe over it a miasma that shall blast every thing that is lovely and good. It is as a moral being that he can cultivate his sensuality, develop his selfishness, exalt self into a god, at whose shrine he will compel his own noble nature to do homage, and on whose altars he will lay hundreds of bleeding and murdered souls, and thus coil the fiery viper, remorse, around his own spirit, that shall poison every hour of life, and crush out peace for ever and ever. It is as a moral being that he may suppress his sensual nature, deny self, and cultivate that pure and heavenly benevolence that will lead him through trials, persecutions, and sufferings, that tear the very life-strings, and make every cord of his heart bleed, in order that he may wipe away the tear, relieve the bodily maladies, and heal the heart agonies of his fellow-beings, and rescue their souls from the fangs of the terrible and everlasting destroyer. Witness Howard, resigning the luxuries and delights of refined society, and crawling through gloomy and noisome dungeons, to dispel the darkness of despair from the mind of the convict—to cheer his heart—to teach him that he may enjoy, even in his cell, a nobler, sweeter liberty than man can grant, even the liberty wherewith Christ makes free, and that, ere long, when he lies down in his damp dungeon, and dies, and goes down into the grave, he may find immortal flowers blooming there, and go up a shining pathway, to stand on the broad plains and beneath the beautiful light of heaven, and breathe for ever a fresh and free atmosphere, that shall send ineffable delight thrilling along every nerve. It is as a moral being that he is capable of denying the truth, casting away every relic of nobility, turning traitor to himself and his God, rather than endure scorn and persecution, or, on the other hand, of adhering to the truth even amid the agonies of the rack, and the burning fires of martyrdom. It is as a moral being that he fell, introduced sin into the world, and sent its dark stream flowing down through the hearts of every individual of every generation, to the close of time, bearing upon its bosom the bitterest woes—the wrecks of the peace, and hope, and happiness, and everlasting interests of millions. It is as a moral being that the Son of God came down from his throne of light, and groaned, and bled, and died for him. It is as a moral being that he is a probationer here for a few brief years, and that a single act of the mind,

choosing or refusing the terms of salvation, will determine whether, when his probation closes, he shall be admitted, as a member of the Church triumphant, to stand on Mount Zion, in the light of the excellent glory of God, in the enjoyment of unnumbered and unfailing beatitudes, or shall sink down to regions of darkness, to be a companion of devils and damned spirits, and for ever dwell where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. So wonderful and fearful is man's moral nature. But it is the union of these three natures that constitutes man. If he were destitute of either, he would be less than man. It is in their union that he is most mysterious. So intimate is their association, and such are their general laws, and such is the reciprocal influence between them, that one cannot be impaired without injuring the others. If the moral nature is disordered, as it is by nature, in every man, the vision of the intellect is obscured, and its powers weakened, and such habits of life are formed as enfeeble the body. If the intellect is deranged, the regulator of the body and the moral feelings is gone. If the body is diseased and in pain, the equilibrium of the intellect is disturbed, and a fixedness of its attention, and a concentration of its powers, for any great length of time, is prevented, and the feelings of the heart become dull and stupid. And such, also, is their union, and such are the circumstances of this existence, that a permanent derangement of the intellect, or a loss of the life of the body, closes up his probation, and seals the character of his immortal part for eternity. And as the intellect is constantly liable to be shattered, and the body to lose its life, suddenly, and by an unavoidable cause, he is liable to fall, in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye, right out of the active business of the world, away from the embrace of his friends—away from all his fancied pleasures, into a world where joy cometh not, and no ray of hope ever shineth; or, on the other hand, to step directly from the comparative darkness, and pains, and sorrows of earth, into the unclouded brightness, the complete and everlasting joys of heaven. Is not man fearfully and wonderfully made?

MARY.

THE name Mary I have ever esteemed as one of the choicest in the whole vocabulary of names. It was derived from the Hebrew Miriam, and, hence, was the name of the sister of Moses. It was the name, also, of that remarkable female disciple whose heart was so full of evil before her conversion, but whom Jesus so loved after it. Mary of Bethany was that sweet spirit who chose the better part, which was not to be taken from her. Above all, the mother of our Lord was known by this title, and her virtues, to say nothing of her honer, have thrown a halo of glory around the name of Mary.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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MARCH, 1847.
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LITERARY SKETCHES.

THE NEW RACE OF AMERICANS.

THE passing off of one race of men, and the coming on of another, must, under any circumstances, command the attention of all thinking persons; but, when these changes occur in our own country, and under our own observation, they cannot fail to excite the deepest interest.

The day was, when the western continent, including all its islands, was peopled by a race of men, whose character, manners, and customs, were strikingly peculiar. Their civilization, as a general thing, had not reached a very great elevation; but there was, nevertheless, something about it, which has always attracted the notice of the speculative and curious.

Their dwellings were extremely simple in their construction, consisting, in general, of the bark peeled from large trees, and laid upon a slight frame-work of saplings. A few of these rude cabins formed the town or village of a tribe; and the inhabitants, either all at home, or all abroad, spent a merry life of it from year to year. When at home, their days were devoted to fishing in the neighboring streams, and visiting through their village circle, and gossiping their time away in jocular conversation; while their evenings were drawn out in loud merriment around huge fires in the open forest, or in smaller clubs about their blazing chimney corners. The old men, with their curiously-wrought pipes, would sit in mute attention, looking complacently on the bands of young men and maidens, sporting and dancing on the beaten play-ground within the village circle. Sometimes the old patriarchs themselves would have a merry season, which, however, was always closed by a war-dance around a magnificent fire on the common.

Thus the time went happily along, while the tribe were in their winter or summer quarters; but their springs and autumns were spent abroad, in the exciting vicissitudes of the chase. Some on foot, others well mounted on horses, a whole nation would periodically sally out into the vast, unbroken forest, and pass whole months in wild adventures, which, if properly written, would fill the world with romance. Whenever a hostile tribe ventured to cross their path, or encroach upon their acknowledged hunting grounds, battles would sometimes happen, which, in the days of Miltiades or Cæsar, would have been chronicled with admiration.

This was savage life. It was the life of a great and numerous people. In the southern part of this continent, they, or some older inhabitants, had made considerable advancement in several of the more useful branches of civilization. In Mexico, in Yucatan, and all along the isthmus connecting us to South America, the natives had, before the landing of Columbus, made a noble beginning in architecture, in government, and in a sort of pictorial language. But, both north and south, the greatest portion of the people were but the rude, unlettered children of nature. The forest was their home; hunting, and fishing, and dancing, and fighting, constituted their chief employment; and their life was rather that of a talking animal, than of a thinking intelligence.

But, whatever these people were, they are passing
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away. Their cabin fires, in many large sections of their residence, have been extinguished, and that for ever. Their sports and dances have nearly ceased; and the voice of revelry is seldom heard among the few that now remain. Those few, driven from their old habitations, and from the graves of their sleeping fathers, have receded before the footsteps of another race, which has been advancing rapidly upon them. Far away in the western wildwoods; far from the land that nourished them; far from all the endearing associations of their early childhood, this unfortunate people are now spending the decline of their national existence, with the mournful consciousness, that, when that existence shall be over, there is for it no possible resurrection. Though Christianity has gone among them, and pointed their way to another state of being, they painfully realize the loss of their former earthly greatness, without one hope of recovering their once happy and powerful position. As the rough winds of winter sweep around their low dwellings, and sigh in midnight melody over the new-made graves of their fallen countrymen, how must the hearts of the living throb with emotion, and their eyes fill with the tears of sorrow, perceiving, as they do, a winter coming which shall have no breaking, and a night advancing which shall see no morrow!

But, reader, mournful as these reflections may be, we must not dwell on them too far. This change of races is a providential arrangement; and it is undoubtedly ordered for the general good. Though some might look upon it as a novelty, it is far from being strange in the history of man. The same thing has happened many times before.

The Pelasgi, for example, were the aboriginal inhabitants of Greece; but the Egyptians, and Phœnicians, and colonies from several countries, came, and conquered or expelled the old settlers, and occupied their places. Italy, also, was densely populated by different tribes, and one portion of it, Etruria, had reached a high state of civilization, when Æneas, with his band of Trojan exiles, came, and subdued the country, and made his followers the lords of the new soil. The Arabian false prophet, by himself and his successors, overran Arabia, and Egypt, and portions of Europe, and almost the half of Asia, sweeping every thing before him, and introducing new laws, a new religion, and a strange people into every place that submitted to his arms. Afterward, when the world had nearly settled down again, Genghis-Khan, a Mogul or Tartar prince, arose in the extreme north of Asia, and advancing south and westward, spread universal devastation through all the earth, overturned kingdoms and empires of the oldest date, and settled his blood-thirsty soldiery down, as lords of the ascendant, in every conquered land. Next, the savages from the north of Europe, the Lombards, Goths, and Huns, came pouring down on enfeebled Rome, and spoiled the once iron-hearted conquerors of the world. Then, other northern tribes from the Scandinavian hive, advanced westward into France and England in successive swarms, until the old Celts gave way, and submitted to a more powerful race.

Such, in fact, has been the universal history of mankind. The sons of Noah have ever been at war. The children of Shem, under Abraham, rose upon the Canaanites, the sons of Ham, and drove them from their place. These very sons of Ham, under the banner of

the Arabian priest, descend upon the territories of Japhet, and possess a portion of his soil. The sons of Japhet carry back the war, and, being the youngest and superior race, gain the ascendancy upon both Shem and Ham. So, in the majesty of their strength, and thirsting for new regions to conquer, as soon as the ships of Ferdinand and Isabella bring back the tidings of a new world discovered, they pour into it in a ceaseless torrent, and overrun it all. Finding here their old enemies, whether the sons of Ham or of Shem not being to them material, they pushed forward their conquests, until the arms of Cortes and Pizarro had broken the power and spirit of their foe. Since then the new race has been continually advancing; and the old one has been melting gradually away.

But, as the loss of any race is a real loss to the human family, it becomes an interesting inquiry, whether the world has gained by the progress and triumph of the one now coming forward. For several considerations I am led to regard the new race as the most perfect known in the history of mankind; and, in order to be a little explicit in my statements, and because the topic is worthy of much care, I will present the reasons of this opinion with some degree of method and design.

1. This new race, then, is to be considered as a very superior race, because it is taken from the family of Japhet, which, in every age, has shown its superiority over the other two. Of the sons of Noah, the first settled in Asia, the second chiefly in Africa, and the third in Europe.

The Asiatic family, extending from the river Euphrates to the eastern shores of Tartary and China, has, by universal consent of historians, always stood lowest in the scale of civilization. For four thousand years or more, they have slept in almost uninterrupted oblivion; the occasional outbreaks of a few adventurous spirits, like Genghis and the celebrated Prester John, serving only to demonstrate the continuance of what little life they have ever had. Their social condition, laws, and customs; their institutions in morals, government, and religion; and, equally, their science, literature, and arts, in spite of all their modern pretensions to ancient splendor, have never made the slightest perceptible impression on the mind or manners of mankind.

The second family, which is that of Ham, has, on the other hand, risen to some distinction in the history of man. There was Canaan, the father of the Phœnicians, whose descendants erected Tyre and Sidon in western Asia, and Utica and Carthage in Africa, and Cadiz and other places on the coast of Spain. They carried letters into ancient Greece, and commerce almost around the globe. There was Nimrod, the mighty hunter, also the son of Ham, who built up the splendor of old Babylon; who conquered Nineveh, and added all middle Asia to his dominions; and who, in his successors, elevated the standard of human life to some degree of magnificence. There was Mizraim, the Menes of Egyptian history, whose posterity built the pyramids, and erected the towers of Thebes and Memphis, and instituted the older schools of philosophy, and scattered the first dawning light of civilization over the ancient world. There was Ludim, the eldest son of Mizraim, and, consequently, of the posterity of Ham, who established the kingdom of ancient Lydia, which, in the days of Croesus, was a proverb for the greatest splendor and wealth. Her armies advanced

her influence to the eastern seas; her mechanics carried the arts of painting, and dying, and other branches of labor, to the highest pitch of perfection; her artists surpassed their age in gardening, in architecture, and in music; and her statesmen stood first on the record of wisdom and renown. This, in a word, was the civilization—these were the deeds of the posterity of Noah's second son.

But, after all, what is all this to the acknowledged achievements of the European race? Run your eye over the annals of heroic Greece and classic Rome. Glance over the history of middle and modern Europe, from the days of Petrarch to the reign of the present British Queen. Then, turn your admiring gaze on our own fair land, and exult, as you will, on our patriot fathers' deeds. Now, tell me, whose history, whose civilization, whose glory have you seen? They are the triumphs gathered by the different members of your own paternal household. They all pertain to you—to us Anglo-Americans, whose history thus reaches backward to the Flood.

Did the Greeks astonish all the nations by their wisdom and knowledge, their literature and philosophy, their progress in the arts, and their power in arms? They were the members of your father's house. Did the Romans, by their own energy, and in spite of every obstacle, conquer, on the plains of Carthage, the sons of Ham, and lift their sceptre over the heads of the posterity of Shem, and spread their liberty, and light, and language over all the world? They were your elder brethren. Have the Italians, and Spaniards, and French, and Germans, and English, in modern times, successively amazed each other, and all the rest of mankind, by their brilliancy and power of intellect, by their immortal works of genius, by the bold achievements of their art and science, and by an enterprise which has given them the undisputed empire of the entire family of man? Thou, reader, art the inheritor of their blood. Thou art a daughter or a son of Japhet. The great names in history are those of thy own kindred. If there was any eloquence in Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Emmet, or Chatham, the glory of it pertains to thee. If there was any grandeur of intellect in Socrates, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Abelard, or Bacon, or Newton, it was the presage of thy own intellectual power. If there has been any sublimity in the triumphs of philosophy, from Thales to him of our own beloved land, who wove his garland from the storm-cloud's rich but fearful rosary, they are all thine own. Have the harp of poesy, and the lyre of song, as they have been handed down from Homer to Virgil, and from Virgil to Dante, and from Dante to Shakspeare, and from Shakspeare to our modern bards, ravished the ear of mortals, and held the world's mute attention by their seraphic sweetness and their power to charm? That harp—that lyre, belongs to thee. Do you look back with wonder on the deeds of Alexander, on the daring military feats of Cæsar, on the bold exploits of Belisarius and Narses, on the surprising genius of Napoleon, and on the immortal patriotism and valor of our Washington? All—all is thine. Japhet has ever had the supremacy of the world; and we are his sons and daughters.

2. The Anglo-American race must stand first, because it embraces the best portions of Japhet's great family. It is derived, as all know, from the Anglo-Saxon; the Anglo-Saxon took its origin from the Celts;

the Celts were descended from the ancient Scythians; and the Scythians are believed to have been the children of Gomer, the first-born of the sons of Japhet. The offspring of Gomer were called Scythians, by the Greeks and Romans, and, perhaps, by the Scythians themselves, in reference to their unparalleled military genius; for the fact, that the Teutonic word *scheter*, or *schuter*, and the Gothic *skiuta*, both signify to shoot, furnishes a key to the origin of this national appellation. The Scythians, then, were the great *shooters* of antiquity. This we should judge from their eventful history.

Passing north and westward from the central parts of Asia, where Noah and his three sons had settled after the Flood, they spread themselves over vast regions of unoccupied Asiatic territory, and then crossed over into the north of Europe. They were always a wandering, energetic, unsettled people. The Greeks, from the beginning to the end of their history, were ever making war upon them, but never conquered them. The Romans, when, as we are told by Livy, they could muster one hundred and fifty thousand warriors, were completely humbled by them under Brennus, who sacked their city, and then leveled it to the ground. In the seventh century before Christ, they rushed down from the north into Asia Minor, and, by some of the most splendid achievements ever performed in war, took military possession of the country, and perpetuated for a long time their name. Scarcely able to restrain their own impetuosity, they rushed into Palestine, at that time renowned for its martial spirit, where, in spite of all opposition, they not only gained many great victories, but acquired and held possession of large tracts of land; and, at this day, the towers of Bethshan stand on the site of ancient Scythiopolis, or the city of the Scythians, which was there the seat and centre of their power. This city, mentioned in the Septuagint version of the Scriptures, (Judges i, 27,) under the title above given it, will carry down the name and fame of our original ancestors to the end of time.

Out of the Scythians arose the Celts, who, from the beginning of their history, have demonstrated a high superiority over all their kindred tribes. In the quickest time imaginable, they made themselves masters of the entire north of Europe, expelling or subduing the original population, though related to them by the ties of blood. Under their general title of Celts, they conquered Spain, drove out the old inhabitants from Italy to the neighboring islands, and in all those vast regions set up and maintained their power. Under the martial appellation of Germans, or *warriors*, they cleared themselves a wide place in the heart of Europe, where they have ever since remained. With the similar title of Belgæ, from the Celtic *belg*, or *warlike*, they established their outposts on the northern seas, whence they made irruptions, from time to time, to Greece and Asia Minor, and almost to the extremities of the world. To the west of Germany, and under the ancient appellation of Gauls, they swept every opposing people from the field, where, to this hour, they have maintained their sway. Pushing their conquests northward, they discovered the British islands, and immediately both Erin and Albion became their own. Since that day, the early histories of Germany, France, Spain, and England, have carried the Celtic name to the highest pitch of glory and renown.

From the Celtic sprang the Anglo-Saxon race, which,

in its turn, has held the same supremacy over the Celts, that the Celts had maintained over the Scythians of old. The Saxons, deriving their name and origin from the old *Sacæ*, so famous in classical history, were always the most vigorous of the Celtic tribes. The matrons of both Persia and Greece used to scare their unruly children into obedience, by telling them the *Sacæ* were coming; and the word, *to sack*, borrowed from the Celtic *sacqa*, has always been employed to signify the most complete plunder of a town. So grateful were the Greeks, on one memorable occasion, for their providential deliverance from these bold warriors, that, on their return from battle, they established the religious festival of the *SACAIA* to commemorate the event. In the fourth century of the Christian era, they subjugated the north of Germany, which they held till the eighth, when, by a series of most wonderful exploits; they conquered almost the whole. Not satisfied with a large part of the continent of Europe, in company with the Angles, they passed into the British islands, driving the old Celts to the west and north of England, and making themselves the lords of the new soil.

Of the two tribes, the Angles and Saxons, the latter would seem to have been the most bold and enterprising, the former the most cultivated and refined. The one was better adapted to war; the virtues of the other would shine best in peace. But, amalgamated as they have been, they have produced a race, which, for the last ten hundred years, has been equally successful in works of skill and enterprise—equally conspicuous in arts and in arms. Having established their power by struggles, which constitute the history of Europe for ten full centuries of time, the Anglo-Saxon race, at this moment, stands first among the tribes and families of the three oldest quarters of the globe.

The power of England, the present seat of this great race, is a proverb in the mouths of all. Her literature, and science, and philosophy, and civil government, are the models of many powerful nations. Her armies have gone to the extremities of the world. They have erected an empire in Asia, subdued the tribes of southern and central Africa, extended her dominion over almost the whole of the American continent, and lifted the sceptre of this mighty race over three-fourths of all the islands of the globe. Her navy rides triumphantly on every ocean and sea, and teaches all the tribes and families of men to respect or dread the English name. From England all the way to the southern cape of Africa, from the southern cape of Africa to New Zealand, from New Zealand through the western Pacific ocean to Bhering's Straits, from Bhering's Straits to Newfoundland, and from Newfoundland back again to the British islands, her guns are giving a thundering echo to her power; her fleets of commerce, and her ships of war, are commanding the trade, or humbling the spirit of mankind; and her arts and sciences, her laws and manners, her literature and language, are taking possession of all lands. On the shores of the eastern continent, on the borders of the African desert, alike on the blooming and on the barren islands of every ocean, her printing presses are now in motion, and diffusing her civilization over all the world.

From such a people, and under circumstances of the most thrilling interest, originated what I have ventured to call the Anglo-American race. Though deriving our existence from the Anglo-Saxon, we are rapidly rising, if we have not already risen, to the honorable

distinction of standing thus by ourselves. Inheriting much from our English ancestry, we are, by no means, a repetition of the English character. Our constitution, our laws, our government, our literature, and even our language, either always have been, or are rapidly becoming very different from hers. The genius of the two nations is not the same. The spirit of our Anglo-Saxon fathers tends ever to a consolidated national power. The temper of the Anglo-American race points always to the liberty and elevation of the individual man. Our national idea is a loftier, a purer, in every way a better one than theirs. Our population, so far as it was derived from them, is an improvement on the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Pilgrims, who settled our eastern shores, were not a mixed class of men, taken at random from the mass of their countrymen. They were a select band, whose number was necessarily exactly equal to the number of free, and manly, and liberal spirits in all that land. That number could not have been increased. They were the hundred and one of nature's noblemen, resident in England at that day. They left not one behind; for, had there been another, he must have joined his peers. A band so small, and selected from so many millions, must have contained only the heroes of that age. They were the heroes of principle, and not merely of enterprise or power. From them New England has been peopled, and their genius has been stamped on every civil and religious blessing we enjoy.

But our national character lacks not the business element. Not only are men of principle the best of business men, as the entire history of the east will show; but our southern borders were originally occupied by the most daring, and active, and adventurous spirits of the fatherland. No others would leave their homes, and expose their fortunes to the doubtful vicissitudes of new and untried scenes. In obedience to these two causes, then, the Anglo-American race has sprung up from a chosen few, who had not their equals even in the Anglo-Saxon world. Proofs of this paternity we have long since given to all mankind. We are the only people on the globe, who has met successfully the Anglo-Saxon race. Though I plead not for war, yet, as a historic fact, it must be stated, that twice we have closed with them on the field of blood; twice, and that in our infancy, we have stood up against their utmost rage; twice have we conquered them, and driven them from our shores. Though openly proud and arrogant to a fault, that old race secretly feels the rising superiority of the new. Forced to respect, they have learned to dread our power. That power is now rapidly spreading over the globe. The continent we live in will soon be all our own. England, already at her zenith, will soon decline. As she sinks, though not because she sinks, the star of our race will rise. We shall soon more universally demonstrate, what I have herein tried to show, that the best blood of the human family, and that not less than five times refined, is running in our veins. The Anglo-American is the best of Anglo-Saxon blood; the Anglo-Saxon is the best of the Celtic; the Celtic is the best of the Scythian, which, in its turn, is the very best blood that beat in old Noah's heart. Through this remarkable climax has our race been formed; and the very next cycle, in the history of the world, will be justly and proudly entitled the Anglo-American age.

3. The Anglo-American race must stand first, be-

cause its physical character has been so wonderfully improved by frequent mixture with the best races of mankind. Man, glorious as is his intellectual nature, is in part an animal, and lives an animal life. The laws which control the animal world also govern him. One of the most striking of those laws has been expressly applied by inspiration to the family of man. Marriage connections are forbidden within certain family limits; and we are thus commanded by authority, as well as otherwise taught by nature, to look abroad in the formation of matrimonial ties. Experience daily confirms the wisdom of this arrangement. He, who ventures to transgress it, seldom fails to reap the fruit of his disobedience in numberless physical disabilities, which fall upon his unhappy offspring. Families have been known to become extinct from this single cause; while thousands suffer untold misfortunes, when they least suspect the source of their many ills.

History throws light upon this law. For good and sufficient reasons, the Jews were commanded to keep themselves from all foreign marriage connections; and there is no doubt, had they maintained their fidelity to God, in all other respects, as rigidly as they generally did in this, divine Providence would have controlled the natural effects of this restriction, and in every way overruled it for their good. But, in consideration of their deep sinfulness as a nation, after repeated warnings and reproofs, they were left, we have great reason to believe, to the ordinary course of nature; and the result was, whatever be the explanation, that no people was ever so remarkably distinguished for every species of physical misfortune recorded among the woes of man. Well did the apostle say of them, "That the commandment which was ordained to life, they found to be unto death;" for, from the days of Solomon to the captivity, and from the captivity to the fall and dispersion, the Jewish character continually degenerated; and, in the last catastrophe, so sadly had their former energy declined, their resistance to the Romans, though bloody, exhibited only a nation's weakness struggling with despair.

The Greeks, on the other hand, though principally descended from Javan, the fourth son of Japhet, derived their bodily vigor in great part from a mixture of many nations. Colonies from Asia Minor, from Phoenicia, from Egypt, and from several other quarters, settled in with the original inhabitants of Greece, and improved the blood of that heroic people. Rome, also, from the beginning to the end of her history, owed much of her vast energy to the same natural cause. Incessantly mingling with her own the best blood of her subjugated provinces, she maintained her sway, for many centuries, over the fortunes of the world; and, at last, receiving in this manner more than she lost by her northern conquerors, she was enabled to stand up to the end of a great and glorious career.

The physical character of the Anglo-Saxon family derived, also, immense advantages from this common source. The original Welsh lost nothing by mixing with their Roman invaders. The Danes, and Saxons, and Angles, and Norman French, brought in successively their respective tributes of energy and strength. All these, mixing and intermixing with each other, and with the old Picts and Scots, formed the present generation of Englishmen, whose name is now reverberating over all lands.

But, as in so many other things, so equally in this,

has the Anglo-American race the precedence over all the nations of ancient and modern times. Being by origin Anglo-Saxons, and thus inheriting all that our Welsh ancestry received from so many sources, we have more recently added to our own the blood of almost every great people. America is now, as it ever has been, the place of destination for the daring and adventurous of all the world; and, at this moment, the best energies of every great family of Europe are giving power and vigor to our muscles, and life, spirit, and animation to our nerves. So far from having enervated our character by continually intermarrying amongst ourselves, there is scarcely a domestic circle in the land, which does not represent several of the nations of modern times; for, on a moment's reflection, I find that the blood of more than ten distinct people is running in the veins of my own little sons. We are, therefore, neither English, nor German, nor French; nor will any word, now in general use, express precisely what we are. Another word must hereafter be employed. We are Anglo-Americans, a race made out of the best tribes of the very best of the three families that escaped the Flood; and, physically considered, I have not the shadow of a doubt, that this new race, though surpassed by the antediluvians in inertness, and consequently length of life, is by far the most active, energetic, vigorous, and powerful that ever saw the sun.

4. The Anglo-American must be the first race of men, because its intellectual character is forming under influences, which never conspired to produce one great result before.

Whatever may be said of the crude principles of phrenology, the body is undoubtedly the basis of the mind; and our intellectual life rests upon it, as its lowest and last support. It would be impossible for a great soul to manifest itself through the feeble and effeminate organization of a Chinese lord; and it would be equally impossible for a mind of even moderate power to lose all its vigor, if continually stirred up by the raging animal spirits of an old Pict, or Scot. What a basis—what a bottom, then, has been laid in our physical constitution, for the highest activity of our Anglo-American mind.

And it would seem that that mind, by an order of divine Providence, is intrinsically the most perfect and powerful as yet given to any race of men. Though the reasons of this arrangement are known only to the all-wise Ruler of the world, it cannot be denied, that, for some purpose, he has seen fit to distinguish the Japhetic family, by sending into the world his rarest, choicest, noblest spirits through this illustrious line.

But, as there has been an improvement going on in the physical character of mankind, so, and even more emphatically, has there been a progress in the growth of mind. This we learn from the intellectual manifestations of the different ages of the world. A people's civilization is the visible expression of that people's thought; and no one can now deny, after all the light which has recently been thrown upon the history of man, that civilization has been constantly advancing from year to year.

There have been eight great epochs in the progress of mankind, which have had their peculiar styles of civilization; and it is no longer a question, that each period has been an improvement, not only on its immediate predecessor, but on all that went before. The glory of Egypt was eclipsed by the Periclean age of

Greece. Greece was surpassed by the Augustan period of Rome. Rome was superseded by the Italians under Leo X. The Italians were thrown into the shade by the Columbian era of Spain. Spain was excelled by the French in the days of Louis XIV. Now, France has gone down, and, from Klopstock to Goethe, Germany has had her day in the world of mind. England, which takes the supremacy next, can hold it but an hour; for here, vigorous, impatient, and strong, stands young America, ready to seize whatever becomes the property of the Anglo-Saxon name; and thus, the era that is next to dawn, and which shall shed such lustre as to make all the past look dim, is to be all our own—the unsurpassed, the unparalleled Anglo-American age.

But that age itself may grow. Every era has its beginning, its progress, and its end. The influences acting upon it from without, and the energies at work within, give it a new development from day to day. Nor is it certain how long may be the period of this growth. So far as our civilization is founded upon the truth, it stands upon a rock, and cannot be moved. Who then can tell what shall be the intellectual limits of a race, whose descent is taken from so high a source, whose lineage is traced through so many of the most illustrious races of mankind, whose physical character has been perfecting itself so long, and whose civilization is the result of every thing great and good which the world has thus far possessed or known?

It is a pleasing task to look back, and trace the progression of impulses and influences, which have been propagated through many ages, and at length brought to act with almost undiminished power upon ourselves. We have seen the manifestations of that great law, both in the physical and mental world, that nothing is lost. The vapor of to-day is the tempest or the shower of to-morrow. Now, we have a senseless clod at our feet; which next is an apple, or a man; and last of all, it is a clod again. So, thought never perishes. It is as immortal as the mind. Like the spirit that thinks, it only takes different forms. The deed of yesterday has become the recollection of to-day. It is a conception to-morrow, and next day an element, a trait, a color, in some splendid picture or achievement of the mind. It may transfer itself to canvas, or to stone. Perhaps it shapes the slender shaft, or carves the figured capital, of the columns of some model of architectural beauty. It may spread itself out in a wide landscape, wrought to perfection by the hand of art, adorned with mounds, flowers, and spouting fountains. In the possession of another genius, it becomes a book, a poem, a treatise of law or science, a *novum organum* in philosophy, with an influence as lasting as the mind.

Revolutions in society, and the ideas which cause them, are equally lasting in their effects. An ingenious mind might construct a chain of these great events; and it would be a sublime employment to trace it backward, link by link, till we should reach that first one held by the hand of Adam, when the chorus of angels celebrated the birth of time. But this we may not do now. Let it suffice, that the last link is held by the genius of Anglo-American civilization. Around that blessed genius let us form a glorious family circle. Let hand be joined in hand, until every brother and sister of us are thus united. Then, keeping up our connection with our presiding genius, as the spirit of the past runs down the chain, and the electric power of heaven itself passes and flashes along its links, the

whole will become a line of living influences, pouring a steady stream of impulse and activity into the hearts of the last and best race of men.

But I must now close. I have tasked the attention too long. For all the reasons I have assigned, I am not sorry that the old race of Americans is passing off, and that a new and better one is coming forward. Though the one event is mournful indeed, the other is full of hope and joy. But I have not written to flatter my reader's prejudices, nor to exalt his pride. The goodness of divine Providence should lead us to be grateful and humble in the use of his benefactions. We should see only our responsibility in our dignified position; and so, in conclusion, I will earnestly exhort my reader to get down upon his knees, and thank God sincerely, that his own lot has been cast with this new people—that he has seen the dawning glory of this great race of Anglo-Americans.

FOREIGNERS.

THERE is, at this time, a rapid immigration of foreigners to this country. The citizens of all nations, from the Indies to Lapland, and from Lapland to Italy—persons of all ranks, from the nobility in exile, to the poor peasant seeking his daily bread—men of all manner of political predilections, from the Turk, devoted to a visible despot, to the wandering Hebrew, who acknowledges no lawgiver but the prophets of the living God; and devotees of all religions, from the worshiper of the black stone at Mecca, to the idolatrous emissaries of the Pope, are pouring in upon us in a continual stream. And what shall we do with them? Shall we make them the enemies of our laws, manners, and religion, by treating them unkindly? Or shall we incorporate them into our common fold, by extending to them the hand of charity and protection? Let each one answer this question, with an eye to the future, and with his hand on his heart.

NATIONAL VANITY.

WHILE the passion of glory, or ambition, or emulation has sometimes enlarged the borders of civilization, and advanced the great interests of the race, national vanity, whether in the political, literary, religious, or military form, has invariably exhibited the same emptiness and barrenness of result, so characteristic of it in every period of the past. Conceit, occasioned by success, has often procured calamities, both in nations and individuals, of which nothing but severe and meditative philosophy could calculate the cause.

Alexander, cutting his pathway by patient conquest to fame, laughed at all labor, and became the wonder of the world; but, on the banks of the Indus, he shed those tears of triumphant vanity, which fell as if on purpose to celebrate the termination of his victories, or to commemorate the loss or depravity of that principle which had given him his power.

THE CRUSADES.

IN one point of view, the famous Crusades, generally regarded as great misfortunes, have wrought much permanent good to the human race. Though the result of a very base and contemptible superstition, and attended by every thing wretched and barbarous in the catalogue of misery and crime, they tended powerfully to break up the unsocial condition of the moral world, and rouse the death-sleep of the mind of man.

NOTICES.

THE WESTERN LANCET. *Edited by L. M. Lawson, M. D. Lexington, Ky.*—This seems to be an able work, and no doubt has a wide circulation. It merits extensive patronage from those interested in surgery and medicine in this country.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE maintains its original character unimpaired. It gives a sort of abstract of the periodical literature of the day. Its only fault is, it undertakes to do more than any ten such publications can perform. But it is very good, as far as it goes.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE has three editors, although it contains not much more than half the amount of matter given monthly in our work. What there is of it, however, is certainly of the right kind.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI. 1846.—This is a branch of the great Parent Society, and is doing good. Rev. W. P. Strickland, the Agent of the American Bible Society, assures us that they are going forward in carrying out the resolution adopted recently with unbounded zeal. The association will do well in this quarter, so long as they keep their present efficient and able representative for Ohio in the field. Success to this good cause!

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of the State of Ohio, for 1846.—An excellent document, showing a good degree of success in this noble enterprise. The prayers of the Christian world should go up for every institution of this kind.

BLAKE'S JUVENILE COMPANION. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1846.—This is quite a readable book for the young.

BIBLICAL REPOSITORY for January, 1847. This is an unusually rich number, and maintains the established character of that excellent periodical.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW for January, 1847.—This is one of the very best numbers ever issued of this noble work. The first article, by our old friend, Rev. S. M. Vail, A. M., fully sustains his reputation as a scholar. His position, we think, notwithstanding all the strictures of his reviewers, is the true one. We may find time and space to refer to his subject again. But not having yet read the whole of this number, we will take another opportunity to give it a full perusal, and now pass on. The leading editorial article of this number is of a very high order. We wish we had space to say all we feel in relation to the Quarterly. Let it suffice, that it stands well, and is an honor to its editor, to its patrons, and to the country.

BELLE-VUE FEMALE SEMINARY, *Bordentown, N. J.*, is one of the finest female institutions in the country; and we hope we have many readers among its patrons and friends. If so, what we say of the school may do it good; and that is, there is no better in the land.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD: a Vindication of the Literal Resurrection of the Human Body, in Opposition to the work of Professor Bush. By Calvin Kingsley. George Peck, Editor. Lane & Tipton: New York. 1847.—This is an able and needful publication. The first of the three parts of it, however, is too short. The two other parts are quite full, and perfectly conclusive against Professor Bush.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE life of an editor is the most amusing of all lives. Before taking our seat among the "ancient and honorable," we had received frequent premonitions of some of the curious things that sometimes happen to them; but, we can truly say, the half had never been told us.

But we must inform our readers, also, that we are singularly constituted in our mental character, which adapts us precisely to take in good part every thing that is likely to occur to us in this position. Those little things which occasion some persons trouble and anxiety of mind, furnish us only with agreeable pastime.

At the time of our induction into office, for example, we found lodged with our very able predecessor a complaint against a description of one of his plates; and, on reading it, we found that the Doctor had allowed his correspondent to make a grave error in the great science of topography. The description had placed, I think, a buoy, or something of that nature almost as serious, pertaining to an Irish harbor, on one side of the current, or channel, when it should have been on the other. Now, of course, that was enough for a fault-finder; and so a letter was dispatched, with the postage unpaid, to the Editor, that the thing might be righted, and the world—the commercial world we suppose—suffer no further damage.

The learned editor of the United States Evening Post has given his readers quite a chapter on the same general topic, and tells a good story of a painter, who hung up his best picture in a public place, desiring all who found fault with any part of it, to mark the place with a piece of chalk. Going next day to see how his picture had fared with its critics, to his mortification he found nothing but a blank of white chalk-dust. His critics had rubbed it all out. A friend, learning his chagrin, consoled him, and told him to hang it up again, with the request that spectators should, on the next day, chalk all the parts which they might find to admire. This the poor painter did, and, on going, soon after, to see what might have happened to his work, was astonished to find it all chalked out again. This gave him great relief, and he went home encouraged to go on in his profession. Perhaps, should we extend the same liberty to our friends, we might be served in the same way; and, whether with praise or blame, we might have our work all scratched out. So, fair readers, you will be good enough to read, in this periodical, whatever may suit your taste; and, if you chance to fall upon articles not exactly to your mind, be kind enough to think that they may suit somebody else.

Suppose, to change the thing a little, you should undertake to make a great feast, and invite to it twenty or thirty thousand of your friends. Suppose, also, your poor Editor should be invited to sit down among your guests; and, upon being asked how he liked the feast, should say, "Not at all," because there were many dishes there he could not eat. Would that be just the thing? Could any mortal man be expected to eat, or to want to eat, all the dishes spread out on such a board? Would you not think it quite enough, if each guest could find a few preparations such as he might desire? Or, suppose that you give each guest the privilege of taking from the table those dishes which he either did or did not eat: would not your table, in either case, be cleared? Or, on the other hand, should you make a feast altogether for one class of persons, how much better would you fare? Try the experiment, my fair friends. Make

a supper, sometime, for a variety of individuals; but set upon your table that, only, which highly-fed gentlemen and ladies eat. What, then, shall your more common people do? Or, should you furnish a supper of oysters, and spiced soups, and rich condiments, what will your brown-bread eaters, your dyspeptics, and other "feeble folk" at table, find for them? No, no, gentle readers, you never do any such thing. You do just as your Editor tries to do—present the best variety you have, and then invite your guests to help themselves, believing that no one person will wish to eat all you furnish, and the table too!

But the greatest piece of amusement an editor has, is derived from the contrariety of criticisms his work receives. We are not only amused by these contradictory opinions, but pleased. They show that the taste of our readers is wide awake; and, though they now very curiously differ amongst themselves, the final result will be highly favorable to the cause of correct literature in the land. Though we cannot hereafter publish all the opinions of our good friends, unless we should start a work expressly with this end in view, we can inform them, that, thus far, we have given to the printer every thing sent to us *against* the work, but could not give him a tenth of those in *favor* of it, without appearing vain. Not only do the ninety-nine out of the hundred of our correspondents, but *all* the editors, political, literary, and religious, on our very large exchange list, pronounce upon our poor efforts in the most encouraging of terms. So, feeling in the best of spirits, we once more send out our heartiest salutations to our many friends.

OUR heart was touched, when we read the following note from a highly cultivated reader of the Repository:

"August 28, 1846.

"I think it likely this is the last volume of this esteemed work I shall be permitted to see. My health is very feeble, and is sinking; so that, ere the next volume is commenced, I, in all probability, shall be in the spirit land, where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick.' 'Thanks be to God, who hath given me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

In reference to this individual, another correspondent writes:

"January 14, 1847,

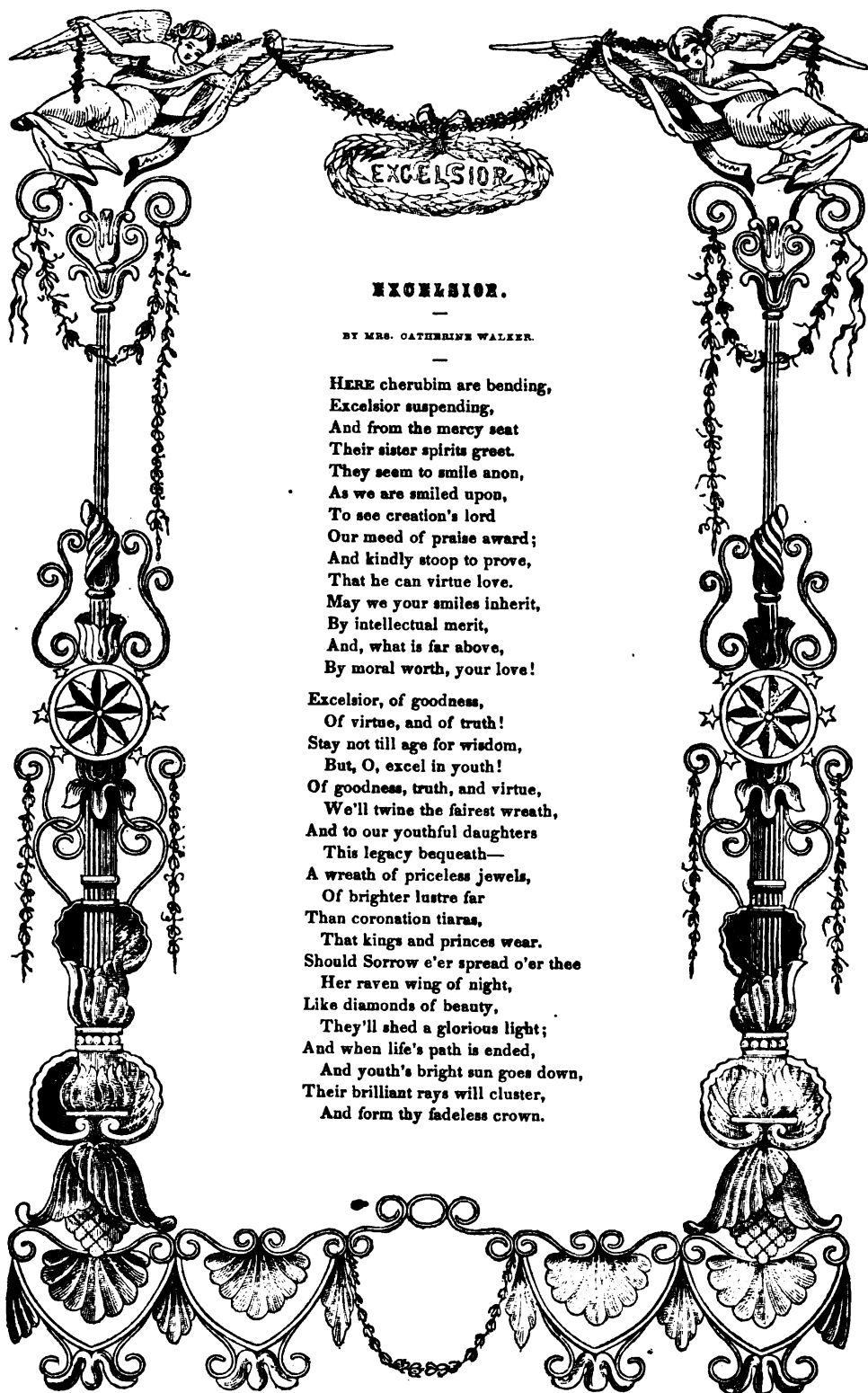
"Miss Mary Roseman, of Fairview, O., 'sleeps in death.' A more amiable young lady I never knew. Her end was most triumphant. She took the Repository for several years. I think from the very first."

This writer, in speaking farther of her death, paints, in few words, a touching little scene:

"In distributing among her relatives her various articles, she left the REPOSITORY to her younger sister, Sarah Ann, and requested her to continue it. I accordingly send you her name, which you will please put in your books in the place of Mary's."

Here, then, the Repository is made a legacy, left to the younger, the darling sister, with a dying request of a most "amiable" young lady, that she should continue to read its pages. The very thought of such a scene fills us with courage to go on; for more than one promising girl may be blessed by our labors; and perhaps, by its influence, many may be saved from woes they now think but little likely ever to be theirs.

OUR numerous agents may be gratified to learn, that our subscription list is growing every day.



EXCELSIOR.

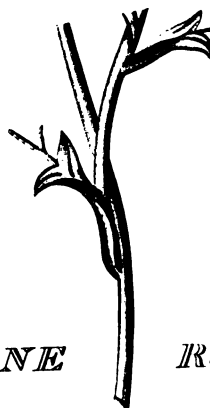
BY MRS. CATHERINE WALKER.

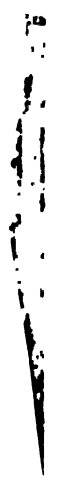
HERE cherubim are bending,
Excelsior suspending,
And from the mercy seat
Their sister spirits greet.
They seem to smile anon,
As we are smiled upon,
To see creation's lord
Our meed of praise award;
And kindly stoop to prove,
That he can virtue love.
May we your smiles inherit,
By intellectual merit,
And, what is far above,
By moral worth, your love!

Excelsior, of goodness,
Of virtue, and of truth!
Stay not till age for wisdom,
But, O, excel in youth!
Of goodness, truth, and virtue,
We'll twine the fairest wreath,
And to our youthful daughters
This legacy bequeath—
A wreath of priceless jewels,
Of brighter lustre far
Than coronation tiaras,
That kings and princes wear.
Should Sorrow e'er spread o'er thee
Her raven wing of night,
Like diamonds of beauty,
They'll shed a glorious light;
And when life's path is ended,
And youth's bright sun goes down,
Their brilliant rays will cluster,
And form thy fadeless crown.



THE LAOCOÖN, AT ROME.







P.T. Redoute Del.

EGLANTINE

ROSE.

C. Tishout Sculp.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1847.

THE LAOCOÖN, AT ROME.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

IN the latter part of November, 1842, my advance upon Florence, from Venice, was quickened by the burning desire I had felt from my youth to see the painting and statuary of *Italy*. Two of the most vivid visions of my college days were the agonies of Niobe and Laocoön, both of whom suffered the vengeance of the gods, and are, perhaps, the only great pieces of ancient art that express pain. I hastened to the Royal galleries, and found all that man has known or dreamed of, in ancient or modern times, in the fabulous, mythological, sentimental, martial, moral, literary, or religious worlds, embodied in marble, and spread on canvas, free from the feeble or offensive accidents and attributes which belong to them in the hurlyburly of existence, and exhibiting only what is essential to the predominant idea of the artist.

Walking amid these precious remains of ancient art, at every turn I lit upon a graceful statue of Apollo, a magnificent head of the terrible Jove, a beautiful statue of one of the Muses or Graces, or the menacing form of fiery Mars. At hand, also, was a collection of the heads of ancient worthies, on which themselves had looked and approved: among whom were Solon, Socrates, Plato, Sappho, Anacreon, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, Cicero, and other "immortal names that were not born to die." In an adjoining hall were the authentic busts of the Roman emperors, from Julius Cæsar to Constantine, together with all the great names that illumine or blot the Roman history. The feelings of the amateur traveler are indescribable, when he first stands in the presence of those men whose history is the history of the ancient world.

Casting a glance up a long corridor, I perceived, at its extremity, the group of the Laocoön, which, in the judgment of mankind, is the most perfect and powerful expression of dignified and majestic agony the genius of man has achieved. It is an embodiment in marble of one of the most national

and cherished traditions connected with the fall of Troy. It would have lived in the national heart if the Rhodian sculptors had not fixed it in stone, or the author of the *Æneid* published it in immortal verse.* It is impossible to say whether the poet took his description from the sculptors, or the sculptors from the poet. Perhaps both drew from the living tradition—the poet amplifying, for brilliancy of description, and the sculptors concentrating, to express the one great idea of mighty and commanding agony. The reader shall have the benefit of both descriptions.

Laocoön, the priest at Troy, had discernment enough to detect the wiles of the Greeks in constructing the huge wooden horse, which they filled with armed men; and, for the purpose of arousing the Trojans to destroy it, he hurled a spear at its side. But he failed in his purpose; and while he was sacrificing an ox to Neptune, the poet says,

"From sea we spied

Two serpents, ranked abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show:
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held:
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandished as they came,
And licked their hissing jaws, that sputtered flame.
We fled amazed; their destined way they take,
And to Laocoön and his children make:
And first around the tender boys they wind;
Then with their sharpened fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly chok'd—their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots;
His hoary fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the fitting air around.

Their tasks performed, the serpents quit their prey,

* The original is in the Vatican at Rome, and was made by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus; but the impressions of the writer were taken from the copy at Florence, where he first saw it, and which rivals the original.

And to the tower of Pallas make their way :
 Couched at her feet, they lie protected there
 By her large buckler, and protended spear.
 Amazement seizes all : the general cry
 Proclaims Laocoön justly doomed to die,
 Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
 And dared to violate the sacred wood."—ÆNEID II, 269.

It will be perceived that the poet details the occasion and the progress of the calamity which fell upon Laocoön. Let us now turn to the plate, and we shall see the calamity itself.

The first glance at the beautiful engraving will show the difference in the designs of the poet and sculptors. The sculptors have not coiled the snakes around the body of the father, but around his limbs, that the body might be fully exposed to show the greatness of the sufferings. These are seen not merely in the contortions of the limbs, but chiefly in the mental anguish expressed in the countenance, and the superhuman efforts which he makes to disengage the monsters. The anatomical expressions are very true and powerful. It is remarkable that the son on the left of the father seems to be more astounded by the inexpressible anguish of the parent than concerned for his own safety. The other son, on the right, is almost powerless, and seems rapidly sinking. As I stood before the sufferers, I could hear their bones crack, and their loud, violent screams of anguish die away into the low, heavy, asthmatic death struggle, under the slow but irresistible contractions of the hideous monsters.

"Go see

Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—
 A father's love and mortal's agony
 With an immortal's patience blending : vain
 The struggle—vain against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench : the long envenomed chain
 Rivets the living limbs—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

BYRON.

In an adjoining hall is the group of Niobe, whom Apollo and Diana punished for vaunting herself against their mother, Latona, and refusing to worship her; because she was the parent of only two children, while Niobe could boast seven fine sons and as many beautiful daughters. These were pierced from the skies in an hour—the sons by the shafts of Apollo, the daughters (except one) by the darts of Diana. The moment of her offspring being transfixed, and the sudden horror and agonized supplication of the mother which followed, is the time seized by the artist. As I entered the hall Niobe stood before me, half bent over her little boy, who had taken refuge in the folds of her garment, and threw up his hand toward heaven to ward off the shafts of Apollo, which the mother also endeavored to intercept, by interposing a portion of her robe raised aloft by her left hand, while she covered her child with her right. All the mother was seen in that full womanly form bending over her last born, while one manly son lay

pierced before her, and her other offspring were being transfixed in her presence by the angry gods. It is thought that this series of statues (for each is detached, except the boy in the folds of his mother's robe) once adorned the pediment of some temple devoted to Apollo or Diana, or both. And Pliny says it was doubtful whether it was the work of Scopos or Praxiteles.

I would gladly conduct the reader to the church of Sante Croce, (Holy Cross,) and show him the magnificent expressions of science and religion achieved by modern sculptors, in the beautiful monuments which they have built there to the glorious dead. There is the tomb of Michael Angelo, beneath which weep Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. And well may they sit in sadness by his sepulchre; for they have had no such master since the palmy days of the Grecian republic. There, too, is the monument of Dante, which Florence has recently erected to her most gifted son. His bust crowns the beautiful sarcophagus, while a fine Fame stands below and directs attention to the poet whom Italy laments, as she leans weeping on his manuscripts, with a rejected crown in her hand. There, likewise, is the tomb of the much injured yet immortal Galileo, who, because he was suspected of heresy, was made to sleep for a hundred years under the porch of the church, into which he has been admitted but recently, and not without difficulty. But he had long before been installed in the skies, and become a brilliant object of admiration to the world. Here he sits above his tomb with his left hand resting on a globe and some books, his right holds a telescope, and his eyes are piercing the heavens. On his left stands Philosophy, distracted with grief at the loss of her favorite son; but Astronomy, on his right, is looking calmly up into heaven. Sante Croce is to Italy what Westminster is to England. It is the home of her honored dead.

While walking amid its magnificent tombs, one cannot but wish that the chapel of the Medici family had been built in Sante Croce. It has been for two centuries in process of building in the church of St. Lawrence, and is designed for the sepulchral monuments of the Merchant Dukes of Tuscany. Then, among other rich treasures of art, we should have had added to the unrivaled mausolea of Sante Croce the wonderful statues of Morning and Evening, of Night and Day, designed and executed by the terrible genius of Michael Angelo. Until I looked upon these, I had not conceived that cold marble could have been made to express the cheerfulness of morning, the pensiveness of evening, the glory of noon, and the gloom of night. These figures are recumbent upon the tombs of two of the Medici.

"He who prays as he ought," says Dr. Owen, "will endeavor to live as he prays."

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

WHEN I was young—ah! how times have changed!—what were then considered matters of interest, are now rapidly disappearing. The age of improvement has crowded so many new things upon us as nearly to supersede the old. Some of our western customs, which formerly occupied the thoughts and interested the feelings of the community, have already flown, others are thrown into the background of the picture, and soon "the march of improvement" will have swept them all away, unless those who have them laid up in the store-house of memory will transfer them to paper. To lose the knowledge of those early customs of the west altogether, would be a misfortune, in one respect at least; for, unless they be compared with those of this generation, how could they who come after us know the difference? I, therefore, beg indulgence while I inflict upon the readers of the *Ladies' Repository* a few short items.

When I was young, children regarded themselves as children, because they were called children, and treated as such; but now they are called masters and misses, and of course regard themselves as being entitled to much attention.

When I was young, it was supposed to be the right of parents to rule, and the duty of children to obey; but such notions are now nearly out of fashion, and, therefore, practically going out of use. What a pity!

When I was young, boys, if not at school, worked all day in the field, or shop, and chopped wood, picked wool, or pounded hommony with a hand pestle at night, and read their books afterward; but now boys shoot marbles and play bandy, or sail paper kites and ride ponies all day, and at night clan together to serenade wedding-parties, with tinpans and trumpets, to shoot squibs, to set stables on fire in order to get the engines out, and have "lots of fun."

When I was young, I occasionally saw an old man sitting in the corner, drawing his pipe, and blowing the smoke up the chimney; but now I frequently see boys a little over knee high, walking the streets with lighted cigars in their mouths. It is feared their mothers have turned them out of their leading-strings before they were prepared for it.

When I was young, a few very wicked men, much hardened in crime, used profane language, and thereby rendered themselves ridiculous; but now boys of eight or ten years of age, swear as many big oaths over a game of marbles, as the most reckless desperadoes do over a pack of cards and a bottle of brandy. How shocking it is to the moral sense of every decent man! They ought to attend Sabbath school and learn better.

When I was young, girls, if not at school, swept the house, brushed the furniture, washed dishes, and spun wool all day, and mended their frocks and knit their stockings at night; but in these days of refinement, girls sleep, dress, and primp, make calls, and distribute cards all day, and at night receive company, sit upon the sofa and nurse their delicate hands, and chatter and laugh about fashions, beaux, and parties, or, if they happen to have a leisure hour, spend it in reading some chaffy novel.

When I was young, a sensible young woman expected to be called by her proper name, as Catherine, Mary, or Caroline; but now the fashionable way to address a young lady is to call her *Kate*, *Mol*, or *Cal*. What an improvement! Marvelous!

When I was young, our long evenings, after dispatching the domestic business, were frequently spent by forming a semicircle around a blazing wood fire, and listening to some member of the family reading Rollin's *Ancient History*, Josephus, Mason's *Self-Knowledge*, or the Bible, and singing spiritual songs; then came the apples, the hickory nuts, or the roasted sweet potatoes; but the present fashion is to attend a lecture, or a concert, or a party, where, instead of the old dull custom of speaking one at a time, while the others were attentive, they adopt the more lively and time-saving plan of speaking all at once, but on a great variety of topics.

When I was young, the ordinary topics of evening conversation among the old people, to which of course the children and youth attended with profound interest, were hunting stories, Indian stories, "the old settlement" from which they had emigrated, and the American Revolution; but now they talk of voyages to the Pacific, tours in the east, Christian alliance, magnetic telegraphs, railroads to Oregon, Mexican war, &c.

When I was young, our fathers took their produce to New Orleans in flatboats, and brought up their groceries in keelboats, making the trip in six or eight months; but now they ship it there in steamboats, sell out, and return in three weeks.

When I was young, if a man had any important business, requiring him to make a journey of two or three hundred miles, he sighed over it for weeks, took counsel of his friends, and, if they thought it advisable to undertake such a perilous enterprise, he put up his horse to fat him for the service; and after borrowing a pair of saddle-bags, and packing his clothes and money in one end, and his provisions in the other, and getting all ready, on the day appointed, his friends and neighbors assemble to take a solemn and affecting leave of him, feeling very doubtful whether he could ever accomplish such a journey and get back to his family alive; but it is nothing uncommon now for a man to leave Cincinnati, and visit New York and Boston, ay, London and Paris, and return home, before one half of his neighbors learn that he has been absent.

When I was young, there were many western boys that ploughed and hoed corn barefooted and bareheaded in the summer, and wore moccasins, wool hats, and linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts in the winter, who are now men of wealth, respectability, and influence; and there were at the same time some young gentlemen of fashion, dress, and pleasure, that looked down with contempt upon those boys, who have long since taken the benefit of the insolvent act, or gone to —.

When I was young, I knew some flaxen-headed urchins which carried their dinner-basket in one hand, and Dilworth's Spelling-Book in the other, as they ran through the woods to the little log school-house, who have since figured in the halls of Congress, and on the benches of the higher courts, and as presidents of colleges, and in other high places of Church and state.

Truly, times have changed since I was young, though I am not quite fifty-three years old myself.

A DAY AT NIAGARA FALLS.

BY REV. F. WENIORTH, A. M.

THE great current of western travel is usually as direct as the course of the Gulf Stream; but it makes a sudden bend at Buffalo—everybody goes to Niagara. An hour's chase after a sluggish locomotive along the valley of the broad and placid river brings us suddenly in sight of the white-crested rapids, some three-quarters of a mile above the Falls. In ten minutes the cars come to a halt in the centre of a crowd of porters, and in the heart of the little village whose godfather is the mighty cataract. Happily, we have no baggage to care for: let us elbow our way, with all consistent expedition, through the mob of jostling carriers, rending the air with the annoying shouts, "Baggage for the Cataract House!" "Baggage for the Eagle Hotel!" and "baggage for" half a dozen other wooden palaces of lesser note, each bearing some one of the high-sounding titles usually appropriated by these flaunting shrines of fashion and folly, and all included under the aristocratic genera: "*First class houses and hotels.*" If we cared to be heterodox with custom and the guide-books, we would pass directly to the top of the bank near "Porter's Railway," and view the cataract as a *whole*, before proceeding to the various points of interest, commended in shilling pamphlets to the polite attentions of uninitiated tourists. We may not be singular: let us diverge to the left, at a right angle from the rail-track. A brief walk brings us to the river, and thence to the centre of the rustic, yet substantial bridge, whose arches spring from pier to pier for a whole furlong, and claim firm foothold in the midst of the agitated floods, wildly careering to the

irrevocable verge only sixty rods below! Up the stream the coming waters present the picture of a miniature ocean of crested and tossing billows. It is a glorious view; but we shall not attempt to describe it. We have but just stepped upon the threshold of a single portal of this theatre of wonders, when a scene at once grand and unexpected, bursts upon the vision, which, like the prelude of an oratorio, awes and subdues the soul, and fits it for instant and willing captivation by the sublimer scenes yet to follow. There is a feeling of relief when we are once more upon *terra-firma*. We must not forget to pay our respects to the toll-house erected by the proprietor of the few acres of soil that have won immortal fame by braving the torrents of Niagara. A moment after, with pockets lightened of a trifle, and our names added to the swelling register of devotees at this mighty shrine, we are perambulating the romantic woods of Goat Island. Goat Island! It has haunted our imaginations from childhood, as a barren and rocky acre or two, struggling for precarious existence in the midst of floods that sweep past it in resistless grandeur. How rarely does preconception coincide with fact! Here are *forty acres* of substantial woodland, covered with lofty trees, interspersed with rural walks, and exhibiting little or nothing to advertise us, who are now sauntering along in its cool and quiet shades, of the immediate proximity of one of the most stupendous wonders of the world. The guide-books and guide-boards say, "Keep to the right." We keep to the right, and in a few minutes our beautiful wildwood walk terminates at the western corner of the American Fall. Springing down the bank, and across the dashing streamlets, we seat ourselves upon the edge of the precipice at the very verge of Luna Island, and watch for a long time, without any very extraordinary emotions, the snowy columns tumbling from that precipice into the far-down abyss. Satisfied with the view from this point, we ascend the bank, and take our way along the flowery forest path leading to the perpendicular stair-case, dropped, at the instance of the great "Nick Biddle," from the top of the precipice to the river bank below. Look up when you have reached the bottom of those circling stairs. The height appears vaster than was the depth before your descent! Turn first to the right, and scramble over the disintegrated masses heaped irregularly along the base of this tremendous overhanging mural precipice, until, after a toilsome walk, you come to the base of the lone and lofty fall on the American side. Here is the "Cave of the Winds." You peer into the misty dwelling of the raging subjects of *Æolus*—you glance upward upon the snowy, interminable torrents gliding in slow and measured grandeur from the terrific heights above—you listen to the tremulous undertone thunder of the main fall, and start back from the ragings of the tortured floods

falling on the rocks at your feet. It is here that sublimity possesses the soul. Here a thousand minds have been overwhelmed with conceptions that never took tangible shape—here have been uttered the few effusions of poesy any way worthy of their incomparable subject. Art has always failed in its attempts to sketch Niagara. I have seen it on canvas—a single point of view—one, out of a thousand, beautiful in suggestive forms and colors, and dispositions of sun and shade, but lacking the *motion* and the *roar*, two essential elements of the grand and beautiful, reigning in the enraptured mind, paying its homage to the inimitable fall. I have seen it in verse, more mysterious and impenetrable than the clouds of mist that shroud, eternally, the feet of the Cataract King! I have seen it in descriptions, good enough in their way, but, like the epitaphs of the great, falling infinitely short of the merits of their theme. I have seen it in reality; but have not attempted, and will not attempt to describe that which approaches so nearly the indescribable. Reader, if you would learn all of the stupendous and beautiful, comprehended in the term *Niagara*, you must go there yourself. Pen or tongue can give you no adequate conceptions of it.

Let us retrace our steps to the stair-case, and ramble thence as far in the opposite direction to the American end of the Crescent, or Horse-Shoe Fall. Every point is full of interest upon this bank of tumbling ruins, isolated, but for the genius of Biddle, from the living world! What a toilsome ascent back to Christendom! Another long and delightful stroll along the margin of the precipice that severs us from the far-down level of the retreating river, and we come once more to the American end of the Crescent Fall, though somewhat elevated above our last point of observation. Here you may run out upon a rude bridge, leap from rock to rock, and climb some of the detached masses of limestone that sleep securely in the lulling consciousness of their own massiveness upon the edge of the overhanging verge, and in the midst of the madly-leaping waters, and look, if your brain be sufficiently steady, into the gulfs beneath. Climb the stone tower that has been erected here for a look-out. Look up the river. The inclined plane is alive with dancing rapids, and dotted with beautiful islands. Look across the river. The eye follows with delight the graceful curve of the main fall, winding from Goat Island to the distant Canada shore. Look upon the river. Eternal clouds veil the point of junction between the fall and the milk-white sheet slowly retiring from its base. Look down the river. Such is the proportion of part to part, that one wakes by degrees to the idea of the magnificence of the scale upon which this grand panorama is projected. Take, for the unit of measure, those men creeping like the merest insects upon the rocks near the foot of yonder stair-case, and you may form some conception from their

known dimensions of the vastness of the distances within the field of your vision. If you are not yet fatigued, make the circuit of Goat Island, to feast the eye on the innumerable beauties scattered all over the landscape. The trees are covered with the names of aspirants after immortality. There stands a whiskered carver in a yellow vest, mutilating the innocent bark. "J-o-n-a-t-h" (he is evidently a Yankee) has already escaped from beneath the point of his desecrating blade. He will soon be the possessor of a beech-bark notoriety, which might have failed him for ever but for this fortunate embarkation in the wake of the fashionable world! Some of those fine old trees have been killed by the ruthless knives of these merciless sculptors. We must leave their pleasant shades, and seek "Porter's Railway." From this point the entire sheet is visible. Descend the inclined plane in miniature cars, if you will—seat yourself in a canoe at its foot, and dare the passage of the agitated waters only a few rods below the American Fall—pass up the Canada shore—seek the celebrated view from Table Rock—go down once more that frightful precipice to the river level below—perform the distinguished feat of passing behind the great Crescent Fall at the expense of a thorough drenching, and then retire to note in your diary, as one of the most remarkable in your life, *the first day at Niagara Falls!*

HOME—MOTHER—HEAVEN.

BY REV. R. SAFF.

THE above are three of the sweetest words in our rich language. They are freighted with much good to thousands of aching, but grateful and affectionate hearts, that are now wandering through this world of change, of joy, and of sorrow. Like pure, gushing fountains in the midst of the desert, surrounded and overhung with rich and beautiful foliage, at which the wearied traveler stops to quench his burning thirst, rest his wearied limbs, and anew gird himself for his toilsome task, these pilgrims of life often seat themselves in their journey, and as they ponder these delightful words, and the pure associations and bright hopes they bring to the mind, take fresh courage, and gird up their souls for the trials and conflicts still ahead.

HOME.

This is an interesting place, where our innocent childhood, our joyful and frolicsome youth, and, perhaps, some of the years of our man and womanhood were spent—the place where we joyfully joined brothers, sisters, and playmates in the rustic sport upon the green sward in front of the white cottage, or wandered after flowers upon the hillock's side, in the beautiful meadow, and woodland vale, or caroled upon the bank of the rivulet, picking up the pebble,

and playing in its ripples, as it threaded away in the distance like a stream of silver. Home! how sweet thy associations! how soothing thy recollections to the aching temples and throbbing heart! how much like a sad spell to the mind are the by-gone years, and scenes, which crowd into the memory of thy bright courts, and lawns, and brooks, and fields! Yes,

"I adore
In dreams the flowery fields, the spice trees green
Of my sweet country, and my mother's home
By the blue river."

MOTHER.

Mother, thou wert the chief joy of that once beautiful, but now smitten and forsaken habitation. Thou didst dwell as a ministering angel in the midst of thy band of little ones, and didst, with a mother's tenderness, watch their sleeping hours while in the infant cradle, and imprint the kiss of love upon their tender brows, with joy guide their feeble footsteps in their first trials to begin the journey of the world, counsel and correct them when about entering the wayward path of youth, and still let thy affections and prayers cling around their riper years. And though thou hast quit this vale of trials and woe, and hast gone to that pure and radiant world lit up by the glory of God and the light of the Lamb, still, mother, thou shalt have the chief seat in my soul, and the purest affections of my manhood's heart.

"Ay, well thy name might wake spontaneous gush,
Deep in the breast of love! No other brow
Wore for me that bright, unchanging smile,
So blended with the shadowed cradle-dreams."

Reader, hast thou a mother yet living? and one whose love is like the fountains of many waters? Honor that mother, love her, obey and comfort her; and as she comes nearer to her resting-place in the grave and heaven, smooth her pathway, and soothe her sorrows. The privilege will soon be denied thee of ministering to that angel mother of thine. Mine has gone to heaven.

HEAVEN.

"Eye hath not seen this temple of our God,
Ear hath not heard its harpings full of joy,
Nor human heart with loftiest thought conceived
The radiant glories of its upper courts!"

But it is the pure, serene place, where the rich treasures of our stricken homes and of earth are gathered. The Scriptures contain many promises in reference to this inheritance prepared for man in the future world, and hold out some bright symbols, typical of its character as the Sabbath of rest and worship, the land of Canaan, the spiritual kingdom of Christ, the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, and which are like stars looking down through the clouds and storms that envelop the skies, and inspire hope in the sinking heart, and cheer the pilgrim in his journey through the world. If the reality itself transcends in glory and beauty the transcendently magnificent description given by John in the book

of Revelation, it will be a fit residence for mother, and every jewel which may be gathered from this earth.

How charmingly do these words, their memories, affections, and hopes, blend and make melody for the human heart:

"Home, mother, heaven!
Home, mother, heaven! be they blended all,
When the free spirit, disenthral'd from earth,
Essays its upward wing!"

GLEN COTTAGE.

BY E. M. S.

It was an ordinary farm-house, of rather contracted dimensions, presenting to the mind simply the idea of the necessities and comforts, but none of the luxuries of life. The grounds surrounding were unembellished; yet the general appearance of the whole bespoke that careful attention to management which characterized the occupant as one of regular habits and industry. At another season of the year, the situation would have elicited admiration, as one of peculiar beauty. The Ohio—*la belle riviere*—bearing on its bosom the mighty steamers of the west, rolled its reflux tide at the base of the slight eminence on which the cottage stood, while in the rear the gigantic forest trees lifted their lofty branches to the skies, as though nature had intended to rival the design of the builders of the tower of Babel, and present here a refuge from the overwhelming inundations of the flood. But the distinguishing hues of the birch, the maple, the ash, and the cedar, glowed not now in their vivid coloring of orange, crimson, brown, and green, rendering the foliage of our western forests so unique in beauty and luxuriance. The blasts of winter had succeeded to the livery of autumn, without adorning the leafless branches with the fairy frost-work which is that season's own peculiar decoration. The mist hung in heavy masses over the water, giving additional cheerlessness to the scene; and sad, indeed, it was to know that the desolation of nature was but a faint emblem of that which reigned within the silent dwelling. The windows on the one side of the house were entirely closed, while those shutters in the front that were opened, were yet unfastened; as though hastily thrown aside to admit the light of day, while yet the inmates were too much absorbed to do aught that was not absolutely necessary. The past night had been to them one of no common interest: the father of that family lay on his dying bed; and assembled in the apartment were those united to him by the nearest and strongest ties—the ties of kindred blood, of kindred affection, and of kindred intellect. The almost unexampled suffering that had marked the last years of his life had but the

led him to those who had witnessed his endurance and cheerful acquiescence to the will of God. True, they knew he was to leave the vale of sorrow for the realms of peace—that he was to exchange the tortures of a living death for the joys of a blissful immortality; but the voice of nature would not be repressed—the claims of affection would be recognized, and the gushing tears and convulsive sobs of those around told how strong the links now to be dis severed by the destroyer. But in despite of approaching dissolution, the countenance of the saint of God revealed the peace which reigned within; and all beheld the dominion of principle and the reasoned convictions of the understanding, regulating the devotion of the heart, and all its tender and lofty impulses at the approach of death. During several years of the most painful suffering, he had uniformly been sustained by the sublime hopes and consolations of the Gospel; and now that he knew himself about to die, his courage was calm and his resignation tranquil. He spoke of the truth and power of Christianity with the confidence of one who knew its value. He betrayed no indecision, and found himself free from doubt. His faith and his hopes were connected with a life of piety, and looked forward to the reward of virtue as secured by the covenant of our common redemption. The dying patriarch had intimated his last wishes to his family—like Jacob, had bequeathed to each his blessing, and felt but slight anxiety for those whose oversight he could devolve on one alike his joy, his hope, his pride, and his reliance. Tremblingly alive to all his wants and wishes, that one had stood beside him. Now he supported the sinking head—now presented the cooling draught; and, ever and anon, as he failed to understand the faltering accents, pressed his brow in agony upon his father's hand. He thought not the last moments of the living best calculated to determine the real character of the dying; and he dishonored not the principles of his father's life, nor trifled with the long-settled hopes of his future happiness, by any attempt to excite him unnaturally, or control, by adventitious effort, the well-known current of his convictions and feelings. But the last conflict was now approaching; and in his character as one of Heaven's ordained ministry, Henry administered to the dying believer the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Redeemer. Once more the father listened to the words of inspiration, inestimable from any source, yet still receiving an added charm when breathed by one so dear; and never, though admiring crowds had hung entranced and spell-bound by his heaven-breathed eloquence, no, never had that gifted one appeared so all-commanding, so worthy of the homage of the heart, as when, kneeling by that lowly couch in prayer, his soul winged its flight to the bosom of its God. That prayer, inimitable and unrivaled, no language may describe. The

faltering accents of earthly love gradually rose to the strengthened voice of faith—then swelled to the triumphant tones of assured and glorious victory. Overmastered by his feelings, Henry paused, and, overpowered by his fervid eloquence and deep devotion, all were hushed in silence. The father's arm was thrown around the son, whose hand was clasped in his, and the dark and luxuriant curls of the younger formed a striking contrast, as, pressed upon the same pillow, they mingled with the gray and silvery locks, which

"Like snow upon an Alpine summit, proved
Their near approach to heaven."

The silence was interrupted by one of the family throwing open the shutters to admit the light. As the rays filled the room, Henry

"Turned away,
As though his heart abhorred the coming day,
And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
To look upon the brow where all grew night."

As the beams of the morning fell upon that brow, they revealed the traces of fearful suffering; and those only who have seen the one most dear to them writhe in agony, to which they cannot even offer alleviation—they only know the feeling which stamped upon Henry's features the impress of utter hopelessness. For a moment, too, the glorious hope of immortality was obscured—the past, the present, and the future of this world crowded on his mind—that he was to be bereft of the friend and counselor, whose paternal feelings and generous solicitude had been his solace in many an hour of trial and affliction—that, mid the varied ills of life, he no more would be sustained by the consciousness that there existed at least one heart, in the kindly sympathies of which his bruised and anguished feelings never failed to find relief—that a nameless, heart-withering feeling of desolation was to succeed to scenes which even sorrow and affliction had never rendered gloomy. An involuntary groan escaped him, and the father, already in the arms of death, roused once more. He fixed his dying gaze upon his son; and, though, unmoved, he had borne his almost Promethean suffering—though, in silence, he had triumphed, and, with composure, seen the glories of the upper world bursting on his vision, he looked, and wept! Yes, though the first full draught of immortality had almost touched his lips, he wept for him whom he was about to leave alone and cheerless, with but few to understand, perchance with none to sympathize. Shocked by his father's evident emotion, Henry's devoted affection enabled him to overcome his own; and the words of parting consolation which whispered the severance would be but short, and the reunion lasting, fell like Gilead's balm on the heart of the departing; and while concentrated in his look, were faith, and hope, and love, "*Glory to God!*" trembling on his dying lips, was his sole reply, and the last sentence he ever uttered.

MISCELLANEA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

THE BURIAL.

As I was sitting, solitary and sad, in my little study, musing on the past, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the deep tones of the funeral bell: ah! that tolling bell I know its sound full well. Mournfully does its echo fall on my sad heart. Its pealing sound brings back the scene of sorrow, when, on a bright morning of early summer, it seemed to send forth on the still air its deep-toned notes in unison with the strain of woe that went up from my own home. Alas, alas, that tolling bell. It tells of desolate firesides, and broken hearts.

Slowly and sadly I rambled away over the fields, and through the forest, to the grave-yard. I stood by the side of the open grave. The coffin was lowered, and the minister of consolation was pouring forth one of the most fervent prayers I ever heard. But eloquent and powerful as were the words of the good man, my attention was yet drawn from him, and the interesting exercises in which he was engaged, by the calm, resigned, yet disconsolate and sorrowful aspect of the mourners who stood by that grave. And they were but two—the mother and the brother of the fair young girl, who lay beneath that coffin lid. They spoke not a word; but the deep-drawn sigh, and the streaming eye, told of anguish and grief. The lovely girl, who was sleeping at their feet, had but just returned from a visit to the east, with the intention of making her permanent home with her mother and youthful brother. On her journey, she fell sick, and arrived but to breathe her last in her mother's arms. And such is human life—frail, fleeting, and uncertain. How like the "vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," or, like the "flower that is cut down," and the "grass that withereth ere it is noon." Human life!—what is it? How mysterious in its beginning, its progress, and its end.

That weeping mother, who stood there over the grave of her loved one, was the widow of Armstrong. That youthful boy, who stood gazing intently over the brink, was his youngest child; and that young girl, who lay sleeping in her shroud and coffin, was one of fourteen children now with the father in the spirit world. Such have been the desolations of death in the family of Armstrong.

In an allusion made by me in the Repository, sometime ago, to the name of Armstrong, I spoke of him as sleeping in an unknown and neglected grave, on a farm in one of the northern counties of Indiana. I have since been informed, by Rev. Aaron Wood, that some three or four years ago, the remains of this great and good man were removed from their obscure resting-place to the grave-yard of the beautiful village, called Door Village, in

Laporte county; and that, by the contributions of his friends in that county, a marble slab was erected, on which is the following inscription:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY

OF
REV. JAMES ARMSTRONG,
Who died, September 12, 1834.
He was a minister of the Gospel in the
Methodist Episcopal Church,
And labored thirteen years in Indiana,
And founded the first Methodist meeting-house
In North Indiana, at Door Village.
"He rests from his labors, and his works
do follow him."

Had I known, when I visited Laporte last fall, that Armstrong lay so near, I should have made a pilgrimage to the little village of the prairie, to look on the place where he is resting. Honored and blessed be the memory of the dead. A hallowed influence seems breathing around the spot where sleep the good.

There are others of Indiana's honored ones yet sleeping in obscurity, and over whose place of rest oblivion is spreading her impenetrable vail. The young, talented, and popular Ray, lies somewhere on the banks of the Wabash, near Terrehaute; but I have been unable to find the spot. Westlake, the venerable, the good, lies in the grave-yard at Logansport. A beautiful and romantic spot it is; but when I, in company with several others, rambled over the place, on our way to conference last fall, we could neither find a stone to mark the grave, nor any person able to tell us where it was. And, as I have been informed, the grave of May is, or, at least, was, some months ago, when my friend passed it, trampled by teams, heedlessly drawing logs over it. Such neglect should not be. Be it that the departed are unconscious of the scenes of earth; that our neglect or care affects them not; that it matters not to them whether flowers or thorns grow on their graves; yet I cannot, without pain, look on a neglected grave. If these things affect not the dead, they surely do the living.

SCENES AT MONTEREY.

Brilliant were the exploits, and dazzling the scenes at Monterey. Brave men fought and fell there. In the annals of war, few more famous battles have been fought. The deeds of renown and of glory have been carefully chronicled, and proclaimed to the patriotic public. But there were other scenes enacted at the storming of that hill-crowned city—scenes to touch the heart, but of which less has been said. A sketch of some one or two, of which the materials have been gathered from various incidental sources, may not be uninteresting. The invading army had entered the city, and the work of death, of ruin, of desolation was going rapidly on. A company of soldiers were directed to break open

the doors of a row of houses. As they violently entered the dwelling, they found not a living soul within them. Every inmate had escaped, and the silence of death reigned in the vacant halls and deserted rooms. At last they came to one which, for a time, defied their efforts. The door seemed barricaded with uncommon care; and blow after blow fell in vain upon it. But neither bolts, nor bars, nor huge timbers, nor massive iron can long withstand the power of a conquering army. The door was about giving way, when the officer in command heard a tremulous voice within, entreating him not to break the door down, and it should be opened. The door was unlocked, and the officer rushed in over beds, chairs, cushions, and various other articles of furniture, and to his surprise, was met not by men in hostile array, with guns, and clubs, and dirks, and swords, but by a company of women and children, who approached him trembling and fearful, falling on their knees, and beseeching, in piteous tones of bitter anguish and deep distress, for mercy and protection. While several of the women were thus kneeling about the officer, one who had remained at a distance glided into the circle, and knelt close to his feet, holding up before him a bright and beautiful child, and said, in melting tones, in a soft, quivering voice, "Senor, for the love you bore your mother, for your affectionate regard for your wife, and for the tenderness with which your heart clings to your children, spare, O spare this my little babe." The poor mother asked no mercy for herself, but for her child—her sweet little one, whom she knew, as well as herself and companions, to be in the power of her country's foes. How much of intense suffering, of racking agony of spirit, there must be in that mother's heart, as she sees herself and child captives, expecting death. At the same time, the father of her child was away, perhaps fallen, and bleeding, and dying, in some distant part of the city.

During the storming of the city, a woman was seen to leave a cottage, with a pitcher of water and a basket of food in her hand. She went to the battle field, where the wounded and the dying were lying neglected, parched by burning thirst, and exhausted by hunger, and fatigue, and pain. She offered her water and her refreshments alike to Mexican and American, holding her pitcher of cooling drink to the feverish lips of the dying, and giving bread to such as were able to partake of it. When her store was exhausted, she returned to her cottage, and replenished her pitcher and her basket, and was hurrying back to the relief of the poor wounded ones, when she fell dead by a ball that pierced her heart.

And such is war. Not only the strong men fall victims to its cruel edict; but feeble age, and delicate woman, and helpless childhood perish—miserably perish, by its relentless rage.

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But the ravages are not limited to those who fall fighting under the walls of the city, or on the plain. Of the twenty thousand men, who, a few months ago, left their homes in the west and southwest, for the campaign in Mexico, nearly two thousand have fallen by disease, and now sleep in death on the banks of the Rio Grande, while twice as many more, with ruined health and broken spirits, have returned home to linger on awhile with incurable disease, and then sink prematurely into the grave.

Some years ago the cause of humanity and religion called for volunteers for the African mission. It was deemed a dangerous enterprise; but there were not wanting brave men and devoted women to undertake it. Among them was a young friend of mine, a beautiful, lovely, pious, and educated lady, the daughter of a worthy minister in New England. She, with her youthful husband, volunteered for the dangerous work. They were authorized by the proper powers of the Church to go, and immediately left their New England home for Africa. They arrived—they fell sick, and they died; and well do I remember the grief and sorrow that filled all hearts at the sad intelligence. The father of this estimable lady was inconsolable, nor has he ever yet fully recovered from the blow that then fell on his heart. The good Bishop Hedding, who made the appointment, was so afflicted at the sad result, that, for a long time, he was reluctant to meet the bereaved father. Others fell in that sickly clime, and among them the eloquent Cox, whose last words were, "Though a thousand fall, yet must not Africa be given up." But after the loss of some few lives, the Church has apparently abandoned the design of redeeming Africa by means of white American missionaries.

And yet how small has been the sacrifice of human life in the African mission, compared with that of the Mexican war! How many hearts have been rived with anguish, or shattered, or broken by the sad scenes of the Rio Grande, and the bloody battles of Monterey!

NIAGARA.

There are few famous things, whether famous people, or famous cities, or famous sights, or famous sounds, which do not disappoint our high-wrought expectations. But Niagara is an exception. It is, indeed, the only object, that I ever saw, among natural or artificial scenes, exceeding in reality the vivid picturings of the imagination. It was a long time ago, as it now appears, a very long time ago, when, on a bright autumnal day, I looked on those mighty waters, and listened to their deafening roar. I had journeyed a long way on purpose to see that wonder of nature. Railroads were not then, and it required many a day to perform a journey of a few hundred miles. It was, as I have said, a long time ago. The Editor of the Repository, who formed one of the company, was then a young man, or, indeed, but a boy, and his amiable wife was then a young

and merry-hearted girl. We jogged cheerily along for many a day; and I dimly recollect of passing the youthful city of Syracuse, with its salt lakes—of visiting the prisons at Auburn—of wondering at the long bridge of the Cayuga lake—of admiring the unequalled beauties of Geneva—of being delighted with the beautiful wheat-fields of Ontario—of spending a Sabbath at Rochester, a city which had grown up so fast, that the people had not had time to get the big stumps out of their streets—of spending a night at Batavia, famous in those times as the scene of Morgan's abduction; and of rambling over the city of Buffalo, a city which had sprung up almost as suddenly as Aladdin's palace. But while the recollection of all these places is but dim and misty, that of Niagara is vivid as ever. I can, indeed, never forget the feelings of awe, the ideas of power, and the emotions of the sublime, that overwhelmed me, when I first saw the magnificent sight; nor did these feelings or emotions leave me as I rambled about, viewing the scene from every possible point.

I will not attempt to describe Niagara. It is a scene of so overwhelming grandeur, that no description, which I ever read, can give a satisfactory idea of it. You must see it for yourself. No labor and fatigue it may require of you, no expense you can afford, will be deemed too much for such a scene.

Nothing that I ever saw so impressed me with the ideas of power, and of eternity, as did Niagara. The force of the mighty mass of waters, as they rush down into the gulf, is perfectly irresistible. No human engine, nor any other physical agent I ever saw, could suggest such an idea of omnipotence. And the idea of eternity was forced on me by that incessant rush of waters. How many generations of men have passed away since the sound of those waters was first borne along the evening breeze, and how many more will pass away, while those waters will still rush on, unconscious of the changes of earth!

HOPE AND PIETY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THERE is a flower—'tis beauty's queen—
Holy and pure, yet blooms unseen:
O dearer far than fame!
Mild comforter in sorrow's hour,
All must have seen or felt its power—
Hope is the floweret's name.

But yet there is a fairer rose;
Each leaf is purer than the snows,
When first they leave the sky;
Precious in youth, it soothes old age:
'Tis found upon the sacred page—
True heaven-born Piety.

THE SPIRIT.

BY A. HILL.

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."—*Job.*

Ye cannot quench that spirit: its bright fire,
When stars shall lose their brilliance and expire,
And suns grow dim, and earth shall pass away,
Will shine more lustrous, through an endless day.
"God breathed on man," and kindled up that flame,
Which burns for ever to his glorious name.

When once in being, it must always be:
Its only measure is eternity.
Death cannot quench it: when the body dies,
It flies away to its own native skies;
Or it is bound by an almighty spell
Deep in the gloomy prison-house of hell.

Ye cannot bind that spirit: it defies
All power to crush it, that it may not rise.
Ye cannot hold that spirit: it is free,
If God but speak its gracious liberty.
Sin is a thralldom which it sadly feels,
Till God's own word deliverance reveals.
This once embraced, 'tis free again to soar,
And sin abjured, 'tis free for evermore.

Cramp the frail body with your slavish chain,
Rend the full heart, and fire the maddened brain,
Ye cannot bind what God hath left so free;
For *think* it will, and *think* eternally.
Vain are your efforts, if ye think to crush
The soul's emotions, or its warmer gush
Of feeling, when it rises like the wind;
For bold and lofty is the chainless mind.

Man binds his fellow, and his iron heel
Upon his victim's neck he makes him feel:
His lordly pride and domineering sway,
May vaunt their reckless power for one brief day;
But, O, man's strength is puny, and his arm
Can never do the deathless spirit harm:
'Tis like a diamond—place it where ye will,
'Twill glow and sparkle—'tis a diamond still.

But ye may *stain* that spirit if ye try,
Or ye may *train* it for its native sky.
Coldness and scorn may *bow* it for awhile,
And ye may *win* it with a glad smile;
But, O, if lost, what ransom can be given
To bring that truant spirit back to heaven!

SPECULATION.

Why plunge you down that stagnant pool
Of dark and doubtful lore?
Why 'tempt the walks of every school
Of every sect of yore?
Naught useful there do mortals learn,
Nor less than infidels return.

THE ASCENSION.

BY MISS MEROVIN.

"Till He—the first fruits—life's great Lord appear;
 And man's unnumbered generations hear
 His mighty voice, on that triumphant day,
 When vanquished death shall yield up all his sway:
 Then, when the grave's dark vaults are all unsealed,
 How beautiful in strength will rise revealed
 That plant of seed celestial—fair and bright—
 To him for ever in the realms of light."

THE mightiest designs of Heaven which time (perhaps eternity) ever knew, had been fulfilling. They had passed in splendid but mysterious grandeur before a sin-blinded and idolatrous world; but the veil remained upon their hearts, and something was yet wanting to give vitality and efficacy to the whole.

Jesus, the Son of God, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person," had appeared veiled in humanity: "God manifest in the flesh" had tabernacled among men.

At a time when idolatry, philosophy, and science had taxed their combined powers to the utmost to discover and remedy the secret of man's universal wretchedness and ruin, and had proved every effort futile

"To minister to a mind diseased,
 Or from the memory pluck a rooted sorrow"—

when her wisest and best, turning away with sickening despair from all their boasted resources, mournfully exclaimed, "Who can show us any good?"—when even the Jewish Church, the only depository of the truth of God, had well nigh extinguished the vital principle beneath her load of cumbrous ceremonies and Jewish traditions, and a prayer and a hope for deliverance was struggling in myriads of human hearts, (though, perhaps, not analyzed—not expressed,) *Jesus came*.

He entered into the land which he had consecrated for centuries by wonders, and prophecies, and miracles—whose every rite, and ordinance, and type, had been but the shadow of his appearing—whose every prophet had but foretold his coming, and his glorious kingdom: "He came unto his own, and they received him not."

At his entrance into the ministry, Judea, his Father's land, presented but one wide moral waste. Its splendid temple, its heaven-framed ritual, its imposing ceremonies; yes, even its daily sacrifices were there, but the worship had departed; and He, from his eminence of solitary grandeur, gazing with omniscient eye upon the thoughts, purposes, and feelings of his professed people, which, as an open map, were spread before him, could discern amid that vast multitude but a feeble few—the minutest remnant of those "who were daily waiting for the consolation of Israel."

But still He came. "Selecting those his wisdom

deemed the fittest instruments, he traversed Judea in its length and in its breadth." Wherever he came, disease and suffering fled from his presence. His path might be traced from place to place in lines of life, and health, and joy. Where he was expected, the public way was thronged with forms of helplessness, disease, and woe. Where he had passed, the restored might be seen, making trial of their new-found powers; listeners formed into groups to hear the tale of healing; and the delighted objects of his compassion, rehearsing with earnestness what had passed, imitating his tones, and even trying to convey an idea of his condescending ways. His voice was the first sound many of them heard; his name, the first word they had pronounced; his blessed form, the first sight they had ever beheld. And often, at the close of a laborious day, when his wearied frame required repose, the children of affliction besieged his retreat, and implored his help; and did they ever seek in vain? Wearied and worn as he was, he pleased not himself. He went forth, and patiently listened to all their tales of woe, tasted their several complaints, raised each suppliant from the dust, nor left them till he absorbed their suffering, and healed them all. He went through the land like a current of vital air—an element of life-diffusing health and joy wherever he appeared.

By the purity of his life, and the power of his miracles, (which, in every case, were designed to bless,) he more clearly revealed the paternal character of God. By his example and precepts, he fulfilled, or perfected the moral law.

Three years rolled on, and his earthly mission was accomplished. Jewish rage and Roman power had apparently gained their conquest; for he, the mighty one, was crucified and slain. His attached but weak and fainting followers, had heard Pilate's decision with fear and anguish—had followed (though at a distance) their much-loved Master to the cross—had scattered in wonder and terror when the earth quaked, and the sun was darkened; but again rallying in all the firmness of affection's strength, had procured the body of their Lord, and laid it in the tomb. And now they were struggling between hope and fear: unbelief and faith exercised an alternate sway; for the remembrance brought the past vividly before them, while the present was involved in a darkness, which their suffering spirits felt. Among his disciples, were minds of different grades, and affections of varied intensity; but so sweetly and powerfully had Jesus suited instruction to the peculiar wants of each, that all now recalled scenes of love and mercy where he seemed to have been the subject of especial interest.

With Peter, James, and John, the recollection of the raising of Jairus' daughter, and the scene of the "transfiguration" well-nigh precluded all doubts of his divinity; but the suffering of Gethsemane, and

the humiliation and death on Calvary, prevented that full reliance which only could have raised them above the fearful circumstances of that hour.

But now the darkness of that night was vanishing, and the twilight of a brighter dawn appeared—*Jesus had arisen*. The wondrous fact was proved by his personal appearance at various times to his astonished and awe-struck disciples. And they had proved his love and compassion unaltered. With the same tendency which had characterized their former intercourse, he, in one interview, condescended to Thomas' exceeding unbelief, and by tangible proof put to flight his incredulity. In another, in pity to repentant Peter's bitter sorrow, he gave him the especial commission to "feed his lambs;" and yet again he shed light into their minds that they might understand the Scriptures. And now viewed in the clear light of prophecy, which every word an act of his life had tended to fulfill, their Jewish prejudices and spiritual blindness were fast departing, and their minds were gradually preparing for the important mission they were designed to occupy.

About forty days after the resurrection, in "an upper room," in the familiar place which had so often been hallowed by the presence of their Lord—where the affecting scene of "the last supper," had transpired, and from which he had gone to the garden and the cross, in the still midnight hour, the disciples were once again convened.

They had gathered from the various parts of Galilee to keep the approaching feast of weeks, called the Pentecost. The city was crowded with strangers from every land. Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, &c., had congregated there, and recent events were discussed in every tongue.

Impelled by an influence they could not resist, they were, with one accord, in one place. Around them was naught of earth's magnificence—no sculptured marble nor costly drapery met the eye, and, to the world, that group of anxious and inquiring disciples presented no scene of especial interest; but ministering angels hovered over them, and their Redeemer, though unseen, was near to bless and strengthen.

They were again debating the subject of their common interest—the various appearances of their Lord to them. And the conviction was fastening yet more deeply in every heart, "The Lord is risen indeed." They were joined by Cleophas and another disciple, who related to them the history of their journey to Emmaus, and how "He was known of them in the breaking of the bread." And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said, "Peace be unto you!" But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, "Why are ye cast down, and why do thoughts arise in your

hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I, myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet; and while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, Jesus said, "Have ye here any meat?" And they gave him a piece of boiled fish and a honey-comb.

And now, before the evidence of their senses, doubts vanished: they saw him—they touched him—his familiar tones sounded in their ears; and, as in olden time, he partook of their food, and did eat before them. And he said unto them, "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understandings, that they might understand the Scriptures;" and throwing the full tide of the Spirit's light back upon the types and ceremonies of the past, the shadows which had obscured them vanished, and he stood clearly revealed, the entire substance of the whole Jewish economy. "And he said thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name, among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things." In such sublime and solemn intercourse the hours passed unheeded by, and the disciples sat gazing on their risen Lord, and drinking in his important instructions.

Morning dawned—the sun rose gloriously in the heavens, and brightness beamed upon the earth. Jesus led forth his disciples. They trod the path familiar to them all; and leaving "the city full," crossed the brook Kedron, and again passed through the garden hallowed by his sufferings. There was an involuntary pause, as Peter, James, and John recalled that hour of darkness; but the Savior walked in silence on, and reverently they followed.

The country through which they passed was clothed in beauty. The fullness of harvest was over; but much of the product remained ungathered; and Olivet, memorable for its associations, was before them. But all was unheeded. Every eye was riveted on the Master's face, which beamed upon them eloquent in love and mercy. Slowly they ascended the rugged path, and lingered a moment upon the summit, to gaze upon their sacred city and glorious temple, which now shone resplendent in the first rays of the morning sun. They descended toward Bethany, and Jesus paused. The disciples gathered in reverent silence around, prepared, by his previous instructions, for any fresh manifestations of his love and power. And Jesus said, "All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of

the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "And he lifted up his eyes, and blessed them; and it came to pass, while he blessed them"—while the music of his voice still sounded in their ears, "he was parted from them." Slowly he arose from their midst. The revered form, the beaming countenance gradually faded from their view, "and a cloud received him out of their sight." Transfixed they stood upon the mount, every thought and feeling absorbed by the glorious vision. "And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as he went up, behold! two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye seen him go into heaven." "And they worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God;" for now was revealed to them the glorious truth, "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." "And they preached Jesus and the resurrection."

"O, who can doubt that mortal man
Has part in that immortal plan,
So long from human search concealed,
So brightly now by Christ revealed!"

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JONATHAN.

BY HELEN M. ARION.

NOWHERE can we find, in the world's history, a record of such true, such disinterested friendship as was manifested by Jonathan, the son of Saul, for David, the sweet singer of Israel. Nowhere can we find, in poetry or romance, emanating from the loftiest imagination, a love so pure, so refined, so exalted, as burned in the bosom of Jonathan for him whom he loved as his own soul. We see now and then a ray of this heaven-born feeling, rising above the horizon of the gross passions of earth. But it is a mere spark in comparison to that which glowed in the heart of Jonathan. The poet forgot this friend of David's when he said,

"Friendship is but a name—
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep;"

for in his character, at least, we find a friendship that no time or change of circumstances could chill. Jonathan loved his friend, although he knew that friend would take from his head an earthly crown. He loved despite the opposition and hatred of his father. And we see him, even amid the scorn and

highest indignation of that father, venturing to speak a good word for his friend. He loved David in prosperity, when the world smiled upon him—when he had achieved the mighty conquest over the giant Philistine, and had put to flight the hosts which had defied the armies of the living God, and when the song went forth upon the winds of the morning, and was echoed from hill and dale, that David had slain his tens of thousands, no one, in that triumphant hour, rejoiced with more heart-felt joy than Jonathan—unmixed, too, by that envy and jealousy which often possess ordinary minds. Such passions had no place in his noble heart; for see him in that hour stripping himself of the gorgeous robes and ensigns of royalty, and decorating his young, handsome, brave, but, until now, obscure friend with them. Jonathan forsook not his friend when Adversity came, with her sullen frowns, withering each hope, each joy, that had nestled in his heart—when his life was hunted by his enemies, and by Saul, whose soul burned with no common hatred toward him—when, as we read, there was "but one step between him and death:" in this hour of desolation and gloom, this faithful friend is nigh, to speak words of consolation and assurances of protection. Yea, in this desponding moment, he clasped his tried and stricken friend to his generous heart, renewing again and again those promises of never-ending love and affection, which they had vowed in happier hours. Methinks, in imagination, I see this constant, devoted friend of David, standing before his indignant father, with a countenance beaming with an exalted love—with every feature marked by that true nobility of soul which characterized his every action, expostulating for his friend—endeavoring, with an eloquence that might have moved a less implacable enemy, to reconcile and appease the wrath of Saul. Think of this, gentle reader, when your voice is raised to speak criticisingly or unkindly of your friend. Think of Jonathan—of him who ventured to speak a good word for his friend, even with the javelin of his father raised to strike him from existence—think, I say, of him, and let your words be stayed. When, too, your friend is ill-used and unjustly treated, imitate him in his vindication.

The Bible is replete with characters, in every relationship of life, worthy of our highest admiration and imitation. But none has ever struck us as being more truly great, noble, and self-sacrificing than Jonathan, David's friend. The contemplation of his character has given us comfort and consolation, when we have felt like believing that there was no friendship in all this cold and hollow world. Noble-hearted Jonathan! when deceived by those in whom we had confided, we have turned to the sacred volume, that contains the record of thy character, and read over, and over again, thy devoted, constant love, "which surpassed even that of woman's love," and have felt reassured, that there is, in reality,

some true, genuine friendship; and, although such specimens of constancy are rare, yet once, indeed, it had an existence in a human heart—it was the heart of Jonathan.

TRUE TENDERNESS.

—
BY REV. A. CARROLL.
—

TENDERNESS, when it flows from a pure source, and when drawn out by proper objects, is itself true grandeur. Afflictions come to all, and we shall find opportunities to sympathize with many of the afflicted ones of the earth. Hence, there are objects enough, and more than enough, whereon we may evince our sympathy, and cause the hearts of the distressed ones to bless us. Through the manifold imperfections of our moral vision, we shadow forth to ourselves false images, and we make false conclusions. Some think, that to cultivate tender sensations, we would undermine that manliness which becomes us, and it would be considered a mark of weakness in us to be thus tender-hearted. This they need not fear, as there are flinty rocks enough in this world to keep us on edge.

Experience teaches us, that a soul devoid of *tenderness* never was truly great. Tenderness is generally the concomitant of the most lofty and powerful minds. We may point the reader to the first famed President of these United States. Whether we view him in the Continental Congress, trying to speak a word in answer to an expressed plaudit, or moved by sympathy toward Major Andre, when called to sign his death-warrant, or sympathizing with the afflicted soldiers, we see him evincing that tenderness which becomes the good and the great. There was, also, our own John Marshall, “Chief Justice of the United States.” Judge Story says of him, “His virtues expanded with the gradual development of his character. They were the natural growth of deep-rooted principles, working their way through the gentlest affections and the purest ambition. No man ever had a loftier desire for excellence; but it was tempered by a kindness which subdued envy, and a diffidence which extinguished jealousy. Search his whole life, and you cannot lay your finger on a single extravagance of design or act.”

Few men in this world could claim the attributes of true greatness with more propriety than the late John M. Mason, of New York; and yet very few men ever possessed a greater degree of tenderness, or whose visits to the abodes of the afflicted ever were hailed with greater joy. What were the prophets and apostles of our blessed Lord? Were they not tender-hearted? Did they not weep with them that wept? Our precious Lord himself was tender: *Jesus wept.*

“HAVE FAITH IN GOD.”

MARK XI, 22.

—
BY MISS MARY MERWIN.
—

O, WHEN the troubled dream of sin is past,
And ghost-like voices from the charnel-house
Of buried warnings and departed hours
Awake the startled soul from out its sleep,
And rouse it up to action, in its woe;
Or when the spirit feels how heavily
The hand of sorrow may come down and crush
Its glowing thoughts and springing hopes in dust,
O, rest thee then upon the arm of God.
And when the hand of death hath slowly laid
Its icy fingers on some loving heart,
That beat with thine, and hushed it in the grave,
Making thy spirit, in its loneliness,
Long for the well-remembered words and tones,
And pressure of the hand and gleaming eye,
Till life shall seem a wilderness of shades,
Unreal and unblest, look up to God—
To God thy Father; for his hand hath traced
On all the trembling leaves, and smiling flowers,
And golden clouds, and on the springing grass,
That looks up mournfully above the grave
Of thy departed one, as if in prayer—
“Lean thou upon mine arm, *for I am love.*”
If on thy pathway there should e’er be cast
That darkest shadow of all sin-born shapes—
A heart that once hath loved thee, grown all cold—
An eye that once hath beamed forth light, grown
dark—

A tone that ~~was~~ *was* a fount of tenderness,
Whose music answered to thine own heart-song,
Grown harsh to meet *thine* ear, come then to God,
And, in bowing down thy soul, say, “Father,”
With holy trust in that unfading eye
That wearies not in watching o’er thy path;
And in the ear which ever hears each throb
Bearing one wish upward; and in the arm
Which hath sustained each faltering step of thine;
And in the one, the all-pervading heart
That is a *boundless sea of deathless love.*
So shall thy wearied soul grow strong again,
Thine eye grow calm, thy tones be full of hope,
And life be like the sky—all bright with stars.

THE LOSS OF BEAUTY.

—
BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.
—

FAIR maiden, thy beauty, though perfect and rare,
And pure as the lily that bends o’er the wave,
Yet still it is transient; and fleeting as fair
Are the honors it strews in thy path to the grave.
But if there’s a pearl in the casket enshrined,
If the mind be enlightened, the intellect clear,
Weep not for lost beauty—far better to find
That the mind in its freshness and truth is still here.

MY ACQUAINTANCES.

BY A QUINNUNG.

LET me have the pleasure, fair reader, of introducing you to Mrs. Overreach, and incline your ear while I whisper, that she is rich, and, report says, gives the best parties in the city—no sparing of expense to gratify her guests. Indeed, she lavishes her money as though she only held it in trust, to be expended in contributing to the pleasure of her friends. She dresses in the height of the mode, and her house, her carriage, and every thing about her, is got up in the most magnificent style. She is rather handsome, and certainly possesses a very brilliant pair of eyes. It is true, there is what may be denominated a *hardness* in their expression; but this you will soon lose sight of, or you are unlike others, when once she does you the honor to rank you among her friends, and you become the envied recipient of her hospitalities. Acknowledge, now, that you are under very great obligations to me for so valuable an acquaintance.

Did I hear you say that that depends on a further insight into her character; that as yet she only appears in your eyes as a rich and vain woman, excited by the most contemptible of all ambitions—the ambition to outdo her neighbors in ostentatious parade; that you want to know whether she is intelligent, good, and benevolent?

Upon my word, you are severe. Then you do not esteem riches a virtue! If such is the fact, since Sparta is no more, you have no business in this world; for, depend upon it, it is not only universally considered a virtue, but takes the precedence of all other virtues, if we may judge from the respect shown to its possessor. The most exalted intellect, and the greatest purity of character, will seldom preserve a man from obscurity, and perhaps indignities, if connected with poverty; but, if possessed of wealth, if he appeared in the similitude of the animal once worshiped by the Israelites, the world would do him homage.

But to return to Mrs. Overreach. If you do not fall into the train of her admirers, on account of her great wealth, her fine house and equipage, and her magnificent parties, I fear you never will; for I have exhibited all her attractions. She is neither intelligent, good, nor benevolent. Although she stops at no expense to secure the praise and admiration of what she calls “good society,” yet when she comes in contact with the undistinguished poor, no miser could be more niggardly. Notwithstanding her wealth, she is not above attending to her own pecuniary concerns, and is very fond of economizing, when it does not interfere with her reputation in the circle in which she moves. We will illustrate our meaning, by exhibiting her conduct in one or two business transactions; and will first suppose her at the counter of some wealthy merchant.

“Good morning, Mrs. Overreach.”

“Good morning, Mr. Screw.”

“We’ve just finished opening our new stock, Mrs. Overreach; and I think I may say with safety, there is not a better selection in market, if as good. Shall I have the pleasure of showing you our goods?”

“No, I thank you, sir. I examined them yesterday, and have made a memorandum of what I shall need. Please have them put up for me against my return.”

“Certainly, madam. (*Exit Mrs. Overreach.*) John.”

“Sir.”

“Did you wait on Mrs. Overreach when she examined our goods?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I suppose you can recollect the prices you told her for the articles mentioned in this memorandum.”

“They were all at the marked prices.”

“Did she ask no reduction?”

“Not a cent.”

“Generous, noble woman! Would that all my customers were like her!”

The extent of Mr. Screw’s satisfaction may be imagined, when the reader is informed that he had marked his goods from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. higher than he had any expectation of obtaining.

On a cold morning in winter, a man rings at the door of Mrs. Overreach. To the inquiry whether a wood-sawer is wanted, the servant responds that she will see her mistress, who soon appears at the door.

“You want to saw my wood.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“What will you charge?”

“One dollar.”

“I wont give so much. I will give you seventy-five cents.”

“Seventy-five cents is not enough, ma’am. It will take me more than a day.”

“That makes no difference to me. I know I can get it done for that, and it is all I will give.”

The poor man turns away disappointed. Several applications are made, and still the same result. The wood-sawers think it a hard bargain, and the lady is firm. At length one presents himself, whose appearance indicates that he is more needy than his predecessors. Mrs. Overreach observes this difference, too; and, although the same price is asked, she only offers sixty-two and half cents. He, too, turns away, but it is only a step or two he takes. He appears to be in deep meditation: it is evident he is thinking of the dear ones at home, for a bright tear is glistening in his eye. He wipes it away; then turning to the lady, who has been watching him, correctly anticipating the result, he agrees to her terms.

It is thus that Mrs. Overreach deals with all the

mechanics and laborers she employs, well knowing that their severest denunciations cannot affect her with those whose good opinion alone she values. And it is said that her conduct is characterized by still greater illiberality, when she needs the services of her own sex; for she generally finds them more submissive in their distress; and she never permits a spark of sympathy to interfere with her bargainings.

If Mrs. Overreach does present an extreme case, she is not singular in her method of dealing. How many are there who would submit to imposition from the higher class of tradesmen rather than obtain the appellation of a "Jew!" yet the same persons will stand and chaffer for an hour for the purpose of still further reducing the miserable pittance for the service of the laborer; while the whole amount thus extorted from the suffering poor will not be felt in the aggregate of their yearly expenditures.

PERVERTED LOVE.

BY REV. G. H. M'LAUGHLIN.

God is love. As such, he appears to have built the universe upon the plan of love. Love in man, as a means of intelligent, moral government, may be regarded as a principle; and, as a source of happiness, it may be deemed a passion. In beings merely animal, it inheres and operates only as passionate impulse. In that which is merely vegetative or mineral, it is only elective. And it is remarkable, that, in every diversity of genus and species of God's vast terrestrial creation, love, though of a lower order, seems to have been more constant in its course, and conservative of the wise design of its great Author, than in man—nobly intellectual and sensitive, yet fallen, degenerate, and destructive man. The mere animal has been constant in the application of all its limited powers for the attainment of appropriated happiness and usefulness. The vegetable has always elected the most fructifying and congenial gases and nutriments. The mineral has always submitted to naught but appropriate predilection. If we look abroad, we behold the beautiful planet, constant in its primitive cycle, looking with love's pure eye of complacency upon its solar centre, and readily running the round of his imperial mandate. Yet man,

"Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity,"

has lost his course, and wanders wild and wayward, far from his native home and happiness.

Pure love for God, given to the world, induces disobedience to wholesome laws, disappointment in the pursuit of happiness, and dismay in the hour of death. But perhaps there is nothing more apparent, and, yet, nothing more destructive of happiness in

life, as the fruits of false affection, than *disappointment*.

Behold that dear, affectionate daughter of affliction, as she suffers with burning fever and aching head. She now calls some one to her couch of sickness. Who is called? It is a loving, faithful *mother*.

"Come, mother, place your soft hand upon my pained brow. The other hand, also, dear mother, on my burning cheek. O, how soothing are your gentle hands!" For a moment she is better. We cannot doubt it. Pain is turned to pleasure; and if the blood still boil in the veins, it is because ardent love fills the "heart." The sense of bodily suffering is, for the moment, lost in the fullness of reciprocated love.

Again: who like a loving *sister*? Who, with equal power of pathos and sweetness of sound, can pronounce the name of *brother*? There is a peculiar pleasure in kindred relationships. And why is it? It is because there is kindred, reciprocal attachment. But should the feeling of love fall, unfortunately, on some insensible one—on some heart all petrified to sympathetic passion, or spontaneous affection, how disappointed—how painful—how miserable does that feeling become, which sought so fondly, but found not an affectionate affiancé! It is so with unrequited, worldly love.

Were I a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart, how many could I find, in the city where I write, and in the circle where I move, who are continually and entirely "setting their affections on things on the earth." The glittering gold allures their love. The shining silver saturates their hearts with sordid lust. The imposing pageantry of worldly passion gains their utmost admiration. Or, it may be that the passion for political preferment and popularity becomes predominant in the sanctuary of the affections. And why all this diversified ado in the ardent and various affections of the human heart? Alas! the silly soul has sent out its finest feelings, in the vain hope of real happiness in an alliance with, it may be, unsanctified literature and science—with the wealth, the honors, or pleasures of the world. But why this dire, successive disappointment? The soul sought its superior happiness in that which could not give it—in that which had no power of *sympathetic reciprocity*. "We love God, because he first loved us." We are happy in the love of God, and in the love of friends, only when we realize that our love is accepted and reciprocated. Is this the reason why we love the world so well? It cannot love us purely. It may absorb all our affections, but can give nothing of valuable affection in return. Such is the voice of God and of Reason. But too frequently the voice of God is not heard and heeded. As to Reason, let the poet say,

"This world's a bedlam of the universe,
Where Reason (undiseased in heaven) runs mad,
And nurses Folly's children for her own."

We seem to be spell-bound. We appear to be "taken up into an exceeding high mountain, and to be shown all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." How eligible and commanding the post of observation! How conspicuous and far-reaching the prospect! How vast, how gorgeously variegated and fascinating the world's landscape! We are now told, "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." The thing promised is apparently great, and the condition seems easy; for to worship something is natural. How wily and insidious this Satanic *douceur*! Transformed into the beauty and perfections of Pandora, Satan presents a poison more—ininitely more complicated and pestiferous than that of Pandora's Box. Let us take heed, therefore, for sure we now stand near the "limbo of vanity."

But there is something in prospective pleasure which makes laborious pursuit tolerable, and even pleasant. Indeed, it has been a question much mooted in forensics, and with much show of reason on both sides: "Is there greater happiness in *pursuit* or *possession*?" The hope of future happiness in possession of the world's wealth and promised pleasures, makes the earthly mind to glow and exult in anticipation. We follow, as by enchantment, the illusive phantasm. We approach it, and it flies. We grasp the golden bubble, and it bursts. We seem to pluck an amaranthine rose, but receive only the piercings of the thorn of disappointment and remorse.

"All is at distance fair, but, near at hand,
The gay deceit mocks the desiring eyes
With thorns, and desert heath, and barren sand."

But do we propound the above question to the Christian? He can hardly think us sincere. Let us contemplate the penitent in *pursuit* of peace. He has some comfort, even in the hope of pardon. But, O, how he weeps! He moans like the dove. He finds trouble and sorrow. A wounded spirit who can bear! The world has now withdrawn its beauty and charm. He seeks, but, as yet, he finds not Him whom his soul desires to love. Weeping endureth for a night, but singing cometh in the morning. The day already dawns—the day-spring from on high hath visited him. The glorious Sun of righteousness now meets his longing eye. How sweetly he sings!

"The opening *heavens* around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am *His*."

Here is full, real, and reciprocal love and possession—legitimate cognates of the new relationships. Let him rejoice awhile, yes, let him *rejoice*, and then propound to him your question in dispute.

Perverted love induces dismay in the hour of death. It may be that, with many, unholy love will continue to be illusive even until death. Death! Pardon

me, dear reader, for pronouncing that solemn, that melancholy word in your presence. It is a sad word to some. I would not pronounce and define it, to drive away the joy of life that now surrounds you in smiling friends and gay companions; but, if possible, to dissipate the delusion which leads so many, unconscious, in the broad way of worldly pleasure to its terrible terminus. It is well for us to anticipate the coming time, when this brief life shall be extinct—when all the avenues of earthly pleasure and sensual delight shall be for ever closed—the brilliant eye shall no more behold the variegated beauty of this world's delightful landscape—the ear, attuned only to earthly melody, shall cease to be delighted—when aromatic fragrance shall fill the air in vain—the delicate palate shall cease to luxuriate on all this world calls pleasant to the taste, and the dying touch shall be obtuse to all but death. Let me behold the scene. What do I behold? This vast and beauteous panorama vanishing from the vision. Alas! I see that favorite fair one take the cup and "taste of death." Then I see in yon fair orchestra "the daughters of music brought low;" and ceasing their symphony, they give way to the mournful monochord which sounds the dirge of death. It is done. The pulse has paused an awful pause! The heart that loved life dearly, has ceased to beat. But why not willingly?

"'Twas counting on long years of pleasure *here*,
And quite unfurnished for the world to come."

But Death, faithful to his commission, has sundered those silken chords and taken the soul away. Away from what? Its earthly tabernacle—much loved location—from kindred companions and social friendships—from wealth, perhaps the centre and circumference of its pleasurable pastime. "The dust returns to dust as it was, but the soul goes to God that gave it." But why such dismay in death? Alas! the soul goes to God, it has not, and never can love—goes to take a glimpse of heavenly glory, only to cast a darker gloom on that awful gulf—goes to see, "afar off," the saints in light it loves not, and for society with whom it has no meetness. Love perverted, led along illusively its blinded victim, and then fastened it with fetters of worldly workmanship; and now, not able to look up and appreciate the beauty of a better, brighter land, the soul clings to that it cannot hold:

"Gravitation, shifting, turns the other way,"
and must take it to the bar of God—to a far-off stranger-land, to become a citizen of which it would not, and a patriot of which it cannot. But there is no dismay—"there is no fear in *love*"—no fear of death, if a loving friend has sent it. There is no dismay in meeting a loving and beloved God. The pure and loving heart pants with pleasurable emotion for an inheritance among them who are sanctified. To such there is no fear of eternity; for it will only continue the associations and pleasures

supremely pleasant. Man is, therefore, consummating his safety and happiness, only while he has superior love for his great Creator, and subordinate and appropriate love for all that God has pronounced good and lovely.

THE WANDERING STAR.

BY CATHERINE.

FAR, far away in the deep blue sky,
A brilliant star is shining,
As the last pale beams of a winter's sun
From earth are fast declining.
Why wander away in the far-off skies,
Like a lone and friendless stranger?
Art thou traveling on to some fallen world,
To point to a babe in a manger?
Or, art thou a bright and morning star,
That sang at creation's birth?
And art thou going to celebrate
Anew created earth?
Hast thou a song for spirits pure,
Just into being brought?
Do they unite in praise to Him
Who spake a world from naught?
Do morning stars and sons of God
Still join their heavenly choirs,
To celebrate Jehovah's praise
With their celestial lyres?
O, let me hear thy heavenly song,
Ere thou dost leave our spheres;
For, shouldst thou evermore return,
It may be a thousand years.
And ere that time these silent ones
That shine above my head,
May roll away as parchment scroll,
And heaven and earth have fled.
Then thou wilt sing earth's solemn dirge
Around her funeral pyre.
Thou saw'st her from dark chaos spring,
Grow old, and then expire.
Say, will ye sing to new-made worlds,
Of one dissolved by fire,
Which broke the almighty Maker's law,
And sank beneath his ire?
O, will ye sing of mercy, too,
In heaven's harmonious sound,
With all the morning stars that sing
The vast creation round?
Sing ye of love, redeeming love,
Mid worlds unknown to song,
And bid the rolling spheres of light
The joyous theme prolong;
And with thy pencil rays of light,
Around, beneath, above,
On the vast plane of boundless space,
Inscribe redeeming love.

"FAINT NOT."

BY NEWTON BOOTH.

FAINT not by wayside, weary,
Suffering mortals, bear ye up,
Bear up bravely: why, what fear ye?
Christ himself hath quaffed our cup.
When earth is dark, the stars are burning
In the unchanging heaven above us—
When faithless men are from us turning,
God has promised still to love us.
O, across our life there lieth
Many a bright and happy vision,
And upon our pathway lieth
Many a gleam of world elysian.
Dreams are messengers of weal—
Friends are pledges of God's love—
Lofty yearnings are the seal
Of our birth-right from above.
Hopes our white-robed angels are—
Heralds, thoughts, on lightning pinions,
Who from heaven God's tidings bear,
Of all his boundless, bright dominions.
And deep within our being, where
Life's pure waters ever roll,
Are angel beings, heavenly fair—
The naiads of the human soul!
Beauty's a temple, built divine,
Its Maker's glory to reveal—
Truth a universal shrine,
Where we with star-born spirits kneel.
Love as a golden chain hath bound us,
In secret sympathy, unawares,
With all the countless souls around us,
On earth, in heaven, or with the stars!
Death, a guardian, watches o'er us,
Bids us kiss the chastening rod,
Then from exile 'twill restore us
To the family of God.
Cheer up! Not when life is bright,
To us are holiest teachings given;
For, O, 'tis only in the night
Stars gleam out from depths of heaven!

GOD IN NATURE.

SISTER, each star of even,
Each flower that decks the sod,
Loves silently to tell of Heaven:
All nature speaks of God.
Listen! the nightingale
Pours forth its sweetest lays;
And, echoing from hill and vale,
Ascends the song of praise.
The flowers, the birds, the stars of even,
Teach us to render thanks to Heaven.

HARMONY.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"O blessed book! thou art the eastern star
That leads to Christ. Soon shall thy circles reach
Round earth's circumference; in every tongue
Revealing to all nations what the heavens
But shadow forth—the glory of the Lord."

THE Bible contains a complete system of laws for the government of all nations: it gives instruction and counsel to senates; authority and direction to magistrates; it cautions witnesses; requires an impartial verdict from jurors, and furnishes sentences to judges. It demands honor for parents, and enjoins obedience to children; it prescribes the authority of masters, and commands subjects to honor and obey. It gives direction for weddings, and for burials; it promises food and raiment, and every necessary good; it teaches men how to set their houses in order, and how to make their wills; it defends the rights of all, and promises protection and support to the oppressed, while it threatens vengeance to the oppressor. It instructs the mechanic and artist; teaches the rhetorician, arithmetician, anatomist, and critic; corrects philosophers, and exposes sophists. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the only way to him; it sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of trusting in them. It contains the most authentic and entertaining history ever published, and gives an account of the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars; it is a book of lives, of travels, and of voyages; it is a book of pure truth, detecting all falsehoods, confuting all errors. It is the first book, the best book, the oldest book in the world; it contains the choicest matter, and imparts the best instruction; it is the best guide for rulers, magistrates, masters, servants, and the young ladies' best companion. It exhibits life and immortality, and points out the only way to escape death, and find the home of the blest. Its author is "God, blessed for ever," "*in whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning.*"

"Precious book, of books the best;
Dearest gift of God but one,
That surpasses all the rest—
Gift of God's beloved Son.
Blessed Spirit! heavenly Dove!
Thee I'd slight not—thee I love;
By thy power, and thine alone,
The value of this gift I've known."

TEMPERAMENTS.

A good animal temperament, consisting of a due mixture of the nervous, bilious, sanguineous, and lymphatic, has more to do in forming a person's character, than all other natural causes. This all experience will confirm.

DREAMS.

BY "HOMNOPHILIST"

"Oft in the stilly night,
When slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

I LOVE to dream. It is a happy faculty—the grateful bequest of a benevolent Providence. It lengthens life—converts the hours claimed by darkness and oblivion into reality and light. What part of the past has not been lived over again in dreams? He who has reached the age of thirty-five, the culminating point of man's allotted existence, and reviewed the events of all that period in the living reality of dreams, is already indebted to Heaven for the happiness of his threescore years and ten. Dreams are like the pendent prisms of the chandelier, by which a single light is a hundred times reflected, and with hundred-fold resplendence. As the mirror-plated ceiling doubles the reflection from every object, and causes the apartment to seem to be twice its actual length, so do dreams open up the path in magnificent vistas, where ten thousand brilliant and pleasurable objects radiate lights, softened by distance and augmented by repetition. Every part of the misty future has already been minutely explored, in day reveries and visions of the night. The broad domains of future and past are alike appropriated by golden-winged Fancy. We sleep,

"Perchance to dream,"

and revel among the haunts of infancy, or stray with pensive pleasure amid the scenes and delights of riper years. We wake to the cold, passionless substantialities of everyday existence. We wake, that the soul may feel, that which it most dreads to feel, how intimate is its association with gross materiality. An exile from congenial heaven—the temporary prisoner of mortality, the soul instinctively recoils from the actualities of the present, which do but remind it hourly of its incarceration; and solaces and compensates itself for the loss of nobler joys, by clothing the past and future with the radiance of the celestial worlds. The perpetual presence of the ministering angels, Memory and Hope, renders its brief imprisonment endurable. They give vocal-ity to the music to which its ear was primevally attuned; they irradiate its dungeon with beamings from their own heaven-lighted countenances; they shake from their wings the dews of immortality for its refreshment. Welcome as are these glorious messengers, the blessedness of their visitations can never be fully appreciated amid the glare of sunlight and the turbulence of day. At twilight, the favorite hour of contemplation, their joyous eyes peer from heaven into the depths of the soul, like stars struggling with the expiring effulgence of recent sunset. The melody of their voice charms the ear,

when night has silenced the discordant tones of covetousness and carking care. But it is only in sleep and dreams that they reveal themselves in native loveliness, set time and consistency at defiance, and pour the golden

"Light
Of other days around us."

It is only in dreams that the white-haired man can bring into blushing existence the sprightly forms that once filled his happy vision. He wakes to the sight of tomb-stones, and the tearful memory of shrouds and coffins. It is in dreams that the exiled emigrant visits the blue hills and green valleys, from which he has passed away for ever. He wakes to the discomforts of life in the wilderness, and the remembrance of the abundance which surrounded him in his youthful home. In dreams, bright conceptions illuminate the confined and rocking fore-castle of the lone ship, on the night ocean; and the happy tar, lost to the consciousness of danger and watchings, nausea and bilge-water, is again on shore, and planting his carefully braced foot-falls upon the side-walks of his native village, pacing the firm earth as he was wont to do the unstable deck of the tossing bark. Dreams bring to us, in all their freshness and beauty, faces that years ago turned to marble and ashes. Dreams restore those woodland haunts that the hand of cultivation long since desecrated or destroyed. Dreams reveal to us the most glorious views we ever get of a future world. Who has not dreamed of harps and crowns, of Christ and heaven? Whose departed ones have not thronged his pillow, and flitted across his spirit's vision, or looked mildly and mournfully into his spirit's eyes, while the flesh slumbered heavily on, until the tear stole from the closed lid, or the smile sat upon the countenance of the sleeper; for the memories of the past sweetly blended with the realities of the present, and with blessed anticipations of the future. In delightful dreams,

"The smiles, the tears
Of other years,
The words of love then spoken,"

force themselves upon us, as life-like as when they originally greeted the senses. Dreams and visions were the sacred vehicles of no inconsiderable portion of early revelation. To us they are not less the vehicles of revelations of the forgotten past, than to our inspired ancestors of the unknown future. Shall we despise them? Not unless we would despise one of the sources of human happiness. The past! how shall it live again? How, but in memories, in reveries, in dreams and visions?

"Did not Ossian hear a voice?
Or is it the sound of days that are no more?
Often does the memory of former times come,
Like the evening sun, on my soul!"

But poets are not the only dreamers. All men are as Ossian in their dreams.

CHRISTIANITY.

—
BY VIVENZO.
—

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—PRIMA

DISCARD the Gospel, and where will you find a system capable of effecting a radical change in man, and revolutionizing the heathen world? Will you select human philosophy? Alas! what will become of millions of the human family, who are incapable of understanding its deep, intricate windings? The universal experience of mankind has demonstrated that by reason's flickering rays—by wisdom, man cannot know his God. Will you leave man to the light of nature? Why has not this long since accomplished the desired end? The heathen world, though blessed with this light since time began his journey to eternity, are still no nearer the true path of life and immortal glory than they were centuries ago. Will you take the ribald skepticism of Hume, Bolingbroke, and Voltaire? Away with it! It is all blasting destruction. Look over the pages of history, and pursue your search through every period of the past, since God hung up this earth amid the symphonies of the universe. Tell me, what do they reveal? From those pages, written often in blood, what can you learn? Do they not plainly tell, that no system has yet, unaided by Christianity, been successful in raising man in moral and religious improvement; that not one of earthly origin has elevated him to the high station which God designed him to occupy; that the most perfect have failed to show how he could be reinstated in the favor of an offended God? Many have pointed to the misery and wretchedness of our race, but toiled without success for its removal. Christianity alone solved the great problem of man's fall, sinfulness, and immortality. Every other light has been faint and misty. This only can effect a change in man, remove his numerous evils, and dissipate his dark-nesses. This alone opens up, through "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," the shining pathway to the sublimities of a heavenly world, from which man was once forced by disobedience. This converts the lion to the lamb, changes the individual human character, and alters the phasis of human society.

When Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples began to hurl the missiles of Gospel light and truth against the firm walls of Gentile darkness and error, how soon they came down with a crash, which startled myriads of earth and heaven. Luther and his coadjutors, guided by the bright star of revelation, arrived at a moral altitude from which they looked down on a nation shrouded in error, and fettered with the strong chains of superstition. They dropped the tears of compassion, and, invigorated by divine grace, blew long and loud through the clarion of truth. The fettered nation heard its reverberating

notes, and started at the clanking of their chains. They heard again, and again, its echo, pealing through the land. Many looked up to heaven for strength, shook off their chains, and went forth free. When Wesley came upon the crowded stage of active life, many of the springs of religious instruction in Europe sent forth bitter, corrupt, and deadly poisonous waters. These he examined with the microscope of truth, and found to contain the most hideous and appalling opposites of the Gospel. Aided by the grace of God, he heralded forth, with ceaseless activity, his discovery, awakened attention; and a change in the religious aspect of Europe and America was the result. He revived "Christianity in earnest."

If these things be so, what reasonable objection can be produced against the universal promulgation of the religion of the Bible? Has it ever made an individual the worse by its reception? Has it ever converted the meek and quiet man into an overbearing and turbulent tyrant? Did it ever make men murderers and assassins? Did it ever bring desolation and ruin into the peaceful family? Has it trampled with impious impunity upon the sacred rights of man? Has it ever brought woman to bite the dust—made man spurn her as unworthy of his confidence—hold her as the mere victim of his base cupidity—robbed her of her heavenly endowments, or prostrated her noble energies? Has it burned down cities, laid in moldering ruins the commercial emporiums of the world, and annihilated the nations of the earth? No! But it has done the contrary. It has bade man stand erect in the majesty of that independence which God has given him, and lighted up his brow with the sunshine of mental peace, and the bright hopes of immortality. It has taken the trembling wretch, when sinking beneath the displeasure of an insulted God, and raised him to blissful communion with angels and with God.

Every distinguished privilege which we enjoy, is ours through the influence of Christianity. Christianity and civilization, religion and science, go hand in hand. Stop the lightning-like velocity of the Gospel chariot, and you stop human progress and improvement. Put a period to the victories of the cross, and you blot science from existence. Let no shouts attend the unfurling of the crimson banner of the Church, and the triumphal hymns of the demons of ignorance and superstition will rend the very heavens. Burn down your churches, silence your ministers, make bonfires of your Bibles, and see what security you will have for your life and possessions—see what will become of your wife and daughters—see how soon the crushing thunders of Almighty indignation will vanish the last vestige of peace from a God-abandoned people—see how soon the owls and bitterns will be screeching in your windows, your gorgeous cities become a scene of wild disorder and melancholy ruin. Do this, and

see how soon the god of war will set in motion his hellish machinery, and the gushing blood of thousands will be streaming and foaming through your streets.

As the powers of gravitation hold the universe in unity, so Christianity harmonizes the conflicting elements of human interests, and binds in one common brotherhood all who receive its life-giving energies. It scatters the dense darkness from man's path, and shrivels the sable pall which shuts heaven from his view. And what is man without Christianity? What is man under the dominion of sin? His whole soul has become contaminated with the fell disease. Like a loathsome leprosy, it spreads over the soul, destroying its beauty, deranging its functions, wrecking its happiness, withering every green and cheering hope of the vast plain of the future, leaving man a prey to a vitiated spiritual appetite, making every moment restless, in consequence of apprehensions of the retributions of a righteous God, and closing against him the doors of heaven. He may gaze upon its jasper walls, but its society is too pure for him to enter there. And it is a wise prohibition which keeps him out. If introduced amid its bright abodes, he would shrink back with cries of anguish. Each strain of harmony would seem a goading spear—each rapturous sound a soul-transpiercing dart—each bursting song would cause a groan—each angel glance would his dark soul upbraid—in every form he would meet a bold accuser, and each sounding harp would seem, with trumpet tongue, to tell him how often in sin he had steeped his guilty soul. Such is man, and such his hopes, without the vital principles of Christianity in his heart. Then we say, earnestly, God speed the conquests of religion in the world, till the glad sound of salvation reaches every ear, and the benighted, error-involved heathen shall all leap to hear Immanuel's name. It was this which brought angelic hosts from heavenly bliss, to shout over the plains of Judea, "Peace on earth." It was this induced the Alpha and Omega to become incarnate, and dwell with sinful man—to mingle with the impotent around the pool of Bethesda—to seek out the loathsome leper, and speak life into the putrid carcass of a Lazarus. It was this prompted a Paul to stem the foaming torrent of Jewish persecution, and hold up the blazing torch of truth in the dark dens of Athens, Rome, and Antioch. Again say, God speed the conquests of Christianity.

POETRY FOR THE PROUD.

NOWHERE, in the entire range of the world's literature, can there be found such a figure as the following, drawn by inspiration, for the proud:

"Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle,
And though thou set thy nest among the stars,
Thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

SAMSON'S WIFE.

BY MRS L. F. MORGAN.

"BEHOLD, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one to find out the account which yet my soul seeketh, but I found not. One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all these have I not found." The experience of the writer of Ecclesiastes seems, also, to have been the experience of Samson, until the time of his visit to Timnath; for immediately on his return he reports to his parents, "I have seen a woman of the daughters of the Philistines, now, therefore, get her for me to wife." As if he had said, the treasure so long sought is at length found; let there be no delay or controversy about the matter, but hasten to secure so rich a prize for your son. Well might he anticipate opposition from his pious parents; for, in addition to their national prejudices against the Canaanites, they had the law of Moses prohibiting marriages with them. Avoiding a direct reply to their natural expostulation, "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all thy people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" he puts an end to the discussion by appealing to his father, as being probably the more easily persuaded, "Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well." Still, he seems to have considered the subject maturely; for he paid her another visit, ere his father went down to contract for the espousals. We are not informed how the latter was affected by his acquaintance with her; but Samson's second interview confirmed the favorable impression he had at first received, and, after a suitable interval, the marriage was concluded. The period of betrothal among the Israelites is said to have been about a twelvemonth; so Samson had certainly time to ponder the judiciousness of his choice. The custom of proposing riddles at festivals, for the entertainment of the guests, prevailed in the east. We have many examples in history. Samson takes advantage of an incident in his journey to and from the dwelling place of his bride, to frame an enigma, which he puts forth to his thirty companions at his wedding feast, on whose solution depended a reward or forfeiture of some value. Finding themselves unable to expound it, they resolved to obtain the knowledge by treachery. Now is the portraiture of Samson's wife more clearly presented to our view. So unprepossessing does it appear to a cursory glance, that we turn away in disgust, unwilling to look upon one who could first craftily win, and then perfidiously betray, the confidence of her husband. But let us contemplate it more steadily and impartially: hasty judgments are often erroneous: perhaps we may discover that she was more to be commiserated than condemned. She is menaced by her own countrymen with the destruction of herself

and kindred, if she does not give them the interpretation of the enigma. That they had both the will and the power to execute their cruel threat, we learn from the sad sequel of her story. Her very affection for her husband would naturally lead her to withhold from him any communication of their denunciations. She might justly fear to exasperate him against those toward whom he already felt hereditary enmity. She probably did not regard the exposition of the riddle, or its concealment, as of much importance; certainly it could bear no proportion to the evils which her refusal to explain it, or her accusation of her countrymen to Samson, might produce. Nor does her strong desire to learn from him the solution of the riddle, merely for her own gratification, appear unnatural. No wife, at least, will deem it so, when she reads the alledged reason of that desire. Her heart or her imagination impelled her to consider the interpretation a test of his affection. "Thou doest but hate me, and lovest me not: thou hast put forth a riddle to the children of my people, and hast not told it me. She wept before him the seven days while their feast lasted." A miserable week must that season of merriment have proved to that anxious and doubting wife, whether we believe her interest in the riddle resulted from a wish to obtain her husband's confidence, or the apprehension of her countrymen's displeasure! The Scriptural account rather countenances the opinion that the Philistines did not threateningly apply to her for its exposition until the seventh day. Perhaps, then, the alarm their menaces awakened, increased the energy of her pleadings, so that on that day her entreaties prevailed. It is said, "She laid sore upon him." I have pictured her almost distracted with her doubts and fears; and when we reflect that Samson had resisted all her tears and supplications for six days, we may reasonably suppose he would not have yielded at the last moment, but to some violent expression of emotion. One might almost, indeed, pardon the betrayal of a secret so reluctantly imparted, and in which so little of the sweet trust of conjugal affection was evinced. And when we consider the circumstances in which this unhappy bride was placed, which seemed so strongly to demand the conduct which she pursued, we more readily excuse her weakness than her husband's resentment and abandonment, reasonable as Dr. Clarke has thought fit to term them. That Samson at last felt some compunction and relenting for leaving her in anger, we may infer from his subsequent course. "It came to pass within a while after, Samson visited his wife with a kid," intended, probably, as a peace-offering. Alas! how eventful had the date of his absence been to her! Forsaken by her husband, her father, imagining all possibility of reconciliation destroyed, had given her in marriage to another. The habit which prevailed among the ancients of disposing of their daughters without

consulting their personal preferences, excuplated Samson's wife from censure in this unnatural union. The wrath of her husband now, as before, works her woe. He executes vengeance upon the Philistines, and they, by way of recrimination, "burn her and her father with fire." This induces us to believe, that after Samson came down to Timnath to claim her, she left her Philistine husband, and returned to the house of her parents. Tragic indeed was the close of an existence which, whatever was the character of its earliest years, left a mournful page in the history of married life. Little reason had the Canaanite maidens to desire a union with the Israelites. However faulty the wife of Samson may have been, every reader of her story must admit that she had more cause than he to lament their marriage.

O, do not hastily condemn
Those whom thou canst not praise;
It may be motives govern them
Which never meet thy gaze.
A thousand thoughts and feelings sway
Our most familiar friends,
Which to our eyes they ne'er betray—
On which their course depends.
Then never trust a partial view;
It always must deceive;
It may be those we deem untrue
Are those we should believe.

A HISTORICAL SCRAP.

BY QUINTUS.

ST. ALBAN.

ST. ALBAN is regarded as the proto-martyr of Britain. He was born nearly at the close of the third century, at Verulam, close to the site of the present town in Hertfordshire, which bears his name. In his youth he visited Rome, in company with a monk of Cæleon, named Amphibalus, and served seven years as a soldier under the Emperor Dioclesian. On his return to Britain, renouncing Paganism, he embraced Christianity, and, it is generally believed, suffered martyrdom in the great persecution under the above Emperor—Bede says A. D. 286; others place it in 296; and Usher in 303. A number of legendary miracles are attributed to this saint, whose history altogether is no more than a legend. The celebrated monastery of St. Alban's was not founded until between four and five hundred years after his death, by Offa, King of Mercia. In repairing the church of St. Alban's in 1257, a tomb was opened, which, according to an inscription found in it, contained some relics of St. Alban.

Such are the facts of the history of this Catholic saint, as given in the *Encyclopedia Americana*; but Catholic historians add many wonderful particulars respecting him—too wonderful even for credulity itself to believe.

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

BY A TYRO.

It is said of Dr. Franklin, that, during his long residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, where most of the court and courtiers were present, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold movements, and gained great applause for his ingenuity.

According to the custom of that age and country, the nobles, after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation. Christianity was then the great topic. The Church was always ridiculed, and the Bible was treated with unsparing severity. Growing warmer and warmer in their sarcastic remarks, one great lord commanded, for a moment, universal attention, by his asserting, in a round voice, that the Bible was not only a piece of arrant deception in religion, but totally devoid of all literary merit. Although the entire company of Frenchmen nodded a hearty assent to the sentence, Franklin gave no signs of approval. Being, at that time, the court favorite, his companions could not bear even a tacit reproof from a man of his weight of influence. They all appealed to him for his opinion. Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied, that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book, of rare excellency, which he had just happened to fall in with, at one of the city bookstores; and, as they had pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section. All were eager to hear the Doctor read a portion of his rare book. In a very grave and sincere manner, Franklin took an old book from his coat pocket, and, with great propriety of utterance, read to them the following poem:

"God came from Teman,
And the holy One from Mount Paran.
His glory covered the heavens,
And the earth was full of his praise.
And his brightness was as the light;
He had horns coming out of his hands;
And there was the hiding of his power.
Before him went the pestilence;
And burning coals went forth at his feet.
He stood and measured the earth;
He beheld, and drove asunder the nations;
And the everlasting mountains were scattered;
And the perpetual hills did bow;
His ways are everlasting.
I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction;
And the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.
Was the Lord displeased against the rivers?
Was thine anger against the rivers?
Was thy wrath against the sea,
That thou didst ride upon thy horses,
And upon thy chariots of salvation?"

Thy bow was made quite naked,
According to the oaths of thy tribes—thy word;
Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers;
The mountains saw thee and trembled;
The overflowing of the water passed by;
The deep uttered his voice,
And lifted up his hands on high.
The sun and the moon stood still in their habitation;
At the light of thine arrows they went,
At the shining of thy glittering spear.
Thou didst march through the land in indignation;
Thou didst threaten the heathen in thine anger.
Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people,
Even for salvation with thine Anointed;
Thou woundedst the head of the house of the wicked,
By making naked the foundation unto the neck.
Thou didst strike through with thy staves the head of his villages;
They came out as a whirlwind to scatter me;
Their joy was to devour the poor secretly.
Thou didst walk through the sea with thy horses,
Through the heap of great waters!
When I heard, my bowels trembled;
My lips quivered at the voice;
Rottenness entered into my bones,
And I trembled in myself,
That I might rest in the day of trouble:
When he cometh up unto the people,
He will cut them in pieces with his troops.
Although the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
Yet, I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.
The Lord God is my strength,
And he will make my feet like hinds' feet,
And he will cause me to walk in high places."

The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the sublimest thing they had ever heard or read. "That is poetry," said one. "That is sublimity," said another. "It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether that was a fair specimen of its contents.

"Certainly gentlemen," said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible; and I have read you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk."

Let every reader learn wisdom from this incident, and learn to appreciate the unequalled sublimities of the Bible.

THE POET COWPER.

—
BY AN AMATEUR.
—

WILLIAM COWPER, a poet of great genius, was born in Hertfordshire, England. He was educated in the school at Westminster, and gave early tokens of the brilliancy of his talents. Undertaking, after his graduation, the study of the law, he made no

great proficiency in legal learning, his time being spent almost entirely in literary occupations.

The nervous system of the great poet being naturally deranged, he suffered, at the early age of thirty-two, a violent attack of mania. Some, disposed to throw a reproach upon revealed religion, have ignorantly asserted, that Cowper was rendered insane by his fears of future punishment; but his friend and relative, Mr. Johnson, has vindicated his character, in this respect, beyond the possibility of such an imputation.

William Cowper made his first impression upon the public, by a volume published in 1782, comprising several poems of acknowledged merit. In the year 1785 he printed another book, containing the best of all his works, the inimitable *Task*. This immediately raised him to the highest rank of fame. His reputation grew rapidly, until, in less than two years from the date of his latest publication, he was acknowledged, by the best of English critics, as the originator of the Christian school of poets.

The last days of his life were devoted to the translation of Homer; for, in this way, he endeavored to drown the melancholy, which seemed to be settling upon his spirits. He lived to the beginning of the present century, and died universally admired as a poet, and justly esteemed as a man.

THE NUMBER FORTY.

—
BY A STUDENT.
—

I HAVE been often struck, Mr. Editor, with the frequent recurrence in the Bible of the number forty. For example, *forty* days were spent in embalming Israel. Moses, on more than one occasion, fasted *forty* days and *forty* nights; Elijah fasted, also, the same period of *forty* days and *forty* nights. The Savior fulfilled the same number of days and nights in fasting. The Israelites were doomed to wander *forty* years in the wilderness. Ezekiel bore the iniquity of Judah *forty* days. For *forty* years judgment was denounced against Egypt. The laws of Moses punished certain offenders by the infliction of *forty* stripes. The period of maternal purification, at the birth of a male child, was *forty* days. Many instances of this character are scattered through the sacred volume. I have counted almost a score of them, and would like to know whether they have any peculiar significance. Perhaps some of your able correspondents can render me the desired information. I am myself, however, inclined to consider them as only accidental. The Jews and Catholics are for ever finding mysteries in all these matters; but the sober intellect of a reflecting man, I think, is no more disposed to discover wonders in the language of the Bible, than in any book of standard excellence.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1847.

THE CASKET OF JEWELS RETURNED.

MY readers know well that I am not given to writing fiction. There is, in truth, no species of composition against which I have spoken so frequently and so freely. My early habits, my taste, my judgment, and my inclinations go against it; and my strong argument in opposition to it is, that truth is not only always more useful, but decidedly more interesting. There have occurred, and there are daily occurring, so many strange events in this strange world, which are as yet unwritten, that there is no need of our resorting, for entertaining and profitable lessons, to the imagination.

It is true, when the minute facts in any anecdote or story have been partially obscured by the lapse of time, it is always allowable for the narrator to fill up the chasms by a sort of combined effort of his memory and invention. This license is given even to the historian, whose details are of vast moment to states and empires; and it is a privilege under which alone things long since passed can be recovered.

With these introductory reflections, rendered necessary by my known hostility to works of mere fancy, I will proceed to sketch the outlines of a little piece of history, which, at different times, I have told as a temperance story; and I am specially induced to write it out myself, because, under circumstances which I need not now explain, it has been, in other days, imperfectly copied from my lips, and with many faults given to the public. Deference to the modesty of the characters referred to, however, nearly all of whom are yet living, forbids any great explicitness as to times and places.

For several weeks the weather had been foul and extremely unpleasant. The rain had been falling, for a number of days, in torrents; and, at the moment when our little narrative opens, it was pouring down like another deluge. The streets of the city, running from the Capitol in all directions, were almost as many rivers—such a rush of water was passing down each one of them to the ocean. The various articles, commonly exhibited at the shop doors, were all taken in, the drays and wagons had sought their respective shelters, and the side-walks were almost clear of people. Had it not been for the occasional dodging of an umbrella, or the rattling of a stray hack with a drenched driver, the city might have been supposed to be almost without inhabitants.

"Ill luck to that poor wight yonder," said my friend, crowding up a little closer under my umbrella; "or, rather," said he, "ill luck must have happened to him, if he is compelled to saw wood in the streets such a day as this is."

"A sad lot certainly," said I, "for it scarcely ever rained harder."

"How strange it is," rejoined my friend, "that there should be such distinctions in the condition of this world's inhabitants! Among the hundred thousand citizens of this great city, that poor fellow seems to hold the lowest and worst position. You and I, though in the street, are well enough protected; the few coachmen who have passed us, though wet and cold, are to-day monopolizing their whole business, and are almost warmed and dried by the reflection that they are

making money; but that poor wood-sawer, though toiling in the rain, gets no more for his work than if the day were pleasant. However," added my philosophic companion in a sort of whisper, for we were now within a few paces of the unhappy fellow, "I see he is a good-for-nothing drunkard, and may have ruined the happiness of his wife and children, and is now suffering the just penalty of his transgressions."

This last remark did not mend the matter much in my judgment; but an incident, just then occurring, cut short my reply to it.

"What will you give for that, Bill?" said the shop-keeper, for whom the wood was being sawed, as he stepped out upon the pavement, covered closely by his umbrella.

"Nothing, sir," replied the wood-sawer, "I want the money for my work. I work for money, sir."

"Yes, and what is your money good for, the way you spend it?"

"That is my business, Mr. Miller. I agreed to saw this wood, and you agreed to pay me the money for it. So I don't want any of your trinkets."

"Very true, Bill; but then I thought this ring would be just the thing for you to give to some fair lady as a wedding-day present."

The wood-sawer heaved a sigh, but remained silent.

"Besides," added the shop-keeper, "by buying this ring, you will do more than one good office. You will turn your money into something more lasting, at least, than a mug of rum; and you may furnish bread to a poor girl and her widowed mother, who are on the point of starving. Come, buy it, Bill; I can sell it to you for one-fourth its value."

"Be short, if you please, Mr. Miller: this is no time for long speeches," said the drunkard.

"You are rather ill-natured to-day, Bill," replied the jeweler, "but could you have seen the girl herself, who pawned this ring, and heard her pitiful story, you might be more willing to make the purchase."

"There are a great many pitiful stories told now-a-days," rejoined the inebriate, bending down again to his labor.

"Well, Bill, I think Miss Margaret Willis will have no great debt of gratitude to pay you, in that day when the Almighty gathers up *his* jewels," muttered the seller of gold and silver trinkets, as he turned upon his heel to resume his place behind his shop window.

"Miss who?" stammered the drunkard.

"Miss—Margaret—Willis," replied Mr. Miller, as he read the name from the engraving round the signet.

"Will you let me see the ring, Mr. Miller?"

"O, yes, Bill; I thought you couldn't be quite so ungallant toward a lady. But, Bill, bless me! what is the matter with you? What on earth makes you so pale and deathly?"

It is true, the wood-sawer, drunkard as he was, did turn pale, when, with his own eyes, he read the engraving. His saw fell from his left hand; and he almost sunk down on the pavement. Mr. Miller, who was not a hard-hearted man by nature, rendered him such support as he needed for the moment, and even advised him against continuing his work longer in such bad weather. The poor inebriate, finding his strength did not recover as soon as might ordinarily be expected, consented to relinquish his occupation till next morning.

Having followed the jeweler into the shop, he sat a few minutes before the large wood fire in the front

room, with his head fallen down upon his breast, in deep and apparently painful contemplation. His clothes smoking in the heat, and large drops of perspiration rolling from his face, and his heart evidently racked with some powerful emotion, he presented a picture worthy of an artist's pencil.

"How came you by that ring?" feebly ejaculated the poor drunkard, with a distressed look turned toward Mr. Miller.

"Where did I get it? Why, I suppose, certainly, of its owner. Miss Margaret was here herself not three hours since, and pawned it to me. This is not the first jewel she has sold to me, reserving the right of redeeming them, if, in a reasonable time, she should find herself able. But, then, she never will be able; for the first one she brought more than two years ago, which has been lying in my case here ever since. So I think I shall sell them, and get my money back again."

"Well, perhaps that is right, Mr. Miller: you know the terms on which you bought them. But how many have you of that girl's trinkets?"

"See for yourself, Bill. Here they are. Look at them, and I will perhaps tell you the girl's story, when I am not so busy."

The drunkard rose up, and, walking tremblingly to the counter, examined the jewels at his leisure. His face, habitually blue and bloated, had become suddenly pale on reading the inscription; but now it flashed and burned as if lighted up by internal passions. After looking them all over, and over again, he resumed his seat by the fireside.

"On one condition, Mr. Miller," said the drunkard, after a long silence, "I will buy that ring of you."

"What is that, Bill?" responded the jeweler.

"That you will sell me all of them, and any others which that girl may bring here," said the wood-sawer.

"Sell them! Certainly—that is just what I proposed to you; and you, Bill, could not do better than to turn your labor into something more substantial than liquor. True, as you have neither wife nor children to trouble you, you have a right to do as you choose in this free country. But, Bill, I have felt interested for you before now; and yet you may think I have a very rough way of showing my good wishes."

"I will certainly do so, Mr. Miller; and from this hour I want you to abide as faithfully by your promise. And, besides, I want you to get the whole of them; for"—and here the poor apostate apparently labored to be a little witty—"I have taken up your notion of giving them to some fair lady, as a wedding-day present."

"Is my watch now in perfect order, Mr. Miller?" said my friend, as he took his gold-lever from the shop-keeper's hands.

"Yes, sir, I warrant her to run a year in perfect order," replied the jeweler.

Upon this, walking out upon the pavement, we bade adieu to the interesting little scene, which had accidentally taken place in our presence.

"What a fool a man sometimes is," said my friend, as we were walking to the eastern railroad depot. "While that poor drunkard was bargaining for those jewels, evidently excited by some strange impulse, but probably without any rational motive for thus spending his hard earnings, I confess I was engaged in nothing else than contemplating his miserable condition. Poor outcast! That jeweler will get off a few brass trinkets

on him by that fictitious story of the little girl and her widowed mother; and then the unhappy drunkard, goaded by his appetite, will soon pawn them for a trifle to get the means of another season of beastly intoxication. O, what a world is this, where the apparently respectable are as base as the lowest are unfortunate!"

"Suppose we call upon that jeweler, on our return," said I to my feeling companion, "and see how he will straighten up his conduct in this matter. You can make an errand with him about your watch. These impositions are certainly getting to be so common in this country, that they deserve a rigid and general examination; and these robbers of the poor ought to be brought to justice. But, in this day, who will take the trouble, if ministers of the Gospel neglect so plain a duty?"

"True enough," rejoined my friend; and thus the engagement was quickly settled. But circumstances afterward rendered its fulfillment needless.

A railroad is a rapid means of traveling. You run from village to village in a moment. The fences seem to be flying in one direction, while you are rushing on in another. You can scarcely read the figures on the milestones; and luckless is that poor mortal, who, by his poverty, is forced to creep along on the track of a railroad, and compare his groping with the steam-propelled chariot. But miserably unfortunate that little girl, the daughter, perhaps, of some day-laborer, who, while her father toils at home, walks down to the city, to sell, for any thing she can get, her poor mother's earnings. Doubly so, when, like the unhappy little creature yonder, she is weighed down by a large basket, though her slender frame seems scarcely able to lift its own weight from one cross-timber of the railroad to another.

"O," said my big-hearted friend, looking out upon the little girl, as we passed her, "why didn't our conductor pick up that poverty-stricken little beggar?"

"Because," said I, "he imagines, if he should get the reputation of carrying such persons free of cost, half the world would turn beggars, especially when they desire to travel."

"Well," rejoined my companion, "I wish I had a railroad: I would carry the poor for nothing."

"Yes, but you could not expect all the poor would, therefore, come and settle on the line of your railroad," was my metaphysical answer.

"No, but I would carry all that did live on it; and, by that means, I should set a good example to other owners."

I had hardly time to express my respect for the young man's generosity of feeling; for, next moment, the car ceased its motion, and the passengers were all astir, crowding their way along to find a place of egress.

"You see now, my friend, that your railroad would not accommodate every body. You and I have four miles farther to travel, and our only chance is a private carriage."

"But can we get any at this by-station?"

"O, yes, a stranger here says he will have one ready in about thirty minutes."

My friend was a great horseman, and protested that he would not ride unless he could be the driver. Knowing his skill, I could make no objection, though

I cautioned him against breaking the vehicle by his rapid movement.

"Thirty-five minutes," said he, "are quite enough to carry us to Granberry; and then there is such exhilaration, in flying over the ground, to one's ideas."

"But stop a moment, if you please," said I to this modern Phaeton, "your railroad morality can now be fairly tested."

"O, there is no great use of it now," replied the charioteer, a little impatiently; "she is now, no doubt, near home; for she couldn't expect to carry such a load as that many miles farther."

"So much the more need of rendering her assistance," was the reply.

"Very well, be it so, if it is your will. I never knew you to give up a notion; and I might as well command it to stop raining, as to try to change your head, when it has fairly settled on any thing. Little girl, would you like to ride a piece in our carriage?"

"O, yes, sir," said the little pale pedestrian, though her face was now flushed by excessive exercise; "but then, sir, I am too wet and muddy to sit upon those clean cushions. Besides, I am almost home now, and my task is nearly over."

"Just as I told you, sir," said my impatient brother.

"Where is your home, little girl?"

"O, I live about a mile the other side of Granberry; but it looks as if it would not rain much longer; and I shall enjoy the rest of the way in thinking of my mother." It will be difficult for the reader to appreciate the sweetness of spirit which showed itself in the utterance of this sentence.

"True, but you can think of your mother just as well while riding;" and, by this time, my friend was putting her basket into the carriage.

"That will do, kind gentleman, if you carry my basket, I shall soon be home to comfort my poor sick mother."

"But you will now be home all the sooner," said my friend, who had opened and carried on the dialogue; and the next moment, striking his horse, he pushed on with speed to the foot of a long hill, where he was compelled to move more slowly.

"What is your name, little girl, if I may be allowed to ask you such a question?"

"O, yes, sir, you have a right to know the names of those you bless and benefit. My name is Margaret. My mother's name is Willis—Mary Willis."

"And your name, then, is Margaret Willis?"

"Yes, sir, that is the name my dear father gave me when I was an infant. The day I was born, he brought to my dear, good mother a little box of jewels, with my name engraved on all of them; and he said that it was to be kept till I was grown up, and then given to me as my father's present. As my father, at that time, was a very lively and happy man, he amused my mother, by telling her it was to be my wedding-day gift; but—"

Her voice was now choked for a moment; and we waited in silence to hear the conclusion of her last sentence. But, after composing her feelings, and wiping off a single tear that trickled down her cheek, she sat without speaking. Though she seemed to have too delicate a sense of propriety to evade our inquiries, she, nevertheless, answered them in a way that only increased our desire to hear more from her. After several entreaties, during all of which she conducted herself with extraordinary good sense and prudence, she

consented to give as much of her domestic history, as could be told on our way to Granberry.

"This is the house, sir," said Margaret, pointing out her widowed mother's low dwelling.

It is no more than just, that I should say, in passing, that her story had awakened an intense interest in our feelings for her poor mother. We resolved, therefore, a long time before the tale was finished, to take her all the way home, and see the verification of it for ourselves.

"Please to walk carefully, gentlemen," said Margaret, as we entered, "for my mother is very ill and nervous."

"Is that you, dear Mardy?" said a low, feeble, broken voice, from behind a loosely-drawn curtain.

"Yes, dear mother, it is I; and are you as well, mother, as when I left you?"

"Not any better, my darling; but I am thankful it is no worse with me. But, what a dreadful time you have had of it, Margaret! I told you not to go this morning; and I am fearful you have made yourself sick by this day's effort. If you should fail me, what would become of me and your four little brothers and sisters! Be more careful, Mardy, in future, and if we must all die, the Lord, I hope, will take us up to heaven."

"Yes, mother; but while I have a hand to work, and a foot to carry me to the city, you shall not starve, if I can help it."

"Providence is merciful, indeed, in preserving us."

"Yes, mother, and Providence has been kind to me on my journey. These two gentlemen have brought me nearly all the way from the railroad station."

Mrs. Willis was bolstered up in a rude easy chair, procured, in some way, by little Margaret. Her pale cheek, and diminished form, and lustrous eye, gave ominous proof of the state of both her mind and body; and it was with a most tremulous voice that she undertook to satisfy our inquiries respecting her former life, and the causes that had reduced her so very low.

"You must know, then, gentlemen, in a few words, that I am the widow of Mr. William Willis, son of the late Judge Willis, of Coventry. My father—peace to his blessed memory!—lies in the parish church-yard. My mother having died in my infancy, and being myself an only child, I am left entirely without connections. My husband, soon after our marriage, settled in Granberry as a lawyer. Inheriting his father's estate—for he was his only son—we began life with the fairest prospects. The world smiled upon us, and we were happy. Mr. Willis, though in every way qualified for business, did not feel the necessity of exertion, and so made none. His time was devoted to amusement, to reading, and to company. In the birth of his first-born, this dear girl here, he was the happiest being I have ever seen among mortals. Time wore on, and our other four children were added to the family circle. Although Mr. Willis was frequently from home, for several years I suspected no evil; but, gentlemen, how shall I express the anguish that pierced my heart, when, late one wintry night, a few of his comrades brought him to his door in a state of dreadful intoxication. From that hour, peace fled for ever from our dwelling. He soon ran through with our inheritance; and when he had made himself a beggar, he could no longer endure the sight of his old neighbors and

companions. The scenes which before gave him pleasure, now only increased his mental torture. Plunged to the depths of wretchedness, and ashamed to meet the eyes of his children, he resolved on leaving us, promising, however, to retain a remembrance of us in his absence, and to return whenever he could do so with propriety. But, alas! what do we know of to-morrow! In less than two years from the day of his departure, news came, that, having gone to sea, his vessel was wrecked on the coast of California, and that my poor, frail, but, at heart, noble-minded husband, had gone down to rise no more till the resurrection. You may imagine my subsequent situation. With five helpless children on my hands, you may well suppose that the lowest poverty was our portion. Being unused to hard labor, the change of circumstances nearly cost me my life. My scanty earnings could scarcely supply my little ones with their daily bread; and I have often fasted, after the severest exertions of mind and body, that my unfortunate little children might have the more to satisfy their hunger.

"Thus, for several years, we lived. Our neighbors gradually neglected us, till, at last, the title of 'the drunkard's family,' universally given to us, seemed to shut up what little commiseration had previously been shown us. Procuring this low cabin, I removed to it with my dependent little family, where we have suffered almost every thing that can befall the most wretched.

"But, thanks to a kind Providence," added Mrs. Willis, wiping away a tear or two that had started from her wet eyes, "my circumstances received almost a perfect restoration, at the time when my dear Margaret became old enough to render me assistance. From that day, she has been my earthly support. No language can describe her faithfulness. Sometimes I look upon her, and imagine that she cannot be my child, but my guardian angel, permitted to live in the flesh for the more perfect fulfillment of her mission. For the last year, all we have eaten, all we have had of any thing, has been the fruit of her ingenuity, toil, and perseverance. In what way she obtains so much is a great mystery. She says, however, that God blesses her, and it must be so. A girl but fifteen years of age, and so delicate and slender, could not endure what she endures, without the Divine blessing. She often speaks of her enjoyments, as if a being like her, compelled to live and labor as she does, could have any experience but that of the deepest misery. She knits, and spins, and sews, and, walking all the way to town, she sells her little wares, and always does better, she says, than she had expected. Not only has she supplied our wants, but has even procured us many comforts. This easy chair she purchased. Nearly every week she has brought me some choice eatables from the city. With her own hands she has clothed her little brothers and sisters, so that they seem to look quite comfortable; while, as you may have noticed, her own dress is meaner than that of the rest of us. Often have I remonstrated with her on this point, and especially as she alone visits public places; but she replies, that she does not live for herself, but for her mother and the children.

"But Margaret does not confine her benevolence to mere animal wants and gratifications. Young as she is, she seems to recognize the mental condition of my other children. Procuring, from time to time, a variety of little books, she has sometimes turned our cabin into

a school-house, and has started her little brothers and sisters on the road to knowledge. The Bible is her favorite; and she gives lessons from it, which, I have thought, would do no dishonor to persons well informed in religion.

"Nor is this all, gentlemen. Margaret has found time to act as a sort of missionary in the neighborhood. Obtaining, I know not how, several bundles of tracts, she has scattered them all over Granberry; and the fruit of them, it has been told me by a couple of my poor neighbors, is already beginning to be manifest. But, dear sirs, it would be impossible for me to tell you in how many ways she makes herself useful, and how deeply I am indebted to the faithfulness of this my little guardian angel."

I know not, my reader, when Mrs. Willis would have satisfied her feelings of thankfulness to God, for having given her such a protector, had not the object of the deserved eulogy just then come in from some out-door employment; and as Margaret was passing back and forth through the room, seeing that every thing was made comfortable for the night, forgetful, apparently, of her own wet and disagreeable condition, I could not but follow her, and my heart nearly ran over with emotion, while I was contemplating her angelic character.

"My dear Margaret," said Mrs. Willis, just at this moment, "come and sit by the fire, and dry your clothes. I am fearful you will make yourself sick by this day's business."

Margaret was accustomed to yield implicit obedience to her mother, and so came and sat down without making any answer.

"Now, Margaret," added the mother, "while you are engaged in drying yourself, these friendly gentlemen might take a pleasure in looking over your box of jewels. If you can afford them any diversion, in return for their great kindness to you, it is certainly their due. Besides, my dear girl, not having seen them myself for a long time, it would afford me a real satisfaction to look once more on that only remaining memento of your deceased father's love."

Margaret looked very much confused. Her color went and came without any apparent cause. At length, starting rather quickly, but with innocent dignity, from her chair, she stepped forward a few paces, and fell before her mother, resting her head upon her mother's knees.

"My dear mother, do not be severe with me, and I will confess to you all my fault. The jewels are not here. How could I see you and the children suffer, when I had in my power that which could afford you and them relief? But Mr. Miller engaged to keep them till I could redeem them from his hands."

"My precious girl, have you sold your jewels to Mr. Miller?"

"No, mother, I have only pledged them to him for a part of their real value, and he is to give them back when I redeem the pledge."

"Redeem it! how, my child, do you expect ever to raise so large a sum?"

"Has not the Lord blessed me, mother? O, he blesses me more and more every day. Every thing I do seems to prosper; and I have great confidence in his promises to the orphan. Besides, mother, he is the widow's God!"

"Yes, my child; but you must know the reputation of many of these city traders. Should Mr. Miller,

wearied with waiting on you, sell your jewels, they would then be gone from you for ever!"

"Well, mother, I have only lent these jewels to the Lord. His ways are wonderful. Should Mr. Miller even sell them, God can bring good out of that misfortune; and, if he sees fit, he can even return the jewels to us before I should want them!"

"True enough, my dear girl, before you may want them; for a poor girl like you is in no danger of ever being led to the matrimonial altar. I must add, also, before these gentlemen, that, as the jewels were entirely your own, you had a perfect right to dispose of them; but how could you part with the birth-day present of your poor father—the only inheritance you are to receive from him?"

"Have you not always told me, mother, that my father, with all his faults, was at heart a noble-minded man? And would he, were he now alive and in his right mind, grudge you such a trifle as a box of jewels, if, by disposing of them, he could make you happy? Well, I am my father's representative; and, though I shed many tears, mother, when I was parting with that precious keepsake, I felt much assured, that, in some way, I should get my jewels back again."

"Rise, my dear child, you need not kneel to me, as though your disinterestedness, though almost marvelous in so young a being, could be charged as a fault upon you. No, no, Margaret, never think your mother could be that ungrateful."

With a serene look, the gentle little creature rose from her knees, and proceeded again to her domestic operations.

"Good gentlemen," said Mrs. Willis, following Margaret with her eyes till she passed quite out of the room into the next apartment, "as you are clergymen, and her toils and sufferings have satisfied all my earthly wants, your greatest act of kindness would be to teach me how to avoid worshiping so pure, so sweet a spirit. I never look upon her without a strange feeling, as if, though I know her to be my offspring, she were some celestial being."

Were I writing, my good reader, a mere fancy sketch, I should have the present section quite different from what it will be. But I must follow the facts, and not alter them to make my narrative more novel, though less truthful. I must confess, that a long time elapsed, before I had the conclusion of these interesting incidents given me. One circumstance, however, may be looked upon as fortunate. My young friend, at the time above spoken of, rather a licentiate than a preacher of the Gospel, was afterward ordained as a minister. Having passed through his first year in a distant field of labor, his second appointment, as Providence strangely ordered it, was at Granberry. My subsequent correspondence with this youthful minister furnished me with occasional notices of the "drunkard's family." The following extracts from that correspondence will give the reader such particulars, as will lead his mind along toward the termination of my little story.

"Granberry, June 12.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Mrs. Willis is still living; and Margaret continues to be her fostering angel.

"Yours affectionately, L."

"Granberry, Dec. 10.

"DEAR FRIEND,—You wished to know more about Mrs. Willis and little Margaret. The former is very

ill, and would have died long since, had it not been for Margaret. I see you speak of little Margaret, as though she were yet a child. You must know, that two full years added to fifteen will make wonderful changes in the personal appearance of a young lady. Margaret is no longer a little girl, though her disposition is as child-like as ever. She is the sweetest creature I ever saw.

"Yours, L."

"Granberry, June 8.

"MY OLD FRIEND,—You seem to have retained your interest in the 'drunkard's family.' I boldly but confidentially confess to you, that I have *lost* none myself. But I ought to have told you before, that strange things have happened to them of late. From some unknown source, they have been wonderfully provided for in all the conveniences and comforts of this life. Scarcely a week passes, that does not bring them a letter, or a package, always inclosing quite an amount of money. Whence all these favors, no one knows. But, under the influence of a better condition, the health of Mrs. Willis has greatly improved; and Margaret, relieved from her slavish toils, and happy in the realization of her strong faith in God, has become the most perfect and finished being I ever saw. If she was an angel in her poverty, what shall I call her now?

"Yours in haste, L."

"Granberry, Oct. 5.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your late letter was rather a searching one; but I will freely and frankly confess the whole. I know you will approve my choice. An itinerant has no need of an estate, and he ought not to seek it. His greatest legacy is the character of her, whom he makes the partner of his joys and sorrows. Though the casket of jewels is gone, they are of little value compared with her, who sold her only patrimony, to provide bread for her orphan brothers and sisters, and comforts for her widowed mother. So now you understand it all.

"Yours, L."

"Granberry, Nov. 12.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The compliments of your old friend L. and Miss Margaret Willis, who would be happy to see you in Granberry, at six o'clock, P. M., Dec. 25, at the residence of Mrs. Willis.

"Yours respectfully, G. L., M. W.

"P. S. Please to excuse the apparent coldness of this note. Friendship can take no exceptions, when business matters are expressed in the ordinary terms.

L."

"Good evening, Mr. Miller," said a genteel, well-dressed, noble-looking man, as he stepped into the front room of the jeweler's shop before named.

"Good evening, sir. A very pleasant day, sir."

"Yes, sir, it is a very pleasant day—much more so than it was about three years ago."

"Three years ago! Indeed, sir, I can hardly recollect so long; but it seems your memory is very good."

"My memory, Mr. Miller, is none of the best; but there are some things a man cannot easily forget."

"Yes, indeed, sir; as drunken Bill used to say, 'A man can never forget his wife,' though the poor wretch had no wife; and it would be hard to tell how he knew."

"Then you knew drunken Bill, Mr. Miller?"

"Knew him! Wouldn't you know your wood-sawer, sir, if he sawed for you all the wood you burned!

Know drunken Bill! I should know him if I should see his face in France!"

"Well, Mr. Miller, where is that old fellow now; for there were some very strange things in Bill?"

"Strange! I never knew quite so singular a being in my life. I could tell you many a marvelous thing about him; but his last strange feat with me was, perhaps, the most wonderful of all. He undertook, sir, poor, drunken beggar as he was, to buy a whole box of jewels of me; and buy them he would, and buy them he did, sir, and paid the money for them all. What he wanted to do with them, he would not tell; though, poor wretch, he used jocosely to say, that he intended them for some fair lady on her wedding-day. But, sir, some liquor concern has, no doubt, got them a long time ago. Bill was a great drunkard, sir."

"Do you know, Mr. Miller, where Bill is now?"

"No, sir. Soon after his purchase of the last jewel, and the casket with it, he left the city, and I have not heard of him since. In fact, I never knew Bill's real name, it was so common to call him drunken Bill."

Hereupon the strange gentleman, taking a few turns back and forth through the room, with a step of manly dignity and conscious worth, finally, slipping off his new kid gloves, turned toward the shop-keeper with a countenance full of some interesting thought, which spoke through his eyes, while his lips were closed. Holding the little finger of his left hand close to Mr. Miller's face—for the jeweler was a little short-sighted—he asked him if he could see well enough to read the engraving on that ring.

The shop-keeper, aquinting and drawing down his eye-brows, read aloud, MISS MARGARET WILLIS, and started back with evident surprise. Looking the stranger fairly and fully in the face, he exclaimed, "Is it possible, Bill! Is it indeed yourself?"

Leaving, in this section, Mr. Miller and drunken Bill to make their own explanations, and draw out their talk as such an occasion would demand, I hasten forward toward the conclusion of my narrative. It will be easy enough for the reader to fill up this chasm by his own imagination. He can readily conceive, in how many ways a man of liberal education, with a lucrative profession, might, by a strict adherence to good resolutions, however suddenly formed, redeem his character and pecuniary condition. The temperance reformation has done wonders in this good work; and this poor wood-sawyer, incited by the touching incident before related of little Margaret, resolved to be a better man. That such a man, with a naturally generous disposition, and with smiling prospects, should occasionally remit a small portion of his gains to the author of his recovery from the lowest misery, is no great wonder; and that, on hearing that his little benefactress was about to enter the fairy land of hope and promise, he should feel a desire to share the joys and festivities of the eventful period, is not to be gainsayed. So, all things being explained and concerted, the reformed, reminding the shop-keeper of his original design of presenting that box of jewels to some fair lady at her marriage, spent the time intervening between the city and Granberry, in instructing Mr. Miller how to conduct himself, after they should arrive at the house of Mrs. Willis.

A writer of fiction loves to dwell upon matrimonial scenes; but I, almost afraid to relate actual

occurrences, only because they happen to touch upon the marvelous, will hasten over them as rapidly as possible. And yet, apart from all thoughts of fiction, there is no scene of life, in which I am accustomed to feel a deeper interest, than in that where two pure spirits blend their fortunes for woe or weal for ever.

The widow's cottage, on the evening of Margaret's marriage, was thronged with guests. The whole neighborhood felt an interest in her future welfare; and, besides, their minister was one of the interested parties. On all such occasions mirth and gayety are apt to be carried to extremes; and had it not been for the presence of Mrs. Willis, the young people present at this festival would doubtless have gone to some excesses.

But the moment has now come. All the guests crowd back from the door of entrance. The parties, attended by the ordinary right-hand and left-hand supporters, make their appearance. As they stand before the minister, how various are the emotions of this mixed company! While the solemn ceremony is advancing, how strangely does every one's heart cease its beating, and the act of breathing suspend its operation! When the concluding prayer is being offered, how the bride and bridegroom lose themselves in the high realities passing upon them, and how the lone widow weeps in solitude, that she is about to lose her darling! And, when all is over, and the parties and spectators are all seated, how irksome is the impressive silence, which binds by a sort of spell all speech and action! But, there is always some one bold enough to break it; and why, after all that I have said to prepare the way for it, may not the jeweler now step forward, from his concealment, and present to the happy Margaret her long-lost box of jewels?

Whatever objections the reader may contrive to raise against such an incident, they probably were not thought of by Mr. Miller; for, making his way along through the dense mass of spectators, and walking directly into the presence of the happy couple, he begged the privilege of presenting the well-known casket to the fair heroine of the evening.

Margaret, at once recognizing her old acquaintance, was amazed at his generosity, and poured upon him a shower of benedictions. The widow, too, stepped forward, and gave him her warmest blessings. But to one person present the scene was becoming almost painful. His heart had, all the time, nearly broken forth from its clay tenement; and now, bursting out into an agony of weeping, when he could endure what he saw no longer, clasped both the child and her mother in his almost wild embraces. No wonder that at first Mrs. Willis, and then, after a moment's bewildering pause, Margaret herself, should hang upon the neck of the weeping stranger—for that stranger, gentle reader, was no less than WILLIAM WILLIS, the husband of the one, and the father of the other.

COLOR OF THE EARTH.

AMONG the thousand manifestations of Divine goodness, as seen in the structure and ornaments of the earth, the color of its landscapes is not the least. The poet has touched upon it with truthfulness and beauty; and his words should be impressed on all minds:

"Gay green!
Thou smiling nature's universal robe;
United light and shade! where the sight dwells,
With growing strength and ever new delight."

NOTICES.

THE TRUE BELIEVER: his Character, Duties, and Privileges, elucidated in a Series of Discourses, by Rev. Asa Mahan, President of Oberlin Collegiate Institute. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—We take pleasure in commending to our readers this book, not because we suppose they will always coincide with the views of its author, but because we think they can scarcely peruse it without spiritual profit.

THE AMERICAN POULTERER'S COMPANION. By C. N. Bement. *Harper & Brothers.*—Until we read this book, we supposed every body knew how to raise chickens; but we are now convinced that every sort of business is an art.

PARKER'S GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS. *Harper & Brothers: New York.*—Here is a new book of questions in geography, adapted to the popular work of Professor Morse. We confess we are not much pleased with works of this kind. Having had a long experience in teaching, having actually given instruction, during the last sixteen years, in nearly every branch of education pursued in the schools and colleges of this country, we have been led to think rather lightly of all question-books whatsoever. It is a great deal easier to ask questions, than it is to answer them; and, generally, the man who cannot ask his own questions, is not fit to be a teacher. But the work before us is carefully drawn up, and is a little better, we think, than the majority of books of this character and class.

A FIRST BOOK IN LATIN: containing Grammar, Exercises, and Vocabularies, on the Method of Constant Imitation and Repetition. By John M'Clintock, A. M., Professor of Languages, and Geo. R. Crooks, A. M., Professor of Languages in Dickinson College. *Harper & Brothers.*—Of this sterling work we prepared a lengthy notice some months ago, which was crowded out by other notices. We have now scarcely room to say a hundredth part of what we should desire. Let it suffice, however, that, in our poor judgment, it is the very best introduction to the Latin language which we have ever seen. Anthon's books are all too unboundedly diffuse, and are, also, blemished by frequent mistakes. Besides, Mr. Anthon's taste is not exactly to our mind. Borrowing by the wholesale from his German authors, he follows their unnatural arrangements, and adopts their coarse blunders. But the work before us, in nearly all respects, is a model of its kind. Success to its young authors! Let them try again, and may they succeed as well!

A PRACTICAL MANUAL OF ELOCUTION. By Merriitt Caldwell, A. M., Professor of Metaphysics and Political Economy, and Teacher of Elocution in Dickinson College. *Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball.*—With a willing heart we recommend all the publications of the above house, and particularly this work of our old and able friend. The press of Sorin & Ball is exclusively laboring for the good of society; and the work of Professor Caldwell is one of their best issues. As a text-book in elocution, we are free to say, that it has not its superior in the land.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND ANNUAL SABBATH CONVENTION, with an Appendix.—We have read this report with interest, and especially that part of it containing the very excellent address of President Simpson. The address will be read by the President's many friends with no ordinary satisfaction.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE April number of the Repository has cost the Editor more than an average amount of labor; and we hope it will give more than common satisfaction to its readers.

There are articles in this number, which, unless we are greatly mistaken, will be read more than once by many of our fair patrons; and more than one will stand, in other years, as standard specimens of good English composition.

For the encouragement of correspondents, we may remark, that their articles are freely quoted and applauded in the newspapers; and, through this latter medium, some of our writers are known and admired from one extremity to the other of our great country. Even our own humble contributions receive far more attention, in this way, than we had expected; and we cordially thank our contemporaries, for the unbounded encouragement they have thus given us. When we came to this office, though we had labored with some success in other occupations, we were almost without experience in this difficult profession; and we find the work of editing, like all other important business, an art that requires practice, as well as patient labor and reflection. We hope, in due time, to acquire a thorough knowledge of our new profession. We should be indeed sorry, if every month should not find us better prepared to perform its arduous duties.

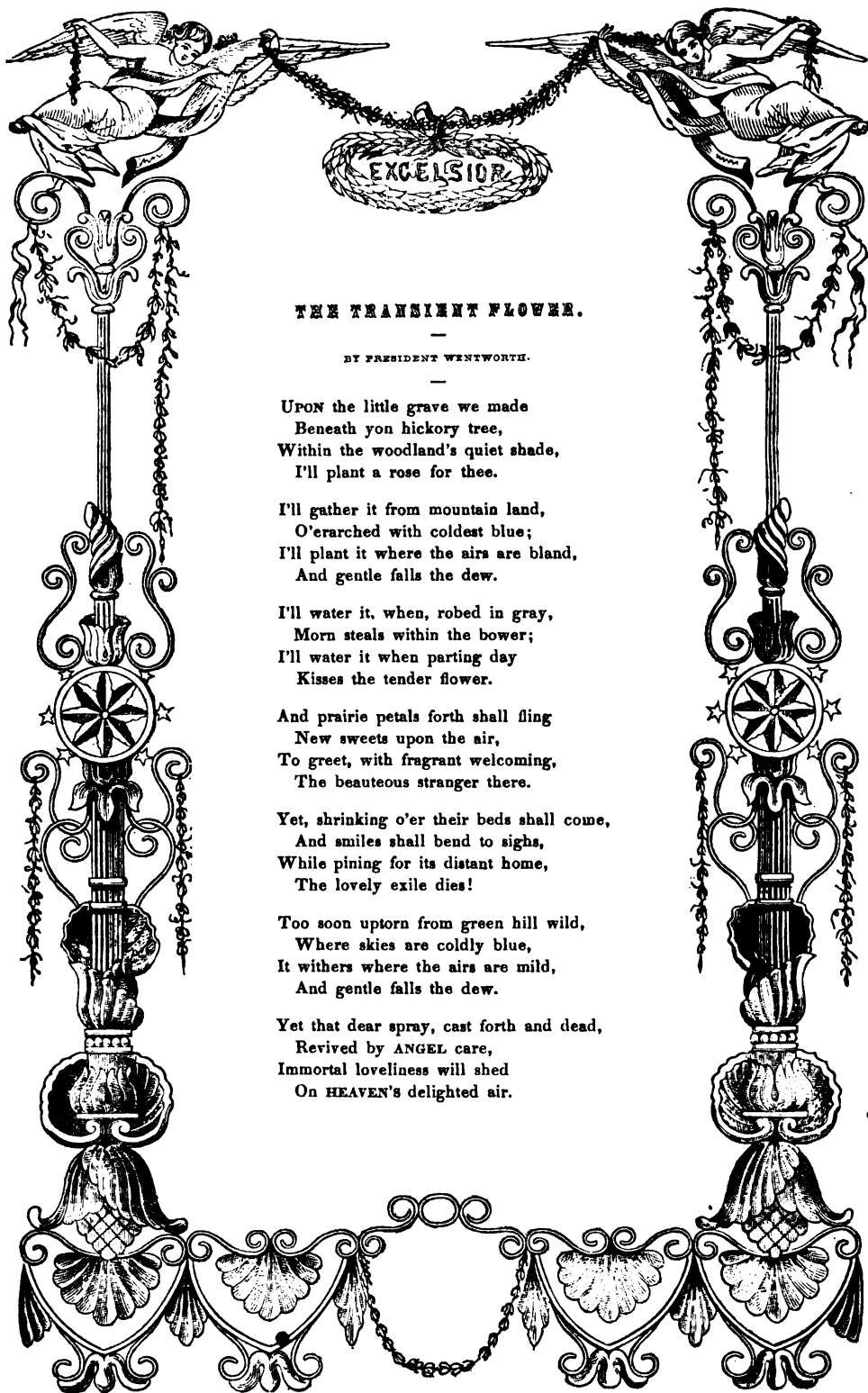
We must here express our hope, that sister Margaret will excuse us for writing out her story; for, with what ingenuity we have, notwithstanding her present conspicuous position, we have endeavored to conceal her name and residence from the too close scrutiny of the reader. If, however, we should not have fully succeeded in this effort, we can assure our amiable sister, that those who happen to recognize her picture, will esteem her only the more for that native goodness of heart, which we have essayed to exhibit. She will be kind enough to present our warmest salutations to her excellent husband, and to her now really widowed mother. And may the waves of the Hudson move gently, as they pass the honored grave of her noble-hearted and now sainted father!

The Excelsior for April is exceedingly fine. Its author, President Wentworth, will soon make himself felt, in his new home, as a literary man. But to appreciate the piece as it deserves, the reader will need the key to it, given in the following note:

"MR. EDITOR,—Our infant daughter survived a tedious journey to the west but a few days. Strangers made her grave—her mourners were far away toward the rising sun. A correspondent, who blots his sheet with his tears as he writes, says: 'I did love the little thing. When you have leisure, plant a rose upon her grave, and water it for me.' To him, through your columns, if it is worth placing there, I tender the inclosed reply. E. W."

The readers of the Repository, we trust, will be favored with many contributions from the same pen.

A lady wishes to know by what means she can become such a writer as would be acceptable to our readers. At present we will answer the question in a general way. So far as we know, the best method to be pursued in the preparation of an article, is, to read and reflect upon an interesting subject, and then write precisely what you think. This course, guided by good taste, will generally succeed.



THE TRANSIENT FLOWER.

—
BY PRESIDENT WENTWORTH.
—

UPON the little grave we made
Beneath yon hickory tree,
Within the woodland's quiet shade,
I'll plant a rose for thee.

I'll gather it from mountain land,
O'erarched with coldest blue;
I'll plant it where the airs are bland,
And gentle falls the dew.

I'll water it, when, robed in gray,
Morn steals within the bower;
I'll water it when parting day
Kisses the tender flower.

And prairie petals forth shall fling
New sweets upon the air,
To greet, with fragrant welcoming,
The beauteous stranger there.

Yet, shrinking o'er their beds shall come,
And smiles shall bend to sighs,
While pining for its distant home,
The lovely exile dies!

Too soon upturn from green hill wild,
Where skies are coldly blue,
It withers where the airs are mild,
And gentle falls the dew.

Yet that dear spray, cast forth and dead,
Revived by ANGEL care,
Immortal loveliness will shed
On HEAVEN's delighted air.



THE BANYAN TREE

S I T O R Y .

circumference of the shadow, *at noon*,
dred and sixteen feet; and it required
and twenty feet to surround the fifty
y which the tree was supported."

"specimen of this tree, in the same
covers an area of seventeen thou-
s;" and, we are told that both
re half embowered beneath these
Not only travelers, but the sober
s of natural science, find it diffi-
n praise of this most remarkable
e poets fairly revel on it. In
"Kehama," there is a passage,
is worthy the fame of the

wherein they stood—
de amid the wood,
ed Banian grew.
sight to see
tree;
larly spread,
opp'd its lofty head;
depending shoot,
its root,
re w toward the ground.
s, which cross'd their way,
round and round,
contortion wound;
at times, with sway
ung;
immov'd, were hung
ern's fretted height.
d fair to sight,
orm'd the natural floor;
y cope which bowered it o'er
ans of checker'd light.
mple did it seem, that there
us heart's first impulse would be prayer."

It may be that some of our own poets, taking the
hint from this beautiful picture, and warming their
genius by the fire of the older bards, may give us a
few verses equal to any thing that has been written,
or a prose sketch, full of the poetry of thought and
feeling. From looking at this tree, and thinking of
the sultry summer's day where it grows, and con-
ceiving the delicious coolness of its shade, and dream-
ing about the country gossip that may have been
carried on beneath its wide-spreading branches, we
have ourselves half resolved to write a sketch in prose.

gaters grow
erred shade,
ere, with echoing walks between.
here, oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shades.
The Banian tree, near Mangee, in Bengal, has
been quite accurately measured by curious travelers.
VOL. VII.—17

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1847.

THE BANIAN TREE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

WE present, this month, a very correct drawing of the celebrated Banian tree, whose singular properties have excited great attention in all ages of the world. It belongs to the family of fig-trees, and is called, by naturalists, the *Ficus Indica*, or Indian Fig. It flourishes extensively in the East Indies, and is the object of religious veneration among the Hindoos. The fruit of it is not very remarkable, either for size or esculent qualities; but the immense shade it offers to the weary traveler, when toiling over the sun-burnt regions of southern India, is indescribably refreshing, both to the mind and body. To the poor, way-worn pilgrim of that country, it is like the wandering Hebrews' "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and is highly calculated to call forth the gratitude of the religious, as well as the veneration of the superstitious mind.

The Banian tree possesses one very remarkable peculiarity. When it has reached a certain magnitude, and the parent stock stands up with all its "leafy honors on its head," the lateral branches send down to the ground perpendicular shoots, which, taking root, become trees, and have their own leaves and branches. This process, in a good soil, sometimes goes on till the original trunk has spread its secondaries all over a vast region, forming a natural arbor more beautiful than art can imitate, or the mind easily conceive.

Strabo, the great Grecian geographer, compares this Banian arbor to "a tent supported by many columns." Pliny, also, the celebrated Roman naturalist, mentions this tree, and speaks glowingly of its properties; and Milton, catching his inspiration from the Latin original, embalms the fame of it in a passage of immortal beauty:

"Branching so broad along, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree—a pillared shade,
High overarched, with echoing walks between.
There, oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shades."

The Banian tree, near Mangee, in Bengal, has been quite accurately measured by curious travelers.

VOL. VII.—17

"The entire circumference of the shadow, at noon, was eleven hundred and sixteen feet; and it required nine hundred and twenty feet to surround the fifty or sixty stems, by which the tree was supported."

There is another specimen of this tree, in the same country, which "covers an area of seventeen thousand square yards;" and, we are told that both India and China are half embowered beneath these miniature forests. Not only travelers, but the sober authors of our books of natural science, find it difficult to say enough in praise of this most remarkable of all trees. But the poets fairly revel on it. In Southey's "Curse of Kehama," there is a passage, which, in every way, is worthy the fame of the Scottish bard:

"'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood—
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree;
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propp'd its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight, like a plummet, grew toward the ground.
Some on the lower boughs, which cross'd their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor;
And through the leafy cope which bow'd it o'er
Came gleams of checker'd light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer."

It may be that some of our own poets, taking the hint from this beautiful picture, and warming their genius by the fire of the older bards, may give us a few verses equal to any thing that has been written, or a prose sketch, full of the poetry of thought and feeling. From looking at this tree, and thinking of the sultry summer's day where it grows, and conceiving the delicious coolness of its shade, and dreaming about the country gossip that may have been carried on beneath its wide-spreading branches, we have ourselves half resolved to write a sketch in prose.

HUMAN LIFE.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THIS life is a compound of good and evil, pleasure and pain, toil and rest, strength and weakness, joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment. On one hand, before we are ushered into being, a universe is prepared for our reception and accommodation, which affords us aliment pleasant to the taste, crystal streams to quench our thirst, the balmy air to inhale, the sun to light up the path of our earthly pilgrimage, the sweet melody of nature to enliven our feelings, and many kind friends to sympathize with us in all our troubles. On the other hand, the day we begin to live we begin to suffer, and, in one sense, to die. From infancy we are the subjects of pain, sickness, vexation, anguish, and revenge, till exhausted nature sinks beneath the accumulated weight of evils, or till some of the multiplied thousands of diseases to which humanity is heir, bring us down to the house appointed for all the living.

It is well for us that, when we commence the journey of life, we are ignorant of what lies before us; for if we could then foresee all the plans, failures, treacheries, and losses, which come up in after life, that sight would so overwhelm us, as to paralyze all our efforts, and blast all our prospects. By a wise arrangement of Providence, we know not what a day may bring forth. The history of life is learned as it transpires. In the mean time, hope is buoyant, and, though often disappointed, it is among the last of all our friends that forsake us. When the winds of adversity howl around and threaten to overwhelm us, hope reaches within the veil of safety, and, like the mariner's anchor, is the most useful in a storm. When poverty blights our earthly possessions, or disease invades our domestic circles, and is permitted to spread the winter of death around us, Hope, like a smiling evergreen, rears its lovely form before the vision of our desolate hearts. Thus we are borne onward through the changing scenes of mortal life.

In contemplating human life, there is, perhaps, nothing which strikes us more forcibly, or admonishes us more frequently, than the thought of its brevity. After breathing for half a century, then reviewing the past, life appears as a dream when one awakes from his night slumbers; and should fifty per cent. be yet added to the years of his life, he would be but a breathing mass of physical and mental weakness, tottering on the verge of time, ready to lanch on the dark ocean of death. And is our race so nearly run? and are we so little concerned about the end of it? Again: how many millions of our race, who came into being after we did, have gone to the spirit land! Neither childhood, youth, nor manhood has any security against the shafts of Death. Of the nine hundred millions of human beings now

upon earth, as nearly as can be calculated, there is one birth and one death per second, on an average. And are the children of men going into eternity at the rate of sixty per minute, or three thousand six hundred per hour, or eighty-six thousand four hundred per day, or nine hundred millions per one generation of thirty years? and is not our time at hand? Though the patriarchs lived for centuries, the life of man has, ever since their day, been gradually growing shorter, as he increases in the luxuries of civilized society. In the days of the Psalmist, the years of his life were reduced to three-score and ten, and, perhaps, now would scarcely average thirty years. How truly it is said, "Man that is born of a woman, is few of days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth, also, as a shadow, and continueth not!" In view of all which, it follows, to consider our latter end, so as to prepare for it, is wisdom, and to neglect it is madness.

Dying is truly a solemn event, but living is still more so, when properly considered. For every act of life we are accountable to the great Author of our being; but for the pains of death we are not accountable. It is not in death, but while living, that we adopt our principles, form our characters, and take our coloring for eternity. When a man dies in the order of Providence, he is not held responsible for the time, place, or circumstances of his dissolution; but, let it be remembered, the King of kings and Lord of lords has said, "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Every day that we live we are laying up a good foundation against the time to come, or treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgments of God. Our business in this world, therefore, is to get well through and safe out of it; and whoever does this, shall have accomplished the great end of living; but whoever fails herein, will have occasion to say, with the celebrated statesman, when dying, "Remorse;" and it would be better for such a delinquent if he had never been born.

In regard to the termination of life, that which should concern us most is to be prepared for it, and for what lies beyond it. Whether we sink under slowly wasting disease, or break with sickness in a day—whether we die at home, surrounded with family and friends, or abroad amidst strangers, or entirely alone, is not material; but every thing depends on dying in Christ, and being saved with the power of an endless life. A few years ago, a young man, in the city of New Orleans, whose friends had assembled to witness his departure from this world, and catch the last whispers that might fall from his quivering lips, on reviewing the countless dangers through which he had passed, and surveying the crown of life then full in view, amidst the agonies of death exclaimed, "I am safe!" That young man was a Christian, and knew whom he had believed.

Jesus has vanquished death. All who trust in Him, whenever and wherever they meet the pale horse and his rider, shall "conquer through the blood of the Lamb."

THE CHURCHES OF ROME.

BY REV. J. P. DUBBIN, D. D.

BEFORE the western traveler reaches Rome, he will have become sensible of the striking resemblance between the pomp and ceremony of the ancient Pagan and the Catholic worship. And after he has been in Rome a week or two, and inquired for the sites of some of the most celebrated temples which adorned the ancient city, and found them occupied by Christian churches, in some cases even retaining the Pagan names, he will be convinced, that it was the policy of the Church, after the accession of Constantine, as far as possible, to render the sacred edifices, rites, and customs of the old subservient to the new religion. The adoption of this policy was quite a natural consequence *at that time*; for it required, in addition to this accommodation of the new religion, the powerful example of the throne, and not unfrequently the violent exertion of its absolute authority, to convert and preserve the savage tribes of the north and west, and the no less impracticable inhabitants of fallen Italy. Hence, from the beginning of the fourth century, the cross and the sword went hand in hand, and the union was sanctified in the eyes of the Catholic world by the triumph of Constantine, who marched to victory over the Pagan Maxentius, cheered by the appearance of the cross in the heavens, and by the celestial voice proclaiming, *hæc vinces*.

But the history of the dark and bloody middle ages has taught us rightly to understand the following words of our Savior: "My kingdom is not of this world;" and the diffusion of sound learning and rational liberty is fast teaching men to think for themselves, and to feel the force of another saying of our Lord: "They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him." This passage the Catholics have violated by filling their churches with various *sensible* stimulants to devotion; while the Friends (I say it with all due respect for this excellent and once spiritual people) have construed it too severely, and rejected the sensible institutions and ordinances of religion. Hence, the first have seduced the senses to the injury of faith and spirituality, and the second have fallen into confusion and weakness for the want of those sensible forms and helps which the constitution of the mind and society require. This golden mean is the great desideratum in Christianity; and, perhaps, is not fixed and absolute, but varies with the variations of society.

In pursuance of the prevailing intent to construct the churches for religious effect, they are more remarkable, even for architecture, in their interior than in their exterior. Their outward appearance generally disappoints the stranger, or at least strikes him less than the interior. No spires shoot up to the clouds—no towers look down majestically from above. But round cupolas and swelling domes crown the heavy edifices, and are scarcely seen from the streets, but sit finely upon the city viewed from a distance. It is remarkable that there is no specimen of Gothic architecture in the churches of Rome, while it is found in the north and south of Italy. This is a very remarkable fact, and difficult to explain, when we remember that there are specimens of the ecclesiastical architecture of Rome dating as far back as the fifth century.

The fronts of the churches are in a vitiated style of Grecian architecture. They are broken up into angles and small surfaces, and overloaded with ornaments. Yet you can see the elements of the simple and sublime architecture of the classic Greek, disjointed and oppressed by the bad taste which prevailed upon the revival of the arts in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and you feel offended at these meretricious ornaments, as if you should behold the magnificent dress of a fine woman covered over with flaunting ribbons and gay flowers.

But, as a matter of taste and art, the interior of many of the churches of Rome are worthy of all admiration. They are adorned with beautiful columns and exquisite marbles, from the ruined edifices of ancient Rome, and are the repositories of some of the finest specimens of architecture, painting, and sculpture to be found in the world. There is nothing that can compare with the interior of St. Peter's, scarcely any thing with that of St. John Lateran, or Sante Maria Degli Angeli, which was produced by alterations made by M. Angelo in the Imperial Hall of Diocletian's Baths. In the alterations, he had the good sense to preserve the unrivaled granite columns which adorned the Hall, and to adapt the church to them as they stood, rather than to adapt them to the church. They are each a single piece of syenite, and now show a height of forty-six feet, and sixteen feet in circumference at the base, besides six feet, including the original base, now concealed under the present pavement, which has been raised to suit the present level of the city.* This is the church which I admire next to St. Peter's.

* An inhabitant of the new world can scarcely conceive how much the level of a great city may be raised by its being successively destroyed and rebuilt. In many parts, the present level of Rome is twenty feet above the ancient; and the general rise is equal to eight or ten feet; so that one *descends* into the ancient Pantheon now by two steps, though formerly the Romans *ascended* to it by eight or ten steps. The foundations of all the ancient monuments of Rome are several feet below the present level of the city, and when exposed are seen in sunken areas.

A Protestant does not feel offended upon entering the principal churches in Rome, as he did upon entering most of the Catholic churches on his journey thither. And when he comes to understand the cause, he will find it to be the absence of the crude and disgusting pictures and statues he had so frequently seen elsewhere, and the presence of those forms of beauty and truth, which the first artists of the world have left as a rich legacy to the capital of the Roman Catholic religion.

No one can look upon Michael Angelo's statue of Moses in the church of St. Peter's, in Vincoli, without quailing before the calm majesty and firm self-possession of the Jewish lawgiver; and he will involuntarily conceive a respect for a people who, in the space of three thousand five hundred years, produced only one such man as this. And he will be readily inclined to credit the good priest and the ciceroni, who told us, that, when the artist had finished the statue, he stepped back, gazed upon it in rapture, and commanded it to speak to him, which it not condescending to do, he struck it on the knee, and the mark of his mallet is shown to the stranger at this day.

FRIENDSHIP IN HEAVEN.

BY KARWIN HOGAR.

In a world like ours, subject as we are to vicissitude, and sickness, and separation, and death, how inestimable is the boon of friendship! and how cold and frozen must be that heart which can neither acknowledge nor appreciate the pleasures of mutual interchange of soul and soul! When prosperity, with its sunlight, irradiates our path, and the sky above us and the earth beneath us are radiant with gladness, we feel much, very much in need of one who, with us, can share the common joy. But when the heavens are overcast, and clouds and darkness fill our hearts, and love and hope are blighted, how, *then*, do we need one who can sympathize with us in our sorrows, and who,

When fortune's gone, or fled afar,
And hatred's shafts fly thick and fast,
Becomes the solitary star,
That springs and sets not to the last!

But *friendship in heaven!* How much more enduring, how much more consoling, and how much more full of comfort to the heart-stricken mourner of earth! *There*, with the many that shall come from the north, and from the south, and from the east, and from the west—with the wise and the good, the great and the pure—with the entire heaven of angels, and the whole host of the redeemed, will he have sweet and enduring fellowship for ever. For ever? Yes, **FOR EVER**—not only with the angels, and the saints, and the general assembly of the

Church of the first-born, but **FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!** What a thought! what a union! what a friendship! and what a society of changeless bliss in the world beyond the grave!

"It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink,
And striving to o'erleap the gulf
Yet cling to being's severing link.
O, in that future let us think,
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!"

A FRAGMENT.

BY ANNETTA.

It was a cold, bleak night in December. The wind was whistling without, and the frost was raging within the humble cottage of an honest peasant, who resided in the vicinity of —. His family consisted of a wife, and one lovely babe of a year and a half old. She was a child of exquisite beauty and sweetness of temper. She was the object of her father's fondest solicitude, and her mother's tenderest care. That night the parents were aroused from their quiet slumbers with a hoarse cough and feverish delirium, that had seized their lovely babe—their darling Elizabeth. That night the father might have been seen, muffled in his rustic habit of olden times, hastening across the meadows and lawns to the neighboring village, for the physician, and the mother might have been seen folding the lovely babe close, and still closer to her fond embrace, that she might impart heat and temporary relief to her suffering child. The physician came, the child was examined, and prescriptions quickly attended to; but all effort to restore the little sufferer was in vain: she sunk into the cold and icy arms of death, and the parents were obliged to follow her to the narrow house appointed for all living. They returned to their lonely habitation; but the object of their love, the darling of their hearts, the pledge of their mutual affection, and the object upon which fond parents too often doat, was gone, and gone for ever. They mourned, and would not be comforted. The father, especially, spent his nights in restless anxiety, and his days in melancholy reflection. His pillow he bedewed with tears, and sleep departed from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelids. One night, after spending many hours in restless anxiety, he fell into a faint doze of slumber, when the lovely form of his departed babe came suddenly gliding into his chamber. She seemed as an angel of light, and a glorified and happy spirit, sent on an errand of mercy to soothe the troubled emotions of a doating father's intolerable grief; and she accomplished the purpose of her mission. Just as the father would have flown and seized the lovely angel form in his

arms, and held her to earth again, she lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and, with all the beauty of infinite perfection and angelic sweetness, she exclaimed, "O, the glories of the Redeemer's kingdom!" and immediately vanished out of sight. Soon after, the morning sun broke over the eastern horizon, and day dawned upon that peasant's cottage, not in its usual gloom. All nature seemed changed. The load fell from off his heart, and he could now look beyond the cold and narrow tomb, and see his lovely little innocent prattler, by the eye of faith, in a world of spirits, free from all pain and sorrow, perched upon the boughs of the tree of paradise, beholding the glories of that Redeemer that she had so vividly represented to the eye of his imagination.

Years fled; but time was not mispent by the humble cottager. He set up the standard of the cross by his own fireside; and, in all the simplicity of an honest and sincere Christian, he never omitted his duties in public or private. He was a pattern of meekness and humility; and when years had stolen away, and time had left many a wrinkle upon his brow, and the frosts of many winters had whitened his thin scattering locks, I have seen him seated in his old oaken chair by the fireside of his happy home, and heard him relate the affecting incident of this child's death and appearing to him, which was so vividly impressed upon his mind that he could hardly think it any thing but real. Yes, I say when years had fled, I have seen the tear of fond recollection steal into his eye; but soon it was suppressed, when he would proceed with his narrative. Long since the lovely babe and the venerable father's remains have moldered in the cold grave; but we have no doubt but that the spirits are reunited, and are together participating in all the glories of the Redeemer's kingdom.

THE CROSS.

I LOVE the cross. At its base gushes the fount of perfect joy—upon its top burns the light of heaven—around it cluster the ministering angels of God. It is the centre of the Christian's system. God's first promise, from out the gloom of despoiled Eden, with humble, yet certain trust, points to it. From the cross, amid the dire confusion of burning worlds, and dissolving systems, is suspended Heaven's last favor. Yes, I love the cross of Jesus. It is the sinner's only hope—my only plea. Its doctrines alone can calm the troubled heart—its blood alone can cleanse the polluted soul—its sacrifice alone can open the gates of paradise. At the cross I am completely happy. While I gaze upon it, I fear not for time nor eternity. He who bore it up the steep of Calvary was the God-man. When Death triumphed over mortality, Jehovah-Jesus tore the laurel from his brow, and in his dark dominions wrote, "Death is swallowed up in victory!"

BEMIS.

A REVIVAL INCIDENT.

BY R. M. B.

A FEW weeks since, business had detained me in a neighboring city until a much later hour than I had expected; and as I approached the ferry to cross the river that rolled between me and my home, the shades of a February evening were gathering thick and dark around. As I stood deliberating on my course, in that mood of mind that permits a trifle to determine us, I was accosted by a friend, whose kindly invitation soon removed my incertitude, and I returned to pass the night at his comfortable dwelling. We were received by that smile and look of heartfelt welcome, which are a tender husband's best and most prized reward, after the toils and business of the day. The evening repast was prepared and enjoyed; and then, drawing our chairs near the glowing grate, we conversed on the recent revival in which he had mingled, and of which I had already heard so much. Tears stood in the father's eyes as he adverted to the growing seriousness of his eldest son, and mentioned among the hopeful converts his own Matilda, the blue-eyed girl who had assisted her mother in the hospitalities of the tea-table. "There is a special meeting appointed to-night," he continued, "for the benefit both of those who have lately made a profession of religion, and of those who have resolved to relinquish all in order that they may obtain the like precious hope. Such only are invited to attend, with a few older members to assist by prayer and counsel. My pleasure in your unexpected visit had almost caused me to forget my engagement. Matilda has already disappeared, and, if you please, we will follow her." I assented with pleasure; but what was my surprise, on entering the church, to find that nearly three hundred had accepted the invitation! As I looked on the interesting assemblage, emotions, which they alone can realize who have felt the worth of immortal souls, filled my heart, and my fervent, low-breathed prayer ascended to heaven, that all might "be strengthened, established, settled" in the way which they had chosen. With but few exceptions, all were in the morning of life—it seemed the budding of the flowers, ere opened to the full blaze of day; but, in addition to the natural ingenuousness of youth, there rested on each countenance a deeper, holier feeling; and it was not difficult to suppose that each heart there recognized the sentiment as true, "Thou, God, seest me." Denton, (my friend,) who, from his union of deep piety with strong and cultivated intellect, was one of the most influential members of the Church, was seated within the railing of the altar; and after a whispered consultation between him and the pastor, the latter arose, and expressed his gratitude to God for the large number who had obeyed the strivings of the Spirit, and had

been induced to attend the house of prayer. He then addressed the recent converts, and invited and encouraged them to rise and speak succinctly of the goodness of the Lord to them in the forgiveness of sin. One after another, in compliance with his request, arose, and dwelt with sweet simplicity on a Savior's love; and hearts filled to overflowing found appropriate relief in speaking the high praises of Jehovah, and pointing the weeping penitents around to the cross—the Lamb of Calvary. The varied tales, though still but one in substance, revealed the different dispositions, acquirements, and characters of the narrators; yet all were marked by that artlessness, that absence of intended display, which brought home to my mind the irresistible conviction of their truth. Perhaps there might be much exuberance of imagination. Some, like Peter, spoke too confidently of their determinations and resolves, while others, with all the doubts of Thomas longing for full assurance, yet evinced the same love for the Master as that which led him, in the days of his incarnation, to exclaim, "Let us, also, go to Jerusalem, that we may die with him!" I marked the close attention paid to each by the pastor and official members, and acknowledged the admirable insight thus given them of the respective temperaments of those over whom they were now to watch. I had known Denton principally as a professional man—had heard him plead eloquently and combat logically at the bar of his country—had listened to his judicial investigations, and yielded to his judgment and acuteness the well-deserved tribute of admiration. I knew him to be in the habit of repressing his feelings, and had doubted, at times, if there were much depth of emotion concealed beneath that calm and cold exterior; but as I watched, this evening, the changes of his pale and speaking countenance, such doubts were for ever removed. At length his daughter arose, and tears rolled down the father's face, as, with the sweet artlessness of sixteen, she related the history of her conversion. "For three weeks," she continued,

"Not a cloud did arise to darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

But, ah! it is not so now; and perhaps I have been altogether deceived; for my dear brother was awakened with me—he sought for pardon as I sought—day after day, and week after week, he has knelt both in public and in private—he has suffered more intensely than I suffered—more prayer has been offered for him; and yet he is not saved. Something now whispers that perhaps I trusted too soon—that perhaps the Lord did not speak peace; and this evening," she continued, with a burst of grief, "how can I be happy, this evening, when my brother declined to accompany me here—despairs of mercy, and says if he must be unhappy, he will be unhappy in the world!" Her convulsive sob was echoed from the altar: Denton had involuntarily risen, and as he

stood, with streaming eyes, and outstretched arms, "My son! my son!" burst from his quivering lips, "my son, what shall I do for thee, my son!" "Pray, pray!" exclaimed the agonized youth, as, rushing from the pew where he had been concealed, he threw himself before the altar, and, in the very anguish of a broken heart, poured out such self-condemnation, such self-abasement, such self-abandonment as showed his deep sense of sinfulness—his utter renunciation of all merit of his own—his entire helplessness, save in the atonement of the Redeemer. Deep and solemn was heard the pastor's voice, as he said, "Let every knee bow, and every heart plead with God for mercy." Implicit obedience was given, and the united "amen" which followed each petition that he offered, evinced the deep interest of the congregation in the scene. "Raise a father's prayer, Denton!" I exclaimed; but language came not to his aid, or was too weak to portray a father's feelings. The impressive gush of anguish—the broken ejaculations, "He deserves—yet spare—have mercy—the blood of Christ—the blood of Christ!" were all that he could utter, on whose lips crowds had hung with interest. Yet it was enough; for He who reads the heart was there—He who is rich in mercy to all that call upon him; and angels that night sung and registered in heaven, "The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

OLD SCENES.

BY C. F. B.

Not many days ago, Mr. Editor, I passed over a portion of country, every foot of which was familiar to me in my boyhood. The quiet rural village, the beautiful green fields, the prattling streamlets, and the peaceful lake, all—all were there. It is true, the streets of the town were not only extended to greater lengths, but better filled and ornamented with fine buildings. But the landscape, on all sides, far and near, was unchanged. The people who once lived there are gone, and new faces come and go, where all were once familiar. I went to the burial-ground, and read the names of many of my former friends engraved on stone, with brief mementoes pointing out their life. But they themselves are dead. The old seminary stands erect, with not a brick less than when you and I were tenants of its lofty halls. But our loved ones—where are they? Where are the hundreds of young gentlemen and ladies, then in the budding prime of life, whom we knew, and loved, and prized? My heart was pained with reflections such as these; and I sat down on the banks of the lake where you and I exchanged the last sad *farewell*. I looked upon the water, upon the trees, upon the grave-yard, and, last of all, upon myself, and then, thinking of you, I wept.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN GOD'S WORKS.

BY REV. KNOX MUDOK.

HAST thou an eye the beautiful to scan,
 The quick and clear discriminating sense
 To trace creation in its glorious plan,
 And to admire its forms in providence?
 Nature is full of beauty—in the fields,
 The garden, valley, and the mountain side—
 In bud and flowers, whatever nature yields—
 In fountains, rills, and in the foaming tide.
 The heavens are deck'd in many a sparkling gem,
 That burns and glows in varied flashing hues,
 To deck night's deep cerulean diadem—
 To give delight to our admiring views.
 And are the seas less beautiful and fair,
 With pearls, and shells, and lovely coral bowers?
 Sure beauty revels in perfection there,
 In varied modesty, and grandeur's powers.
 Through all God's lower temple we behold
 The images of varied beauty shine,
 Exceeding far, in splendor, burnish'd gold,
 Which show the traces of a Hand divine—
 In the bright colors of Aurora's face,
 And gorgeous blushes of the sunset sky.
 When we the changes of fair Luna trace,
 Or Sol arising in his majesty,
 All that is fresh and fair to charm the eye,
 The face of infancy, and glow of youth,
 The maiden's cheek, where blushing modesty
 Speaks to the heart in sentiments of truth;
 Then man is gifted beauty to perceive,
 And love what his Creator thus has made.
 It is designed his sadness to relieve,
 To see God's works in beauty thus arrayed.
 But pure religion, taught us from above,
 Descends from heaven, where perfect beauty
 dwells,
 Reveals our Father's face lit up with love:
 This all created beauty far excels.
 When out of Zion God in beauty shines,
 Revealing his perfections to our view,
 There's moral beauty in the heavenly lines
 Which are to God and nature just and true.
 There Christ, the lovelier than the sons of men,
 In the full image of the Father stands—
 Whose tongue is as the ready writer's pen,
 With words of grace and pardon in his hands.
 The Church is beautiful as Tirzah, seen
 Deck'd in her robes of truth and holiness,
 More comely than a lovely youthful queen,
 Her banners waving by victorious grace.
 There is a beauty in the house of prayer,
 Where the heart pants with pure desire,
 When the meek spirit bows to worship there,
 And each heart burns with the celestial fire.
 Faith sees new beauties treasured in the skies,
 And realizes them in worlds above.

Hope starts with eagerness to seize the prize,
 And gaze on them in ecstasies of love.
 In thy blest likeness when shall I awake—
 In the bright visions of immortal bliss,
 And all the glories of that state, partake,
 And dwell for ever where the Savior is?
 Then shall I fully know what beauty means,
 And comprehend the mysteries of that word,
 When I behold those bright, unclouded scenes,
 In the unvailed effulgence of the Lord.

OUR HOPE IN SORROW.

BY REV. J. M. TRIMBLE.

TIME was, when, in the circle of thy friends,
 Existed one, endeared to thee by ties
 Which God to all in mercy hath ordained;
 And thou hast always loved to call him father.
 That time is past; and now that loved one rests:
 The grave o'er his frail frame dominion holds;
 Nor will the strife of busy multitudes
 His solemn, silent resting-place disturb.
 Then is thy father gone, ne'er to return?
 Sad thought! that friends—best friends, so soon must
 part;
 Yet not for ever. The scene, ere long, will change,
 And friends—best friends, will surely meet again;
 For his immortal spirit doth not dwell
 Amid the dreaded gloom of Death's vast empire:
 Swift on celestial pinions, upward borne,
 To God, its holy author, it returns.
 Then, child of sorrow, haste to hush thy sighs;
 Let cheerful Hope light up her blissful fires,
 To illuminate and cheer thy aching heart:
 Leave all with God. His will's thy constant bliss:
 His boundless love thy peaceful hiding-place.

THE LAND OF REST.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

FAR, far from earth there is a land,
 Replete with beauty, by the Hand
 Eternal made; its loveliness
 Dreams cannot paint, or words express.
 Earth hath its landscapes, rich and fair;
 Rocks, hills, trees, rivulets are there;
 Its fragrant flowers adorn the vale;
 Choice music floats upon the gale;
 Kindly the sun, at Heaven's command,
 Upon it shines: but O that land
 Presents a fairer scene; its light
 Has rays too pure for mortal sight.
 A land of rest, be it our care
 To find a home, a mansion there.

TRIBUTE TO DR. FIELDING.

BY PHILEMON.

THE character of the Rev. John H. Fielding, D. D., is worthy of an abler pen than mine. Several years of intimacy with him gave me an opportunity of studying the peculiar traits of his character. To say that he was a "great and good man" would be to attribute stale, and, I had almost said, incomprehensible qualities. Departing from the usual mode of portraying personal character, like an artist, I shall endeavor to place him in every attitude before the reader. Previous to my acquaintance with him, personally, I had formed an indescript idea of the man, expecting, should I ever meet with him, to hear only "words of learned length and thundering sound." In my youthful mind, I had pictured to myself a supernatural being, whose common phraseology was above the comprehension of ordinary capacities, and that myself, in his presence, would be as a barbarian messenger in the audience of the emperor of the "Celestial empire," listening through his prime secretary. Conceive my astonishment, when, on a beautiful autumnal evening, just as the sun's last golden rays had crimsoned the landscape, on the outskirts of a camp-ground, from which was being wafted a hymn to God, I was introduced to him. It is true, there stood the president of St. Charles College, some six feet in height, finely formed, and with a noble bearing, but yet simplicity was stamped on every word and movement; and, as he proceeded in his remarks and observations with great chasteness of style, a placidness gathered around every feature of his countenance, and animation lit up every expression of his piercing eyes; and as the melting tones of the singers fell upon his ear, he seemed on the very verge of heaven, where, in the providence of God, he had come to meet his brethren of the Missouri conference in council, and examine the candidates for membership. When again we met it was as teacher and pupil; and for several years, through the mazes and labyrinths of a mathematical course, he conducted us, as an experienced mariner does a badly constructed and illy fitted ship through quicksands and the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, to the wished-for port. Methinks I see him now in "the study," with book in hand, and the class gathering around him as the last vibration of the college bell is dying on the breeze, eager for the introduction of the recitation. Around and around the questions pass, when, in an unexpected moment, a new, and apparently strange proposition is made, or interrogatory propounded, to the utter confusion of the class. Then have I seen him rise from his seat with untied shoes, and coat hanging carelessly pendant from his shoulders, and with the simplicity of a child, but powers of a logician, prove and force the truth upon us. Without

detracting from the eminent merit of others, I have never known his equal in the recitation-room. Toward the class there was constantly an exhibition of Benevolence and forbearance; yet indecorous words or actions were as carefully avoided as if the straight-jacket and ferule awaited the violators of order; but woe to the feelings of that young man who fell under the keen glance of his reproving or reprimanding look!

In possessing the happy art of winning the esteem and regard of all, "we never shall look upon his like again." Under all circumstances, he invited inquiry; nor did he at any time endeavor to inculcate any thing, either in science or religion, without giving a reason for it. Although well read in Latin and Greek, with some acquaintance with Hebrew, yet he preferred, above all other things, to give instructions in mathematical science, considering it the key to Nature's store-house; and many there are who can bear witness to the skill he possessed of adapting his phraseology to the comprehension of all.

Ere I leave this part of my digression, permit me to call to the memories of those who shared in his instructions, our teacher standing in front of his class, with the forefinger of his left hand tracing the windings of some abstruse formula on the black-board, while, with his right hand, he renders emphatic all he says.

As president, he was most eminently qualified for his station in all its relations, whether in connection with the faculty or students. Let those who say that he was too lenient, remember the affection of the man for all, and the ultimate results.

As a minister, though not easy in delivery, for simplicity and clearness of style, cogency of reason, and earnestness of appeal, you behold a second Wesley. Nor was his acceptability and reputation, as a Christian minister, like the short and rapid course of the comet, but like the coral reef, deeply laid, which time increased until it mounted above the fluctuating waves of popular prejudices. Although he had appeared in the pulpit again and again, at St. Charles, for ten years, who would not go to Church when Fielding was to preach?

As a public lecturer on natural science, he was rarely surpassed. Who, of two crowded houses, on two different evenings, that listened to his introductory discourse to a series of lectures on physics, can forget it? and especially that perfect enchantment in which we were bound, when ascending through the peroration, with a magic wand pointing "through nature up to nature's God," he seized upon the sublime descriptions of the Deity employed by the inspired writers, and sent our blood trembling to the heart?

But taking him from the public exhibitions of himself to the fireside—to the bosom of his family, what a model have we! Methinks I see him now, as often I have seen him, after the close of the arduous duties

of a summer's day, reclining on his sofa, while one of his interesting daughters, for her father's satisfaction, breaks upon the stillness of the evening with the soothing tones of a well-tuned piano.

But his favorite resort was the presence of the dying Christian. I have seen him there. He was my friend. Disease had done its work. Beside him kneeled our beloved president; and when his encouraging words ceased to be heard, no doubt Caleb Griffith was with his father—God. In the midst of many labors and duties, Dr. Fielding was taken from us. He died as man should die—full of hope, immortality, and eternal life. When his sun of life was almost set, he turned to his afflicted companion, who had shared aught of good or ill that he had realized, and who now stood over her departing husband, and said, "For your comfort, my dear, I wish you to remember that I shall not die; and when you see my body laid low in the grave, know that I am not there, but in the paradise of God!" Thus died this man of God—education's warmest advocate, society's favorite, the widow's and orphan's friend, the student's teacher, and a beacon-light for many a youth from the valley of the Mississippi, to eminence, worth, and even renown.

I pay this tribute of respect, because I feel it my duty, and, by God's grace, I will follow his example, until I shall see him again in the kingdom of our God.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

BY MISS C. W. C.

EIGHTEEN hundred and forty-seven opened upon us with a bright and sunny sky. It commenced its reign with smiles and good wishes, and breathed over the soul a new existence. Man inhales the atmosphere of an era never before seen—never to be beheld again! Time, with the same rapidity with which it has moved ever since the morning of creation, will speed this annual as swiftly as it did years before the Flood; and those who are now actors on the busy stage of life, will, like the insects of an hour, pass down the stream, and be lost in the ocean of eternity. What a striking emblem of eternity is the ocean, when spread out before us in all its beauty and sublimity! As the sun mirrors his brightness upon the glassy waves, so the Savior's image is reflected in the countless multitudes who worship before his throne. As one unbroken song arises from its ceaseless surge, so the music of heaven is uninterrupted. The billows roll, rise, and break, and, anon, another and another; and thus millions of happy souls are continually entering paradise, and uniting in one eternal anthem of praise, which never tires—which never closes. The bliss of heaven is always full, ever-increasing. Who can conceive its glories? The

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celestial gates are never shut. Ministering angels beckon earth's children to their bright abodes, where the rivers of bliss are perpetually gliding between banks fringed with unwithering flowers—where barks of pleasure float on their pellucid surface, the sails of which are filled by the breath of saints, as they warble the notes of paradise. They are serenely sailing, where no hidden rocks require a beacon-light to warn of unseen danger, and guide them safely over their treacherous projections. Banners wave in beauty, bearing the device of Calvary and the cross; while onward is their course amid new and continually increasing glories.

How many, since the commencement of the past year, have entered this blest abode, and begun their everlasting song! Once they were mourning here below, their cup of misery so full it overflowed—their hearts pained, and filled with despondency and gloom—in a cold, unfeeling world—friendless, alone, and, perhaps, in the deepest vale of poverty. Now they are the children of a King—heirs to an inheritance which can never fail—inhabitants of a palace, and minstrels in God's oratorio, with golden harps in their hands, and crowns of joy upon their heads.

The last year beloved ones have recognized each other. Hearts which were severed here, as the charmed cup first reaches their lips, are reunited. Parents have embraced their children—the loveliest of earth's creatures have met—kindred spirits have now mingled. No fears agitate their bosoms—no change, no separations annoy them. Freed from every encumbrance, from every weight, they soar amid unbounded space—mount, rise, and revel in the beams of the Sun of righteousness! No beginning or ending of years is there; but one eternal now, in one vast perspective, opens to their enraptured vision!

As eighteen hundred and forty-six bore many to this blessed region, so eighteen hundred and forty-seven will soon run its destined round, and waft many more to their desired and long wished-for home. Roll on, then, ye transient days and hours, roll on! Whether ye are borne forward by smiles or tears, is of little importance—whether light or shade envelop the path of the pilgrim here, is of little consequence. Each winged moment has its errand, and is fulfilling its mission. It matters little whether the hours are sunny or cloudy: the night comes—man rests—the morning dawns, and he rises. All are speeding him onward.

Rejoice, then, ye children of sorrow; for your mourning is nearly over. Is your hearth desolate, and the light of your eyes taken from you? Has the voice of song ceased in your dwelling, and silence settled around your habitation? Look above. Beloved ones await you! Your harp is ready—its cords are strung—Divine love has tuned it: soon you will sweep its strings and sing the angel's song.

Hark! on the whispering breeze, methinks I hear

their notes of joy! It comes wafting to me like a sea of melody! Seraphic beings are hymning their blissful tunes! Come, they say, "come away to the land of love, where the groves are for ever green"—where the flowers never fade—where no blasting mildew withers their bloom—come where the rivers are pure and beautiful—where no sorrow, disease, or death has admission—come where all is peace—where all is bright—where they need no more the sun's or the moon's enlivening rays; "for the Lord God and the Lamb is the light thereof."

DELILAH.

—
BY MRS. L. F. MOROAN.
—

WE might reasonably suppose, that the unhappy issue of Samson's marriage with a Philistine, would have rendered him not only cautious in all his after intercourse with her sex, but particularly averse to forming any second connection with one of her nation. Some years, indeed, seem to have elapsed, during which he devoted himself to the duties of a judge in Israel; but again we find him bestowing his affections upon a Canaanitish woman. "He loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah;" and this attachment proved far more disastrous to him than his first. Its object was avaricious, corrupt, and perfidious. Her portrait presents no redeeming feature, and we turn from it with loathing and detestation.

We are not writing the history of Samson. We will not, therefore, attempt either to approve or condemn him. We are contemplating Delilah. However little his regard for her may merit the appellation of a sentiment so pure and elevating in its character as love, it possessed one of its ingredients—trust; and to betray the trust of affection, is the highest point of treachery. The only feminine trait discernible in this depraved Philistine, is the argument she uses to obtain the knowledge her countrymen desired. She beguiles him with the appearance of anxiety to have a stronger proof of his regard. "How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me?" Yet, even in this expostulation there is an absence of tenderness, and a harshness of accusation in her pleading, which savors but little of the doubt she professed to feel.

None, I think, can read the narrative of her conduct, and compare it with the preceding chapters, containing the history of his wife, without acknowledging how much more of genuine natural feeling was evinced by the latter. Not the slightest hesitancy seemed to have entered Delilah's bosom, relative to the act she was about to perpetrate. Cupidity was evidently her strongest emotion. With cold-hearted indifference she performs her part of the stipulation, and even exceeds it; for having deprived

him of the power of resistance, "she began to afflict him," ere she delivered him to his foes.

The remark is often made, that when a woman yields to the dominion of evil, her degradation is beyond the degree that man ever reaches. I question its truth. We always expect to see some gleams of virtue—some evidence of natural emotion in the most depraved examples of her sex; and, therefore, our disgust and abhorrence are the more intensely excited by their want in her than in man. Vice pains us in him—it agonizes us in her. It is in the consideration of a wicked woman that we most sensibly and sorrowfully feel the effects of the fall. Dr. Clarke has poetically said (and it is the only poetical remark I remember from his pen) "that woman passed twice through the refining hands of her Creator." This, to the eye of fancy, may furnish a reason why she should be purer and more elevated in her character than her lord. Having been the first to sin, is a sufficient reason in the view of religion and justice.

O, how should woman seek
To benefit her race!
With spirit, patient, quiet, meek,
Adorn'd with every grace—
Loathing the thought of ill—
Remembering the fall—
From every cup, with watchful skill,
Extracting drops of gall—
In every state, herself resign'd,
By blessing others, bliss to find.

THE KING OF CORSICA.

—
BY FRANKLIN.
—

THEODORE, baron of Neuhoof, was descended from a noble family. Having studied in the college of Munster, he completed his education at Cologne. Ardent, and even passionate by nature, he fled from domestic trouble to Spain, and was sent, as a lieutenant of the Spanish army, to Algiers. Being taken captive by the enemy, he is said to have served the Dey of Algiers, faithfully, for the space of eighteen years. When, in 1735, the Corsicans resolved to throw off the Italian yoke, and applied to the Dey for aid, that prince sent them two regiments of cavalry, under the faithful Theodore's command. No sooner had he landed, than the grateful Corsicans crowned their future deliverer as king. But the island was afterward conquered by the French; and Theodore, poor, but not forsaken, fled to England, where his relentless creditors arrested him for debt. The high temper of his soul being completely broken by this stroke, in the December of 1756 he died of grief.

"The grave—great teacher—to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings!
But Theodore this moral learned, ere dead;
Fate poured its lessons on his living head—
Bestowed a kingdom, but denied him bread!"

CONVERSION OF THE OLD WAGONER.

BY REV. S. MITCHELL.

THE reader may as well be told, at the outset of this piece, that the writer of it is an old Revolutionary soldier; and, as it is expected for old people to be talkative, and for old soldiers to talk about their campaigns, I have undertaken to relate a few circumstances connected with the life and conversion of my old commander, General Daniel Morgan.

Daniel Morgan is universally acknowledged to have been one of the ablest generals of the American Revolution. He was born in New Jersey, and removed from that state to Virginia, in the year 1755. Greatly oppressed by poverty, he was compelled to drive a team; and thus gained his title of the "Old Wagoner." His first military fame was acquired in the celebrated expedition of Braddock to the west; and it was then that he obtained that esteem of the young Colonel Washington which he carried with him to his grave.

At the opening of the war of the Revolution, General Morgan was appointed commander of a troop of horse raised in his neighborhood, with which he joined the American army at Boston, from which place he was afterward detached for the memorable expedition to Quebec. In the storming of that town, Morgan, after the wounded Arnold was carried from the field, took the command, and was the first to scale the barriers of the enemy. While a prisoner of war, he was offered by the English the rank and pay of a colonel, on condition that he would join the British army, which proposal he rejected with the highest indignation.

Morgan was afterward under the command of General Gates, and contributed largely to the glorious triumph of our arms over Burgoyne; and he was the man, above all others, whom George Washington always preferred to send on any perilous and difficult enterprise. In the year 1780, owing to severe ill-health, he retired into private life; but was immediately called back, by the voice of his country, to the aid of the great cause of liberty. With the rank of a brigadier general, he joined General Gates soon after the disastrous affair at Camden. At the battle of the Cowpens, he gained a great victory over the British under Tarleton, in memory of which brilliant achievement he received a gold medal at the hands of Congress.

From this time, General Morgan no longer appears in the history of the Revolution; and, as ignorant or malicious persons have seen fit to give their reasons for his retirement, I will here quote the intelligent opinion of Judge Johnson: "The real cause of Morgan's disappearing from the stage of the war was," says the Judge, "unquestionably, a serious indisposition—ague and rheumatism, contracted during the severe winter campaign." So

that the Old Wagoner went to his retreat with all his laurels on him.

The reader may recollect that military farce, played off in the state of Pennsylvania soon after the Revolution, called, by way of derision, the whisky insurrection. It was at the head of the Virginia militia, called out to suppress this movement, that General Morgan next made his appearance. His fellow-citizens, of Frederick county, Va., subsequently sent him one term to represent them in the halls of Congress. In the year 1799, he died, and was gathered to his fathers.

The above facts, in the life of my old General, have been reported by the historians; but I have some personal recollections, which have not been heretofore recorded.

I had the honor of serving under him in the south, in the winter of 1780–81, immediately after the battle of the Cowpens, where he defeated Tarleton, with about an equal number of men. The battle took place at a time when Cornwallis had overrun the Carolinas. General Greene had the command of the southern department, but without sufficient force to meet Cornwallis. Morgan's command was at some distance from General Greene's, and consisted of about twelve hundred men, and not far from Cornwallis' army. Colonel Carleton applied to his uncle for twelve hundred men, telling him that, with that force, he would bring Morgan there by dinner-time the next day. It was said that Cornwallis told him he had better let that Old Wagoner alone. The young officer, however, urged his request, and it was granted. The next morning they met, and, with the loss of but few men, Morgan gave him a complete drubbing, and took five hundred prisoners. Carleton was indebted to the fleetness of his horse for his escape.

Morgan was a very stout, muscular man, rough in his manners, and very profane in his language. In the fall of 1802, I visited Winchester, where he resided sometime before his death. He had just passed the dark valley; and, having known and served under him, I was anxious to hear how my old General had left the world. It was at this time that the following particulars were stated to me by a Methodist preacher, who lived in the town. During his protracted illness, he sent for a local preacher, noted for his piety, to come and converse and pray with him. He became deeply penitent; and sometime before he expired, the old soldier bowed to the cross of Christ, obtained the pardon of all his sins, and was enabled to rejoice in an all-sufficient Savior. He left a satisfactory evidence that he had gained a victory over his last enemy.

Thus lived and died one of the patriots, and an able soldier of the American Revolution. May the reader, after all the ordinary battles of this life are over, like the dying General, obtain the final victory, and join his departed compeers in the world of

eternal triumph! Trembling, as I am, on the verge of time, with one foot nearly in the grave, I expect soon to meet my old commander in heaven, where we will celebrate together the greater than all victories—that obtained through the blood of the Lamb.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

BY REV. J. M. PARKER.

INTELLECTUAL culture, though important in almost every respect, is transcendently so in a religious point of view. Here we find its supreme value and highest excellence. To save the soul is the province of religion; and whatever aims at, and whatever effects less than this, sinks into comparative nothingness. When we contemplate man in his present maimed state—his relation to God and eternity—his worth here and hereafter, important must be regarded *any* means that will alleviate his sufferings, and aid his recovery from ruin. These advantages are found in intellectual culture:

1. *It renders mind accessible to truth.* Our world, notwithstanding all that has been done for its amelioration, is still groaning under an enormous weight of ignorance; and this mountain, which is crushing our interests, and destroying our happiness, can be removed only by the mighty lever of truth. But while intellectual culture is neglected, the mind is not accessible to truth; consequently, however recuperative and powerful this agent might be under a different state of things, so long as the intellect is suffered to remain unimproved and undisciplined, truth must remain powerless and inoperative. For an agent to act when it can have no existence, is impossible. To truth error is not only the antithesis, but an actual foe. For them both to exist in the same mind, in reference to the same points, is, therefore, really and utterly impossible. Like the hooting owl that always dwells in obscurity, error, that it may operate undisturbed, chooses darkness rather than light. As the former flees before the morning sun, and makes his dwelling in some dark retreat, so the latter, unable to endure the blaze of truth, flees to the shades of ignorance and moral night. Though the passions are *opposed* to truth, the mind, in proportion to its enlightenment and understanding, approves and commends it. When, therefore, the mind is improved and cultivated, error flees, and truth takes its place—one is ejected, the other received. The mind of man, prior to his fall, could apprehend truth on its first presentation. Its powers of discernment were then unimpaired—its judgment unweakened. Very altered, however, is man's present condition. So greatly have his intellectual powers been weakened and impaired by sin, that, whilst in his present natural state, truth may linger around him like an angel of mercy, and he be wholly

unconscious of its presence. He has no means by which to apprehend it. To remedy this defect, is the object and tendency of intellectual culture; for though it were vain to hope that any means whatever would prove sufficiently efficacious to restore man to his forfeited intellectual strength, still, by proper training and discipline, his mind will be rendered vastly more discriminative than at present it otherwise possibly can be, and sufficiently so, to enable it with ease to distinguish between truth and error—between right and wrong. Truth can operate only upon mind improved: its only avenue to the soul is enlightened reason. The ignorance of uncultivated mind it is incompetent to penetrate—through its dark forests it can find no passage. This truth has often been felt by those laboring for the soul's conversion. Truth, which, if properly apprehended, would at once effect the work, has frequently had to be laid aside until the mind has become more mature. Upon a mind wholly uncultivated, truth must fall powerless and effectless. It lingers, therefore, as the best it can do, around the outskirts of reason, anxiously waiting the mind's opacity to be sufficiently destroyed to give it entrance. Intellectual culture, though unable of *itself* to redeem the soul, prepares the way for this great work, so pleasing to God and important to man. But let the impenetrability of intellectual darkness be removed—let the opacity of uncultivated mind be destroyed, and truth, heavenly and divine, will, at once, be impelled with sunbeam velocity and divergence to every portion of the mental and moral world. As the sun, in his meridian strength and splendor, throws his rays irresistibly upon every unscreened, accessible object, so would the great Fountain of light at once shine upon every mind and enlighten every understanding.

2. *Intellectual culture gives stability of character.* In every individual this is of great importance. Without it, no person can fill the stations of life with honor to himself, or usefulness to others. The man destitute of it is like the vessel without ballast: influenced, as he will be, by every breeze of popular excitement, he is liable to be capsized at every moment. Instability is a defect to be deplored, wherever found, as it works injury wherever it exists. In no respect, however, has its influence been more seriously and injuriously felt than in reference to sacred truth and religion. Whatever affects here, affects seriously—whatever destroys here, destroys lastingly. But this defect of man's present constitution will be remedied in proportion to his advancement in mental culture. We find instability and vacillation universally more prevalent among the ignorant than the intelligent. And to what but mental weakness and imbecility can this fact be attributed? The mind, in its crude and undeveloped state, is easily overcome of error; but as it is improved and cultivated, it becomes strong and

vigorous; and, as it is naturally disposed to reject error and receive truth, if cultivated it will break through all opposition, and surmount every obstacle. Religiously, stability of character is indispensable. It has been found a much easier task to convert the unimproved from vice than to preserve them from falling into it again. By labor and assiduity, access has been forced to their minds, truth poured upon the understanding, and they thus brought to a sense of their condition; but, for the want of thorough discrimination, such as is generally produced by intellectual culture, they have been unsettled and unstable in their opinions; and being unable properly to discriminate between them, they have forsaken truth, and again embraced error—they have made shipwreck of their faith, and turned again to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. They could not, in this condition, stem with success the strong tide of opposition, and thus outvie all the powers of darkness. They proved inadequate to the legion of enemies of man's spiritual interests; whereas, had their minds been thoroughly improved—their intellectual powers fully developed, they might have been firm and settled in their opinions—steady in their purposes; and, thus possessed, they would have endured hardness as good soldiers of Christ. It is a fact, of universal observation, that it requires much more care to lead, in the ways of truth and righteousness, the ignorant and uncultivated, than it does the matured and intelligent. When once they have received the truth, the latter will walk of themselves, while the former must be lead and supported. These must have the truth continually pouring upon their minds; otherwise, they will soon relapse into darkness and error. The importance of intellectual culture is seen, therefore, in the fact, that it renders mind firm, settled, unflinching, in the possession of truth.

3. *Intellectual culture helps to form enlightened, proper views of God, and his claims upon man.* This, too, is important in order to real piety and correct moral sentiment. None will worship God "in spirit and truth" without it. Facts appear facts only as we have ability to appreciate and understand them. God himself can make a revelation of his character to man only as man's powers of knowledge and apprehension are enlarged and strengthened. Were even the greatest and sublimest effects wrought before him, unless he could feel and appreciate, to some extent, their nature, they would, doubtless, be attributed to a wrong instead of a right cause; and thus, instead of operating favorably upon him, they would, most likely, have a contrary effect. This is a fact ever witnessable among the mentally imbecile; and such they *must be*, who have never, by any means whatever, been intellectually improved. By such, God's character is misapprehended, and, therefore, often improperly regarded, if not entirely disregarded. They have, at best, distorted

views of it. They see not God in all his ways. And if those *wholly* under the reign of ignorance, or the want of mental culture and discipline, are thus seriously affected, or thus wholly unaffected, those, also, who are but *partially* under its influence, must be, to some extent, affected by it. Though it is impossible to capacitate man, by any means whatever, fully and properly to recognize and understand the character of God, still, by a proper cultivation of his mind, he will be prepared to form of it much more correct and exalted views than he otherwise could. A part of God's character is written upon all his works. But the native, unexpanded mind is too feeble to climb the towering heights of Omnipotent power. Its strength is not adequate to the admeasurement of goodness. Though God reveals himself, he is not recognized. He, on the contrary, whose mind is thoroughly improved, sees the goodness of God displayed in all his works. He reads his character on every hand. He discovers his wisdom and power in the smallest atom, as well as in the mightiest globe. It is for the want of a proper apprehension of God's character, that almost every object in the wide domain of nature, whether animate or inanimate, great or diminutive, has been apotheosized and adored as sacred by those shut up in the darkness of superstition and heathenism. But let the mind be properly elevated and enlightened, and the absurdity of idolatry and unchristian worship will be seen; and, as this is seen and felt, a knowledge of Christianity and the true God will the more easily be disseminated. What has been said in reference to the aid intellectual culture would furnish, in forming correct views of God's character, is true, also, in reference to his claims upon man. Of these claims, just and proper as they are, growing out of the relation he sustains to them, and they to him, the ignorant and uncultivated, from their inability to apprehend them, can have but few real and adequate views. And as these claims will be met by none who do not understand and appreciate them; and, as none can fully understand them without mind improved and intellect strengthened, we see again the importance of intellectual culture.

4. *Intellectual culture capacitates the mind for enlarged spiritual enjoyments.* Man, by sin and disobedience, has deteriorated in every part. It will remain for eternity itself fully to disclose to the human family the evils of sin and rebellion. Though man's happiness be perfect in kind, it must be limited in quantum. And this limitation will, invariably, be in exact ratio to the mind's capacity and ability to enjoy. The truthfulness of this remark may be seen in things even temporal. Every thing, we are informed, upon which the eye can gaze, upon which the thoughts can rest, or the mind dwell, is good and right. Multitudes of objects, however, afford us not the least pleasure. They are not only

strange and uninteresting, but often mean and repulsive. And wherefore? Certainly not that the statement declaring them good is not true; but simply because of our incapacity to appreciate and enjoy them. Earth may bring forward her most delicious dainties; and unless man be in a condition to receive and enjoy them, they will be poor and uninteresting. She may load his table with the richest food and choicest viands; and unless his stomach be in a hale, healthy state, they will be to him nauseous and insipid. Thus, though God in his goodness and mercy, at first capacitated the soul for the highest enjoyment, and though he is now, as ever heretofore, eager and solicitous for our happiness in a spiritual, as every other point of view, still, whilst in our present maimed condition, we must be limited in our happiness, and circumscribed in our enjoyments. The uncultivated, being unable, in many cases, to apprehend and receive truth, must necessarily be deprived of those happy and sanctifying results that truth invariably operates, when fully and properly apprehended. Intellectual culture, by enlarging and expanding the mind, prepares it for the highest, widest enjoyments. It fits the soul to rise high and sink deep in spiritual and divine things. It prepares it for large draughts from salvation's well and life's river. If thus improved, it will be enabled to contemplate profitably and with rapturous delight the goodness and mercy of God, its Maker, and Jesus, its Savior. Having been made acquainted with itself, its powers and faculties strengthened and mature, and its own high destination disclosed, it moves on tranquil and composed, unruffled and undisturbed, ever rising higher and higher, and continually approximating the image and likeness of its divine Author. It is ever making new discoveries, and becoming more and more like its great Original.

Whether, therefore, we contemplate man, either before or after his conversion—in his separate character or social capacity—in his present relation or future interests; or in any other respect in which he may and can be viewed in a religious aspect, the subject of intellectual culture must be regarded of the first importance, as it is fraught with the highest interests. It renders the soul accessible to, and prepares it to receive and appreciate truth, without which it can never be redeemed. It aids to form correct and enlightened views of God, and his claims upon man. It enlarges and expands the mind, thus rendering it susceptible of increased happiness. It gives stability of character and firmness of purpose, and thereby enables man to retain that whereunto he has attained, and prepares, in the meantime, for the severest trials and heaviest onsets. And thus it becomes a powerful agent—a mighty auxiliary to redeem the soul, and prepare man again to enjoy that high state of bliss and exalted felicity, from which, by his own deliberate choice, he originally fell.

Suffer me, then, fair reader, in conclusion, to say to you, and all who may chance to read what I have written, though I point not out, at present, the means by which it may be done, labor for the improvement of your intellect: seek, by all possible means, for a full, a thorough, complete development and cultivation of that noble, immortal mind you possess, and which, if redeemed and purified by the atoning blood of the Christian's great High Priest, and exalted Savior, will, sun-like, shine in the bright galaxy of heaven, when yonder sun, and moon, and stars shall have ended their rounds, and onward, onward still, while eternity shall itself exist, and onward, onward move.

MARSHAL NEY.

—
BY HISTORIA.
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THERE is, perhaps, no name on the page of history, which stands so intimately associated with all the military virtues as that of Ney; and his life, but particularly his death, might convey a useful lesson to all Christian men.

Michel Ney was born in low circumstances, and entered the army from necessity as much as choice. From a private hussar he rose rapidly to the rank of captain, and secondly to that of adjutant general. At the battle of Rednitz, he was made a general of brigade. He was soon after appointed general of division. In the year 1802 he was sent as ambassador to the Helvetic republic; and, in 1805, he was named, by Napoleon, Marshal of the Empire of France, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. After his brilliant victory at Elckingen, he was created duke by his grateful superior in command. Having fought many battles in eastern Europe, in 1808 he maintained his great reputation on the bloody fields of Spain. At the battle of Moscow he received from Bonaparte the well-known title of "Le Brave des braves"—the bravest of the brave; and that of Prince of Moscow was soon added and confirmed. When the enemies of Napoleon the first time entered France, Ney disputed their progress step by step, and was called the Wall of the French. On the return of the exiled Emperor from Elba, Ney, who had the command against him, was deserted by his soldiers, or he might have dashed the star of empire from the Corsican's crown. Next we find the Marshal boldly fighting by the Emperor's side, and winning the admiration of the French. But both Ney and Napoleon fought one battle too many for their good. The defeat of Waterloo deprived the one of his diadem, and the other of his life. On that bloody field, five horses were shot under the daring Marshal of France. His clothes were full of bullet holes; and it is recorded that "he fought on foot till night, in the midst of the slain." He escaped from

the swords of the enemy only to die a less honored death.

After the battle at Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington was virtually, for a short time, the king. With a revenge that confers no credit on his disposition, while it betrays the natural weakness of his heart, he sought out all the brave generals of the French, and punished them for their manly defense of their country and their homes. Marshal Ney was the chief object of this revenge. Being tried by the house of peers, whose duty was pointed out to them by the British bayonet rather than the book, he was condemned, by a large vote, to be shot. When, in the reading of the sentence of the court, the officer began to repeat the numerous titles of the renowned hero of so many wars, the latter interrupted him with a mournful sigh: "What need of titles now? I am Michel Ney, and soon shall be a handful of dust."

It can hardly be expected that such a man, reared as a soldier, and familiar only with the work of death, should exhibit other than the virtues pertaining to his art. The Protestant English insulted him by offering the services of a Catholic priest. "I need no priest," said Ney, "to teach me how to die: I have learned it in the school of battle." But he *did* manifest his real respect for religion, by receiving the customary religious attentions from the curate of St. Sulpice. To this clergyman he made the celebrated remark which some have taken as proof that, before his death, he had secured the blessings and consolation of Christian hope: "You mount before me now, sir," said the General, pointing to the high seat of the carriage sent to carry him to the place of death; "but I shall soonest reach a higher region."

On the 7th of December, 1815, at nine o'clock in the morning, Ney was ordered to be shot. He was led to the garden of Luxemburg, and exposed to the muskets of a hundred men. When the executioner attempted to blindfold him, tearing the bandage from his eyes, he exclaimed, "Have you forgotten, sir, that, for twenty-six years, I have lived among bullets?" then, turning to the soldiers, and exhorting them to love and venerate their country, and declaring that he had never deserted or betrayed it himself, he opened his bosom as a mark. Laying his hand on his heart, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed: "Aim true! France for ever! Fire!" In a moment he fell, pierced by nearly every bullet of the band.

Reader, if the men of this world will live thus, and suffer thus for the honors and rewards of an earthly king, what should you count hardships in the service of Him who rules both the heavens and the earth? As you lay this paper by, think of Ney—think of yourself—think of that conquering Redeemer, under whom you have enlisted during the continuance of the only honorable and glorious war.

FLATTERY.

BY REV. E. W. ALLEN.

Pessimum genus inimicorum laudentes.—TACITUS.

SPEECH is one of those noble faculties by which we are distinguished from the brute creation; but on its right or improper use much good or evil depends. Solomon says, that "death and life are in the power of the tongue." Nothing that we utter can be considered trifling or insignificant. We may speak lightly, triflingly, inconsiderately—our words may be lighter than air, scarcely noted, and soon forgotten. Even these are all registered on high, and will crowd the scene of judgment. "For every idle word that men speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgment."

Flattery is one of the great evils of the tongue; and yet it is one exceedingly common. It is seen in all departments of society—among all classes and ranks. The social circle, the convivial party, the interchange of friendship, all, to some extent, abound with this evil. It enters the halls of legislation, and is admitted, as a welcome guest, into nearly all the assemblies for political, literary, and moral improvement. Says a distinguished author, "*Bitium fuit, nunc mos est, adseutatio.*" Flattery, which was formerly a vice, is now grown into a custom. From its general prevalence, we should suppose that, by many it was regarded as a kind of virtue or social excellence; or, at least, that it was considered one of the accomplishments of refined society, and one of the constituents of etiquette.

Flattery, though a great evil, is one that is easily received and fondly cherished. Most persons like to be flattered, (and this may account somewhat for the prevalence of the evil;) and though oftentimes it creates disgust, yet that disgust is not entirely unconnected with pleasure. Though they often look, apparently, with indignation upon the flatteries, yet they feel a secret self-satisfaction within, which leads them to smile placidly on the tongue of the flatterer. That which is liked, finds but little difficulty in obtaining a ready reception. All are said to be susceptible of flattery; yet all are not equally so: the kind of flattery may not affect all alike. The Grecian hero has wisely expressed it: there may be only one point, but there is one point in which we are all vulnerable to this evil. If it were not grateful to our self-love, it would be repelled. Hence, a French writer says, "If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would do us no harm—their incense would be thrown away."

Its deleterious effects are numerous. The flatterer himself shares largely in them. He does not believe his own flatteries; and in them he often utters falsehoods. Thus, a "certain orator, named Tertullus, who informed the governor against Paul," in persuading Felix to accomplish his nefarious purpose,

resorted to flattery: "Seeing that by thee we enjoy great quietness, and that very worthy deeds are done unto this nation by thy providence." All this was false, though it accomplished the object intended. God says of flatterers, "There is no faithfulness in their mouth." Of some of the rebellious Israelites he says, "They did flatter with their mouth, and they lied with their tongues." Falsehoods often give to flatteries all their importance. These, often repeated, have a direct tendency to destroy, in the mind, a nice sense of right and wrong, and render obtuse the moral sensibilities. Flatteries are constantly blinding the mind and hardening the heart. Thus has the "tongue" of flatterers "fallen upon themselves."

The flattered are often led by this evil into folly. By it they frequently evince weakness of mind, and are led into inconsistencies of conduct. Indeed, the impress of this evil, to some extent, is stamped upon all their doings. Hence, one of the ancient philosophers said, "Those whose rank exposes them to continual flattery, learn to do nothing well, except to ride; and this only because the horse never flatters: he will throw a prince as soon as a beggar." It fosters pride, vanity, and self-importance; for it leads men to "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think." It destroys seriousness of mind, and is at war with proper self-examination. It hinders mental and moral improvement, and leads to neglect of duty, and to forgetfulness of God and eternity.

Its baneful effects on Christian character are too apparent to escape observation. It is to be feared that some have fallen, perhaps finally fallen, through this "snare of the devil;" or, if this was not the leading instrumentality of their fall, it led to the first step in the course by which it was accomplished. It is hostile to a consistent, elevated Christian character. A "flattering tongue" is highly detrimental to every element of such character. None of the graces of the Spirit are safe under its influence. It is an enemy to Christian enjoyment. It leads directly from the true source of such enjoyment. Works of charity and benevolence often disappear before its pestilential breath. It paralyzes the arm of Christian effort for the salvation of the world. It is dishonorable to Deity, as it directs the attention to the creature instead of the Creator. It is exceedingly offensive to God. "The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips:" they are an abomination in his sight.

Let this evil be banished from the press—from social intercourse—from the interchange of the common civilities of life—from all political, literary, and moral assemblies, and, especially, from all those meetings convened for promoting the cause of philanthropy and benevolence. Let it no longer be thought necessary, in order that the machinery of Christian benevolence may be carried on, that the

oil of flattery should sometimes be applied to its wheels. It needs no such application.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips."

THE DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN.

BY MRS. CATHERINE WALKER.

"How frail a thing is human life!"

I saw a little bubble, as it sported on the stream;
It sparkled, and broke, and never more was seen:
It mingled with the tide that to the ocean sped,
And its little drop was lost in the billowy flood.

I saw a little dew-drop that lay on a flower;
'Twas lovely and bright, yet it lived but an hour;
It sparkled awhile in the sun's first ray,
Then melted, exhaled, and passed away.

I saw the little flower, when it lost its mate,
As though it were conscious of its approaching fate,
Shed forth its sweet fragrance, then bowed down its head,
And ere 'twas noon 'twas withered and dead.

Thus I saw a sweet spirit on the stream of life;
'Twas sportive as the bubble, and sparkled as bright:
Innocent as the dew-drop, and sweet as the flower,
It seemed to be the pride and praise of the bower.

For awhile it sported on the stream of life,
So innocent and gay, so beautiful and bright;
But, ah! in a moment, by the stream's rapid motion,
'Twas gone to mingle with spirits in eternity's ocean.

If innocence and sweetness, as the dew-drop and flower,
Could avail to have kept it within its loved bower,
It surely had lived to see life's longest day,
Had not some bright spirit have charmed it away.

But the bubble is broke, the dew-drop is fled,
The flower is withered, lamented, and dead;
But the lovely sweet spirit shall never decay:
It blooms in a brighter and happier day.

HAPPINESS.

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

WOULDEST thou be happy, maiden? Seek aright,
And thy fond hopes will never meet with blight.
'Tis not in costly show the prize you'll find,
That great ambition of a silly mind;
Nor in those halls where revelry abounds—
Their notes of gladness are but empty sounds.
All worldly pleasures have their fate to-day—
The best no better than a baby's toy.
This truth has lived long as the world has stood—
None e'er were happy but the truly good.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. R. SAFF.

"Search the Scriptures," JOHN V. 39.

With what magnanimity did Jesus, on the occasion of giving the above advice, treat the people! He asserted clearly and explicitly his mission—he testified of John—he spake of his Father; yet he did not veil himself in the mystical form, and, with the assumed authority of a priest of the man of sin, threaten to call judgments upon them for their unbelief. He treated them as human beings—as men having understanding capable of reasoning—of knowing. In this interview with the Jewish people, Jesus presents, to men of all generations, a beautiful symbol of their duty and privilege of reading and meditating upon the word of God. This is one of the most invaluable privileges possessed by mankind, as well as one of their richest sources of pleasure and profit; and we propose, in this article, presenting and elaborating a single reason why it should be performed; namely, *The vast surface over which truth is spread, and the great variety of style and figure in which it is clothed in the Bible.*

The question is often asked, Why did not God, in revealing his truth, collect the great cardinal principles or doctrines in a single chapter, or upon a single page of the Bible, and, thereby, have produced certainty and uniformity of judgment, and prevented the great diversity of opinion and faith which now exists among men as to the truth, or in what it consists? The answer to this is, that God was a better philosopher—understood more clearly the attributes and wants of the human mind than this superficial interrogator, or the individual who would have marred or blurred his beautiful revelation, by causing Moses, Samuel, Isaiah, Matthew, John, or Paul, to collect, in a single page, a synopsis of revealed truth. In examining the Bible, we find that nearly every style of composition, and every figure of speech, known or used in human language, is employed as a channel through which truth is communicated to the world.

We have truth in the plain, simple, historical style, by Moses; the more elegant and easy narrative of facts, by Luke; the song, by David; the proverbial and dramatic, by Solomon; the poem, by Job; the didactic and parabolic, by Christ; the logical, by Paul. Again: we have truth in the striking personification, the hyperbole, the antithesis, the beautiful simile, the pathetic exclamation, and the thrilling interrogation; and, often, all these figures of language, and several of these styles of composition are used by a single writer of the sacred volume. Thus a wonderful variety is found to exist in the Bible. Every page, and every part of a page, is new in fact, in figure, in scene, and in style of

composition. Beginning with Genesis, and passing through to the Apocalypse, the style and scenes, the objects and persons, change as frequently and wonderfully as they do in the most highly picturesque and beautifully variegated country on the face of the earth.

Several reasons may be assigned for this variety of style adopted for the revelation of truth to the human mind—reasons drawn from the philosophy—from the great leading laws and wants of that mind. The first is the demand which the human mind has for *variety*—variety of objects and scenes on which to act and subside. This demand for variety is one of the most obvious wants of the human mind. The child develops it at a very early period of its being. It seizes with avidity upon an object—a toy, which employs its attention until the idea is mastered, and the object becomes familiar and grows stale to the little prattler, when it casts it aside, and demands a new one. This is but a symbol of man through every period of his existence—for ever wanting, and for ever wanting something new. To gratify this obvious want of the human mind, the great Architect of our being has constructed his revelation. This same want of human mind has, evidently, been consulted by the Creator, in the construction of the world, and, perhaps, the universe. As yet discovered, the primitive elements of physical nature are but few; but, in the hands of a Being of infinite skill, these elements are elaborated and spread out in a hundred million of objects, no two of which are precisely alike. No two mountains that rise themselves in grandeur to the skies, in their configuration precisely resemble each other; no two valleys, no two hills, nor rivulets, nor rivers, nor lakes, nor oceans, nor spires of grass, nor trees of the forest, nor human beings, are precisely alike. Thus we see that variety—wonderful variety is found to exist in the kingdoms of grace and nature. From these two facts, variety in the Bible and variety in the physical universe, in connection with this want of the human mind, we deduce a most delightful and gratifying conclusion: that heaven, the world of immortality and felicity, will be a place of the most wonderful variety of truths, scenes, and objects, for the perpetual employment and gratification of the human mind. It will be a world of boundless extent, of beautiful and magnificent scenery, inhabited by angels and redeemed men, and governed by a Being of infinite skill, wisdom, and goodness, to produce, from age to age, objects to delight, scenes to entertain, and truths to employ, nourish, and perpetually improve the minds and hearts of its inhabitants. So this heavenly world will never grow old, nor its scenes and employments become tiresome to the wakeful intellect, but grow green and greener, beautiful and still more beautiful, bright and still brighter, as the inhabitants increase in wisdom and happiness, and their

halleluiahs become more grateful and spontaneous to their heavenly and generous Parent.

A second reason is found in the demand which the human mind has for *exercise*. Exercise is as necessary for the mind as the body. To be healthy and vigorous, it must have action and objects upon which to act. A rich provision has been made for this in the Bible. Truth, there spread out in its thousand forms, furnishes employment for the most powerful and industrious mind for a life-time. And the mind must be industriously exercised to become familiar with every scene, every incident, and every shape in which truth has been revealed in that great book. And we doubt if this has yet been attained by the most diligent student of God's word. The result of this action of the mind, in reading the Bible, in "searching the Scriptures," and grappling with the truth, if done under proper regulations, is to strengthen its powers. Thus we study Moses, and our minds become strong. We read Samuel, Job, David, Isaiah, and the other greater and minor prophets, and we increase in knowledge. We proceed, and study Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and through the New Testament, and the attributes of our minds receive a farther development. We *search*, and read, and *research* these same holy records—as, from their great variety, they never become stale to our minds—and, as we meditate upon these oracles of God, we improve in wisdom, and increase in moral and mental stature. Thus, as we proceed, and walk around our holy Zion—gaze upon her spiritual bulwarks—learn her great truths, and become familiar with her heavenly literature, our minds go from strength to strength.

A third reason. Every human mind has *its own specific wants, and its own peculiar tastes*. No two minds are found to be precisely alike. Though constructed upon the same great principles, and having the same great attributes, there is as great diversity in the development of their lineaments as we witness in the human face. Of this vast variety of mind, we find that every one has wants, tastes, and desires peculiar to itself. And how shall this vast variety of taste, and feeling, and wants be met? or how could they be otherwise met than divine Wisdom has met them? God, in the Bible, meets man with a supply for his various wants. One can find the truth which adapts itself to him in the simple biography; another, in the proverb; another, in the poem; another, in the song; another, in the beautiful parable of the virgins, or prodigal son; and yet another, in the scenes and wonders of the Apocalypse. Wonderful Bible! Every human being upon the face of the earth having wants to be supplied, tastes and reasonable desires to be gratified, can come to thee, expecting—reasonably hoping that they will be supplied. And every mind has the privilege of roving, and searching throughout the vast field of revealed truth, in order to come to

some precept, or some scene where the thirst of soul may be satisfied. What a striking resemblance we discover between the revelations of divine truth, and the construction of physical nature! and what a diversity of development has God permitted in both kingdoms, though, at the same time, consulting the most profound unity of design and harmony of action! and all to accommodate himself, and his truth, and works to human taste. And this taste strangely develops itself in both worlds. We see a rural population spread abroad upon the face of the country, each one making a selection of a spot of earth where he can rear the homestead, fell the forest, break up the soil, ornament, to his own liking, his grounds, and, in quietness, spend his days in the enjoyment of rural and domestic bliss. One selects his home on the mountain's side, amidst the rocks, crags, cascades, and murmuring waters, and thus, lifted above the mists and fogs of the lower grounds, has a position from which he can gaze upon the surrounding and distant objects of nature, taking in an unobstructed vision of the grand, the beautiful, and the sublime. Another, less lofty in his aspirations, penetrates the deeply shaded forest, and, like a Hercules, grapples with the giant oak and elm, which give way before his resistless strokes; and yet another, more beautiful in his perceptions, locates his habitation on the bank of a beautiful lakelet, whose transparent water stretches away in the distance, ever presenting to his mind an image of peace, purity, and beauty; another still seats himself on the shore of old ocean, and listens with delight and awe to its mighty minstrelsy. Thus the world's population, with its infinite variety of tastes and desires, spreads itself abroad on its mighty and variegated bosom, each one finding a spot on which he may rest—which he may love, adorn, and beautify, and where he may rear his family, and gather around his cherished ones, and where, in peace, he can be privileged to die, and be buried up in some beautiful and romantic spot, to sleep until the resurrection of the just and the unjust.

Alas! I have indulged too freely—wandered too far from facts. Human governments and rulers claim all the land in the world, and, by impolitic measures, to a great extent, prevent their population from selecting the homestead under the dictates of taste; and the bigot, dogmatical opinionist, and heresy hunter prevents thought from being free, and the mind from exercising its own responsible, undying energies, in "searching" for the truth. From all such I take an appeal to that Being to whom "belongs the earth," and who is the Author of his own grand revelation of truth—the Bible.

"TROUBLE and perplexity," says Melancthon, "drive me to pray, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble."

THE VISIT.

How nearly are the joys and sorrows of life connected together! The sunshine of pleasure, with its cheering and animating beams, scarce lights upon us, until it is obscured by the clouds of sorrow and disappointment. Our days upon earth are made up of scenes of the most opposite character; but there is a land where change and decay are unknown. There, no discordant notes fall on the ear, and scenes of praise and love continually meet the enraptured gaze.

"There all our toils are o'er—
Our suffering and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again."

At the end of a week of toil and fatigue, in traveling, we drew near to the beautiful village of ———, where we expected to spend some happy days with a beloved sister and her family. All eyes were eager to catch the first glimpse of the family residence. At last it was in view, peeping through a beautiful grove, such as is found nowhere, but on our western prairies, clothed in a rich autumnal sunset. Each looked at the other, as we drew near the house; not a word was spoken; but some fearful apprehensions began to be realized. No fond sister came out to bid us welcome; but instead thereof, came the dear little ones, with tears in their eyes, telling us that their mother was gone. Then came the bereaved husband, whose house was indeed left unto him desolate, and he like one forsaken of all earthly comfort.

Death had been there, and clothed the entire place in a garb of deep mourning. He had taken away the wife and the mother in the midst of her days, and over her newly-made grave we all dropped the warm tears of affection.

But we were not left to tears alone; nor were we at a loss where to turn for comfort in this time of trial. O no; religion, with all its peace, joy, and consolation, had already been there; and the deceased was no stranger to Jesus, the sinner's friend, and the conqueror of death.

She had lingered awhile, in the midst of much suffering, before her departure; and then she plunged the cold stream of death, not fearing its swelling billows, nor the gloom and darkness of the grave. Jesus was with her,

"And he can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

When the last hour came, she bid her friends farewell, and, shouting with her expiring breath, left them all below.

So the Christian dies. The work of life is done—its toils are over, with all its suffering and its care. No feeling of remorse tears the anxious breast—no tears of regret at parting with the things of the world; and even the dearest earthly friend is left behind, with a fond hope that we shall see him again in that bright world above.

Before him is no dark and gloomy future, full of uncertainty, and looked upon with fearful apprehension. The lamp which Christianity has hung out in the heavens, illuminates his path, shedding glory on his way, and directing, safely, his steps to a mansion prepared for him above.

Saved in this life, by divine grace, from the guilt and power of sin, and from the fear of falling away, he is now saved from the fear of death, and finally saved in heaven. So may the writer conclude his race, and the fair readers of the Repository meet the summons which shall call them from this to the spirit land!

ALBERTO.

COUNTRY LIFE PREFERRED.

—
BY MISS C. M. BURROUGH.

Citizen. My worthy neighbor, do I again see you after this long separation? How are you? How do you fare? How long have you been in town? You must go home with me, and be my guest whilst here.

Farmer. God bless you, friend! I am well and happy, as the times go. I have just arrived in town, and accept your hospitality with the same frankness with which it is offered. And now (*smiling*) I have answered all your four proposals.

C. That's right, neighbor. My old way of talking, you see.

F. Yes, it is right: "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

C. You and I will still understand each other; town and country will not divide us.

F. No; the little distinctions of life should not be allowed to interrupt the greater; and are not, by those who are capable of appreciating both at their proper value.

C. How I do like this plain and sensible management of the subject. If things have changed a little with you, neighbor, I find that sentiments have not.

F. I thank you for that opinion, sir. You and I do not bandy compliments; and you will not suppose I flatter you, when I say, that it is far more meritorious in you, to have preserved your philosophical simplicity amidst the sweep of town influences and town manners, than it is for me, who abide in the very element of thought and truth—in the blessed country.

C. Your enthusiasm rests there, does it?

F. Yes, it rests there.

[*Arrival at the house.*]

C. And now, that we are arrived at home, and you are a little refreshed, tell me how you go on at the farm—how you make out in your new occupation; and whether you manage to manage all the young people of your numerous family, and keep them contented.

F. We get on pretty well, considering it is only

my third year on the farm. As I took up the occupation on the point of *necessity*, you know I was obliged to be in *earnest* about it: sedulousness and care, pricked on by necessity, will effect almost any thing. But I was not entirely new to the subject; for my young days, up to ten years, were spent on a farm; and however unconscious I then was of knowing any thing about it, I find many reminiscences occasionally revived upon me. A taste of nature, early imbedded into one, acts like the early influences of inculcated religion. "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and *when he is old he will not depart from it.*"

C. But a contented turn of mind is every thing, in any business.

F. Yes, I do believe that my great liking for the country life has been of more help to me, in my operations, than all other things put together; for it has helped me in all. I *like* the country, naturally; and a reasonable man should be contented when he is thoroughly well-suited.

C. I am very glad to hear you say this. You went on so well for a time, in town, that I really thought speculation was your *forte*.

F. Yes, for awhile, *too well*, as I may say; that is, all my schemes prospered—*money* came in; but my *character*, little by little, *went out*; not that I ever defrauded any one, or used unworthy methods in dealing—there was nothing of that; but the matter itself required such constant vigilance—such unceasing anxiety—was so entirely *absorbing*, that I found I had no thoughts away from that one narrow walk of life—the counting-house. You know it is my way to be pretty much in earnest in any thing that I undertake; and I really think, if the course of things, under a kind Providence, had not taken a reverse, and I had still continued merchandising until this day, that you might rather have called me a *merchant* than a *man*.

C. Evidently that was not your vocation, since you are capable of a superior one. As for the issue, though you managed matters surprisingly, whilst in the city, yet nothing could resist the pressure of events: every merchant must, more or less, *participate in the times*.

F. Yes, certainly, that is a contingency of the calling. However, I am happily out of it, and what is still better, though I did come out at what is called "the little end of the horn," yet I am conscious of my happiness—thankful that I am disenthralled from the vortex before it had swallowed me up, body and soul, and may say that I now possess my soul in peace.

C. It is all better as it has occurred; but many a person would have spent the time in deploring the past, which you have spent in retrieving it.

F. *Necessity*, I tell you, neighbor. I trust, too, some reliance in my endeavors upon that Providence which never forsakes us if we forsake not it.

C. You have a good wholesome way of talking, which makes one feel better whilst they hear you.

F. Do you say so? If that is the case, you may know that I am expounding an *authority* higher than my own.

C. I perceive, sir, that you become fatigued after your journey, and shall not longer detain you from rest. About the management of the farm, and about the girls and boys, and my last half dozen questions, we will talk on the morrow. Now I will light you to your chamber.

F. Pray, friend, do not put that piece of ceremony upon me. Tell me which chamber it is; and good night to you. May God keep you!

C. Good night! good night!

THE GRAVE OF REV. JAMES PAYNTER.

BY J. MACLAY.

It was on the Saturday previous to my first appointment at Goshen meeting-house, on this circuit, that I visited the grave of the Rev. James Paynter, for many years a member of the Baltimore conference. He had, for some years, retired from the effective ranks of itinerants, and sustained the relation of a supernumerary preacher. The golden period of his life was spent in breasting the difficulties and hardships to which a Methodist itinerant was necessarily subjected in those early days. I had often heard of the name of Paynter. It was associated, in my mind, with my early conceptions of pure and primitive Methodism; and I had been wont to be delighted, in my boyhood days, in listening to those way-worn pilgrims, who found in my father's house a welcome.

Having never married, this aged veteran obtained a home in a pious family near the place where he now rests. In this family he passed, peacefully and calmly, the evening of his days, often taking excursions, as his health would permit, into those fields of labor in which he had been formerly engaged.

His grave is a *lone one*, situated in the rear of the recess which forms the pulpit of Goshen meeting-house. It is inclosed by a neat paling, and covered with a beautiful marble slab—his epitaph: "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost," &c. In the erection of the church, behind which his remains are deposited, he had taken an active part; and in the joy at its completion he was a mutual partaker.

As I stopped and gazed silently on his lonely grave, I thought of the motives, the hopes, and the prospects by which he had been once actuated. They were not of a worldly character—they were *heavenly*—they were steadily realized by the eye of faith; and, in the unclouded brightness of immortality, they charmed and allured his spirit away from the visionary scenes of earth. There he rests—the

pious, the indefatigable, the zealous minister of primitive days. There he rests in quietude, undisturbed by the contentions and disruptions with which the Church and the world seem so rife. Ah! methought, could the cold ear of death but hear the plaintive notes of distress which our Zion utters, it would be responsive with admonition and warning; but these produce no inquietude there.

I love to commune with the dead, especially with the virtuous and pious dead. There is a sacredness that reigns around their graves, which forbids the approach of unholy feet, and seems to calm the feelings to rest. It is profitable to step aside from the busy strife of mortals, and behold their end: it is a relief to the mind; and while it familiarizes us with death, it stimulates us to that course of conduct which will prepare us to meet it calmly, and to become a partaker of the joys and glories into which it introduces us.

But O how transient and visionary the world of life and bustle without appears, when viewed from the grave! Here the loftiest and grandest schemes of mortals lie disconcerted—here ambition is quieted—here beauty is faded and withered—here the strongest and most pure affections are severed; yet the living lay not this to heart: death and the grave are kept at a great distance off, and their solemnities but faintly realized. The eye of the mind is fixed upon terrestrial and not upon celestial scenes—the affections bound to sensual and not to spiritual objects.

There is, however, something in the grave, which, to the feelings of our nature, seems cold and repulsive. There is implanted in our constitution an innate desire of immortality, and the constituents of an endless existence; but the change, then, which we have to pass, in order to obtain the one and enter upon the other, fills the mind with apprehension and dread. It requires the strongest degree of faith and hope in a happy and glorious existence beyond the grave, to calm the feelings and reconcile them to its gloom. In the untried realities of the future there is an uncertainty, which nothing but the assurances of the Gospel can effectually dissipate. But there is something in death and the grave that is unnatural. It implies violence and derangement. In a perfectly regulated system there could exist nothing of this violence and derangement. The operations of nature would move on in perfect harmony, and our being be a continuation without the changes to which we are now subjected. We open our eyes, and a world of life, and beauty, and variety meets them—our ears, and the melody of nature salutes them. The gentle breezes waft to us the fragrance of the flowery vale. The fields and the woodlands are luxuriant with fruits to gratify the appetite. The streamlet issues from the rock to cool and slake our thirst. But in the grave all is closed up and sealed. No variety there—no cheerful breeze to refresh the

lazy air—no flowery landscape—no kind and sympathetic friends. The darkness, the gloom, the silence of death there reigns, except when disturbed by the rioting of worms. O, what a wreck of worldly hopes, worldly prospects, and worldly feelings does not the grave present! Youth, beauty, wisdom, and greatness, all, all lie in ruins.

But from this scene of gloom I turned my eye to a brighter one—it was to that fadeless paradise into which the spirit of Paynter had entered, and to which death and the grave were the gate. There decrepid and wrinkled age puts on immortal youth—there the strongest hopes are more than realized in the inheritance and bliss of the saints—there a prospect opens out before the eye of the mind, vast and extensive as eternity, rich and varied with the beauties of an endless immortality. O, that I may be enabled, by an eye of faith, constantly to realize those sublime scenes, “until mortal shall have put on immortality, and corruption shall have put on incorruption, and death shall have been swallowed up in victory!”

HOPE.

BY REV. DAVID H. THOMAS.

THE feeling or perception of hope is one of the most wonderful gifts of divine Providence, and manifests, in itself, God's tender regard for the well-being of the creatures he has formed. It is the most active principle of the human mind, and the support of all intelligences in seasons of tribulation. It finds a nestling-place within the breast of the lonely captive, as he contemplates the narrow boundaries of his gloomy dwelling. We see it inscribed upon the schemes of the trader as he rushes into the vortex of speculation. It is found with the affectionate husband, as he toils from day to day, wearing out the energies of the mind and body, in the fond expectation of rendering his home a place of joy and gladness. It lights up the pale and emaciated countenance of the invalid as he reclines upon the uneasy couch of disease. The child at school looks forward with bright hopes and expectations to the period when youth shall have passed away, and he or she shall stand forth in all the glory and beauty of manhood, or womanhood—when the salutary restraints of parental discipline shall no longer hold them in subjection; but when they shall be the guide, the controller, and the director of their own action. Under the influence of hope, the farmer ploughs, sows, and toils—the lawyer pleads, and the warrior strives. It was hope

“Which armed the suffering saints of former days
With dauntless breasts to brave the tyrant's wrath;
From ling'ring tortures drew the notes of praise,
And wing'd with heavenly joy their latest breath.”

The ambitious student, in imagination, beholds the temple of Fame, standing on the hill of Exertion, with crowns of honor and distinction glittering in the noonday sun; and Hope whispers, All these may be yours. For these he consumes the midnight oil, scrutinizing page after page, and volume after volume, drinking at all the founts of information, and imbibing the knowledge and experience of former generations, with the expectation that these crowns of unfading glory may encircle their perishable mortality, and render their names as durable as eternity itself.

Without hope all things are clothed in the mantle of despondency, sorrow pervades every breast, and life becomes a great burden. But when our paths are lighted by this heaven-born messenger of peace, every thing, animate and inanimate, wears a pleasing aspect.

"Hope's vivid form the fancy cheers,
As down the hill of life we stray;
It drives away the mournful tears,
And turns dark night to brightest day."

KIND WORDS.

BY MISS M. R. WENTWORTH.

WHAT the dew is to the flower, gentle words are to the soul; and a blessing so cheap to the giver, and so dear to the receiver, should never be withheld from the lowliest of our race. There are hearts in which the memory of an injury will never die—eyes that will never close upon a real or imagined wrong until it is revenged or atoned for. There are hearts, too, in which the remembrance of a kind word is for ever held, and around which the affections will cling with grateful tenderness. To the poor, these messengers of love are inexpressibly dear, coming from the companions of their lowly walks. If we turn from the dreary walls of intemperance or domestic dissension, to the hearth-stone where love and gentle words are the binding ties of families, we may discover and bless the influence that makes such an essential difference. In consonance with St. Matthew's declaration, the sun shines equally upon the just and the unjust—the same blue sky smiles lovingly upon either; but it is the sunshine of the heart that catches and reflects the sun of nature in the one home, and, in the other, receives it with an ungrateful and unthankful temper. Children are, also, grateful recipients of kind words. They flatter an innocent desire to be noticed, and teach the young the value of confidence and friendship. They may soften rude and boisterous manners, chasten exuberant spirits, instruct, comfort, or counsel. Trial is our inheritance; and, for all of the joyousness and elasticity of youth, children do have trials, real, and, to them, insurmountable trials, when confidence in older persons

becomes necessary and dear—loneliness, disunion with playmates, the idea of neglect or inferiority to others, jealous feelings fostered by evil influences, a desire to do right conflicting with temptation to do wrong—a warfare which is begun earlier than is imagined—and, above all, that restless and undefined state of the mind in which the soul is constantly struggling through its mortal chains for the immortality which awaits it. Especially is the latter a mystery to children, who, with every source of happiness, still wonder that they are unhappy. This state induces an inquisitive and thoughtful spirit, that demands a patient attention to proper questions; and an unwearied, watchful, religious influence at this period, would lead many young to the only true source of pleasure.

More especially do the unfortunate and erring need the dew of gentle words to refresh their weary hearts. All being alike subject to error, and all possessing human frailty, it might be supposed that the sinner would find, in his fellow-sinner, a pitying friend rather than a severe censor; but, alas, for ingratitude! they to whom much is forgiven forgive little; and it is too true that many, over whose follies charity has thrown a forgetful veil, are the first to condemn those who err and are deceived. Rebuke, gently administered, has double the advantage of severe discipline. Love was the weapon of our Savior—Christ; and this spirit breathes above all others through the New Testament of his life. Are you rich? Be gentle—be kind—especially so to those who wear the badge of honest labor in lowly life. The world will worship you for that wealth, and bow down to the golden calf; but when it taketh to itself wings, it will remember you no more; for Ichabod will be written on thy escutcheon. O, then, if you have been kind and gentle, there will be, in grateful hearts, a remembrance of the worth yet left thee in a loving and tender spirit. Are you poor? Be gentle and kind. Let your heart go forth in a channel of love to the whole brotherhood of the race. It will come back to you in ten-fold blessings, pouring into your lot a calm and rich fountain of happiness, which the possessors of twice your worldly wealth could not purchase.

SUNSHINE.

AFTER so many days of gloom, how animating is the warm light of yonder sun! So long as the cloud was on his disk, my heart was weary and sad. But now all is bright again. And such is the Christian's life. While the cloud of ignorance and sin hover over us, how dark and cold the world! But, when we stand out in the beaming light of heaven, what a halo of glory falls upon our path, and surrounds the world! And, what is still better, the horizon of a good man's life has no cloud which piety cannot brush away.

LAURA.

LONGINGS AFTER HEAVEN.

BY REV. D. WISE.

"I would not live alway."

To love life is natural; and no wonder; for man was born to live. The valley of the shadow of death had no existence until human transgression convulsed the universe, and opened that deep, dark, dreaded pathway to the mysterious empire of the dead. God, at the creation, joined the soul and body of his sinless offspring by a bond of everlasting marriage. Sin entered the world, and the bond was broken. Henceforth, the body must dissolve to dust, and the soul make its dreary pilgrimage to a separate state in widowhood and fear. Is it wonderful that the unnatural disunion is dreaded—that the consecrated pair struggle to maintain their unity to the utmost limit of human existence?

It is not wonderful, and yet it is. That the mind, whose whole powers are absorbed in things seen, and which takes no delight in the eternity of the Bible, should love life, is, by no means, surprising; but that a heart, which has laid up treasure in heaven, and forstasted the powers of the world to come, should feel bound and wedded to its earthly tabernacle, and shrink from the hour of disunion, is a fact to be wondered at, because the future contains the blessed and the beautiful, the unchanging and the true, while the present is uncertain, troublesome, and afflictive. Hence, the man of strong faith heartily adopts the sentiment of Job, and frequently exclaims, "I would not live alway." No, I would not live here for ever! Not that I sympathize with that sour spirit of misanthropy, or morbid sentimentalism, whose dull humors spread sombre shadows over the bright things of earth; for life is pleasant; it has its sunny spots, its fond endearments, its joyous hours; but they are not satisfactory to the divine aspirations—the mighty longings of my immortal soul. Viewed in comparison with my capacity, life is, indeed, vanity and vexation of spirit—it is as ashes offered to the pampered taste of an epicure.

This would be true of life, if its sources of enjoyment were stable, and of certain endurance through the period of my present existence; but, alas, how opposite from stability is every thing human! What source of earthly happiness, which to-day vainly I call my own, will certainly be mine to-morrow? Are not all my possessions as flying clouds or running streams? Is not life itself a moving panorama? Is *health* certain? Not while the stalwart frame and rosy cheek of to-day, may become the pale, emaciated, breathing skeleton of to-morrow. Is the *life* of those friends, whose presence makes my all of present bliss, more sure? Not while the child, who climbs my knee, and whom I strain with paternal

fondness to my heart to-day, may sleep to-morrow on the breast of earth; nor while she, who, with the mild gravity of the matron, still retains the chaste affection of the bride—my devoted companion—may to-morrow be the bride of Death. Is *friendship* more certain to endure? Is it sure that my Jonathan of to-day will not be my Shimei of to-morrow? Alas! the fickleness of human friendship is proverbial; for even he, with whom I took sweet counsel yesterday, as we walked together to the house of God, passes me to-day with the contempt of the skeptic on his lip. *Property* is equally uncertain; for he who goes to sleep worth millions, is never sure he may not rise up a beggar in the morning. Can I see this seal of mutability stamped on every human thing, and desire to stay for ever, where nothing else stays long? No, I would not—"I would not live alway."

And when I mingle with the sons of men, and see a spirit of unnatural rebellion breathed against my heavenly Father, and my feeble efforts to convert that rebellion into love are almost abortive, then my spirit in its sadness sings, "I would not live alway."

So, when the dullness and stupor of my heart, the sluggishness and earthliness of my enfeebled body, and the struggles of a crucified nature, hinder me in the sweet services of Jesus, my Savior, and keep me in combats and fears—in conflicts and dangers innumerable—then, while fighting as for life, I cry, "I would not live alway."

But chiefly when I open the eye of faith on the glorious world beyond the grave, do I utter this voice. When, from the death-bed to the throne of Christ, I see a path of light, guarded by angel watchers of surpassing brightness—when I see the city out of sight—my Father's many-mansioned house—when, entering there, I see Him—my Savior—robed and diademed, surrounded by myriads of the shining hosts, all happy to the full capacity of their spirits—when I see myself—my poor soul, once guilty, now blood-washed, and saved as it soon will be—O, when I see myself there, beyond the reach of bodily pain or heart-agony, Christ smiling upon me—crowning me—honoring me with his matchless friendship, and installing me as a chorister in his eternal temple; and when I see that *from* that glory I am separated only by a point of time, a moment's space, a thin veil, a narrow stream, and angels and friends in heaven beckon me away—O, then I struggle to fly; I pine for freedom from my prison-house—for wings to ascend, to soar away, to be at rest on the bosom of my everlasting Father? O, then, in these sweet moments of faith, "I would not live alway."

Blessed truth! It is not God's will to keep me here for ever. He, too, wills I should not live alway. Then let me patiently toil my hour, perform my work, and what now delights, faith shall grow into full fruition. There shall I have the actual enjoyment of eternal life.

AN INCIDENT.

BY AN OFFICER.

THE day was cloudy, cold, and disagreeable. I had been shut up in my office since the morning, toiling away at my laborious duties. But few persons had visited me; but those few had uniformly said something expressive of their abhorrence of the weather. One of them, a very low-spirited man in his natural disposition, and much given to complaining, falling into conversation about the cold, dreary season, spoke of it in a manner which seemed to me quite uncommendable. I could not help but reprove him. I remarked that I deemed it a very bad habit to be fault-finding in respect to those natural arrangements, so immediately connected with the Divine administration. He felt my reproof, and soon after left me to my business.

Leaving my office a little afterward, and passing down one of the streets of the city, I happened to fall in company with a medical gentleman of rare attainments, not only in his particular profession, but also in natural philosophy, and the cognate sciences.

"This is fine weather for the season," said the doctor.

"It is rather cold," I replied.

"Yes, it is cold," rejoined the medical gentleman, "but it is just the weather suited to our wants and circumstances."

I waited a moment to hear him defend, or illustrate his opinion; and he at once perceived the object of my silence.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "I have recently satisfied myself, by some simple experiments, that this dry, cold weather is precisely adapted to the state of the earth—of the soil, at this season. The ground is very wet, and, of course, it needs drying. It would be supposed, on the first thought, that a warm sun and a stiff wind would be the thing for this purpose. But, sir, I am satisfied, from the experiments I have made, that the weather we now have, and of which so many complain, dries the wet soil more rapidly than any other. With a dry, cloudy sky, and with cold barely above the freezing point, the ground hardens and dries up with wonderful rapidity. But this is the very weather which fault-finding people call raw and disagreeable."

"But they are thinking of their health and comfort, doctor," I remarked, more to draw him out, than to controvert his statement.

"True enough," he replied, "they take only one view of the subject, while the divine Being is looking out for many ends. Nor is this all. Our health is even promoted by this sort of weather at this season. It is far better for us to be let down gradually from the intense cold of winter, than to be rushed from January to June in a single hour."

"You are certainly correct, doctor, in that opinion, if my own experience is to be any guide," said I, desiring to encourage farther conversation. "But, then," I added, "those complaining are anxious to have the spring burst out upon them. They long to see the fields look green, and the trees put on their drapery of leaves and flowers, and all the landscape wear its summer bloom."

"All of which is very right," responded my friend, "provided they are willing to wait, till the proper time. But to anticipate it, the way many wish, would prove a calamity to the world. The fruit of those early budding trees would be cut off by subsequent cold. The herbs, and plants, and shrubs of May, starting prematurely in March, would soon be stripped of their beauty and their bloom. The autumn would come, without its increase; and dread winter would fall in its fury on us, without bringing with it a solitary gift, to support us through its rage."

"The truth of it is," continued the learned doctor, after a moment's pause, "it is our ignorance that makes us complain of what God, in nature, does. Could we see the end from the beginning, and behold the whole breadth of the universe with his eyes, and comprehend all the wants of all the creatures of his boundless realm, we should concur perfectly with his plans. We should then be able, in some degree, to appreciate the Divine skill and goodness, in adapting every arrangement of his glorious providence to the wants of all the world."

"And so it is," said I to myself, as I parted from my friend. The less we know, the more we complain. Ignorance is the handmaid to sin. Knowledge opens our eyes to behold the wisdom, and our hearts to revere the benevolence of Him, who sustains and rules the world. The study of nature leads to a comprehension of the true character of God. With a knowledge of his character, we are prepared to submit more willingly to his will. We are then ready to acquiesce in his plans, and trust his goodness, where their wisdom cannot be seen. Whether it be the rain, the snow, or the frost, or the cloudy sky, that confronts our partial views, or whether the sunshine, and the gentle breeze, and the flowering shrub, and the leafy wood, and the smiling plains, and the vocal groves, salute our sense, all is of the Lord, and all is well.

Study, then, my reader, to know the goodness and glory of the Creator, in all the work of his hands; and so you will be a better Christian—a more amiable, contented, happy member of the society wherein you move.

ANTIQUITY OF SCIENCE.

JOSEPHUS, the great Jewish historian, asserts, that the science of astronomy was laboriously cultivated by the sons of Seth. This, certainly, is carrying back the subject to an early date.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1847.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

A NIGHT WITH THE ASTRONOMERS.

ABOUT one year ago, gentle reader, I spent the first part of a very beautiful night in the company of a few distinguished astronomers. Not being an astronomer myself, I felt like a privileged character amongst them. I was at liberty either to ask questions, without being expected to answer them, or to say nothing, but look very wise, and thus maintain my credit, or to wander apart by myself, and enjoy my own reflections on the conversation of my friends. The scene was very animated, at times; and many a meteor of a thought shot across my intellectual horizon.

But the great interest of the evening was the mighty telescope, through which we took frequent views of many of the heavenly bodies. The moon, of course, was the object first to be examined; and, though I could not see any cities or towers on the planet, or bring it so near as to hear the people on it talking, its mountains were distinctly visible, and their shadows were projected to a long distance from their bases. There seemed to be deep circular pits in the moon's surface, some of which had little conical mounds within them—together resembling the craters of vast volcanoes; but, by the nicest inspection, I could discover neither fire nor smoke ascending from them. Perhaps their activity was, for that time, suspended. I could distinguish nothing like a lake, or sea, or river in the moon, though such things were talked of by my more learned, and, perhaps I may say, enthusiastic companions. Professor M. could certainly see a river; and he had even named it, and given it its geographical position. Dr. K. confessed it looked very much like a river, but was not absolutely certain. The assistant at the telescope, who felt bound to confirm the vision of his master, could see it without half looking—he could almost tell us the exact color of the water; and, at one time, so high rose his gratitude for being permitted to say something, he flew off into a wonderful transport; and I expected every moment he would decry the dolphins leaping up in their sporting gambols. So hard did I strain my eyes, to see some of these wonders, that I have scarcely recovered from the visual exertion; and I must have been deemed dull of apprehension, because nothing but a dark stripe, running along on the moon's disc for a very short distance, was visible to my aching vision.

Turning my eyes to the ecliptic, and passing them slowly both up and down the bright pathway of the planets, I was deeply disappointed in finding neither of those nearest to us above the horizon. Mercury was lost in the solar blaze, and the larger planets had gone down with their glory. I was very anxious to get a sight of Uranus, and hang a few speculations on the horns of Venus. From my Homeric readings, I had also conceived a strange desire to tie round my waist the belt of old Jupiter, and put my little finger into the rings of Saturn. But Uranus was far away, and Venus was below the horizon. Jupiter, too, was on a very distant excursion; and Saturn, good old monarch that he is, was overseeing his

"Saturnia regna,"

on the other side of the ocean.

But there was the bright galaxy spanning the heavens.

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Yonder was beautiful Orion. Here stood Arcturus in the midst of his sons. The Pleiades, shedding their sweet influences, were looking down upon me. Several of the ever glorious constellations, rich in their clusters, rose up to declare the principle of universal brotherhood, as it reigns among the stars. The whole canopy was radiant with lights; and I felt, through all that evening, that I was constantly and rapidly enlarging my comprehension of the grandeur and glory of the Creator.

Returning, late at night, from the mount of observation, I went stumbling my way along over the rough pavement, with my eyes wandering among the stars. Being, at that time, in the absence of my family, alone in my solitary lodgings, I threw myself into an easy chair, and by degrees fell into a deep reverie.

The mind, when thus lost in reflection, and carried away from surrounding objects, by the force of its own feelings, will sometimes experience a vividness of conception beyond the reach of all positive effort. It was so with me at the time of which I am speaking. To whatever mental object I happened to turn my attention, a scene of unrivaled clearness, exceeding all reality, would suddenly rise up before me. For a long time, I could see nothing but stars, and starry regions, and planets dancing to the sound of their own music, and comets whirling up through their elliptic pathways, and the whole universe sparkling in the light of its glory. I beheld with rapt interest the machinery of the solar system—planet after planet wheeling with rapid motion around a common centre. Fixing my mental vision on some distant twinkling luminary, I conceived it to be a sun, surrounded by numerous secondary and self-revolving bodies. From one I passed without effort to another, repeating the same vision, until each fixed star in heaven's broad canopy, became the centre of its own planetary system. Then, conceiving these centres to be in motion, and revolving about a point common to the universal movement, I gazed with wonder on the brilliant spectacle, till I was overpowered by its indescribable sublimity.

Recovering, at length, from the first effect of so grand a vision, I began to make inquiries respecting the final source of it. "To whom am I indebted," said I, in a sort of soliloquy, "for all this pleasure? Who were the men, by whose genius, by whose toil and labor, mankind are now able to take such large flights into the ethereal regions—to comprehend so much of nature's wide dominion, and to obtain such overwhelming views of the majesty of the world's almighty Ruler?"

Following up these questions, and calling to my aid a few historical recollections, I soon fell to my old task of making sketches. Running my mind's eye along the track of the past, and making a few discriminating observations in passing, I imagined that the history of this great subject might be properly laid out into three distinct periods, which follow each other in successive order.

The first period would begin with the infancy of these astronomical recollections, and might be styled the *classic*. Within it several of the great names of antiquity would be recorded. It would embrace those early Egyptians and Chaldeans, who once filled the world with the fame of their wisdom. The philosophers of Greece and Rome would here find their places. Thales, who was the first to foretell an eclipse, belongs to this period. Anaximander, also, who understood the

planetary motions, and believed the planets to be inhabited, and aspired to explain the causes of all the heavenly movements, was an ornament to this classic era. Anaximander was succeeded, and even surpassed by Anaxagoras, who, from the harmony of the planetary movements, and from the uniformity and universality of all the laws of nature, inferred the unity of the great Creator, whose single will was the central force to all this vast variety of operations.

The philosopher Pythagoras stands next in historical connection. His genius was sublime, and his achievements were as brilliant as the firmament he studied. Pythagoras numbered and mapped out the constellations. He understood the doctrine of eclipses, and could predict them with great accuracy. He divined, also, the true theory of the universe, which regards the sun as the centre of the solar circles, and the stars as suns to other systems. He taught the rotundity of the earth, and the nature of her daily and annual revolutions. He believed the planets to be worlds, and peopled them with inhabitants. Anticipating the great Kepler, he saw the beautiful order and harmony of the planetary revolutions, and fancifully compared them to the strings of an instrument of music. But the rolling spheres, he said, filling the expanse of heaven with a rich concert, make themselves audible only to the gods, and to men of superior intellect and lofty contemplation. Thus, both by mathematical and figurative efforts, this renowned man gave to the world the elements of a true system of astronomy, and put mankind on the high road to a clear comprehension of the universe, and to a just conception of the glory and greatness of its Author.

But, my reader, as I advanced, in this reverie, to the *Catholic* period, with all my knowledge of the foul effects of superstition, I was unprepared for the sudden and sad reverses, under which the truth began at once to labor. Before the days of Ptolemy, who stands at the head of this period, and who flourished in the second century of the Christian era, the material philosophers had endeavored to make all the sciences bow to the mandates of the bodily senses. Most of the Catholic fathers, though preaching a spiritual religion, in all their scientific speculations, tended in the same direction. Taking up the Scriptures, and giving every passage a literal interpretation, they confirmed the optical theory of the universe by the authority of revelation. The sun and planets, as well as all of the heavenly bodies, not only appeared to the philosophers of the sensual school to revolve round the earth, as their fixed centre, but the mistaken doctors could ratify this explanation of their motions by numerous canonical quotations. Thus, once in the history of mankind, there seemed to be a perfect and popular reconciliation between science and revealed religion.

Of this period Ptolemy was the great champion. Collecting from the works of his predecessors such materials as suited his own opinions, and harmonized with the sensualism then reigning, he prepared his *Great Compilation*, which set forth an astronomical system of acknowledged authenticity. No sooner was his work multiplied by the scribes of Alexandria, and given to the world in numerous and faithful copies, than the Church, containing even then the seeds of Popery, sanctioned its doctrines by the weight of its infallible authority.

This great work, so powerfully corroborating the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, maintained its

credit among the ignorant Catholics, from the day of its publication to the close of the fifteenth century. During all that time, the true theory of the heavens, as given by Thales, Anaximander, and Pythagoras, was universally proscribed and silenced. In the ninth century, the Arabs of Spain translated the *Great Compilation* into their own language, and strove to rival the Catholics in ignorance and superstition. Near the beginning of the thirteenth century, Frederic the Second caused the work to be rendered into Latin; and, very recently, in the year 1813, it was reprinted at Paris, as a worthy monument of the dark ages.

But the *Protestant* period comes next in order; and it was to this that my attention was next directed. Whoever expects to find, in reading history, every modern improvement in science and religion taking its origin from Luther, will meet with continual disappointment. As, in religion, many great reformers preceded the monk of Erfurt, and prepared the way for their illustrious successor, so, in literary matters, the first signs of advancement can be traced quite behind the beginning of the Reformation.

Copernicus, the leading name in modern astronomical science, was born at Thorn, in Prussia, in the third quarter of the fifteenth century. Doubting, or totally denying the established doctrines of his contemporaries, and holding the authority of the Church as worthless on such topics, he revived the opinions of Pythagoras, and confirmed them by diligent observation. But, possessing no instruments, and fearing the bigotry of the Catholics, he reached only a state of very probable conjecture, and reserved to the close of his long life the publication of his opinions.

The great Galileo, the inventor of the telescope, followed the footsteps of the Prussian, and secured both the respect and hatred of his countrymen. Until his day, all investigations of the heavenly bodies had been made with the naked eye; and philosophers themselves had enjoyed no privilege denied to ordinary observers. With unremitting toil, guided by a genius of the highest order, Galileo proceeded in the construction of an instrument, by whose aid he might bring down the stars of heaven within the range of more accurate sight. A thousand times have I endeavored to imagine his delight on first pointing it to the skies. What a world of wonders burst upon his enraptured vision! The planets, which, to the unaided eye, are only stars of the first magnitude, suddenly enlarged to immense globes, with broad and full discs, or horned, like a young moon. Around one of them, at least, danced a band of satellites, as if keeping time to the music of the spheres. The sun exhibited his spots, and the moon her valleys and her hills. The whole face of the heavens was changed; and the astronomer leaped from his instrument in a perfect transport of joy.

But behold this rapt philosopher in another scene. He has spent his life in these studies, and his head has become white with years. His doctrines have been given to the world in numerous publications; the best minds of his age have been convinced; and he deserves the gratitude and veneration of mankind. But, lo! the torch of persecution is fired by his foes. The superstition of the Catholics has been aroused. The pulpits of the land thunder their denunciations against the arch-heretic of the times. The literal interpretation of the Bible must be maintained. Galileo is summoned to the Holy Office of the Inquisition at Rome, and there

made to kneel upon the Gospels, in the presence of all the Cardinals, and publicly renounce his opinions, his character, and his fame:

"I, Galileo Galilei, son of the late Vincenzo Galilei, of Florence, aged seventy years, being brought personally to judgment, and kneeling before you, Most Eminent and Most Reverend Lord Cardinals, General Inquisitors of the Universal Christian Republic against heretical depravity, having before my eyes the Holy Gospels, which I touch with my own hands, swear, that I have always believed, and, with the help of God, will in future believe, every article which the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome holds, teaches, and preaches. But because I had been enjoined, by this Holy Office, altogether to abandon the false opinion, which maintains that the sun is the centre, and immovable, and forbidden to hold, defend, or teach the said false doctrine, in any manner; and after it had been signified to me, that the said doctrine is repugnant to the Holy Scriptures, I have written and printed a book, in which I treat of the same doctrine now condemned, and adduce reasons with great force in support of the same, without giving any solution, and therefore have been judged, grievously suspected of heresy; that is to say, that I held and believed that the sun is the centre of the world, and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre, and movable. Willing, therefore, to remove from the minds of Your Eminences, and of every Catholic Christian, this vehement suspicion, rightfully entertained toward me, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, I abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, and, generally, every other error and sect contrary to the said Holy Church. And I swear, that I will never more in future say or assert any thing, verbally or in writing, which may give rise to a similar suspicion of me; but, if I shall know any heretic, or any one suspected of heresy, that I will denounce him to this Holy Office, or to the Inquisitor and Ordinary of the place in which I may be. I swear, moreover, and promise that I will fulfill and observe fully all the penances which have been or shall be laid on me by this Holy Office. But, if it shall happen that I violate any of my said promises, oaths, and protestations, (which God avert!) I subject myself to all the pains and punishments which have been decreed and promulgated by the Sacred Canons, and other general and particular Constitutions, against delinquents of this description. So may God help me, and his Holy Gospels, which I touch with my own hands, I, the above-named Galileo Galilei, have abjured, sworn, promised, and bound myself, as above; and, in witness thereof, with my own hand, have subscribed this present writing of my abjuration, which I have recited, word for word!"

From the Holy Office this venerable age was remanded to his prison, doomed by his enemies to spend in darkness the remainder of his days. Blind and feeble, tottering beneath the weight of years, he was conducted to his cell, around which the shout of superstition rang a requiem to his name. But his name perished not with the man. Though the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, took sides with the multitude, Kepler, then a young man, caught the torch of truth, as it fell from the hands of Galileo, and waved it in triumph far from the benighted and bloody gates of Rome.

But it is a remarkable fact, illustrative of that Providence which rules over the affairs of man, that Sir Isaac

Newton was born the very year that Galileo died. If the reader placed any confidence in the transmigration of souls, he might imagine young Newton to be but the spirit of the Italian sage, permitted to live a more fortunate and happy life, in a freer, if not a fairer clime. Kepler, bending with gratitude over the martyred Galileo's grave, had caught his first glimpses of that wonderful order, which prevails among the motions of the heavenly spheres. Newton, standing with respect over the same sacred dust, solved the mystery of bodies falling to the earth, and then, with a boldness really sublime, applied his glorious theory to the skies. If Kepler had demonstrated the harmony of Nature's works, it was left for Newton to establish the universality of her laws. The same principle, he proved, which brings a falling apple to the ground, keeps the earth and moon in their orbits, and wheels the planets through their elliptic rounds. It is, also, the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tides. It binds the solar system into a brotherhood of worlds, and reigns transcendent throughout the universe of stars.

Newton lived in a land of liberty, where science has her delight to dwell. No narrow bigotry beset his path. The Church, purged of her Papal corruptions, laid no restrictions on his genius. Breathing the free atmosphere of Britain, his energies had ample room. His contemporaries, not less than his countrymen, applauded his career, and crowned every new achievement with fresh honor and rewards. Though a few, like old Francis Turretin, had the hardihood to write against him, and the Catholics denounced him as a terrible heretic, Newton, fearless of these low enemies, and walking in the light of his own demonstrations, passed onward in his grandeur, and laid all opposition low at his feet. When the angel of death summoned him away, his country put on mourning, and the world wept over his grave. Philosophy, astonished at her loss, was mute; Science, bereft of her chief priest, vailed all her temples in sable weeds; but Poetry, in the midst of her tears, snatched the lyre of Fame, and immortalized the deeds of earth's darling son:

"The heaven's are all his own; from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres,
To their first great simplicity restored.
The schools astonished stood; but found it vain
To combat long with demonstration clear,
And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the light shadows of the morning mixed,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun!"

But from the blaze of that setting sun, new lights streamed along the sky. Before Newton's death, the great Halley rose, and, with a wonderful precision, unfolded the difference between the centric and the polar attractions of the earth, and gave us the laws by which the needle, rebellious to the force of gravity, submissively trembles to the pole. Next, like a flaming meteor, Lalande appeared, and, as the prince of astronomical lore, fixed the gaze of the admiring world. Sir William Herschel, with his great reflector, came next, and greatly extended the boundaries of the solar realm. Herschel was followed by Laplace, who, with almost a magic power, gave law and order to the eccentric cometary spheres. Le Verrier, now the first on the scroll of astronomic fame, has enlarged the circuit of the human mind beyond its former bounds, and verified beyond a doubt the harmony and glory of the universal

plan. With his own hand, he has inscribed his name far out on the blue chart of heaven; and the signet to his immortality is the last discovered gem in the starry crown of time.

But, with all these brilliant achievements so vividly in view, a cloud hangs over the conclusion of my theme. Newton, it is well known, went down to his grave with a most melancholy foreboding on his mind. Conceding to some of his contemporaries, that the Deluge may have been occasioned by the contact of a comet with the earth, he predicted the final conflagration of the world by the instrumentality of the same mysterious cause: "I cannot say," remarks the veteran astronomer, "when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun—possibly after five or six revolutions; but, whenever that time shall arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised by it to such a point, that our globe will be burned, and all the animals upon it will perish." Astronomy, therefore, having given its powerful sanction to revelation in all that is past, fully coincides with it in relation to the great catastrophe at the closing up of time. Happy, then, is he, who, living serenely in heaven's sweet starlight while it shines, is prepared to triumph finally, when the firmament shall be effaced by the uprising smoke of an expiring world.

Such, reader, was my short experience with the astronomers—such was the protracted reverie, into which the visions of a few hours betrayed me. Nor am I inclined to complain of the influence which my dreamy meditations have had upon my temper. I love to stand out, in thought, on the beesting verge of some starry circle, and contemplate the vastness, the brilliance, the glory of God's great universe. The farther I stretch my vision, the more am I impressed with the grandeur of the creation. The wider my conception sweeps, the broader spreads out the handiwork of my great Creator. As I view the scene, and let my fancy fly, or faith take wing, the higher rises my gratitude to science for the aid she lends me in studying the works and the ways of God. Shrinking into nothing, in the midst of so grand and sublime a spectacle, I feel the chastenings of an almost painful humility, and, in my amazement, am ready to repeat holy words: "*When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: what is man that THOU shouldst be mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him!*"

LITERATURE OF GREECE.

No foreign country, not excepting Italy itself, has so long received the high-wrought encomiums of the civilized world, as Greece, the birth-place of heroes, and the home of painting, poetry, and song.

Scholars, artists, patriots, have lived only to excel each other in their admiration of that classic land. Rome, as she rose the second time from her ashes, and was about to lift her sceptre over all mankind, paid a heart-felt eulogy to Greece, and adorned her own diadem with the jewels stolen from Javan's fallen crown. Modern nations, as they have successively appeared on the theatre of life, have bowed, one after another, to the genius of the most gifted of the race of man. Age after age, as the ages have deliberately rolled up, and onward, and away, has caught its earliest inspiration from the common shrine, and devoted its best years to what is beautiful and immortal in Grecian fame, and poured out a parting tribute to all that is most wonderful

among the works of mind. Other ages are yet to follow, each of which will worship at the same altar, and be filled with like enthusiasm, and close its career with equal panegyrics, to the end of time.

It would be unsafe to deny the justice of this general applause. Genius will ever be admired; and it deserves all the homage it obtains. Greece, for so long a period the source and centre of civilization to all the world, does certainly present a spectacle worthy of her fame. She was the first of the nations of the earth to raise the standard of equal liberty amongst men; and, though her fortunes were not always equal to her faith, she is honored for her bold attempts. She was the first to raise an arm against the doctrine of hereditary power lodged in the families of kings. With all her energy, she contended against the aggressive spirit of ancient tyranny, obtaining the first victories ever won over the crowned task-masters of our race. She was the first, too, in combating the traditionary prejudices of the human mind, and in giving freedom to the exercise of thought. Her philosophy, triumphing over the vulgar superstitions of early times, was the first to show man the light of nature, and reveal to him his natural relations to his God.

It was in Greece, also, that the arts of peace were most successfully cultivated. Apelles, and Polygnotus, and Parrhasius, the best painters of antiquity, were Greeks. Phidias, and Polycletus, and Praxiteles, and Lysippus, the most finished of all sculptors, were also Greeks. Among that class of artists, called gem-engravers, the Grecian names of Pyrgoteles, and Sostratus, and Apollonides, and Cronius, will ever maintain the highest rank. In architecture, both sacred, civil, and domestic, there are yet no names above those of Dedalus, and Ctesiphon, and Callimachus. To whichever of the peaceful arts we turn our thought, we can find no great, original, unrivaled master out of Greece. The monuments of their genius, once the glory of their age and country, are now, even in their ruins, the admiration of the race.

In literature, also, Greece holds the same pre-eminence over all the nations of antiquity. In every department of it, her best writers are always the models of their kind. In history, Herodotus, and Thucydides, and Xenophon, have never been surpassed. In rhetoric, Isocrates, and Dionysius, and Longinus, will never be excelled. In metaphysics, Plato, and Aristotle, and Theophrastus, whatever changes may happen to us, will never be less than patterns to all mankind. In oratory, the names of Pericles, and Lysias, and Demosthenes, have become proverbial over all the globe. In poetry, the Iliad of Homer, the odes of Pindar, and the tragedies of Sophocles, are among the most wonderful specimens of exalted genius. The truth of it is, that Greece, in every point of view, but particularly in her literary character, has ever been, and will ever be, the wonder and astonishment of the world.

It cannot be considered singular, then, that the literature of Greece has so long been the object of universal study. It contains the acknowledged standards of excellence, in nearly every department of literary effort, by which every man of genius wishes to try his productions and estimate his powers. Just as the American artist, whatever be the originality of his talents, feels the necessity of crossing the boisterous Atlantic, and of visiting Paris, and Florence, and Rome itself, in order to catch a loftier inspiration from the master-pieces of

human art; so the literary man, however self-dependent in his mental constitution, or to whatever extent he may have pushed his studies, is impelled, by his taste and judgment, to travel largely into the literature of that remarkable people, who, for twenty centuries, have been the acknowledged instructors of the race.

But the literature, or at least the language of the Greeks, will be cultivated, for another and a higher reason, to the very end of time. The Greek is emphatically the language of Christianity. It was the language of the Savior, of the apostles, and of the primitive fathers of the Church. The New Testament, the basis of Christianity, was written and first read in Greek. The Greek New Testament is now the only universal standard of revealed truth. It is the only standard by which all Christians, of all sects, and of every name, are willing to be judged. Into whatever disputes the Catholic or the Protestant world may fall, either between each other, or among themselves, the Greek original is the only common arbiter in the last resort. No commentator, no candid minister, no enlightened teacher of the truth of God, feels at all times safe, unless he is able to sustain his opinions by the very words which fell from the Savior's lips, or dropped from the apostles' pens. No man, possessed of the candor which his work demands, claims to be a master of the word of God, until he can at least verify his religious instructions by this unanswerable and ultimate appeal.

It is for these reasons, and emphatically the latter, that the language, if not the literature of the Greeks, will ever be esteemed as indispensable to a civilized and Christian people, so long as the world shall stand. Indeed, as civilization advances, and as Christianity progresses in its work, it will be contemplated with greater admiration, and cultivated with growing zeal.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

THE winter is now past; the bleak winds and the chilling snows are gone; and the voice of the dove is again heard in the groves.

The month of May, the merry month of May, has come. The grass of the fields has become green. The young leaves of the trees have appeared. The flowers of the forest are in bloom. The birds are hopping from spray to spray. The insects are returning to their long suspended activity; and the cattle are rejoicing on their thousand hills. All nature is glad, and man is a partaker of the universal joy:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery MAY, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

Now is the time for long walks, and meditative rambles through the fields and the green woods. Now, prisoner of many a dreary month, go forth from thy inclosure, and breathe the free, bland air of spring. Go, thou poor and pallid patient of many an ache and ill, and securely trust thy feeble frame to the soft invigorating breeze of May. And thou, more frail and feeble skeptic, go forth, and witness for thyself the proofs of a Power divine:

"See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth."

Behold, as thou wanderest through the forest, or strayest alone in the solitary vale, the Deity's approach, whose faithfulness is proclaimed by the prattling rivulet, whose goodness is echoed by the voices of the birds.

Now, guardian of the little flock, whose buoyant spirits have been so long impatient of restraint, throw thy cottage door wide open, and let them forth. Go, teach them the lessons of the season, and frolic with them on the flowery heath. Pick for them the swelling bud, or the green leaf, and display to their curious gaze the opening wonders of the world. Tell them that, beautiful and happy as they are, rejoicing like the roses in the dewy morn, the rude Stranger, whose heart no pity warms, and whose hand knows not to spare, may ere long pick them from the parent stem, and they must wither, as the dissected bud which you let fall. But tell them, kind instructress, how another spring shall come, and bluer skies shall glow, and softer breezes rise, and they, as the flowers of a fairer clime, may bloom again.

Now, gentle woman, now is thy time to surround thy rural home with attractive sweets. Now plant the primrose, the evergreen, and the flowering shrub. Pour around thy cottage such a flood of bloom, that man, thy erring lord, shall be bound at home by its happy spell, and thou mourn not over departed innocence and neglected love.

Spring, too, is the time for books. With every thing bright and beautiful around, literature seems to improve upon itself. No longer confined to the tight room and the scorching fire, taking some favorite author from the shelf, the studious may wander forth, and inhale the gentle breezes of the hill, or find soft shelter in the leafy vale, plying the secular or the sacred page:

"When the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
E'en shooting listless languor through the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd—
Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes—where cowslips hang
The dewy head—where purple violets lurk
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High in the beetling cliff, his aerial builds.
There let the classic page the fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song;
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye;
Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing—in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind."

The season of spring calls for gratitude from the heart of man. Another cold, barren, cheerless winter has passed away. The earth, so long bound in almost adamantine chains, has been released. The fountains have been reopened, and the streams have been made to flow. The fields, where the seeds of autumn were profusely sown, and sown with confiding trust in God, have put on their liveliest green. Every thing, like the season itself, is full of hope. God, whose bow of promise yet spans the cloud, has proved his faithfulness by a new appeal. This faithfulness touches upon the thoughtful mind:

"Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude."

Go, gentle reader, behold the smiling world; by innocence and love make friendship with nature's works; and hasten to join the universal joy. So spend the hours of spring, and the bright days of summer, that autumn shall come laden with mellow fruits, and winter find you prepared, in temporal and in spiritual affairs, for his roughest and his rudest storms.

GRATITUDE.

IT is certainly a matter of no great concern to the public, whether an editor rides from his office to his residence in a buggy, or on horseback, or in a coach-and-four. The world would be just as well served, perhaps, if he went on foot. But then, if we are expected to finish what we have here begun, the reader must know, that we find it more convenient, particularly in bad weather, to find our way homeward in the country, when our daily task is done, in a four-wheeled family carriage.

Toiling, one evening of last winter, up the rugged hill lying north of our Queen City, and beguiling our way along by many a wandering thought, we spied by the roadside a poor wayfarer, almost fastened in the mud.

"Will you give me a ride, sir?"

"Certainly, sir, for I see you need some help."

"Did you ever see the mud so deep?"

"No, sir; not on a turnpike, at least."

"Did you ever know a winter, sir, with so much rain and foul weather?"

"I think not, sir, though I am not very good at recollecting the weather of years gone by."

A long pause ensues. The stranger stamps off several pounds of wet mud on the foot-mat.

"You have quite a decent carriage, sir; but you might have a much better one."

"My vehicle is not very expensive, but it answers my purpose very well, sir."

"Well, sir, I think the seats are too wide, the wheels are too narrow, and the covering is decidedly too low for comfort. See, sir, my hat almost touches."

Another long pause, during which the rain comes down in a perfect torrent.

"Yes, sir, your wagon is altogether too low-seated, especially for one riding up hill in rainy weather. In a little while, sir, it would give me the neck-ache."

"Very likely it might, sir."

A third pause, quite as welcome as the others.

"This is my road, sir. I turn here, and I will now get out, sir."

Such, reader, was the six-foot-two specimen of politeness, to say nothing of gratitude, which it became our privilege to accommodate as above stated. And it is stated as a glaring example of a fault not sufficiently uncommon. We are apt to forget those who do us favors. We take them as matters of course, and lose sight of our personal obligations. The man who does you a kindness, remember. Gratitude is the queen of virtues.

RED JACKET.

THIS, as the reader knows, is the name of an old Indian chieftain, whose fame, in spite of his misfortunes, is likely to prove immortal. We have a very distinct recollection of old Red Jacket, and remember his virtues with no less distinctness than his vices. True enough, the great warrior and statesman of the Buffalo

Reservation—pardon us if we err in the application of these titles—was addicted to intemperance. We have seen him tottering about the streets, and even lying in the gutters, with all the dishonor of a most brutal vice upon him. We have seen him, on the contrary, walking the pavement firmly, with a step like that of a monarch, his head raised in conscious dignity, and his eye flashing with intellectual vision. There was in his ordinary expression, especially while listening to any important matter, a certain peculiarity of aspect, which indicated the union of both the sage and the soldier in the same person. Halleck, when looking at the old chief's portrait, was struck with this twofold characteristic:

"Its brow, half martial and half diplomatic,
Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings;
Well might he boast that we, the Democratic,
Ostrival Europe, even in our kings."

Red Jacket was celebrated for his native eloquence. He spoke his own language, and that of his American "neighbors," as he called us Yankees, with almost equal force, fluency, and freedom. Here, again, the poet is true to fact and nature:

"Her spell is thine, that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short."

But Red Jacket was emphatically a monarch. His mind, his person, and his manners, not less than his high birth, made the regal office in him something more than a political birthright. Like Julius Cæsar, Red Jacket could not well live without being a commander. Such was the natural superiority of the man, his character would scarcely have lost its force and vigor in the humblest station. In this trait, certainly, he has had but few superiors among heads that have worn a crown:

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-born gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, molding, wielding, banding,
The hearts of millions till they move as one."

But the old chieftain has gone to his repose. He sleeps on the banks of his favorite stream. His people are melting rapidly away. Soon, both they and their brethren will be gone, and the rude winds of winter will be the only ministers to wail a midnight melody over their moldering graves. Bending in fancy over them, with a tear for their untimely end, we would invoke a peace for their ashes, and a rest to their souls.

PROVINCIALISM.

NOT only in individuals, but in sections of country, there is always much more to praise than to blame. Let us, as Americans, frown upon all provincial jealousies, and feelings, and stories. Let us remember, that we are one people. We all live under a common government—speak, or are learning to speak, a common language—are bound together by common interests, and are brought into national fellowship to achieve a common destiny. In that destiny there is something grand and inspiring. Let us labor mentally, till we get the full conception of what it is to be; and then let us lift ourselves up to it. The thought of it, so magnificent in itself, will make our minds large and noble. It will expel every thing narrow, and trivial, and partial. It will banish, or rather annihilate, all sectional prejudices, and bind together the American people into one great brotherhood.

NOTICES.

MONETTE'S HISTORY OF THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. *Harper & Brothers: New York. 1846.*—Having just received this great work, we have no time to give it the perusal it demands; but we have laid it by for a future time, when we intend to read it carefully from the beginning to the end. The Mississippi Valley has larger claims, we are satisfied, than have yet been met. It is emphatically the greatest country in the world. There is nothing small about it. Every thing is on the largest scale. The lakes, the rivers, the forests, the prairies, are all the unrivaled of the globe. There are many other things, besides the natural features of the country, on this same scale of grandeur. All the movements of society, all the plans for the future, all the undertakings of the present, are on a par with the great lakes and rivers. Man, as an individual, is much greater here, than in other countries. Thought, too, is a little freer, and fuller, and more commanding. The west, in a word, is a mighty country, not in the abstract, but in the concrete—not in word and theory only, but in deed and in truth. It is yet to be the conservative power of the American Union, and hold all its parts together. The history, then, of so great a country, starting into being with so bold a beginning, must command the attention of at least all western men. As a true son of the west—a son by birth, not adoption—we shall read these two volumes with unbounded interest.

THE LITERARY REGISTER, and Record of Books and Schools. *Edited by William H. Gilder: Philadelphia. January, 1847.*—The title of the above periodical fully explains itself. The Register and Record is to be published quarterly, and proposes to give an abstract of all that is going on in its line. Such a work will do good, and will be abundantly sustained.

AN ADDRESS, delivered before the Middlesex County Agricultural Society. *By John Johnston, Professor of Natural Science, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.*—We have read this Address of our old friend with no ordinary satisfaction. Professor Johnston always writes well; and we intend, when we see him *vis-a-vis*, to scold him for not writing more. We cordially invite him to our columns. And while thinking of that noble university, and of its most excellent president and able faculty, we send our heart-felt salutations to them all, and earnestly desire them to remember our work, whenever they take up their pens.

HEMPSTEAD SEMINARY, at Hempstead, L. I.: Nathaniel Dunn, A. M., Principal.—Mr. Dunn has been, for a long time, a successful teacher in a variety of important situations; and his present school, we should judge, from numerous testimonials to its worth, is unsurpassed. We hope our friends, in his section, having sons to educate, will remember this delightful retreat from the vice and bustle of the world.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS. *Edited by D. S. King: Boston.*—This work maintains its character without abatement. It has done, and probably is yet doing, much good. Its editor is one of the best of men, and his correspondents are able writers, good theologians, and devoted men. We sincerely wish the best of fortunes may attend this work. It should circulate extensively in the west, and find favor throughout the land. It would materially aid our ministry in the prosecution of their glorious work.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER month, kind reader, has rolled away, and the Repository is again in your possession. Gladly would we believe, could we bring our mind to that pitch of faith, that all our readers could sincerely adopt the flattering testimonial of one of our most esteemed correspondents: "I am glad to say, sir," says this friend, "that the first of every month is a kind of *epoch* with us—the time of the reception of a new number of the Repository. We here receive it with rapture. I now have no fears for the Repository. I was, dear sir, especially pleased with your 'Comparison of Languages.'"

We heartily thank our correspondent—a prominent member of the Indiana conference—for his kind sentiments, and, acknowledging the good reason he had for his fears, we cannot promise fully to meet his expectations. So far as our work has found favor, we are indebted for it to the generosity and kindness of the public. In spite of every embarrassment, and with all our sense of incapacity to surpass the standard of our predecessors, our patrons, and the public generally, have poured in upon us such a tide of approbation, that we are constrained to go on rejoicing in our delightful labor.

But, while we are making extracts, we will throw in a short paragraph, from an "ex-editor:" "I perceive that, by your new arrangement, you have more than doubled your editorial work. This, it is true, will save some expense to the Church, but it will take flesh and blood from yourself. In your last number, I counted, I think, twenty-seven distinct articles, and one of them six pages in length, which I attribute to your pen. Some of your articles—your 'Anglo-American Race,' for example—would have cost any man *months* of severe study. It may be you had them all written up beforehand. If not, let me say, you cannot hold out with this amount of editorial labor."

We thank our experienced brother for his caution, and assure him we shall try and profit by it. We confess to him, also, that, when we came to this work, we had several bundles of manuscript; but, as yet, we have put no part of them into the Repository. Our kind friend may as well know, too, that we do not believe in being idle. We spend eight or nine hours a day in our office, engaged either in reading contributions, or in correcting proof, or in such investigations as prepare one to write with some freedom. For the last fifteen years we have sustained this amount of labor; and we are now, thanks to a good Providence, in far better health, than at the beginning. We would rather write than eat, at any time—except when we are very hungry.

The contributors to the Repository are still warmly and generally applauded. Their articles are freely copied into other works, and often with head-notes of commendation. "Barrett's Dream," by A. M. Lorraine, and "Samaritan Poetry," by S. M. Vail, and "Lady Jane Grey," by G. P. Disoway, have had a special run in the newspapers. Bishop Morris' articles are almost uniformly, and with evident satisfaction, republished extensively as rapidly as they make their appearance; while a faithful agent in Virginia, who feels the pulse of the people daily, remarks of the "Miscellania," by Professor Larrabee, "Let them never be discontinued." We have noticed, from the beginning, that old-time incidents, especially those connected with the early progress of religion in the Mississippi Valley, are read with eagerness.



VIRTUE.

—
BY MISS MELITA JANE ROBERTS.
—

VIRTUE, thou art the brightest gem
That lingers yet on earth;
Brighter than royal diadem,
Or crown of kingly worth.

Thy robe is spotless, pure, and white
As angels dare put on,
And thy rich garments, clear as light
Of heaven's all cloudless morn.

Thy form is lovely, fair, and bright
As that of seraphim;
'Tis shrined within immortal light,
That never groweth dim.

Thy face is clothed with majesty,
That sin cannot behold;
A holy awe surroundeth thee,
That guards thy worth untold.

Thy light is as the shining beams
That gild the plains of heaven;
As o'er a ruined world it gleams,
A paradise is given.

A rainbow girds thy presence round,
With glittering waves of light;
Thy locks are with a halo bound,
That dims beholders' sight.

A crown, more brilliant than the sun,
Bedecks thy radiant brow;
Thy temple is the mighty One—
Before it angels bow.

O, Virtue, mildest form of love,
Thy light is all to me;
And they who'd walk the plains above,
Must pay their court to thee.



J. M. W. G. A.

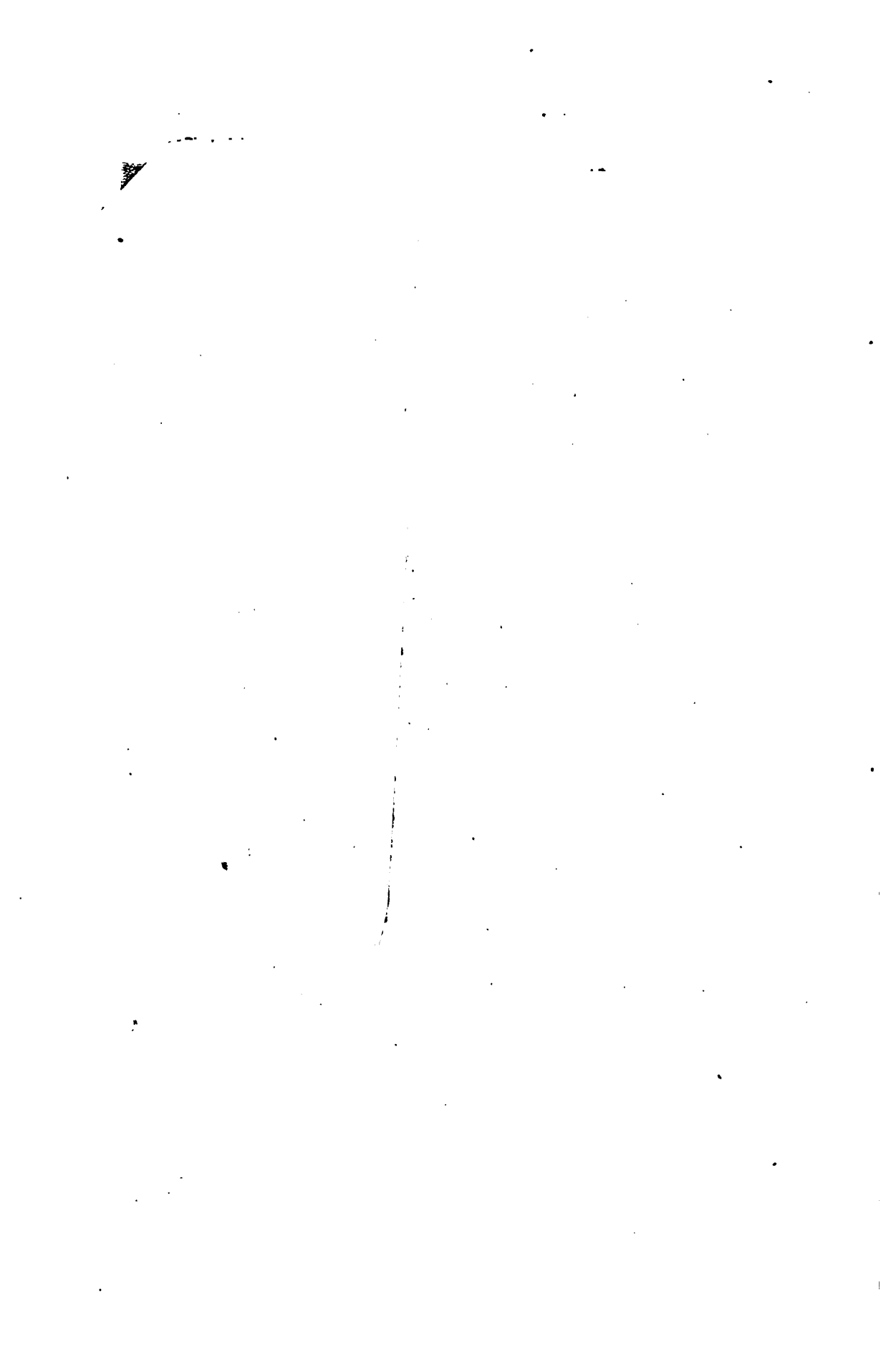
Dickson

"CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND GARTER WI' MATE."

(FORBES & HER SPINNING WHEEL.)

Part.

western pioneer, whose cabin was reared in the leafy } realm, could be examined, and God himself could
be sought after in his glorious works.



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1847.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE progress of civilization is manifested in a variety of ways. The literary man looks for it in the advancement of intellectual pursuits; and he thinks there can be no improvement in the race, where history, and poetry, and education, are standing still. The man of science, to be satisfied of the world's progress, would see the studies of nature, such as astronomy, geology, and botany, going forward. The man of mere worldly habits, who lives a life of mere animal enjoyment, takes interest only in the growth of the agricultural and mechanic arts, and marks the onward movement of mankind by the habitations they occupy, the food they eat, and the kind of cloth they wear. In this manner, the different classes of men judge, each in its own peculiar way, of times and their civilizations; but the philosopher, raised above all these, and having his eye all around him, judges as frequently from the smallest as from the greatest matters.

There are some persons, also, who decide the question on relative civilization, solely by the character, or the condition of the male members of the human family. Greece, for example, is supposed, by many, to have been a free country, merely because the men, the lords of creation, were not slaves. The female part of its population, however, is known to have been, in general, ignorant, degraded, and oppressed; and the positive, as well as the relative condition of the female sex is, on many accounts, the best test of a people's rank in the scale of progress.

There is a class of critics, whose theory of criticism should not be overlooked. Their rule is simplicity; and they look upon all the improvements of modern ages, as infringements upon the plain contentment of ancient times. There was once a set of writers, who, to carry out this theory, maintained that the savage was a far happier than the civilized state of man. They would picture out, with lively coloring, and, sometimes, with touching beauty, the shady woods, where roamed the wild barbarian, sporting with his cross-bow or gun, and making life a holiday of rare glee. They pointed you to the western pioneer, whose cabin was reared in the leafy

wood, whose children frisked and frolicked by the laughing stream, and whose heart was undisturbed by dreams of pleasure, and visions of wealth, honor, or renown.

But it is impossible for a thoughtful, much more for a hopeful man, to fall in with these fancies of the brain. Civilization has made real advances. Human life has certainly been improved. We cannot sympathize with the notion, that our ancestors, who lived in log cabins, and worked like slaves for food, and suffered all the deprivations of an unsettled state of life, were any happier than ourselves. We cannot believe, that our toiling mothers, who, in addition to all the drudgery of domestic labor, were compelled to spin and weave their own cloth, and then cut and make it up, and both feed and clothe the other sex, were happier than the matrons of the present day. We are glad that man, impelled by a better genius, has invented machinery, worked by water and steam, which is destined to relieve the mother, the daughter, and the bride, from this slavish toil. We are glad that Nature, with her exhaustless strength, stands ready to do their work. We have no patience with that class of croakers, who, indolent enough themselves, would annihilate all labor-saving inventions, pull down our factories, throw our steam-propelled shuttles to the wind, and turn the whole tide of toil and labor upon the female race again. The domestic loom and spinning-wheel have had their day. They have fully done their work. Who wants them now? Cloths, of all textures, can be purchased cheaper and better than they can be, by domestic labor, made. Instead of turning backward, and trampling under foot the improvements introduced by art, we would hail the day, when machinery shall entirely take the place of hand-labor, and man—but more especially woman—may only stand and superintend it as it rolls.

"But idleness," says the reader, "would then be our common bane." It need not be so. We might then turn our thoughts to more congenial pursuits. We should have time to examine the great world in which we live. Nature, through all her boundless realm, could be examined, and God himself could be sought after in his glorious works.

THE CHURCH CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

BY MISS MEMORIN.

He "forgiveth all thine iniquities:" He "healeth all thy diseases."

"The last link is broken which bound me to" sin.

"SINGING a song, Mrs. C.," said Emma, smilingly, as she entered the room where her friend sat sewing, with a countenance beaming with joy, yet calm and placid as the unruffled lake.

"I believe they were originally the words of a song, Emma," replied Mrs. C., returning her smile, "but not thus associated in my mind. They are connected with the most painful, yet most triumphant part of my Christian experience—descriptive of bondage and of freedom—of struggling and of rest—of agony and of exultation—of my spirit's deepest travail, (so deep that words seem powerless to express it,) succeeded by a 'joy which is,' indeed, 'unspeakable and full of glory.'"

Emma. I wish you would tell me something of it, my dear friend. I have often wondered that you referred so little to the way in which you had been led. I knew it had been a thorny one, and feared to awaken painful reminiscences by manifesting curiosity; and yet, allow me to say, your equanimity, your unbroken trust in God, your calm reliance on his word, make me feel that I would welcome any discipline which would work in me similar effects.

Mrs. C. Think you so, Emma? As I glance upon the past, I am ready to exclaim, you know not what you ask. Though, if no other mode could produce it, you might, indeed, utter the wish. But to most, "there is a more excellent way;" and the right understanding of and exercise of the principles of faith, works for and in them the same results, which it took me years to attain.

Emma. Then you attribute your struggles and sorrow to ignorance of the way of faith.

Mrs. C. Partly so; but other views have been given me of the discipline of earth, which brought much light to my own mind, and may, possibly, yield some to yours; and, as you desire it, I will relate them to you. But do not strive to perfect the analogy, and thus destroy it. Be content with general views, and the lessons they afford. We learn from Scripture, Emma, that *sin* is the cause of all the sickness and suffering of earth, whether mental or physical. The world is one great hospital, in which the experiment of bodily cure is fully tried on its numerous and diversified subjects. Admitting *sin* to be the primary cause of all pain and sickness of the body, how passing strange are its various developments! In one system, fever; in another, ague; in one, rapid decline; in another, lingering consumption—one subject endures the untold suffering of spinal disease, while another sinks away in gentle lethargy. We visit a family sprung from the

same parents, inhaling the same atmosphere, exposed to the same influences, enjoying the same care. One rises into manhood, scarcely conscious that the seeds of death are in him; another struggles with weakness or deformity visible to all; and the utmost power of medicine brings alleviation rather than cure. Again: pestilence sweeps over the land, and hundreds are prostrated. The same remedies, of equal power, are applied to all—to some successfully, to others without avail. Why are these things so? We admit that the laws of health are generally disregarded, that the science of medicine is but feebly understood; and yet the main reason is shrouded in mystery.

Now, Emma, suppose one skillful physician to have the charge of all these bodily ailments—perfectly skilled in the knowledge of every disease—its cause, its degree, its tendency, if unchecked; able to lay all nature under contribution for remedial elements, and so to combine and apply them, that perfect health would inevitably be the result, if resistance on the part of the patients did not hinder their powerful workings. Does it seem probable to you, that, even while equally pledged to restore to perfect soundness every willing patient, the same remedies would be applied, irrespective of the contrary nature of the diseases? or the same time required to check a cold, to allay a fever, as to root out consumption's deep-sown seeds, or to restore a perverted spine to healthful action?

Emma. Certainly not, Mrs. C., unless the physician was divine. But when Jesus was upon earth, we read that the sick, in great numbers, were brought to him, and he healed them of whatsoever disease they had; and this by a word or a touch, without reference to the nature or standing of the illness.

Mrs. C. That was by miracle, Emma; and so He could again. We limit not the abstract power of our Physician. He could walk through the world's great hospital, and, inhaling its noxious atmosphere, could breathe throughout a current of vital air, which would restore new life to suffering humanity. Yet, Emma, (we speak it with reverence,) if *sin* be the cause, bodily suffering could not be banished from our earth by a word—a touch of almighty Power. Destruction of the root alone could destroy the branches, unless the whole constitution of things was altered; and that, you perceive, involves redemption's mighty plan. But, supposing him to act only in accordance with the physical laws he has created, thus manifesting to a universe the utmost wisdom displayed in their appointment, and his infinite power to control and counteract the utmost influences of sin and Satan, as manifested in their perversion, what would be his probable plan of action?

Emma. Why, regarding each one's constitution, past habits, and present situation, he would apply his varied remedies, and wait their perfect result.

Mrs. C. Undoubtedly he would. Yet, supposing all to be voluntary patients, with entire confidence in his ability to work for each a perfect cure, and taking human nature as it is, there would be misgivings in many hearts, repining in some, and, at times, open rebellion in others. Yet would he walk through earth's great wards, without consulting, in any degree, his patients' wishes, knowing they could not understand his plans. Unsparingly would he apply the caustic, the lancet, or the amputating knife. Here would he administer a nauseous dose, there command the entire separation of friends, who, by sympathetic power, were strengthening each other's diseases, and thus consign both to utter loneliness of feeling. How deep, how pervading would be the distress, except to those who had strong faith in their Physician's power and love; and grasping the end of their faith, even their perfect cure, would be buoyed up by those visions of ease and enjoyment, which were sure to become realities! Is it not easy to imagine, Emma, that one would wonder why he must be bled, another why he must be burned? One would think, if his friend had only been spared, it would have been easy to suffer all; and one, watching the progress of any other cure, would think that, if the same remedies were applied to him, he would convalesce far more rapidly than under his present system. One, by neglect of prescribed rules, would retard his own progress; another, by imprudent exposure, would bring back symptoms quite allayed; while a third, by some overt breach of discipline, would subject himself to a remedy far more severe than was originally necessary. But still, not one is willing to leave the hospital; and all plead with their kind Physician to carry on his own work; and he, regarding them with pitying tendency, sympathizes with their weakness, bears with their waywardness, and assures them, he, in due time, will perfect that work, if they will only co-operate with him in the degree that he shall specify.

Now, Emma, if you and I walk through the hospital, contemplating the *process* merely, our hearts would faint within us; but if, in strong faith, we anticipated the hour when all these should go forth perfectly restored, is it not probable that, even while viewing the process, we yet would "rejoice with joy unspeakable?"

Emma. I know we would, my dear friend. I proved that by contrast a year ago, when I visited the city hospital, and suffered all the pain of sympathy, without the comforting hope of sure and happy results.

Mrs. C. Now, let us contemplate the subject in another light. The Bible teaches us that the *soul* of man is sick, diseased, suffering, and exposed to everlasting death. Now, Emma, *sin* is the sole root of the soul's sickness, and, I think, its manifestations are strikingly analogous to those of the body; so far as in any way mind and matter may correspond.

The world is a place of sickness; but in it Christ has erected a Hospital, namely, his Church. All are invited to enter and submit themselves to his curative process. But the laws of entrance are strict and unyielding, and comparatively few have sufficient moral courage to embrace the regimen. But some do, and thus place themselves in the way of complete cure. But, in this light, how clearly we see the mistake of those who think the work is finished when they join the Church, instead of realizing that it only gives them a full claim on their Physician's skill and care, who will then apply the remedies which will restore to health!

Emma. But, Mrs. C., we surely expect a change before they join the Church. You seem to make it all follow.

Mrs. C. By no means, Emma. Do you not see, ere they enter the Hospital, their views, their purposes, and their wills are changed, and then a principle of health is implanted, which is intended, like leaven, "to leaven the whole lump?" By so doing, they acknowledge their sickness, their danger, their confidence in the great Physician, their willingness to be governed by him, and their confident hope of entire moral restoration.

We will leave the world, and confine our attention to the Church. And now look around you, and see how varied are the manifestations of the soul's disease. One class are burning with fever, and need and receive the cooling draughts of disappointment and affliction. Another class have colds, more or less violent, brought on by undue exposure to the world's influences. A third have chills and fever, a most difficult disease to break. In times of revival they are all heat, and then the heavy chills come on, to be followed by successive fever and cold, until month after month witnesses but little amendment. Some enter with chronic complaints; and, though the disease itself is soon allayed, the crookedness and, oftentimes, deformity long remain visible to the beholder, and cause the renovated subject much sorrow and shame. The blind of every grade enter, from the uneducated, unenlightened savage, to the intellectual, reasoning philosopher. And very varied are these optical diseases. Some are *far-sighted*, and, exercising their vision almost exclusively in speculations on the future, lose the power of clearly perceiving the intermediate present. Some are *short-sighted*; and the present, the very present, occupies their entire vision, and all beyond is dim and uncertain. Some have accustomed themselves to view every subject through glasses of their own coloring, until truth's pure rays are painful to their unshrouded vision; while others, viewing every thing earthly through the exaggerated medium of Satan's microscopes, and every thing heavenly through his inverted telescopes, have, notwithstanding their scientific, literary, and theological acumen, arrived at the wise conclusion that the Sun of righteousness is but

a shining ball, fitted for an infant's grasp, while the animalculæ, which float in his beams, and derive life from his light and heat, (this world's morality, man's self-governing power, the gradual progress of society to perfection, &c.,) assume a false proportion, and become the mastodons of earth, perfect in their colossal stature, and competent in their gigantic strength to bear down all opposition. The sight of one is turned, and he looks always to the right, and another always to the left; while a third, regardless of all around, watches only his own movements, and walks along as if he were the only rightful denizen of earth—the rest of mankind but interruptions in his path. And, while the cataract of ignorance is removed by a single touch, and then the bandages are one after another taken away, until the patient exultingly stands in clear and perfect light, these other diseases require a much longer process. The deaf, the dumb, and the lame, also, enter in the same varieties. There is another class, on whom consumption has laid its withering touch, (in common parlance, backsliders,) who, while they ostensibly comply with the prescriptions, in secret despise and neglect them all. The brilliant color and bright eye, (false emblems,) giving the appearance of health, deceive the patient and the transient beholder, while, to those skilled in the knowledge of such symptoms, they but betoken decay and death.

Some few are subjected to a discipline of burning and suffering, which indicates spinal disease. A variety of other symptoms are manifest, which we can no more describe than we can the body's multiplied diseases; and, indeed, Emma, if the spiritual world was as clear to the spiritual sight, as the physical world is open to the bodily sight, we might then see that the one but pictures forth to mortal eye that which the other reveals to Him to whom "all things are naked and opened."

Emma. I am most forcibly reminded, just now, of the fact so frequently recorded in the Scriptures, that the same word which Jesus spake healed both soul and body.

Mrs. C. Let us examine one or two instances, and see how far the analogy holds good. One is the man sick of a palsy, who was let down through the roof. Jesus said unto him, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee." And the Scribes and Pharisees began to reason, saying, "Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God alone?" I recall another instance, where the impotent man was healed; and Jesus afterward finding him in the temple, said, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee." In these cases, the cause of the soul's and body's sickness is made *evident*, which it seldom is, and the effects were for the time utterly removed; but, even in these instances, I do not believe that the continual liability of the men to relapse, soul and body, was destroyed, because the principle was not eradicated—only the acts were forgiven; and while

they started forth with new life in soul and body, they still remained probationers, exposed to sickness, sin, and death.

This analogy will not hold good. The most purified of God's children are oftentimes the subjects of the severest diseases, whilst the vilest souls enjoy most perfect health. Yet, Emma, when the soul is restored to purity, how beautifully does it shine forth in the believer's countenance! while the indulgence of sinful passions, even though the outward act be restrained, greatly mars the beauty of the human visage. The indulgence of bodily appetites, sensuality in all its forms, totally debase and destroy the human soul; while wicked passions, cherished and unrestrained, destroy the bodily health. The connection is very close, but we cannot trace it; and, wishing to avoid vain speculations, we will not try; but, leaving it for more deeply thinking minds, we will resume the subject with which we commenced.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PREROGATIVE OF GENIUS.

BY REV. A. CARROLL.

GENIUS, "*that creative part of art,*" which characterizes the artist, is the gift of Heaven. As Akenside says:

"From heaven my strain begins—from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the *human breast.*"

Could Richardson have pointed out a painter in Reynolds, and Descartes a metaphysician in Mallebranche, or Spencer a poet in Cowley, had they not possessed that vital germ of nature? The ingenuous Boyle imagined that he discovered in childhood that peculiarity of mind which indicated an instinctive genius. "As the sun," says he, "is seen best at his rising and his setting, so men's native dispositions are most clearly perceived whilst they are children and when they are dying." Industry without genius may do much, but never can create a Corregio, or a Raphael.

It is the prerogative of genius to elevate the obscure and lowly to lofty mansions, among the noble and the great. If the influence of wealth creates a species of stubborn aristocracy, genius produces that intellectual nobility, to which the former must bow with due deference, though reluctantly. Cultivated genius, by the involuntary suffrage of community, will stand majestic in creation. For instance, Rabelais, by his inventive imagination, could hardly have thought that his old cloak would have been preserved in the University of Montpellier, that beautiful city of France, for future doctors to wear on the day they took their degrees; nor the old chair of Thomson, the poet, in which he sat while he composed part of the Seasons, to be used at a festival in honor of the author, while his spirit was with the saints in light.

When Dondi put up the great astronomical clock in the University of Padua, that large, fortified city of Italy, it was the general admiration of Europe. It gave an imperishable nobility to its inventor and his descendants, and there still lives a Marquis Dondidall' Horologio; so that, in this instance, we have a living monument of imperishable genius.

Genius severs an individual from the multitude. Though it may be assumed by the aspirant, nevertheless, let the true spirit come forth and resume her right; then all that the pretender can effect, is to watch and rejoice at the small errors of the sons of genius, as the owl at an eclipse.

Amid the most stern opposition, genius will flourish; for, as the diamond will sparkle, and the rose will be fragrant, so, amid the jealousy of the presuming, and the haughtiness of the moneyed aristocrat, genius will throw her light and fragrance.

Cardinal Richelieu was mortified in spirit at the celebrity of the unbending Corneille; and Magliabechi, the literary prodigy of his age, whom every learned foreigner visited at Florence, assured Lord Raley that the Duke of Tuscany had become jealous of the attention he attracted, as they commonly visited the former before the latter. It is too true, that the jealousy of the great is opposed to the deserved renown of literary characters. Montesquieu states, "When the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications. The great, inwardly wounded with the glory of a celebrated name, seek to humble it. In general, he only can patiently endure the fame of others, who deserves fame himself." Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gray, fell under the contempt of Lord Oxford, though he was personally acquainted with them. We admire the dignity of Dr. S. Johnson, who disdained Lord Chesterfield's sneaking patronage, and chose to continue in his own majesty, rather than form an alliance with that time-serving hypocrite. Give us Swift, who said, "I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry;" or Piron, who, on entering the apartment of a nobleman, who was conducting another peer to the top of the stairs, asserted his dignity in a becoming manner. "Pass on, my lord," said the noble master, "pass, he is only a poet." Piron replied, "Since our qualities are declared, I shall take my rank," and placed himself before the lord.

Julius the Second invited that great artist and author, Michael Angelo, to the court of Rome; but he found that intrigue had indisposed his Holiness toward him. Often the artist had to wait in attendance in the antechamber. One day his greatness broke forth, when he exclaimed, "Tell his Holiness, if he wants me, he must look for me elsewhere!" He fled back to his beloved Florence, to proceed with his celebrated cartoon. Thrice the Pope wrote for him to return; and at length he menaced the little state of

Tuscany, if Angelo prolonged his absence. The painter returned; but the Pope might learn not to despise true genius.

Charles the Fifth used to say to his courtiers, "I can make lords of you every day, but I cannot create a Titian." There is a high intercourse between power and genius. The French statesman, De Harle, used to assert and vindicate intellectual greatness. When the academy once was not received with royal honors, he complained to the monarch, saying that, "when a man of letters was presented to Francis the First, for the first time, the king always advanced three steps from the throne to receive him."

So long as time continues, and grass grows, or waters run, the persons of genius will be revered. The lover of genius will walk the summit of Pausilippo, and muse on Virgil, to retrace his landscapes and recall his memory, or, "with the Allegro in his hand," upon Forest-hill, to tread the footpath of Milton. There is a grove at Magdalen College, which is called Addison's walk; and there is a cave at Macao, visited by the Portuguese, where Camoens is said to have composed his *Lusiad*.

Military rage has even respected the abodes of genius. Cæsar and Sylla felt reverence for the memory of genius, and saved the literary city of Athens amid the ravages of war. From the days of Pindar to Buffon, the house of the man of genius has been spared:

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground."

Genius elevates her sons and daughters to seats of honor and distinction. This is obviously true of the eloquent Massillon, the brilliant Flechier, and Diderot; Johnson, Akenside, and Franklin; and a host of others. The reader may remember the names of Lucretia M. Davidson, a native of Plattsburg, New York, and her sister, Margaret Davidson—sisters by nature and by song. The former died in her seventeenth year, the latter in her sixteenth. They sung together on earth; and when called to leave, they arose and took their harps to heaven, to sing the theme of redeeming love. They were daughters of genius. Hannah More instructed princesses, and Madame De Stael taught statesmen; but they are gone to the deep gush of balmy waters which break from the azure throne.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THE number of volumes in the college libraries of this country, is not far from 300,000; in students' libraries, there are about 120,000; in the libraries of our theological seminaries, 80,000; in all other public collections, about 300,000 more. The total number, therefore, is about 800,000; while, in Europe, there are single libraries containing 400,000, embracing thousands of books never seen in this country.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY E. S. TAYLOR, M. D.

A LARGE portion of the business of mankind in every age, has been to make rules for the regulation of society. Patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings, legislators, poets, teachers, and philosophers, have spent all the energies of their united intellect, in devising principles for the correction of the abuses and injustice, that the depravity of the human heart has been constantly creating among mankind. A Solomon, with Heaven-bestowed wisdom, could wisely instruct his son in many particulars, respecting his intercourse with his fellows; while he himself could not escape the bacchanalian debauch, or the lascivious corruptions of a wealthy court. A Socrates, or a Seneca, standing out in bold relief, in advance of the morals of the age in which he lived, could put forth many useful lessons of morality, in his efforts to calm the tumultuous waves on the ocean of depraved passion; but it was left for God to present, in one single sentence, a rule comprising man's whole duty to his fellow—a rule regulating every act of his, amid the diversified relations of society: "Do to others as you would that others should do to you."

This rule is applicable to every circumstance. Would you have your neighbor kind and obliging? Be ye so to him. Would you have your friend sustain your reputation, and apologize for your defects and inadvertencies? or would you have her add a tint to your reputed beauty, or charm to your intellect, or levelness to your heart? Touch not her character, then, with the tongue of slander. Wouldst thou have her rejoice at thy prosperity, join in the acclamations of praise, and aid thee in thy pursuit of excellence and distinction? Let not the fires of envy burn in thy bosom. Wouldst thou have thy associate yield her opinion and purpose to thee, when thou art confident of being right? Be not thou contentious and overbearing in thy intercourse with her. Wouldst thou have thy companion give thee the preference, and study to promote thy happiness and not his own? Do thou so to him. Wouldst thou be at peace with all mankind? Harbor not in thy bosom the spirit of strife, nor let thy breath fan its flame. Wouldst thou receive the numerous attentions, which are designed to soften the asperities of life's rough course, and alleviate the sorrows of thy lot? Be not thou forgetful of the afflicted and the needy.

The Savior has given examples illustrative of the rule, and applying it to particular circumstances, such as, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Love your enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you;" "Render not evil for evil," &c. Thus did he establish a code of morals, the very character of which proves the divinity of their Author—the introduction of which among mankind forms an era in the history of thought, and

gives character to the Christian world, changing the order of human effort, teaching it not to labor for its own, but for the general welfare. And he taught these principles not by word alone, but by his life, by every act of his life, and, more, by his death, yielding his life for his enemies.

There are, to be sure, some shining examples of individual instances of an observance of this rule, among the unregenerate. We may see the private seaman extend his bare arm, to receive the blow aimed at Commodore Decatur's head. We may see the young physician engaged in a post mortem examination of the dead body of a victim of the plague, in hopes of obtaining some information that would enable his fellow-laborers to check the progress of the fell destroyer, and save his devoted city, when he knew that examination would cost him his life. We may see the storm-bound, starving mariner, volunteering to die, to become food for the surviving sufferers. We may see Leonidas, and a thousand other heroes of antiquity, sacrificing themselves upon the altar of their country's interest. In these instances, however, no small incentive were the splendid encomiums which they knew would flow from the hearts of their cotemporary countryman, and that halo of glory that would surround their names in the eyes of future ages.

But, excepting these few instances, the whole bent of human effort has been to secure its own selfish ends and aims, regardless of the consequences upon community. Almost the first act recorded of man was a violation of this rule. Adam would fain throw the blame of the fatal transgression upon Eve, and Eve upon the serpent. The blood of Abel declares the next great violation of it. Disregard to this rule was so general during the antediluvian period, that God, finding that "the wickedness of man was great in the earth," and that the earth was "filled with violence," repented that he had made man, and purposed to destroy him from off the face of the earth. And almost every subsequent step in the history of the world, is but a narration of events, where men, as individuals or nations, have bestowed upon others treatment that they would not willingly receive from them, requiring of others what *they* would be very reluctant to grant, or retaliating real or imaginary injuries, in violation of that part of the rule that prohibits the returning of evil for evil.

Jacob violated the rule upon Esau—Jacob's elder children upon Joseph; but Joseph gave a splendid exemplification of it, when he received, with affectionate, forgiving kindness, those brethren that sold him into slavery, and administered to their wants. In violation of this rule, to extend their possessions, or to seek redress for injuries, the wild tribes of barbarians have continued an unintermitting war, in some land, from the earliest dispersion of Noah's children even unto the present. To obtain for self a lasting name, Cyrus, Xerxes, Alexander, Caesar,

and Napoleon, could stain the broad face of earth with the lurid streams of human blood, and bury nations of men beneath the car of their ambition. To remove the national disgrace caused by the inconstancy of Helen, and to punish the trespassing amours of Paris, must be poured out floods of blood and treasure, in a ten years' laborious struggle; and Trojan wealth and splendor, pride and population, be gorged to glut the bloody thirst of Greece. To gratify long-cherished Carthaginian and Roman hate and envy, repeated bloody wars must hurry thousands of guilty souls into a dread eternity, and, finally, wipe out Carthaginian greatness from the earth. And, for revenge, the accumulated rage of ages, bursting from its northern confines, rolled down and buried Roman pomp and power, wealth, beauty, literature, and refinement, beneath the gloomy mists of barbarism, and spread a cloud of moral darkness over the earth. In the proud ages of chivalry, the dust of an insulting word must be blown off by the expiring breath of a fellow-being. And, even unto the present time, only excepting where the pure principles of the Gospel of peace have obtained a controlling influence, the great principle of human selfishness is eagerly devouring mankind.

It is to the influence of this principle, taught by our Savior, that we owe all our political and social superiority over the inhabitants of the dark ages; because mankind have been taught to regard the rights of others as sacred as their own. This is the only ground of the political freedom of republican government. It is the only sure foundation of permanency in government. While the governing authority aims at securing only its own interest, encroaching upon the rights of others, it can retain that authority only so long as it has physical power to defend itself against all other interested powers. Such was the government of Bonaparte, the only aim of which was to secure the personal aggrandizement of its great head. But, where nations respect the rights of other nations, and confer upon them the treatment, in their national capacity, that they would wish to receive from them, there will be no occasion for an appeal to arms, and no nation will conquer another to add to its own greatness. And, where the rights of all the individuals of a nation are equally secured, there being no incentive to revolution, the government may continue just as long as this principle is regarded. So, too, with individuals. Act upon this principle, and there will be no occasion for contentions, disputes, litigations, &c.

Whatever is not according to this principle, is at war with the pure spirit of the Gospel, under whatever high pretensions it may appear; and it will meet the condemnation of the Judge, in the final day of accounts. What, then, shall we consider the character of Romanism? What stronger proof could we have, than her dark spirit of inquisition, her oppressive course, and the reeking blood of martyrs—what

more do we wish to prove that she is a fallen angel, an adopted child of hell, and that the spirit that rules in her is the same one that reigns in the regions of darkness?

To be a true and holy disciple of the Lord Jesus, requires an observance of this rule in every particular; and yet, how few Christians that are not guilty of a violation of it in some degree! How many professors of Christianity there are, who harbor in their bosom hate toward a brother or sister! How often do we hear such remarks as the following: "I will not visit at Mrs. —'s, for Miss — will be there; she passed me in the street, and never looked at me. I will not speak to her till she does to me," &c. "If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than they? Do not even the publicans so?" Again: "I am not pleased with brother —'s preaching: he appears to have so much self-complaisance and satisfaction;" "I would like to give that lady a cut, to lower her colors a little." These two remarks are of the same character, and both manifest a wish to deprive others of the satisfaction they experience in the contemplation of themselves. Again, speaking of some treatment received: "He will repent of that;" which expresses a design to return evil for evil. How often do we see a manifest desire to mar the feelings of some one, who is elated with prosperity, or is enjoying some way more than others, at that time! How often is personal enmity perpetuated, because one is too proud to offer, and another too proud to ask an explanation! How many scenes of neighborhood and domestic discord are generated by pride of opinion and purpose—by that desire in the human heart to have its own way and will, when all might have been avoided, if either had observed this rule, and followed the example of the venerable Wesley, in his treatment of his companion, Bradford! How often is friendship severed, by requiring of others services that we would not be willing to bestow, and then feeling ourselves offended by a refusal! Are not all these violations of the rule? Are they not all doing to others as we would not that they should do to us?

We are not surprised that heartless nations should disregard the rules of justice, trample upon the rights of each other, and march their hosts to war. Nor are we surprised that that man, in whose bosom reigns the dark spirit of infidelity, should love revenge—should delight to goad the tender sensibilities of the heart, or seek to wipe out a stain from his insulted honor with the blood of a fellow-being; but that the tender, timid, sympathizing, forgiving breast of a renewed, heaven-born daughter of the Most High, should be guilty of such a feeling, in the least degree, how contrary to true holiness—how contrary to our exalted ideas of her character! There is no personal insult that requires active resentment, and no injury that interest or the word of God requires us to retaliate.

It is to the general observance of this rule, that we must look for the correction of all the injustice, and all the enormities which arise in the intercourse of man with man. And, O, what heart would not rejoice to see that time arrive, when every individual shall regard, as his own, the rights of every brother—when revenge and retaliation shall be things unknown—when that all-engrossing spirit of selfishness shall be banished to that world where it may find congenial spirits among the dwellings of the damned—and the tastes, pleasures, wishes, feelings, reputation, possessions, and welfare of all, be esteemed as dear to them as ours to us—when personal, neighborhood, and domestic broils shall become scenes of rare occurrence—when the sound of defamation, and malice, and envy, shall salute our ears no more—when courts of justice and compulsory law shall become superfluities—when prisons and jails shall be untenanted—when report of crime and the executioner's hammer shall be heard no more—when the sunny breezes of the south shall bear on their wings to us no more the tears and groans of the oppressed—when the last blast of the clarion of war shall have sounded and died away in the distance—in short, when all shall do to others as they would that others should do to them—when the peaceable kingdom of the Sun of righteousness shall be established throughout the earth, and man restored to many of the peaceful enjoyments of lost, lamented Paradise!

Christian, let thy prayers, thy precepts, and thy example, preach this principle to all the world.

BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

Suggested by reading an article, in press, on the same subject.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

On the velvet bank of a rippling stream,
Sat a bright-eyed, beautiful child;
On her neck was a wreath of rose-buds seen,
And her lap was with flow'rets fill'd:
Her face was bright as the sunshine that fell
Upon it—her voice was as clear
As the song of the bird that carol'd in the dell,
And warbled its sweet notes there.

The sweet little stream went singing along—
Went murmuring along at her feet;
Right well did the child like its gushing song—
Right well loved its melody sweet;
And, plucking, she threw to it flower after flower—
For their beauties how little she cared!—
Till her blossoms and buds, in the glee of that hour,
On the sparkling stream disappeared.

Then, seeing her loss, she sprang to her feet,
And cried to the brook that ran by:
"Bring back my flowers!" but the echoes repeat
Naught but the child's fruitless cry.
Though the sweet little stream went singing along—

Went murmuring still at her feet,
No longer she heeded its gushing song—
No longer its melody sweet.

"Bring back my flowers!" in anguish, she cried,
As the stream bore them, blooming and fair;
"Bring back my flowers!" only echoed its tide—
Only, tauntingly, echoed the air;
And, long after, mid the child's mournful cries,
And long in her sorrowing hours,
Did echo the stream, and the wailing winds' sighs,
The fruitless cry, "Bring back my flowers!"

Think, maiden, who wasteth thy youthful hours,
Of the child and her flow'rets so gay;
Life's moments to thee are perfumed flowers,
And are speeding, how swiftly! away:
Let their brightness and fragrance sweetly blend,
And to all around thee be given,
And thus, like an incense, upward ascend
To their bountiful Giver in heaven.

Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee,
And seest them fast receding o'er
The swift fleeting tide of time's restless sea,
To return to thee, maiden, no more,
Like the child to the stream, thou shalt uselessly cry
To the past, in thy then saddened hours—
"Bring back my flowers!" and the only reply
Will be the echo—"Bring back my flowers!"

HAPPY CHOICE.

BY REV. J. W. WHITE.

I HAVE been at the palace where wealth held its seat,
And have marked her ineffable splendor and pride;
But from weeping and anguish it formed no retreat;
For my spirit still languish'd for something beside.

I then went to the feast of voluptuous joy,
Where were wine, song, and revel, and dancing,
and glee;

But the wine lost its relish, the viands did cloy,
And, in sadness, I sigh'd from the scene to be free.

Then I went to the fount where the learned man
drank,

And survey'd the fair fields of his classical lore;
But my soul was not tranquil—there still was a blank
To be fill'd by a science unstudied before.

Then I flew to the cross: O, the Savior was there,
To receive the poor penitent, panting for rest;
I believ'd on his name—he gave hope for despair,
And my soul was renewed—it was sanctified—blest.

O, then, fly to this cross, who for happiness pine,
Turn from folly and earth, while probation is giv'n:
Then shall wisdom, redemption, and treasures be
thine,

And a crown, palm, and palace, await thee in
heav'n.

TACKET'S FORT.

A HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

BY REV. J. O. BRUCE.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marveling boyhood legend's store
 Of their strange ventures, happ'd by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
 course."
 SCOTT.

It was the depth of winter. The winds swept fitfully along the deep, narrow valley of Elk river, and howled mournfully, as they tossed the giant branches of the mountain oak. The light of day had faded from the highest snow-clad peak of the Alleghanies. In a small cottage, immediately upon the bank of the river, fifteen miles above its junction with the Great Kanawha, blazed a bright fire, around which was gathered a happy family, in which I was a guest. Mr. and Mrs. Young had seen many a December gale. Old age, with all its attendant infirmities, was upon them. Their lives had been spent in the wilds of western Virginia, a place replete with bold adventure and hazardous enterprise. To while away a long winter night, and, if possible, snatch from oblivion facts connected with border warfare, joined to an intense but innocent curiosity to note the dangerous paths these hardy pioneers had threaded, I asked for their history. But to detail that would exhaust the patience of the reader. I select, therefore, a single event, and those immediately connected with it—the capture of *Tacket's Fort*.

In the month of January, 1789, the smoke of the white man's cabin arose, for the first time, amid the tall forest trees that graced the beautiful valley of the Great Kanawha, immediately below the mouth of Coal river. The tide of emigration had come slowly down from "Camp Union," now Lewisburg, Va., having its entire course stained with blood, until it reached "Fort Clendenen," now Charleston, where it was stayed for several years by the strong arms of Indian warriors, fighting bravely and desperately to retain possession of "the beautiful river of the woods." But the mandate had gone forth—

"On to the west, dark Indian, go!"

and, yielding to destiny, they slowly and sullenly retired, while in close proximity the "pale faces" followed, to spoil their temples and desecrate the graves of their fathers.

"In January, 1789," said Mrs. Young, "my father, Lewis Tacket, and his brother Christopher, with their families, settled at the mouth of Coal river, and built what was called 'Tacket's Fort,' a little in the rear of the present residence of Mr. John Capehart. This 'fort' was a double log

cabin, inclosed by a strong stockade, which was ordinarily a sufficient protection from the Indians. They were soon joined by others as fearless as themselves. And we numbered, in fifteen months, seven families—in all, thirty-one persons. The dense forest was gradually yielding to the axe—the wilderness was becoming a fruitful field; and long exemption from Indian incursions had beguiled us into a degree of carelessness incompatible with our safety. On the 22d of March, 1790, my mother and brother Lewis, being in a field some distance from the fort, were seized and carried off by a party of Indians. Pursuit was made, but without success. They were carried to Huron, in Michigan, where my mother was purchased from her captor by a squaw, who had known her when a girl, sent to Detroit, and set at liberty. The officers at Detroit interested themselves for my brother, obtained his release, and sent them down the lake to Erie, whence they passed across the country to "Camp Union," where they arrived early in September. News of their release had been brought to us at the fort, with the further information that they would come from Erie to Pittsburg, and thence descend the Ohio river to Point Pleasant.

"My father and Charles Young left the fort on the 26th of August, and descended the Kanawha river to that place, for the purpose of bringing them home; but they had gone the other route. That day I became a joyful mother. As these were the only persons that had been taken by the Indians for a long time, and their release following so close upon their captivity, it did not produce that circum-spect vigilance which would have saved the fort. The people commenced building outside of the picket; and some of them (we among others) were living on Coal river, some distance from the fort. But we were not afraid. We thought the warhoop would startle us no more. Alas! 'we know what a day may bring forth.'

"The 27th of August, 1790, dawned upon the fort. The sun shone from an unclouded sky. The men were busy building a house on Coal river. John M'Ellhany was sick in the fort, and my uncle, Christopher Tacket, was there to guard it. About four o'clock, P. M., some of the children were out on the bank of the Kanawha, playing ball, and my uncle was keeping tally for them. Some Indians, who had approached them under cover of the banks of the river, showed themselves but a few yards from the boys, and raised the terrible war cry of their nation. Tacket and the boys fled with the utmost precipitation. He reached the gate; but waiting for the children to get in before he made it fast, the Indians rushed upon and forced it open. He then started to the house, where he had left his gun; but was shot down and tomahawked in the yard, as were all the children. John M'Ellhany hearing the cry without, closed the door; but, in doing it, had three of his

fingers shot off. Unable to defend themselves, and the Indians promising protection if they would surrender, Mrs. M'Elhany prevailed with her son to open the door and admit them. There were in the fort, John M'Elhany, his mother, wife, Hannah Tacket, (wife of Christopher,) Betsy Tacket, Samuel Tacket and Samuel M'Elhany, (little boys.) Having secured these, the Indians bound up M'Elhany's wounded hand, and, taking what plunder they could, retreated on to the hill, some half mile or more, where they stopped to divide the spoils, which being done, they left the prisoners under a strong guard, and the main party returned to the fort, to secure more prisoners. But they were disappointed; for when the people on Coal river heard the shooting at the fort, Robert M'Elhany and his son Robert ran to ascertain the cause of it; and the rest of us took refuge in the house of Thomas Allsbury.

"O, it was an awful moment! We knew not at what moment the foe might be upon us; and should they come, we had no hope of deliverance. The M'Elhany's finding the fort in possession of a large party of Indians, gave up all for lost, and, without returning to us, passed through the woods, crossed Coal river at the falls, and reached Clendenen next morning at daylight. We soon ascertained that the Indians had retired from the fort, and were sufficiently acquainted with their mode of warfare, to believe that they had only retired a short distance, and would return before dark. We, therefore, took canoes instantly and started for Clendenen.

"Just after dark there came up a heavy thunder-storm. The rain fell in torrents, filling the canoe in which I was, half full of water; and it did seem that we had only escaped the fury of the savage to find a watery grave. How I shielded my child, in that long night of alarm and terror, I know not; but we all arrived safely at Clendenen next morning about sunrise. The Indians finding that we had fled, killed what cattle they could find, burned all the houses, and returning to the prisoners, told them that they had killed all the people in the neighborhood. Sometime after, however, they told them the truth, stating that *those little rivers had saved them*. And so it was; for if the rivers had not been swollen by recent rains, they would have pursued and cut us all off, or taken us prisoners.

"About sundown they were ready to move; but, as a necessary preliminary, wished to bind John M'Elhany. He told them it was useless; for his mother and wife being with them, he should not think about making his escape. Feigning satisfaction with this answer, one of them threw down a blanket, and bade him take it up. As he stooped to execute the order, the tomahawk was buried in his head; and he rolled upon the ground a lifeless corpse! Leaving him there a prey to wild beasts and the vultures of the air, they hurried away with the mother and wife, whose apprehensions for the future were too painful

to allow them to realize, to the full extent, the desolation of the present moment, or to give to the bitterness of their anguish the luxury of tears. It was one of those moments of high-wrought, intense excitement, in which the tide of feeling can only double back upon itself, and freeze the heart with horror!

"They continued their march to a late hour of the night. The elder Mrs. M'Elhany, beside being infirm from age, was very corpulent, and hence traveled with difficulty, retarding the progress of the entire company. Betsy Tacket was walking immediately behind her, the last of the sad captive train. Observing the Indians in close consultation, she guessed their fatal determination, and said, '*Grandmother, it is time for you to pray—they are going to kill you!*' Without making any reply, she fell upon her knees and cried, '*Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!*' and, as the words trembled upon her lips, the tomahawk of the savage bade

"The weary wheels of life stand still."

The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken, and her spirit passed away to the land of the blest. She was a member of the Baptist Church, and a devoted Christian. O, it is, indeed,

"A fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing,
In any shape—in any mood."

but to see it in this shape, even in the dim, shadowy distance of half a century, makes us shudder. But she was ready—her lamp was trimmed and burning. She lived in communion with God, and to her we may appropriately apply the words of Montgomery:

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air—
His watchword at the gate of death:
He enters heaven with prayer."

"Soon after her death they encamped for the night. Next morning the Indians disagreed about something, and one of them, taking Hannah Tacket, separated from the others, and, turning up Guyandotte river, passed on to the Holstien. He, several times, made her steal corn and other things necessary to their subsistence. She at length asked him if the Indians stole from each other. 'No,' said he, 'the Great Spirit would be angry with them.' 'You make me steal from my people, and do you not think the Great Spirit will be angry with me for doing so?' Unable to answer her, he was content, after that, to do the stealing himself. He treated her with great kindness and affection, and, some eighteen months or two years after her captivity, he released her, and she returned to her friends. The others crossed the Ohio river, and went to some of their towns on the Muskingum, where the prisoners were separated, Jane M'Elhany remaining, while Betsy Tacket and the two little boys were carried to Huron. Jane M'Elhany's captivity was short, and the manner of her escape so remarkable, as to warrant our

calling it providential. The man who owned her sent her, early one morning, to a neighboring wigwam for a basket, in which he wished to wash some *lye hommony*. Though well acquainted with the path, she lost her way. Utterly bewildered, she could neither find the hut to which she was sent, nor any other. In this condition she wandered all day. Late in the evening she came to an Indian village, but she saw no person. She passed several huts without even an inclination to stop. At length, as she approached one, some person seemed to say to her, '*Stop here!*' Yielding to the suggestion, she stepped to the door, and, to her great joy, found the hut was occupied by a white man, whose name, as she subsequently learned, was Zanes. He asked her if she was a prisoner, where taken, and if she desired to return to her friends. Having answered his inquiries, he told her that, if she would consent to be concealed for a few weeks, and assist his wife in preparing his winter clothes, he would restore her to her friends. With these conditions she cheerfully complied. Taking her some distance from his house, he concealed her beneath a *pile of logs*, where she remained for six weeks. The hunting season at length arrived, when he conveyed her to Wheeling, whence she returned to Clendenen.

"Betsy Tacket was stolen from the Indians by a Mr. M'Pherson, who was trading with them, and carried to Detroit, where she subsequently married Robert Johnson, who purchased Samuel Tacket, and then returned with them to Kanawha.

"The fate of Samuel M'Elhany is not known; but it is supposed that he was killed at the time of General St. Clair's defeat, as we never heard of him afterward.

"May such scenes never recur!" said Mrs. Young, as she wiped the tears from her cheek. "I saw the dense, heavy cloud of smoke roll up from the fort, and knew full well that a sister and brother were either killed or were led away captive. Ah! though forty-nine years have passed away since that ill-fated day, its scenes are as fresh in my mind as if they had occurred yesterday."

The clock had struck twelve—the bright fire had become dim; so, bidding my kind entertainers good-night, I retired to rest, feeling grateful to God that the restless vengeance of the untutored savage would not disturb me, in that quiet cottage home. And now, gentle reader, if I have beguiled thee of one care, awakened in thy heart one emotion of gratitude for the felicity of thy position, or kindled into livelier glow the sympathies of thy nature, my recompense is gained.

"THE greatest saints in heaven," says Susannah Wesley, "were once sinners upon earth; and the same redeeming love and free grace that brought them to glory are sufficient to bring us, also, thither."

CHRISTIAN UNION.

—
BY REV. B. M. GRUNGO.
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"BEHOLD how good and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity." True religion makes all lovely that comes within its influence. It is the transforming power of Heaven operating upon the heart, mellowing down the roughness of human nature, bending the human to the Divine will, sweetly blending, in a glow of associated loveliness, the better feelings of the soul, and "bringing every thought into obedience to the will of Christ." In this light, the royal Psalmist must have viewed those brethren who dwelt together in unity. Under this influence we must live, if our unity be like the "dew of heaven."

This unity should, in its nature, be a *unity of purpose*. That purpose should be, to glorify our Creator, to follow Christ as obedient servants, and as instruments in the hands of God to carry out the great ends of the Gospel, in the conversion of the world.

It should, also, be a *unity of feeling*—an enduring affection, binding heart to heart, linking soul to soul, cementing in Christian alliance the people of God, looking upon the kingdom of grace as free for all who will be governed by its fundamental principles, without monopolizing religion, on account of some trivial peculiarity that never affects the salvation of the soul. This is *Christian union*, and it is the very picture and image of Heaven's holy religion; rather, it is religion itself carried out in real life—it is an embodiment of faith, hope, and charity—the garment of righteousness mantling the soul—the dove of Eden living in the heart—the celestial flame that feeds a pious mind, and sheds a heavenly influence over all within its sphere.

This unity should be *Scriptural* in its nature. Although it is our duty to do good to all men, yet we are not required to fellowship all as brethren, for all are not such. Some are our secret enemies, others are our settled, open foes. We are commanded "not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such a one, no, not to eat." But, when the fundamental principles of the Gospel are believed, and the spirit of Christ exhibited in the life, we should acknowledge the reign of that spirit, and love those who love God.

Christian union should be a union of *action*. There is need of action. The condition of the Church, the wants of a revolted world, the perishing state of souls, the flight of time, a yawning hell, an inviting heaven, and the imperative commands of a holy God, all unite in calling upon the people of God to strong and effective action, in the cause of the Redeemer. There is much of evil in this world, and much will have to be done before it is uprooted, and

the human race set right, and governed by King Immanuel. Every Christian has his or her share to do, in effecting the moral renovation of the world; and woe will be on those who smother the light which the great Head of the Church has put into their hearts. Though all are not acting in the same manner, it does not imply that they are not, therefore, acting in concert. Different parts of an army may be fighting with different weapons; yet they are all from the same army; and, if true to the common cause, and their warfare be against the common foe, they are united in action, though they may not all seem to fight in the same manner. If the followers of Christ stop not to destroy the good that their brethren have done, but unitedly act, in every righteous way, to banish sin from the world, God will bless that united action, and crown the effort with success.

The spirit of Christian love and union can be greatly promoted, by making due allowance for human weakness. We are told to "bear one another's burdens." Christians should remember that Christians err; and if God bears with them, so should we, while they exhibit the spirit of the Savior.

Again: we should consider the relation we sustain to each other, remembering that we are brethren. Christian conversation, Christian fellowship, and an interchange of kind feeling, mingled with devout prayers for one another, will always ally the followers of Christ in one holy brotherhood. It is hard hating the brother one daily prays for. It is far more easy to love him.

And, above all, how necessary to have the real presence of Christ with us—the Holy Ghost really dwelling in our hearts, and sweetly swaying our every affection, and entirely ruling over every power of the soul. When human beings are thus governed by God's own Spirit, they will love one another—they will be loved and blessed by God. What, but the Spirit of God, could have so melted and cemented together that vast assembly, the Christian Alliance? Is it not plain to all, that the great Head of the Church presided there? And will he not preside and rule over all hearts, and all assemblies, if all will but admit his reign?

What sight is more pleasant, than that of brethren dwelling together in unity? How beneficial, how good in itself! O, it is "like the dew of heaven!" Behold such a class of brethren—a family of emigrants, journeying to a far off land—a Christian brotherhood, united in holy feeling, and engaged in holy action, and led on by the Lord of hosts! The angels love to visit them, and God loves to dwell among them. Their union is sweet, and something like that which the redeemed on high enjoy.

"And if their fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall they know,
When round his throne they meet!"

THE POWER OF MIND.

BY REV. W. T. HARLOW.

Power is the property of mind. It is, strictly speaking, predicable of nothing but mind. We are exceedingly apt to lose sight of this truth, in considering the different phenomena of the natural world. We say that the storm, the lightning, and the tornado, are powerful; but where would be their power were the omnipotent Mind to be withdrawn? We say of the man who is a giant in muscular strength, that his arm is mighty; but where is its power when the spirit takes its flight? That arm that was raised in terror, is now nerveless and innocent, and the insignificant worm proudly triumphs over it.

Power, like the mind to which it belongs, is indestructible. Physical disorganization may impede its action, but it cannot annihilate it. There is power even in the mind of an idiot. It may be fettered, like Samson, with cords for a season; but it only waits for a proper time—the time that God has appointed—when, like him, it will burst those cords, and rise with native, unobstructed freedom.

But there is within us, in addition to this locomotive power, one of a much higher grade. It is the power of thought—*thought* that gives to man dominion over the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea—thought, the mighty instrument that moves the affairs of this world! Look at its achievements! What has it not done? It has embodied itself in language, and found the means of its own preservation; so that the thoughts of ages past become the thoughts of this. It has triumphed over the elements, and made them subserve its own advancement. It has navigated the ocean, and girted the earth in spite of difficulty. It has leveled mountains, elevated valleys, and brought the ends of the world into neighborhood. It has towered above the storm, scaled the heavens, and, laying its hand upon the forked lightning, has borne away, in triumph, its terrific fange. Disdaining the tedious communication by means of steam, and flying away, on magnetic wires, with lightning speed, it has linked together distant cities, and made them one. It has analyzed and classified the rocks, the plants, the birds, the beasts, and the fish, of the present and of past ages. Not content with exploring the surface, it has entered the deep caverns of the earth by the volcano's crater, and investigated the phenomenon of those great respirators of nature, and determined the laws which regulate the earthquake's shock; and thus, with the familiarity of the schoolboy with his ball, it calls the earth its own. The deeds of noble daring which poets have sung, have been achieved, and sung, too, by the power of thought. It gives skill to the sculptor's chisel. It is the orator's spell-binding influence. It is music's melody and the poet's fire. Such is the power of

thought, and such its achievements. What it is yet destined to accomplish, we may not say. True, in some respects, it is limited; but, in others, its limits, if it have any, have never yet been found. Mind is on the advance. There never was a time when exulting Science gazed on more or brighter trophies than at the present. And yet it may be, that all that the wise have known as yet, in comparison of what may still be known, is as if they had been playing, as Newton said of himself, with the pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth. Yes, the march of thought is onward in the direction of those unknown limits. And other generations, borne on by its power to a higher stand than that of the present, may talk of discoveries within the field of their vision, which do not come within the range of ours.

Such is the power of all. One may bury it up, or, by energetic and patient application, call it forth and give it wings for almost any flight. It may require long days and years of unremitting labor; but the result, when Science shall bring her trophies, and lay them at his feet, and the exulting heart shall swell with rapture more noble than that of the hero of the battle-field, when his eye surveys the achievements of his valor, will repay him for his toil.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY E. W. RAWLEY.

It was the twilight hour of the holy Sabbath; the loud peals of the distant church bell called the worshippers to their evening devotions. I had bowed with them in their morning sacrifice—I had mingled in their song of praise and adoration; but now I turned from the crowd to spend the last fleeting hour by my father's grave.

My father's grave! O, who can tell the emotions that come "welling up" from the heart's deepest fountain at such a moment! They told me he was dead; and well I knew, when last I kissed that pallid cheek, and heard that faltering voice utter farewell, that we should never meet again on earth; but, in my distant home, where his loved face was never seen, nor words of kind instruction heard, I could not press it on my heart that he had passed away; and when again I reached that cottage-place, and threw me on a mother's bosom, and felt a sister's warm embrace, I waited for his welcome; and though at morning prayers no father led, and when around the evening hearth his chair was vacant, yet something seemed to whisper to my saddened heart, "Soon he will come," and, listening, I would almost hear his step.

But now I stood beside his grave—the awful reality burst with all its poignancy upon my spirit—that long-dreaded hour had surely come—that childhood's home, that loved circle, around which entwined my

earliest, purest love, and which, in all my wanderings, had been the attracting centre, was now broken. That father, so revered, so dearly cherished, the protector of my youthful days, and counselor of riper years, was torn away. I sat me down to weep. O, the bitterness of such grief—the loneliness that came stealing over the spirit, and made me wish, as I had often done in earlier days, to lay me down in death, ere I should live to wander through life's wilderness bereft of every friend! How dark and cheerless nature seemed, even in her liveliest mood! Our brightest hopes and dearest joys were but the vision of an hour: upon every forest leaf, and blooming flower, and sparkling eye, I read, passing away—passing away. I thought of him upon whose arm I leaned, and of that sweet babe, whose voice ever made music for my soul—of all my cherished friends; but these seemed transient as the morning cloud, or early dew. "Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not," was impressed with new force upon my mind. Indulging such reflections, my eye caught the inscription upon the marble tablet: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." It was a powerful talisman, bringing to my relief all the precious truths and consoling principles of our holy religion, first impressed upon the tender mind by that father's precepts, then enstamped upon the inmost soul by the energies of the Divine Spirit.

A gentle influence, calm as the zephyr that breathed around, softened my grief, dried the falling tear, turned the current of thoughts, and pointed to the Christian's hope—the Christian's better home. Faith lent her "realizing sight" while I gazed within the veil upon that sainted father, and sisters dear, as they cast their crowns at Jesus' feet, singing of redeeming love to fallen man. No shade of sorrow hung around the brow—no scalding tear coursed the cheek—old age was not; neither was consumption's seal in all that spirit-throng. Immortal youth and beauty beamed from every face, while saints and angels joined in one eternal chorus of "halleluiahs to the Lamb!"

Now I turned with new delight to earth's scenes—no longer a dreary wilderness, where sorrow and death only reign; but a beautiful garden, where may be nourished the germs of immortal life—a splendid dressing-room, in which to prepare for that great day, when all nations shall appear before "the throne"—a spacious amphitheatre, through which we pass to the city of the living God; and when I left that place of graves, my heart was cheered, my hopes strengthened, and I better prepared to meet life's changes and responsibilities, ever keeping an eye to that future reward—that glorious state, where, adorned with Christ's righteousness, we shall meet an unbroken circle, to spend an eternity of bliss at God's right hand.

SABBATH MORN.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN, A. M.

This is a lovely and beautiful morning. The sun, rising in his majesty and glory, sheds his illuminating and vivifying rays over the earth. The din of business is unheard, and all around is as still and silent as a "summer's evening." The aerial songsters fill the air with music. Nature, dressed in her lovely attire, wears the freshness and beauty of Eden. The earth is exquisitely adorned with the various and inimitable beauties of flowers, plants, and trees, which render it peculiarly cheering and animating. Its verdant landscapes fill the mind with the contemplation of richer scenes, yet to be enjoyed. Methinks it resembles the celestial "country," and the bowers of the "tree of life."

It is a SABBATH MORNING—the morn of the day of rest. It reminds us of the spring-morn of eternity—the opening of that day, when all the ransomed hosts, with their glorified and immortal bodies, shall go up, to take full possession of their promised home.

Glorious morn! the ushering in of a joyous day! We hail thee with delight, though thy stay is short. We bid thee welcome, as an hour of peace and contemplation.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise—
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

Harassed, perplexed, and disturbed, the mind now finds sweet tranquility and repose. All anxiety and disquietude are laid aside: the distracting and busy scenes of life are forgotten: the bustle of the world gives place to sweet and sacred silence: the busy multitude no longer throng our streets: none appear in their workshops, or at their merchandise: stillness reigns throughout the busy hamlet.

How peculiarly fitted is such a season for holy and heavenly contemplation! Scenes of amazing import and grandeur come up before us. The mind, undisturbed, swells with ecstatic delight on the amazing plan of redemption, the glories it unfolds, the blessings which it offers: it ranges through the scenes of time, and dwells, with untold interest, on the grand realities of the life to come.

It is an hour of devotion. From the palace and the cottage, rises the grateful incense of prayer and praise to the Father of mercies, from many devout and humble worshipers. How sweet to the soul are the exercises of this hallowed hour, when, in solemn audience with heaven's King, we are enabled to forget the cares, vexations, and secularities of the world! Blessed hour, indeed! our hearts rejoice at thy return.

How delightful the associations, too, of this hallowed morn! It reminds us of the time when we were, by the mother's side, first taught to repeat

the infant hymn, and to lisp the infant prayer—when we were taught those instructive lessons in the Sabbath school. It revives a thousand events and incidents, of the halcyon days of childhood and youth, written, with indelible lines, on the tablet of the heart.

Recollections, too, at this hour of reflection, cluster around the mind, of painful, yet of consoling emotions. An honored father, beloved mother, affectionate brother, sweet and lovely sister—ah! where are they? They are gone: yes, to the "spirit land." They are walking the plains of the celestial city, amid the delightful shades of the heavenly paradise. Farewell, then, endeared "loved ones," till we meet again for endless reunion, in the "better land." There, one

"Perpetual Sabbath reigns."

But the church bell sounds, which summons us to the house of prayer—the temple of God. There, with the assembled multitude, we will join in the chorus of devotion, and listen to the sound of mercy and salvation, as it falls from the lips of the ambassador of Christ.

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!"

HEAVEN'S EXCELSIOR.

BY PHOEBUS.

As the Christian lingereth here,
Like pilgrim from above,
Still ever on his vision glows
The Calvary of love.
And, as he breathes his soul away
In melody of prayer,
A holy light writes on the cross,
In crimson glory there,
EXCELSIOR!

When dies the saint, the seraph host
Welcome from Zion's hill
Their sister spirit, with the song,
Higher! yet higher still!
Then, far away, it soars to God,
Till heaven is full in view;
And, as the pearly gates roll back,
The anthem breaks anew,
EXCELSIOR!

And, in the presence of the Lamb,
Still higher will we rise,
And shout *Excelsior!* in heav'n,
Where music never dies;
And the bright banner of our God,
As o'er the throne it streams,
Flashing amid the glories there,
For ever with it gleams,
EXCELSIOR!

REBECCA'S NURSE.

BY MRS. L. F. MOROAN.

THE portraiture we have hitherto presented, have exhibited woman in the most interesting relations of life, affecting, in a variety of ways, as wife, mother, sister, and daughter, the destiny of those around her. We now direct attention to one designated by a more lowly appellation, occupying no lofty position in the scale of society, yet noticed by the sacred penman with a peculiarity of distinction granted to but few of either sex, whose names appear in the Scriptural record. The time and place of her death, her funeral, monument, and even epitaph, are all described. The first allusion to the individual thus honored, occurs in one of the most interesting narratives of the Old Testament—the history of Rebecca. Although the imagination is engrossed, while perusing it, with the eventful story of the young Syrian maiden herself, and the incidental introduction of those who subordinately figured there only attracts observation as it affects her, we can scarcely withhold attention from the portrait of Deborah. There is an interest thrown about the shadowy outline that at once arrests the gaze. Simple as is the mode of its presentation to our vision, a thousand thoughts and emotions are awakened by the view. With the picture before us of the weeping Rebecca, strong in faith and hope, amidst the sorrow of parting from her nearest kindred, to be the bride of one known only by reputation, the eye wanders from the lordly retinue of her future father-in-law, waiting to escort her from her childhood's home, and rests upon Deborah, her nurse. The young girl's situation ceases to wear so lonely and isolated an aspect. Something of past affection and companionship goes with her. The humble guardian of her infant years—the being to whom, next to its mother, the developing love of the child most early and most fondly clings, accompanies her. Thoroughly acquainted with her girlish inclinations, prepared to understand and sympathize with the prejudices of early habit and education, her nurse had a hold upon her heart no other attendant could ever win. It was almost maternal in its character. With her, Rebecca could talk of the past—of her father's house—of her mother. With her, trust and freedom might exist, without lessening her dignity, or degenerating into improper familiarity. Affection often supplies the place of intellect—often avails, by its own unaided tact, to produce results the combined efforts of genius and learning could not accomplish, unanimated by its spirit. The heart devotion of a servant may do more for the comfort and happiness of a family, than the mental endowments of its superior members. Blessed is the household that can boast of an affectionate and faithful domestic. We cannot know how much the everyday enjoyment of Rebecca was

promoted, by the tender and watchful attention of the woman who had fostered her infancy, and forsaken her relatives and her country to dwell with her. Perhaps Rebecca owed to her vigilant observation the information of Esau's hostile intentions toward Jacob, which induced her to send him to her native city. It is said that the words of the elder brother were reported to the mother. Who so likely to have ventured the disclosure as the aged and trusted nurse of, probably, both mother and children? We may, also, imagine that, after the departure of Jacob, and during his long sojourn in Padan Aram, Deborah was the confidant and sharer of Rebecca's solicitude about him, and the repository of many a tender message to the favorite child she was destined to behold no more. And when the death of her mistress severed the link that bound the old servant to Canaan, she, probably, desired and obtained the consent of Isaac to return to her native Mesopotamia; for it is but reasonable to suppose, that her attachment to Rebecca might impel her to the place where Jacob resided. Her affection for him may be inferred from her accompanying him from Padan Aram when she must have been very aged. It is not unlikely that her course was influenced by a promise to Rebecca to watch over his comfort as long as she lived. If this surmise be correct, there appears a significance in the time and manner of her death, as reported by the historian. She had witnessed the tearful parting of Rebecca with her favorite son, when banished from his paternal roof, to prevent the crime of fratricide from resting on his house. She was not ignorant of the prayers and anxiety which had followed him in his wanderings. Those prayers and his mother's counsels had not been fruitless, though the heart which poured them forth had long been silent in the grave. The solitary pilgrim, who went from his childhood's home supported by his "staff," was returning an affluent man. Having, by his affectionate and judicious conduct, effected a reconciliation with his brother, and gratefully acknowledged the hand of God in all his prosperity, he journeys onward to Hebron. He reaches Luz, a place associated in his mind with the most eventful period of his existence. It was there he slept, when, in years gone by, a sad and lonely outcast, he fled from Esau's wrath—it was there that one of the most transporting visions that ever visited the mental view, rose upon his dream, giving encouragement to his youthful hopes, and assuring him of the protection of Heaven in his future career. He pauses to erect an altar as a memorial of his gratitude, and, with his whole family, renders an ascription of praise to the God who had so prospered and sustained him. The narration of these joyful thanksgivings is interrupted by a prophetic "but," as if the penman would prepare us for tidings of sorrow, and then follows the announcement of Deborah's death: "But Deborah, Rebecca's

nurse, died, and she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak: and the name of it was called Allonbachuth," which signifies the "oak of mourning." The imagination is at once excited by the brief but comprehensive account, and wanders back to the starting point of her history, follows her through her long pilgrimage, and acknowledges the propriety of the distinction which crowned its close. We feel that her death occurred precisely at the right moment. The emotions which struggled in her breast, as she bowed before the altar of Bethel, might have been expressed, in the words of Simeon, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." She had seen the desire of her heart realized in the piety and success of Jacob. The strength which had hitherto supported her was no longer needed; and, full of years, she resigned her soul in peace, surrounded by the grandchildren of her mistress. The name bestowed upon the tree which marked her resting-place, is the record of the affectionate regret with which they laid her there. The relations of life are all appointed by God, and given, like the diversity of spiritual bestowments, "to every man to profit withal." The true dignity of position consists in the propriety with which its duties are discharged. When charity pervades the atmosphere of home, that charity so beautifully defined by St. Paul, all the inmates realize its healthful, cheering influence. If consideration and kindness be exercised, by the responsible members, toward those occupying a lowlier place, with whom their everyday existence is so closely identified, they will, generally, meet a respondent attention to their interests and happiness. I look upon an aged domestic, who, for successive generations, has been part and parcel of one family, with peculiar emotions. I have frequently remarked the pride and pleasure with which those ancient chroniclers of the race they have served so long, associate themselves with its being, and treasure up its legends. Nor does the slavery which we justly deprecate as the foulest blot on our national escutcheon, affect this loyalty, or root out those emotions. God has put some neutralizing drops into the most bitter cup. There prevails a kind of clanish spirit among the sable tenants of well-ordered households, which inclines them to rally round the descendants of those whom their ancestors recognized as masters. Long after emancipation has sundered the visible bond of dependence, they will speak, with apparent interest, of former association, and, in times of need, or of affliction, resort to them for succor and sympathy with an undefined feeling of identification and right. Books have been written on a variety of subjects. It would be well if some competent pen would furnish one on the mutual duties of master, or mistress, and servant. Much might be done to render more agreeable, and even to throw some gleams of sunshine over the toilsome drudgery of daily household labor.

Gentleness may be combined with firmness, and indulgence with authority, although the union is more frequently admitted in theory than practice. Perhaps every human heart possesses some chord which may be taught to vibrate in harmony with our most despotic requisitions, if we could learn the art of touching it properly. But there should be no despotic requisition on the part of those who govern. Obedience to domestic rule is essential to order, and should, therefore, be claimed. Habit renders it easy. We believe that skillful management may make it pleasant. To get the household machinery into regular motion, its various parts adapted to their specific purposes, and to each other, is the grand difficulty. Once thus arranged, it will proceed harmoniously, if not musically. But, ah! that arrangement—how much it costs! What untiring, persevering effort!—what repeated failures!—what numerous disappointments!—what trials of temper!—what self-reproaches!—what mortifications and vexations!—yes, like "the godly sorrow" of the Corinthians, "what carefulness—what clearing of ourselves—what indignation—what fear—what vehement desire—what zeal—what revenge!" And then must be superadded an experimental acquaintance with the whole list of virtues prescribed by the apostle. "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." These things *must* be in us, and *abound*. But let not the picture discourage us. We should aim at success. Even if we personally fail, our attempts may impart lessons to those who may accomplish more. All science, as connected with man, is essentially progressive in its character. That of government, whether of nations, or households, must be so. The elements of human nature are the same, indeed, through every generation; but the combinations in individual representations are almost endless. One experiment suggests another. The first spark of a great improvement may glimmer for ages, ere its light be augmented, or rendered advantageous. And though, in the Christian's rule of life, there can be neither change nor improvement, whether applied to the government of himself, his family, or the Church, the dimness and discrepancy of the moral vision makes the attainment of perfection difficult in all. Who does not, however, anticipate the arrival of that glorious period, when the will of God shall be done on the earth as in heaven? One family, brought under the control of that will now, would present a model more precious than human genius ever wrought, and be a universal blessing. What aspirant after moral excellence has not dreamed of creating such a paradise, and how many have wept in secret at the failure of their efforts? Would that the youthful readers of this sketch might be influenced by the

imagination of a home, where the will of God is the presiding spirit, to prepare themselves to make it theirs! Would that those mothers, who so sedulously seek to have their daughters educated, (in the worldly sense of the term,) would train them for household rule—to be the guardians and constructors of the happiness of home! Then, indeed, would we see the dawn of the millennium.

The law of kindness on the lips—
The law of love within the breast,
Hath gilded many a dark eclipse,
And light on even toil impressed.
Rul'd by its power, the household chain
Through every link with freedom moves;
Or if one jarring string complain,
It only the exception proves.
Few are the hearts which have no chords
Responsive to a kindly hand—
That gentle tones, and pleasant words,
Cannot with mastering sway command.
Man sitteth at the nation's helm,
And sword, and wealth, and law are his;
But home is woman's proper realm;
Her sceptre patient kindness is.

BEAUTY, PIETY, AND DEATH.

BY LAMDA.

I saw her fair and blooming as the rose,
Whose opening petals drink morn's dewy ray,
Or as the queenly star, which beauteous clouds
In peerless light, to ope the coming day.
Light was her step amid the festive throng—
The witching waltz—the gleeful, merry play;
And bright the circles which she moved among;
But none more bright, or proudly gay than she.
Lowly amidst a weeping throng she knelt,
With nodding plume, and fashion's gay attire;
Nor ask her prayer, nor what that hour she felt.
She rose; her cheek glowed with devotion's fire.
No more she moved mid pleasure's giddy throng,
Nor sought for bliss in fashion's proud array;
And many, wondering, asked why one so young
Should dash life's mirthful cup so quick away.
But on her face there beamed a lovelier light,
And on her coral lips a sweeter smile;
And angel-spirits might have loved the sight
Of one so beautiful—so free from guile.
An angel came and gently touched her cheek,
And laid his hand upon her marble brow:
Cold was that hand, and yet she bowed her meek,
And in earth's tranquil bosom slumbers now.
But, ere she slept, she spoke of visions bright—
Of seraph music, and of cherub bands;
And saw, reposing fair in heaven's own light,
The fadeless bowers of a happier land.

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BOOKS AND READING.

BY E. W. GRAY.

"The fount of life, outbursting from the throne
Of God, the deep Pierian fountain pure,
And Stygian pool, boiling damnation up—
All, all are open wide, and pouring out
Their various flood upon the thirsty world."

WHEN thousands of volumes are piled up within the precincts of a single library—when, in every city, and town, and village in the country, books have become an object of commerce—when the press is dropping her periodicals and papers at the door of every cottage, and thought and feeling are flying, with lightning speed, through the length and breadth of the land, reading matter must be abundant. And it is as various as it is abundant. The historian has made his record, the philosopher has spoken, the sensualist has belched forth his unholy passions, and the amateur of fiction, aloft on

"Imagination's airy wing,"

has told his dubious tale. And now, gentle reader, while we inquire for a moment into the character of books, and their adaptation to the respective powers of the human mind, we urge the importance of a rigid discrimination in the choice of your reading.

Books may be regarded as the embodiment of the light of ages past, whether elicited by reason or experience, or derived by observation; and it ought to inspire our gratitude to God, that we may, at pleasure, unseal its beams, and command its radiance upon our pathway to the tomb.

A due regard to the powers with which we are endued, should determine the character of our reading.

It is a conscious fact that the mind can treasure up knowledge—the knowledge of transpiring and passing events—and that it can retain this knowledge for purposes of future usefulness and happiness. The mind is *receptive* as well as *perceptive*; and, while it surveys the present, it can, through the medium of history, and aided by the imagination, traverse the broad and eventful past, linger among its manifold scenes, follow its restless changes, sigh at the tomb of fallen greatness, or, hanging upon the skirts of war or pestilence, shudder at its cruelties, or weep over its sufferings. It can throw its comprehensive embrace around all that is important, and, with God-like ubiquity and power, bear it off to the present and make it its own. History is the sanctuary of narrative truths, the home of facts; and, as such, it addresses the understanding. If, by its perusal, the feelings are affected, or the heart moved, it is incidental. It is not so much the centre of heat, as light; and its great object is to enlighten the mind, rather than warm the heart. Including biography, it is the grand panorama at which we may gaze, till we know more of the past than the present, and are as familiar with the great and good among the dead, as with our personal friends. It is the voice of

wisdom heard from the stormy past, admonishing us of the duties and responsibilities of the present, and warning us of the dangers and uncertainties of the future, and, therefore, worthy of our profoundest attention. But we hasten.

Again: man is endued with reasoning powers. He can not only retain important truths, but, by comparing what he does know, with things in some respects unknown, he can discover the unknown. By instituting such comparisons, he has already greatly extended the boundary of human wisdom, and increased the sum of human happiness. The power to do this is called reason; and, doubtless, it is not only *proper*, but highly important, to read such works as are addressed to our reason. Of this kind are philosophical works in general. Their perusal tends, directly and powerfully, to improve the reasoning powers, and elevate us in the scale of being. Man, unimproved by grace or study, is the image of the great God in ruins; and, with a nature that claims kindred with the seraphs, he gropes his obscure way down to the chambers of eternal night, scarcely ever turning

"A brute, unconscious gaze to heaven."

But the philosopher, recast into the hands of God, and purified from sin, stands forth again in the restored image of his maker, God, and sees

"Glory in the grass, and splendor in the flower."

With his soul purged from vulgar prejudices and fears,

"He climbs the heights of yonder starry road,
Rising through nature up to nature's God."

Doctor Young has told us, that

"An undevout astronomer is mad;"

and it cannot be doubted, that the profound deductions of human reason tend to inspire sentiments of gratitude to God. But the great object of philosophy, like that of history, is not to move upon the heart and passions, but to enlighten and gratify the intellectual nature of man.

When, six thousand years ago, the fiat of creative Power poured forth a fresh magnificence, and philosophic man was introduced upon the stage, amid the new-born realities that thronged earth and heaven, he began to observe and reason, and the light of science commenced its feeble illuminations. Dim was its radiance, and dense the ambient darkness. At last, the genius of inquiry stooped over the world, flash after flash of the peering intellect streamed across the brow of night, Reason threw off her magnificent coruscations, and the day arose. Thanks to God, that we live to bask in its meridian effulgence! Works on natural, intellectual, and moral philosophy, replete with the finest deductions of human wisdom, and pre-eminently calculated to feast the *reason*, invite the rich and the poor to their gratifying contents. And we earnestly recommend them to the attention of the young. They are the oracles of nature, speaking out of God's great temple,

to the infinite gratification and good of mankind; and it is a pleasing thought, that we need not go upon a pilgrimage to foreign lands to benefit from their wisdom. They will fortify the soul against superstition, fanaticism, and ultraism; and, associated with the Bible, will do much to preserve man in all his dignity, amid the degenerating and corrupting influences that are brought to bear upon him in the world; and, as such, they are worthy of our profoundest attention.

Man is a moral, religious being. Whether Jew, Christian, Mohammedan, or Pagan, he bows at his shrine, and worships; and all will concede, we believe, that as much of his present and ultimate happiness depends upon the proper exercise and development of his moral nature, as upon those of any other. It is in acts of devotion, that the Christian enjoys that hallowed unction from on high, which transforms hell to heaven, and, as he looks down the long future, fills him with rapturous anticipations.

Then, it is not only proper, but important, to read those works which address his moral powers, and inspire his devotions.

Of this class is the *Bible*. He that cannot press it to his bosom, with a holy gratitude that mounts up to heaven, is yet in the "gall of bitterness, and the bonds of iniquity." As a history, it is the oldest, and, in some respects, the best in the world. As a moral code—a system of moral philosophy, it is the most *reasonable* that ever claimed the attention of the human mind. Its study will, doubtless, improve man as a sentient intelligence. But its great object is to effect a moral renovation of the world. The region of its influence is the heart, and sanctification of the heart its object. It would detach our affections from the world, and lift them up to heaven, thus nourishing and strengthening our moral powers. It unveils to us the character of God, and exhibits his "bowels of compassion" in a thousand gracious promises, thus inspiring our devotions, and nourishing within us the tender emotions of love and gratitude. Idolatrous worldling, "thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Daughter of afflictions, trusting in God, look up: "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be."

"Skeptic, spare that book,
Touch not a single leaf,
Nor on its pages look
With eyes of unbelief."

Of this class are the lives and publications of holy men. He who sits down to Wesley, or Watson, or kindred authors, gets up a stronger and a better man. Of this class, also, are some of the poetical works extant. But here we must discriminate with caution. Poetry is the language of passion—often of excited and unholy passion. Fancy and feeling constitute its element; and, generally, its object is to play with the imagination, or move upon the affections—the great deep of the heart. That much

of our poetry is obscure, and fictitious in character, and dangerously corrupting in influence, is lamentably true; and we are sometimes warned of the enchantment of the "muse," without discrimination. But it would be worse than sacrilege, to bring the chaste and hallowed strains of poesy *élite*, the inspiring effusions of ransomed spirits, calculated, as they are, to light up the dark empire of the soul, and melt the heart to tenderness, under the ban of censure. We should not, then, reject all, but, *navis emuncte*, choose those only, which, while they enlighten the mind, and warm the heart, do not nourish within the breast an unholy or morbid passion. May I suggest, as a general rule, that, in the department of belles-lettres, we read only the productions of virtuous and good men? I am aware that this will keep out of the hand Shakspeare, Byron, Tom Moore, and other renowned authors; and it may keep out of the mind some rare and happy thoughts. But it will keep out of the heart an unholy influence, and save time for reading what is more highly beneficial, and free from their corruptions. But we pass, to glance at the world of fiction.

Man is endued with the powers of imagination. The truth of this proposition is attested by every man's consciousness; and, from the existence of such a faculty in the human mind, the propriety of novel reading is sometimes urged. We are gravely asked, "Why do we possess this faculty, if it be not right to exercise it; and, if it be right to exercise it, why not indulge in 'fictitious reading?'" That it is not only proper, but important to exercise this faculty, cannot be doubted; but that novel reading is a proper exercise of it, is a *non sequitur*—it does not follow. We believe that the imagination is acting out of its sphere, when it pushes off from all creation, to waste its energies in conjuring up ideals that can have no counterpart in real life. Besides, man is an impassioned being, and, unregenerated, his passions are unholy, and tend to greater depravity. Does this need proof? I ask the testimony of all experience and observation. Now, the novels extant, the ten thousand "late publications" and "newspaper yarns," that swarm America as did the locusts Egypt, are, generally, pressing appeals to some degenerate passion. I need not stop to prove it. Love, licentiousness, ambition, or revenge, constitutes the burden of the enchanting tale, as is attested by the most cursory observation. For the honor of American literature, and American genius, and American piety, would that they were not so often charged with infidelity and profanity! By ministering a momentary gratification to the thirsting passions, it nourishes them in the tortured bosom, increases their morbid insensibility, and the current of that unholy tide that so strongly bears off its victims to ruin. Hence, too, the enchantment of novels, and the peculiar tastes of novel readers. They neither enlighten the mind, nor improve the heart; and, hence,

he who aspires to higher attainments in knowledge and holiness, does not read them. He rejects them, as an intellectual and moral evil of the highest grade.

We do not, then, object to novel reading because it exercises the imagination, but because, by it, it is unprofitably exercised, and prostituted to the gratification of unsanctified passions. We would not choke and smother the passions, and damp the ardor of the imagination. We would not strip life of its sentimentality, and sink down the young and the old into an unfeeling and undistinguished monotony. Let the imagination plume itself for flights of dexterous daring, and, with history, ransack the past—with geography, travel round the world—with astronomy, scour the heavens—with philosophy, plunge into the darkest abyss of nature, or, with theology, mount up to heaven, and burn before the throne of the Almighty. And let the passions live, and act, each in its appropriate sphere. While the throbbing heart beats a march to heaven, we cherish an impassioned existence; but, when it pours forth "hot volumes," that consume as the fires of hell, shall we indulge it longer, and even prostitute the imagination to its nourishment? God forbid!

But may we not enter a world of fiction, where chastity is enshrined and sacred, and where fancy plays round the heart only to light up a dark scene, or beguile the troubled spirit? In the forcible language of Watson, we answer: "Is the real world so barren of incident, that we must create an ideal one to furnish it? Is man, as he is, so barren a subject of speculation, that we must contemplate him as a faultless, or faulty monster, that the world never saw? Is it so difficult to find originals, that we must ever laugh at the daubing of caricature? It is a libel upon our Maker—it is a satire upon humanity." The fair inference from all this is, that, though we are endued with powers of imagination, in all our reading we should discriminate between the substantial and fictitious; and that, of all those works which are addressed to the passions, or are calculated to reach and affect the heart, we should read only the productions of Christian authors.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

THIS name is an honored one in English history. John Hampden was one of the five members of the house of commons, proscribed by King Charles the First. He was a leader in the Parliamentary reform measures; and, afterward, a general in the field. Noble by birth, and a prince in fortune, his moral character never received a stain. In the battle of Chalgrove Field he was mortally wounded in the shoulder, and lived only a few weeks afterward. Pronounced a rebel while living, and even when dead, his grave is now visited by the brave and virtuous of all lands, and patriots of both hemispheres have watered his ashes with their tears.

THE THEATRE.

BY MISS MARIA JANE AGARD.

THE infant inmate of the nursery shakes his rattle, and is delighted; the schoolboy spins his top, and flies his kite, and is amused; the little schoolmiss, between her study-hours, builds her mimic parlor, dresses her miniature lady-doll, and deems herself an almost woman; the *adult child*, too, who esteems himself superior to the vulgar crowd, has his play-house—that modern school of vice, the theatre, or the opera. In this sink of wickedness are employed all means to please the taste, bewitch the senses, and lead the listener from virtue's paths. The actor imitates, in tone and gesture, the character he represents, varying each, according to the frivolous taste of those who are spell-bound, with passions, at his bidding—whose various emotions and affections are contending for the mastery of the whole man. The imagination is deluded—a dupe to deception of the most unwholesome character. The spectator lives in a world of fancy—of fiction. He is billow-tossed upon the stormy sea of passion, which is controlled entirely by the dangerous eloquence of the performer. He who listens with rapt intensity, sobs in real grief at counterfeit misery, and laughs heartily at the ribald jest of his mimic hero. He is delighted at supposed happiness; and in an ecstasy of rage, at artificial rascality, is ready to annihilate the imaginary knave, who has been guilty of such baseness.

He who has no more rational method of amusing himself after the toils, or, perchance, the idleness of the day, at night seeks this nursery of vice, to drown corroding reflection, or carking care—that he may drink the bewitching draught, which, like Lethe's waters, procures release from misery, temporary though it be, but to plunge the erring victim into a more ruinous state of mental and moral degradation.

Philosophers tell us that the passions exert a powerful influence on the thoughts, language, character, and happiness of men. The play-house is the fittest place to call forth the worst feelings, and exercise the worst passions of the human breast. Virtue demands that *real*, not imaginary good—*real*, not imaginary evil, be the objects of love and hatred. But in the play-house all is imaginary—nothing is real. Those practices which we witness most frequently become most familiar and pleasing to us. Contact with vice is, even to the wisest and most virtuous, fraught with danger.

One might say of plays, as Luther said of Rome, "He who goes for the first time, goes to seek" baseness and vulgarity; "the second time, he finds them; and the third time, he brings them away with him under his cloak; but now, people are become so clever, that they make the three journeys in one."

This place of amusement is made enticing by all

that can call forth the delightful emotions of the spectator. Music and poetry, with their rapturous symphonies—grace and genius, with their eloquent power—history and rhetoric, with their classic beauty, there delight the more intellectual portion of the fascinated crowd. But there is heard no praise to Jehovah in the thrilling but unholy melody. No knee is bent in supplication, or thanksgiving to the Lord of hosts. No penitent sinner, eloquent in his extremity, is pleading the merits of a Savior's blood. There is beautiful mimic scenery spread out to cheat the eye; but there can be no soft-tinted rainbow, with its hues so gorgeous, and,

"With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea," hung out as a covenant between God and man. There are the works of Shakspeare and Racine, and a thousand others, heralded and acted; but never within its walls is the tragedy of Calvary told to blind and dying men.

There is another theatre, so vast man's eye has never scanned—his foot never trodden—his conception never understood it; for its bounds are beyond the comprehension of the human mind. Man's intellect is incapable of grasping its immensity—of contemplating its scenery—of viewing its actors. Its foundations were laid when man was not. God, its sole proprietor, is the only being capable of fully comprehending his work, and of viewing the whole at one "*coup d'œil*." The situation of this theatre is unrivaled—its architecture magnificent. It is the *universe—God's theatre*. In this mighty *play-house* have been acted the most important and wonderful dramas conceivable. At its opening, about six thousand years ago, the first grand drama was performed. The whole occupied six periods, or days. Its effects will be known, and its praises celebrated to all eternity. Near two thousand years after, another most extraordinary scene was acted, the likeness of which never before was, and never can again be viewed by man. A world of waters was the stage—a world of human beings the victims.

Again and again has our planet been witness of the parts of one great drama, which will close only when time shall cease to be. One act of deep interest had for its place of exhibition the city of Nain. A widow wept for her only son, about to be consigned to the last resting-place of the dead on earth. A word from Him who had life-giving power, and the bands of death were burst—the restored son again comforted his mother.

There were two meek, maiden sisters dwelling in a happy cottage of Bethany. One only brother was their soul protector, and yet he might not always be spared to them. For a wise purpose, he was permitted to sicken and die. The sisters mourned his loss, and the more deeply, for their Friend—their Comforter—their Master was away. But he came, and Lazarus was restored to life, health, and happiness with his pious sisters.

There was a scene of surprising grandeur on Sinai's Mount. It was illuminated by the living light of heaven—the leaping, forked lightning. The artillery of the upper regions, with its hoarse, tempestuous howl, gave awful solemnity to the scene. The mountain, like a king among his subjects, wore a crown more superb than ever graced a human monarch's brow—a cloudy wreath of misty, gray, impenetrable gloom. A trumpet's voice, exceeding loud, re-echoed from the rocky flanks of Sinai, till all who heard were filled with a fearful trembling. A murky smoke enveloped the spot; for God, its author, had there descended, in a chariot of fire, to converse with man. No terrible eruption from Hecla's bosom could have been more terrible; for “the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mountain quaked greatly.” Longer and louder waxed the trumpet's sound, when Moses ascended to the presence of Deity; but the people might not touch the Mount, nor gaze on Him, the holy One, lest they perish. Forty days dwelt that favored lawgiver in the audience-room of Jehovah; and when he descended again, to walk once more among the haunts of man, his countenance continued to wear so superhuman a resplendence, that the people could not look thereon. As the natural sun pains the uncovered eye that gazes toward it, so the supernatural glow of this reflection of the Sun of righteousness needed to be obscured from the vision of Israel. Where, among modern plays, shall we look for a scene like this?

Another tragedy, of thrilling and universal interest, was exhibited about four thousand years after the opening of this grand panorama. The principal Actor was the wisest and most perfect being that ever wore the human semblance. The whole, consisting of several acts, occupied, in its performance, thirty-three years, and ended with the death, burial, resurrection, and ascension of his human nature, and the triumph of his divinity. By the first great drama, man was produced—by the last, he was redeemed, nobly, yet undeservedly, from everlasting destruction.

Many and bloody have been the minor, though tragic scenes, since that period, on this little star, which is to the universe as but a drop in the vast ocean. During the sixteenth century, half the world was convulsed with wars of unholy conquest—tragedies which ended in the death of thousands of the actors. And what will be the result of the horrid drama now in action on our southern stage? Already have thousands fallen—murdered victims to unholy passions, and ambitious thirst for conquest. Pennsylvania mourns the loss of her gifted Ringgold and Watson; Kentucky, her gallant M'Kee and Clay; Illinois, her brave Hardin; and Arkansas, her intrepid Yell. O, may the scene soon change—the present is too sad! Many a heart now mourns over the loss of friends.

DOING GOOD.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

“Who went about doing good.”

In doing good to others, we are conferring inestimable blessings upon ourselves. That we should not do good merely in view of this fact, or that this should not be the only motive to usefulness, we freely admit; but still we are permitted to have some reference to our own happiness and well-being, in our efforts to be useful to others. To labor with nothing in view but our own individual good, is the selfishness which we have already condemned; and to labor for the good of others, without *any* reference to our own happiness, present or future, is a “disinterested benevolence” at variance with the Scripture teachings on the subject. Moses “had respect unto the recompense of reward;” Paul kept his eye steadily fixed on “the crown of life,” and the Savior taught his disciples to “rejoice rather that their names were written in heaven.”

All who properly engage in works of beneficence, will find it exceedingly profitable to themselves. All efforts put forth for the good of man have a reflex action: they will be felt on those who make them, as well as on those who are the immediate objects of them. Beneficence gives stability of Christian character—keeps all the graces of the spirit in a vigorous, healthy state—enables us to overcome difficulties in the way of our spiritual prosperity—refines, polishes, and, to some extent, perfects Christian character, and furnishes the purest enjoyment.

On the last thought we will detain the reader a few moments. There is a luxury in doing good. An unspeakable satisfaction always attends this work. Dear reader, did you ever do good to the souls or bodies of men, without feeling a real pleasure in it? Have not your happiest hours been hours devoted to this work? Have you not sometimes felt that your enjoyment could hardly be enhanced while engaged in the work of philanthropy? Blessed employment!—that of angels, and of the best and purest spirits of earth!—that in which thousands of noble hearts, too choice for earth, have toiled, suffered, and died! Died, did I say! Their bodies, it is true, slumber in the tomb, awaiting the glorious “resurrection of the just;” but their pure spirits mingle in the delightful exercises of the celestial paradise, while on earth they live embalmed in the memories of the good, the noble, and the great of all generations. “Their works follow them.” They loved their work: it “made their hearts rejoice;” it afforded them the purest, sweetest pleasure. Reader, imitate them, if you would be happy on earth, and ultimately find a place in the first constellation of heaven.

An excellent lady belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of N., devoted most of her

time in doing good to others. She was kind, modest, affable, and patient. Her very countenance bespoke the goodness of her heart. A serenity sat upon her "brow," and her eye evidently expressed the benevolence of her soul. Her whole character seemed to be formed for an angel of mercy. At the sick bed, the cottage of poverty, the house of bereavement, and at the altar of inquiring penitents, she was often found administering instruction, relief, and consolation. She was always happy, because always doing good. She had learned that well-doing affords the richest enjoyments—that doing good to others and the purest pleasure are inseparably connected. "Rejoice and do good" was a Scriptural requirement, which she seemed never to forget, and which she observed with the strictest fidelity. Though not rich, she always had enough for her own comfort, and, as occasion required, to administer to the necessities of others. She had realized, to a considerable extent, the truth of the Scripture: "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed." May some guardian angel attend thee through all thy future meanderings to the promised rest, and there, amid the greetings of kindred spirits, "reap" the rewards of "well-doing!"

Doing good is often spoken of in the Scriptures as a work of the highest moment, and is there urged as a most imperative duty. We are there taught that "man" is "to do good in his life"—that we are "to do good and communicate"—that, "as we have opportunity, we are to do good unto all men"—that we are not to be "weary in well-doing;" and that we are to be "zealous in good works." Thus do the Scriptures speak on the subject. They are clear, definite, positive—no language can be more direct and unequivocal. Reader, do they thus speak to you? Are you the individual addressed? If so, make no apologies—offer no excuses—immediately commence the work of doing good, "and do it with thy might." Remember that God hath sent thee into his vineyard to labor for him. "Thy work is fitted to thy powers. It is for thee and thee only." If it remains undone, who can contemplate the results without alarm? Thy negligence may not "tarnish the Savior's crown, or dim a single ray of his ineffable glory;" but it may wring from thy agonizing spirit unavailing regrets.

Many noble spirits, from a pressing sense of duty, have consecrated their all to this God-like work, and have entered, with becoming zeal, some department in the great field of usefulness. We should delight to mention some of their names, were it proper; for their names are "like ointment poured forth;" but we must be content to let their works speak. "Their praise is in all the Churches, and their record on high." They are wielding an influence far-reaching in its results. By their abundant and well-adapted labors, they are, to a great extent, shaping and fashioning the nation's character—they

are directing the nation's energies—they are giving the national mind a bias for the most beneficial and glorious achievements.

A life of usefulness will be crowned with the rewards of heaven. "Glory, honor, and peace," are promised "to every man that worketh good." How this reward is obtained, we are thus informed: "By patient continuance in well-doing we seek for glory, honor, immortality, eternal life." When it will be obtained, the apostle informs us: "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for, in *due season*, we shall reap, if we faint not." Many difficulties may attend our labors; but the reward is certain. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall, *doubtless*, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

To enjoy the glorious rewards of heaven after a life of usefulness, how transportingly delightful! There our toils will all be over, and "the rest shall be glorious." How sweet is rest often after the toils and labors of the day! How sweet will the rest of heaven be to the Christian, when life's toils are past! Delightful thought! What Christian can contemplate it in the present world without joy! What will its participation be in heaven! It is not the joy the traveler feels when he stops for the night to rest his weary limbs, amid the excessive toil of his journeyings, but the joy he will feel when he finds himself safe at his journey's end—not the joy the soldier feels amid the strife and labors of the battle-field, but the joy that will swell his bosom, when he shall have returned from the scene of conflict, crowned with the honors of victory.

There is friendship in heaven. Christian friendship, though sweet on earth, is often mixed with sorrow.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That knows not here an end.
O, were this world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

No sundering of ties in heaven—no partings experienced there—no evils there to mar or disturb our friendship! How delightful to meet with those we loved on earth! With them, perhaps, we prayed and suffered in the cause of God—with them, we fought and conquered; now we are permitted to renew the friendship, commenced on earth, where it will ripen into the bliss of heaven.

May none of the readers of the Repository lose the rewards of heaven! Having fulfilled my promise, I will leave the theme for the present, praying that those who have read what I have hastily written on the subject, may be led to greater usefulness, and finally participate in the approbation and rewards of the "good and faithful servants." May they follow their divine Master in the great work of benevolence, and at last obtain the heavenly reward!

ONENESS OF CHARACTER.

BY ANNO.

EVERY event of life is an epoch in our history, leaving its impress on the receiving mind, and, important as its consequence, tends to facilitate or retard the great object of human existence.

Life is made up of a succession of changes—of changes, not in the nature of things themselves, but consisting of an ever-varying difference, or succession of like appearances.

All events may leave impressions on the mind; but it can generally control or govern these impressions. And, amid the almost infinite variety of "changes," is it not impossible to gain, and continue a oneness of character? We answer, if character depends upon following every change, then it must be yielded an impossibility. But, character has its standard, long since established by One, who, grasping in his infinite understanding the long variety of time, has regulated its essential characteristics by his own perfect model.

Character never changes; but persons change, who, at different times, may really possess different characters. Were it not so, there could be no reformation in life, or any delinquencies in conduct. A. may be a drunkard to-day, and to-morrow sign the pledge, and ever after be a sober man.

But, we did not intend to write an essay on character in general: we will be content to speak of one feature only—Christian character; nor do we intend to dwell on the various elements that constitute the Christian. We will consider, at present, that essential, but *not* too frequent trait—"oneness of character." By this we mean a regularity and consistency of Christian deportment.

Suppose the Christian before us, arrayed in the heavenly "adorning" of virtue. He is yet a probationer for eternity. Though started in the right "way," still danger besets every side. Amid these difficulties, how welcome a guide—one that will steer the little bark safely through, and land it on the opposite shore in triumph! The Bible is such a guide: it is the charter of the Christian's privileges, and an exalted source of spiritual instruction.

But we proceed to consider the *necessity and advantage* of our subject—"oneness of character."

1. It is necessary in order to stability of character. Without this feature, nothing valuable can be gained in any department in life. What constitutes a *true* friend? One who is a friend *always*. Then to "know Christ" should be a fixed purpose, and to be adhered to for ever; then shall we be "rooted and grounded in his love," and keep the "unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace."

2. It is necessary to a *growth* in the Christian graces. The command to grow in grace cannot be disregarded, without present loss and final disap-

pointment. Religion consists in doing the will of God. Then self must be denied, and the Christian will advance in spiritual enjoyment, steadily pursuing the "path of life." Paul says: "This one thing I do: leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," even to that "crown of life," prepared for all that love the Savior's appearing.

Again: the advantages secured to the believer, in the stability of Christian conduct, present our holy religion in its most engaging charms. And, first, it has "promise of the life that *now* is," in securing victory over temptation. Long as we tabernacle in the flesh, we may expect "divers temptations;" but, if we have a fixed purpose of heart to glorify God, we may "count it all joy," expecting soon to come off "more than conquerors, through Him that loves us." Secondly, it secures a holy state of the passions and affections. These are governed by the law of love—of supreme love to God and equal love to others. Hence, if it be the *one* desire of our hearts and lives "His only love to know," we may add,

"My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast."

Finally, it will secure the most pleasing reflections in a dying hour, and aid the spirit in its flight to worlds of cloudless light on high.

"IT IS THE LORD."

BY EMMA CHARLOTTE.

"It is the Lord;" then why repine?
Though bitter draughts are mixed for thee,
Thy life, thy all, to him resign;
This world's no resting-place for thee.

"It is the Lord;" he knows thy case;
Infinite love is still the same.
He will afford sufficient grace:
Take up the cross—despise the shame.

"It is the Lord;" he will not grieve
Nor willingly afflict his child;
When faith is tried, he will relieve;
Then to his will be reconciled.

"It is the Lord;" if thy heart sink
In these mild streams, what wilt thou do
When, standing on life's utmost brink,
The floods of Jordan meet thy view?

"It is the Lord;" then weep no more,
Though trials seem to press thee down;
This suffering life will soon be o'er:
Prove faithful—thou shalt wear the crown.

OFFICIOUS THOUGHT.

BY EMMA CHARLOTTE.

PEACE, active memory, nor wake
Those tender chords that vibrate so—
Those tones that o'er the spirit break
With some remembrances of woe.

Peace, memory! why bring again
The loved of other days to mind—
The gentle form, the valued name,
With sweet associations twined?

Peace, memory! thou may'st not now,
With faithful pencil trace those scenes;
The pebbled beach, the cliff's tall brow,
The cottage with its evergreens,

The sloping bank, on which we played
Through many a smiling summer day,
The tall elms, with their cooling shade,
As fresh as if of yesterday.

Peace, memory! those sunny days,
And those loved ones, have passed away:
Immortal hope, with cheerful rays,
Points upward to a brighter day.

THE ANGEL HARPER.

BY M. R. D.

I HEARD a wild fairy boy singing last night:
He had perched on the edge of my cap for "a height;"
And he poured such deep melody full in my ear,
That scarcely this morning aught else I can hear!

You may think it was fancy; I say it was not:
With the pert little warbler I angrily fought,
And tried to discomfit him oft and again;
But it only just made him re-echo his strain.

Then I thought I'd just listen to what he was saying:
Each accent was clear—he on three tones was playing;
But through his wild numbers so rapid he fled,
That I could not distinguish a word that he said.

Now I have heard people say, "O, the death-bell is
ringing,"

And I'll vouch, 'twas this same fairy minstrel's wild
singing

That thus did alarm them! It broke on my sleep—
A strange, plaintive melody—passionate—deep!

Such a one! it recalled the bright hopes of my youth—
First impressions of life—pure and lovely as truth,
But truthless as bright; yet, so soothing their powers,
They come o'er my heart as the dew upon flowers.

O, how any one ever could cherish a thought,
To that fair fairy boy with injustice so fraught,
Is a mystery to me, since he ne'er spoke a word
That was e'er understood, or, indeed, ever heard!

And thus to accuse him because he doth sing,
And tones of most unearthly richness can bring,
Is a proof that the spirit, with prejudice blind,
No good in the meekest and purest can find.

O, say 'tis an angel who comes from above
To pour on our spirits these breathings of love:
"Love thinketh no evil; love casteth out fear;"
"Love seeketh his poor brother's burden to bear."

O, list to that harper's free numbers awhile,
And he'll change your dark scowl to a love-speaking
smile;

"Just listen;" and if this blest truth you don't prove,
'Tis because the dark side of the picture you love!

LINES

COMPOSED ON THE RECEPTION OF THE REPOSITORY.

BY MRS. HELEN TREUSDELL.

THOU comest to me, bright messenger,
With many garlands, wrought
Of all the fairest, purest things
Of intellect and thought.

Within thy modest pages
Thou truly dost inclose
The lily's sweet humility,
With the beauty of the rose.

Thy prose is high and holy—
To thy verse it doth belong,
In sweet and solemn cadence,
To bear the soul in song.

Thine is a noble office,
To elevate the mind,
And lift the drooping spirit,
From the dross of earth refin'd.

Then, welcome, ever welcome,
To my heart and to my home;
With such a gentle monitor,
I surely cannot roam

From the paths of truth and virtue,
Which thou dost sweetly blend:
Then come, and I will hail thee
As an old, familiar friend.

And when my mind is sorrowful,
With bitter thoughts oppress'd,
I'll turn thy pages o'er, and read
The "gatherings of the west."

GRAY'S APOSTROPHE TO LADIES.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Not all that glisters, gold.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1847.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

THE TRIUMPH OF AURELIAN.

STATION yourself, my reader, in imagination at least, on some lofty elevation, in the ancient city of Rome. You are fond, I will suppose, of grand and imposing spectacles; and I will show you one, which, perhaps, was never surpassed for sublimity, and may never be repeated in this world.

The imperial city is thronged with people. Not only are all the streets crowded with one dense mass of beings, but the surrounding heights are covered with them. The roofs of the palaces, and temples, and both the roofs and windows of the larger dwellings, are black with spectators. Wherever there is a little tumulus or mound, there the people crowd up and stand thickest; and from ladders, and other similar supports, like swarming bees, they hang in living masses. Far away, and on every side farther than the eye can reach, extends this vast sea of human beings; and there arises from it an indistinct murmur, which falls and swells, as the wind blows from or to you, like the changeful voices of the ocean.

When you have surveyed this mighty scene sufficiently, lead me your eye a moment, while I point out the cause of a great excitement, just started on the eastern and outer border of this circumference of living beings. You can descry those men with trumpets. They are heralds, proclaiming the near approach of the august emperor, Aurelian, and clearing a road for him through the almost solid mass of people. The heralds are followed by two files of lictors, one on each side of the royal highway, to guard it from the encroachments of the spectators. Another band of heralds passes along the avenue, to see that all is ready. Now, after a pause, a third band comes, and the royal procession follows close behind it.

The imperial pomp begins with an advanced battalion of twenty elephants. These are supported by a platoon of four royal tigers. Next, a promiscuous rout of the most curious of animals, collected from the three known quarters of the globe, bring up the rear of this first division of the triumph.

Sixteen hundred gladiators, armed to the teeth, and destined to the bloody sports of the Coliseum, very properly succeed this fierce array from the fields and forests.

The third division displays the wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of many conquered nations, and the splendid plate and wardrobe of a subjugated Syrian princess.

Embassadors from the most remote climes, and from all the countries between Egypt and China, all dressed in the richest splendor, and according to their several customs, march along in their magnificence.

Costly presents of gold and silver, graciously received by the emperor from subject provinces and cities, and among them imperial crowns of gold, set with rare pearls and diamonds, are next exhibited by a long train of dependents. This is a very brilliant display, and dazzles the eyes of the plebeian multitude.

An immense retinue of captives, chained together at their wrists, and with heads drooping on their breasts, next throw a season of melancholy into the passing

pageant. Your eye will be particularly detained, and, perhaps, strange feelings will rise within you, while a small band of Gothic heroines, styled Amazons by the conqueror, pass by, in sedate and mournful silence. So great is the number of captives, that they are a long time in passing; but, when the last file of common prisoners has gone forward, two royal persons hold the mute wonder of the multitude. They are fastened together by a golden chain, the falling ends of which are carried by two slaves in half purple. As they walk apart from the throng both before and behind them, you have a space, expressly left you, to contemplate their character, their aspect, and their condition.

But the rush of people, and the coming of new splendors, forbid much individual discrimination. Four rich chariots follow in the rear of the broken-hearted captives. The first three are hung with the ensigns of slavery. The fourth, decked with all the magnificence of oriental taste and wealth, is drawn by four stags from beyond the Danube, and bears the proud emperor, Aurelian, flushed with his eastern victories.

In close order, in the rear of the triumphal car, march the Roman senate, the victorious army, and a promiscuous concourse of citizens and strangers. These last close up the grand procession.

As the car of Aurelian moves forward, the vast crowd of visitors swing their arms; the matrons and maidens of Rome throw up their robes and scarfs; and all the people shout and rend the heavens with their joyful salutations. The emperor, full of his exaltation, transported by the scene enacted all around him, and even oppressed by the weight of his glory, bows, and smiles, and sheds tears of joy, as he receives the homage of his subjects.

While the imperial chariot is passing through the many triumphal arches, erected at the expense of the empire, and adorned by the richest spoils of art and nature, the august monarch alleviates the severity of his emotions by catching the flying garlands, showered from the house-tops, or thrown upon him by the surrounding multitude. Standing, at length, before the high altar of the Capitol, he sacrifices to his gods a score of white oxen, and offers up his thanksgivings in the hearing of all the people. At the conclusion of these public ceremonies, the royal car moves on again; and, when it halts before the great gate leading into the palace of the Cæsars, the emperor is almost happy to make his escape from the intolerable adulations of the populace. Reclining, at last, upon his Roman couch of state, or on his oriental divan of costly manufacture, his heart swells with pride, as he looks back upon the magnificent splendor of his triumph.

And you shall have, my reader, the same chance for reflection. You may review this mighty spectacle. You may compare it with any similar one recorded on the page of history. You may endeavor to match it with any scene this side of the general judgment; but, when you have failed to do so, you may wish to know the occasion of such a pageant.

I will tell you. It was the triumph of Aurelian, the Roman emperor, who, in the course of three or four campaigns, had humbled the naked savages of France and Germany, and carried his conquests to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The two royal captives, before mentioned, were the principal representatives of these eastern and western victories. Tetricus, the rude emperor of the north, had assumed the government of

Gaul, Spain, and Britain, at the instigation of his ambitious mother; but, when met by the legions of Aurelian, had not the courage to maintain his pretensions. Weak at heart, though commanding the whole north of Europe, he betrayed his own cause into the hands of the emperor, and, by a stratagem, delivered himself up a prisoner of war. Aurelian, a man capable of admiring a soldier, or of despising a coward, looked upon his northern captive with silent contempt. But Zenobia, the other royal prisoner, whom he had taken while defending the capital of her empire, he had been at first forced to respect, and afterward learned to admire. The one, though a man in sex, had made himself more than a woman, by his fear and treachery; the other, a female by birth, had thrown the splendor of many a manly virtue around her tottering throne. Tetricus was honored by being permitted to walk, though in chains, in the company of this heroine; but Zenobia, though she had been going to a festival, would have been disgraced by her contact with such a slave.

It was not, then, over the fallen monarch of the north that Aurelian triumphed. It was not for him that the Roman senate had decreed this grand display. It was for Zenobia, the Queen of Palmyra—the illustrious defender of her hereditary throne, and of the lives and fortunes of her people. But how came this female with the means of creating all this excitement in the imperial city of the world? The answer to this question may convey a lesson to many a female mind.

Zenobia traced her descent to the Macedonian kings of Egypt, and was, consequently, allied to the celebrated Cleopatra by the ties of blood. Inheriting, from her husband, Odenatus, the cares and honors of a throne, she extended its influence both east, and west, and south, by her address and courage. Aided by a general of great martial virtue, she always commanded his loyalty by the superiority of her genius; and her army, however elated by their consequence at every grand achievement, or to whatever extent they carried their admiration of their idolized commander, never lost their submission to her, who had so constantly demonstrated the depth of her faculties, and the decision of her mind. Such was the power to which she had elevated her government, and so formidable had she made her name over all the east, that Gallienus, the predecessor of Aurelian on the throne of the Cæsars, was glad to acknowledge the justice of her sovereignty over a race of warriors, whom he had not himself the power or the opportunity to humble. Her title being thus established, she not only maintained the glory of her deceased husband, but eclipsed it by rivaling the power and splendor of the Roman empire.

It was not, then, by the partialities of fortune merely, that Zenobia became the ruling spirit of western and southwestern Asia. It was rather by the force of her own character, which, from her childhood, she had improved by the most careful discipline. The influence of culture, in fact, was never more happily illustrated, than in her example. It was by severe discipline, that she exalted her physical, and intellectual, and moral qualities to that pitch of excellence, where she found herself capable of commanding obedience from her subjects, and the respect and gratitude of foreign nations.

We are told by the classical historians, that Zenobia was accustomed to regard the development of her physical character as a part of her daily business. Believing, as she did, that a sound mind in a sound body was the

perfection of a human being, she neglected no opportunity of giving strength and vigor to her system. Her husband, Odenatus, was a renowned sportsman, and, like Louis the Thirteenth, of France, spent more hours in the chase than in the chancery; but, whether he pursued the fox by the light bark of his beagles, or followed his hounds after the bounding stag, or circumvented the wild boar of the forest by his armed companions, Zenobia, as a means of discipline to her body, seldom permitted him to surpass herself in interest and zeal for the occasion. The apparent indelicacy of her amusement—palliated by her situation, which afforded a princess no safe opportunity for exercise, except as defended by the presence of an armed company—is not to be raised against her; while her excellent example, and the principles on which she based it, are worthy of universal approbation.

The body needs discipline to regulate and develop it; and, as we see in the example of this princess, abundant and skillful exercise is the surest guaranty to female beauty. By all the historians, the Queen of Palmyra is acknowledged to have been one of the most beautiful of women. In natural complexion a brunette, her teeth are described as of a pearly whiteness; her eyes were dark and brilliant; her figure, though small and delicate, was extremely dignified and vigorous; her attitudes and movement were free and graceful; and her voice, strengthened by action, and modulated by practice, was at once soft, and sweet, and sonorous. Her presence commanded respect; her manners secured admiration; and her words, so fitly were they spoken, carried with them, at once, the sweetness of a suppliant and the authority of a queen.

But Zenobia had still higher qualities to recommend her. Gifted by nature with extraordinary mental susceptibilities, she had expanded and regulated her mind by the most patient study. Fortunate in the services of that Longinus, whose comment on the sublimity of the Bible has rendered his name so famous, she made great attainments in all the arts and sciences. Like the Lady Jane Grey, she excelled in language, and spoke the Coptic, Greek, and Syriac, with almost equal fluency and freedom. Her love of history rose to the intensity of a passion; and her brief *Annals of Alexandria*, including many beautiful episodes on the geography and revolutions of several eastern countries, were famed for their depth of learning, originality of research, and refined elegance of diction. Spending the first hours of morning in healthful amusements, till the body should recover tone from its state of sleep and inactivity, the middle part of every day, when the cares of the throne admitted of it, were devoted to intellectual labors, under the guidance of her illustrious tutor. Happy were those hours, which, in that company, were given to those duties. Pleasing was the task to study under such a master—delightful was the labor of guiding the ardor of such a pupil; and the result of such a union could not be otherwise than glorious. Longinus had the honor to be acknowledged as the instructor of his sovereign; and Zenobia derived a glory from being the friend of her preceptor, and the benefactor of her people.

It should not, however, be concealed, that virtue is a higher attribute than intelligence; and, if the empress of Palmyra, with all her dignity of person and power of intellect, had not been possessed, also, of exalted moral excellence, it must be confessed that her character would have wanted the chief element of perfection.

Strange as it may seem for a female, standing forth as the rival of Roman supremacy, and prominent in all the political struggles of her day, to live and die without a single stain upon her reputation, this praise, nevertheless, must be awarded to Zenobia. Pure as the driven snow in her thoughts and feelings, she had no enemy vile or bold enough to asperse the fame of her example. Though, according to the custom of her age and country, she could scarcely avoid exhibiting her sociality at feasts and entertainments, where the sweet wines of the east were accustomed to flow quite profusely, yet, in her most unbounded festivities, she was never known to overpass the just limits of sobriety and decorum. Nor was temperance her only moral virtue. By consulting both the Latin and Greek historians, the reader will find her to have been considered a pattern for almost every human excellence. Mild in her general manner, she knew how to assume a degree of spirit without passing over into roughness. The humanity of her disposition was shown on every occasion. Her integrity, so repeatedly and severely tested, never received a blemish; and, when her remains were deposited on the banks of the Tiber, even her conquerors were unable to reproach her. There her dust now sleeps, waiting its summons at the resurrection; and, if virtue is to be admired for its own worth, and much more, that it may not have had the supports and encouragements of revelation, then might an angel come down from heaven and pronounce a blessing upon her ashes.

But an angel need not be summoned. The character of Zenobia is immortal in her reputation. Once since the world was made, history has done justice to a female sovereign; and, though a shade passed over her at the execution of Longinus, whom the soldiery demanded as a sacrifice to the memory of their fallen countrymen, truth speedily avenged her insulted innocence, and raised her to the rank of a spotless benefactor.

But the death of that philosopher deserves a passing tribute. When Aurelian, after two severe and bloody engagements, had forced his way to the gates of Palmyra, the widow of Odenatus, foreseeing her danger, and conscious of the value of her life to her distracted empire, followed the counsels of her ministers, and sought safety beyond the banks of the Euphrates. But the Roman, eager to obtain such a trophy to grace his contemplated triumph, brought her back by the hands of fleet messengers, and spent his rage on Longinus, her accomplished and elegant instructor. There he fell, within the gates of his native city, wept by all who knew him, and mourned by every polite scholar in the world. If it was a crime to have been a philosopher of ardent zeal in the cause of truth and humanity—if to spend one's days in the study of God's works, and of the productions of men of genius in all ages, be an offense; or, if the composition of many of the purest and sublimest treatises ever written, added to the daily task of leading a powerful princess along the flowery, but narrow paths of virtue, be counted worthy of condemnation, then did this man fall justly, and we have not a tear to shed over his untimely end. But, to speak more properly, if there is any value in truth, any merit in innocence, any reward for the maintenance of every human virtue, or any punishment reserved for the destroyer of one of earth's brightest and purest models, then will the trumpet of the archangel call the unfeeling Aurelian to a fearful, though just retribution. Did I know the spot where this classic writer fell, it would be a consolation to go

and gather stones from the bed of some neighboring streamlet, and raise a rude memorial to his memory. But, like the prophet of Israel, he sleeps, and no man can point out his monument. The stars of heaven saw him fall, but they are silent. The zephyrs breathed upon his lifeless form, but they give us not a whisper of his resting-place. We must leave him for ever in his loneliness; but, as the hoarse winds of the Mediterranean sweep over the land, and sigh among the ruins of his native city of palms, I will mingle my sorrows with their wail, and call upon the everwakeful stars to watch for his rising.

The character of Zenobia is chiefly remarkable for its completeness. She seems to have paid due attention to her physical, intellectual, and moral wants. In this respect her example was most rare and striking; and I have sometimes ventured to think that it would be a fine model for the present generation. It is not unusual for the ladies of our day to neglect those active employments, which would develop their muscular system, give roundness and perfection to their figures, add the crimson of glowing health to their cheeks, and symmetry and beauty to their persons. Some, wasting all these advantages on their idleness, and not, at the same time, losing their desire to appear beautiful, resort to numerous expedients to supply the lack of nature, both as to habit and to color. But the world is not cheated. It can readily discover the deception, which, were it not so common, would be thought indecorous. To all such I would offer my princess as their pattern. The form of Zenobia was round and full; but these engaging qualities were the result, not of skill, but of exercise. Her cheek bloomed with the tints of beauty; but they were laid on, not by brush or pencil, but by health, the queen of artists. Her voice was soft and musical, not because she had learned to lip and simper, but by a free development of its natural properties. In short, she was, in person, one of the loveliest of women, from having drawn out and finished her physical faculties by due care and discipline.

Her estimate of intellectual culture I have barely noticed; but it may furnish a useful hint to many a young lady. The mind is more lasting than the body. Physical beauty, however finished, is evanescent. The natural decay of life, and the vicissitudes of sickness, and the cares of revolving years, will make sad havoc with the blushing honors of a young beauty. That row of pearls will lose its whiteness—those sweet, blue eyes may fade, or fill with sorrow; and those cheeks, now dimpled with health, must waste, and sink, and become pale or sallow. But, when all these charms have passed away, the mind may perpetuate more than the recollection of early bloom. It has power to transfer to its possessor the most attractive graces—it may throw around the blighted aspect of middle life, and over even the withered form of age, a halo of the most lovely splendor; nay, when all else has fled or faded, he who at first admired only a combination of shape and color, will be happy in the appreciation of more real and less changeable excellence. When the casket has perished, he will rejoice in the discovery of a hidden jewel. The home, the fireside, the domestic circle, once cheerful by the influence of personal endowments, will shine, with superior lustre, in the light of intellectual beauty. Dwell, then, my fair reader, with just admiration on the pattern set before you. Let the mental qualities and the literary taste of Zenobia be your model. Store your

mind with all useful learning. Develop, and cultivate, and refine every intellectual faculty. Be conversant with all nature, with the deeds and thoughts of former ages, and with the foreshadowings of the great future. Then, like Palmyra's queen, you will be prepared to retain the respect of all mankind, in the very worst of fortunes.

But, in this age, piety is, perhaps, more common than native virtue. Even woman, serene as is her natural temper, unruffled, as it is, by the storms of business, seems to have imbibed from her lord a passion for excesses. And, though piety is the perfection of our moral nature, it has become the fashion to leap into it from the most opposite positions. Society, in this respect, is separated into two classes, with a wide space between them. The majority of persons remain in the lower state till the stings of conscience cut them to the quick, when, by a sudden salutation, they throw themselves to a high pitch of spiritual perfection. Few, like the Queen of Palmyra, make the improvement of their moral being a daily business. Many, neglecting this advantage, never find the energy or the courage to make the last exertion; but fall back upon a careless or a wicked life, when they deem it too late for the final struggle. O, how much better to set before us virtue as a study, pursuing it as a scholar does his science, each day pressing forward and making sure advancement! Nor can this pursuit be commenced too early, or be too far or too late extended. The whole life should be given to it. The first moments of its gay morning, and the mature hours of its meridian, and the day's long and slow decline, should begin, perpetuate, and increase it.

All these duties were punctually performed by her over whose captivity the proud Aurelian triumphed. Zenobia had spent her life in the work of self-education. Every element of personal strength and beauty, every faculty of her intellectual nature, and every trait and feature of moral excellence, had been the object of her culture. As the means of this threefold improvement, she employed the influence of much out-door exertion, the wisdom of many a classic volume, and the profound precepts and pure example of the most amiable of instructors.

But, with all her virtues, she has now fallen from the height of her prosperity. Her husband she has buried; her children have been banished from her embraces; and now, no longer acknowledged by her queenly title, but known in Rome as the unhappy widow of Odenatus, she has retired to a humble villa near the banks of the river Tiber. Aurelian, from the lofty battlements of his palace, looks down without pity on his former rival. The senators neglect one whom they dare not distinguish. The people, generally more respectful than their rulers, easily forget a female, whose glory was obscured from the day they first knew her. Thus, deprived of her honors, bereft of her friends and family, and looking forward only to a hasty burial in a land of strangers, one might well suppose that she passed the remainder of her days in mourning.

But, my reader, it may not have been so. There is one fact pointing to an opposite opinion. Longinus was a close reader of the Bible; and he speaks of its sublimity in one of his most earnest and beautiful passages. But Zenobia, as we have seen, shared the studies and literary ardor of her philosophic tutor; and it can scarcely be probable, that she was not thus made

acquainted with the glorious treasures of revelation. Her captivity, also, occurred about the middle of the third century of the Christian era, when the Gospel of Christ was echoing all over the capital of the Roman empire. Christianity, before the death of St. Paul, after having spread with power among the lower orders of the people, had taken hold of Cæsar's palace, and gained a convert from the imperial circle. It cannot be deemed, then, a fanciful supposition, that the loneliness of Zenobia's villa might have been lighted up by the splendors of religion. Christianity, at first preached to the poor, is emphatically the orphan's and the widow's joy; and the disciples of our Lord, in that day of their fierce persecution, would very naturally sympathize with the calamities of one whom the world had thrown away. It almost seems as if I could see the wayfaring heralds of the cross, in the course of their daily pastoral wanderings, visiting the dreary abode of the fallen empress, and pouring into her ear and heart the consolations of the Gospel.

And the widow of Odenatus is consoled. She has lost the guidance of the lamented and elegant Longinus; but she receives in return the instructions of Israel's great Teacher. She mourns the dissolution of an earthly empire; but she now puts on an unfading crown of glory. The imperial seal of her ancestors is taken from her; but her faith looks forward to a throne more enduring. Her husband is dead, and her children have been banished from her presence; but she has become a member of a family, embracing the best of both worlds, whose lineage reaches backward to the creation, and forward through ages unnumbered and unknown. Beautiful in person, cultivated in intellect, pure in spirit, and radiant with the splendors of her faith, I see her, standing in her most graceful attitude, bending forward with deep interest, and holding out the blessed Bible to coming ages. In that attitude I leave her, imploring my reader to accept the gift in admiration of the giver.

EXPERIENCE OF AUTHORS.

THE readers of a literary journal expect always a cheerful, never a mournful page. They have their own sorrows, and look for such reading as will afford them pleasure, if not consolation. They desire to have their author present them with pleasing pictures, either real or imaginary, on which they may rest their eyes with satisfaction, and thus lose sight of their misfortunes.

It is for this reason, so well understood by most writers, that there is so much of imagination, and so little of the heart, in literary compositions. A polite author feels bound, by the nature of his profession, to soothe, rather than to excite the feelings; or, if he venture to rouse the passions, they must be those which leave an agreeable impression.

This peculiar demand, besides its useful features, brings with it a degree of evil. It bribes an author to be deceptive. Whatever be the character of his emotions, or the circumstances that surround him, he feels the necessity of appearing pleased, if he would be pleasing. He may be poor, and his children may call for bread, and his creditors may appall him; but, in his productions, he must seem contented, satisfied, and even happy. His real sky may be black and threatening; but not a cloud must blot the pure cerulean of his pages. Thorns may be planted for his feet; but flowers only must be scattered along the primrose path of his delighted

readers. Whatever his toils or his cares may be, his admirers must see him only in his pleasures.

Who, of the ten thousand transported readers of Johnson's first edition of his *Rasselas*, dreamed, at the time, of the author's misery? What man, in the full enjoyment of Milton's luxuriant fancy, and feasting on the rich creations of his genius, stops to behold the bard struggling for existence? When you read *Blacklock*, or take up the immortal *Homer*, do you not forget that both were blind, and that one was a houseless, homeless wanderer? But the poverty and wretchedness of genius are proverbial. To detail the calamities of writers, would be to compose the history of their lives and fortunes.

But I cannot help thinking, whenever I turn my attention to this subject, that it would have been an improvement on the literature of all ages, had the great masters given us more of their private history and experience. There is not a passage in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which has secured a higher admiration from all classes, than that in which he so feelingly and sublimely touches upon the loss of his vision:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and everduring dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quits about.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes—all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

Goethe, the great German poet, struck upon the true principle, when he resolved to write of nothing not drawn from his own consciousness, or verified by his own understanding. He carried within him his own fountain; and the draughts he drew from it were, certainly, rich and refreshing. Unskillful writers labor to throw themselves into imaginary positions, and then delineate a series of imaginary conceptions; but a true genius surrounds himself by real circumstances, exposes his heart and mind to living influences, and then writes out the thoughts and feelings actually excited.

To establish the superiority of this mode of composition, numerous examples might be cited. Byron, with all his faults, was a poet of rare qualities; but his *Childe Harold* is the master-piece of his many efforts, because in that work alone he wrote exclusively from his experience, and from the depths of his own nature. There was Rousseau, also, the wretch of Montmorency, whose writings are likely to prove immortal, because you everywhere see the soul of the writer in them. The works of Shakspeare fully show, that their author never wrote from fancy. He only "held the mirror up to nature," to use his own expression, and then, catching the reflection, set it in unfading colors.

There is a small class of authors, whose works were all composed on the principle I am now defending; and, for the reason just alluded to, they are the few of all ages, whose productions are destined to live for ever. They give us no unreal pictures. Their pages constitute a sort of autobiography, presenting the lights and

shades of their daily life, as affected by the various objects of their study, experience, and observation. They give free vent to their pains and passions. When their sky is clear, and the light of life is mild and mellow on them, then their pens are dipped in sweetness, and the lines flow along in placid beauty. If, on the contrary, the soul is disturbed by sorrow—if the heart runs low, and the world presses hard upon them, they assume no fictitious states of feeling, but pour their passions out in streams of moving melancholy. Robert Burns, the ploughman poet, with all his faults and foibles, may be cited as an illustrious proof of the propriety and promise of this sort of writing. Petrarch, also, could compile works of philosophy and science, as mortal as the productions of other men; but the sonnets he said or sung to his lovely Laura were imperishable, because the life of his very soul was in them.

There is no egotism in this way of writing. Its sincerity and earnestness exclude all vanity of feeling. The charge of egotism would lie as well against religious persons, in stating their experience. There is a sacredness in its character, demanding the respect of the thoughtful reader. It is, in fact, the intellectual experience, the mental life, of the truthful writer. You feel, as you pass along, that there is nothing feigned or fashioned for a special purpose. All is the genuine head-work and heart-work of the author. He makes himself a true helper to your intellectual efforts, by transforming every thing around him into his own way of thinking. Like a truthful witness, he reports to you the actual impression which nature makes upon him. He offers himself to you as a sort of lens, through which you may look out upon the universe, and see it as it really appears to an earnest, and, perhaps, a gifted fellow-being.

THE LITERATURE OF ITALY.

It would be superfluous to spend time in a set eulogium on the literature of Italy. The fame of it has long since filled the world. For twenty centuries, Rome has been a name of power, and has stood forth as a kind of watchword to all nations. Ancient Italy, from the days of Romulus to the reign of Tarquin, and from Tarquin to Constantine, was the leading country in southern Europe; and, for the greater part of this long period, ruled without a rival. The monuments of its arts and sciences, of its literature and philosophy, of its power and prosperity, are now the wonder and pride of the human species.

But modern Italy has claims upon the attention of the thoughtful and inquiring. In spite of the superstition into which it has been plunged by the Catholic supremacy, there is a vast interest to be attached to whatever is genuinely Italian. The language of Italy is one of the softest and sweetest ever spoken. It is adapted, not only to music, and to poetry, and to all the more refined operations of the human faculties, but, also, to history, to philosophy, and to religion.

The modern writers of Italy, especially those just preceding the Reformation, are almost unrivaled in their respective departments. Petrarch was both a philosopher and a poet of the highest merit. The name of Boccaccio, as Mazzuchelli so justly says of it, is equal to a thousand encomiums, and stands associated with that of Addison. Dante was a bold and powerful genius, of the highest order. The history of the Church could scarcely now be written, without the guidance of the

celebrated Annals of Baronius. The names of Galileo, Campanella, Macchiavelli, Tasso, Ariosto, and of many others, are well known in all parts of the civilized world.

But it is not our purpose to write a dissertation on Italian literature. We only wish to throw out a single suggestion.

Since reading, several years ago, the works of William Roscoe, the biographer of the Medici family, we have wondered that so few persons, in this literary age, have cultivated an acquaintance with the language and works of modern Italy.

FRENCH CHARACTER.

GENERAL remarks, respecting the character of a great people, are always apt to be too sweeping; and we have need of special caution, in making up our opinion of the French. Their national character is very much like the grammar of their language. You will always find nearly as many exceptions to any general rule by which you judge them, as there are examples coming under it. But there is one trait of French character approaching to universality. It is their love of being considered the originators of all new improvements. Guizot, the great prime minister of the French, has very coolly observed, that no idea can become popular, till it has passed through France. No new theory, or invention, or discovery, can be started, the authorship of which they do not instantly contest with all the world. So high does this passion run, and so low is their estimate of historic truth, that they make no scruples of falsifying acknowledged facts, or of counterfeiting authentic records, or of giving wing to fictitious stories, whenever their national vanity can be thus served. A thousand novel things are started by them, for which there appears to be no motive, but that of being the originators of some new or strange affair. They practice, in this manner, not only upon other nations, but with no less zest upon themselves. Not many years ago, for example, the death of Madame Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, was given in detail, in the French journals, and the names of witnesses appended to the account, when the good old lady was alive and well. Into the same category are to be thrown the thousand and one accounts, constantly pouring out from France, of rare inventions, wonderful discoveries, and strange exploits. The readers of such marvels should always remember, before giving them any credence, that they come from France.

SUMMER.

"To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears."—SCOTT.

SUMMER, to many persons, is the pride of all the year; and its sweetest month is June. That month now spreads its flowers and early fruit for all. The leaves are now all green. The grass, unscorched by the sun's fierce rays, is tender, soft, and clean. The birds sing in the branches of the trees, and warble their notes by your very door. The brooks are leaping and laughing in their highest glee. The fields look mellow in the light of day, or of changeful hues at the coming on of evening mild. Now is the time for quiet thought. Now let serene reflection have her perfect work. Look all over the happy scene of life, and thank the great Giver for your thousand joys.

NOTICES.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD, *Briefly Sketched upon Christian Principles.* Lane & Tippett: New York. 1847.—This is a small work, containing three hundred and seventy-four pages of closely printed matter, well bound and lettered. It is in neat cloth covers. The work is not to be classed among original historical productions. There is no special learning, either literary or historical, exhibited by its author; nor can it ever take a place among the great productions of antiquity, or of modern ages. It is merely a good introductory book for young readers. It is not more superficial than other works of similar pretensions. Its greatest merit is, that it throws the principal events of history into a small compass. Its crowning fault, if we may speak of demerit, is, that it reduces the past into too small a circle. It is the same in history, that a lens would be in science, which should reduce the universe to the size of a York sixpence. But sixpences are very current in these times, and so, we predict, will this book be. Let the young reader be made to realize, that the work is merely an introduction to the standard histories, and he will not fail to receive profit from its perusal.

ZUMPT'S LATIN GRAMMAR. By Anthon. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1847.—It would appear astonishing, to one not acquainted with the secrets of modern book-making, that a single individual can throw off so many works, as come from the pen of Professor Anthon. But we have reason to believe, we might almost say, to know, that many of his school books cost him, personally, but little labor. The precise process, we do not think it necessary now to describe. But the Professor's reputation has rendered his business quite an easy trade; and, for one, we feel not at all inclined to puff or patronize the way of getting out some of his numerous works. We think that classical science would be better served by another course. Zumpt's Latin Grammars are able works, and just as able before they were "corrected and enlarged" by Professor Anthon. But, before this process of correction and enlargement, they were not his own, and brought to him no pecuniary returns. But, for the present, we forbear. Our readers may remember, that we have before advised them of our decided preference for the new work by Professors M'Clintock and Crook. It is obtaining golden opinions through the land.

THE JUVENILE SPEAKER, *comprising Elementary Rules and Exercises in Declamation, with a selection of pieces for practice.* By Francis T. Russell. Harper & Brothers: New York. 1847.—We are pleased with this work. Its elementary principles are few and simple, and its arrangement is natural. The selections are particularly commendable, comprising some of the best things ever pronounced by mortal tongue. The debate on the character of Julius Cæsar, originally composed by Sheridan Knowles, and enlarged by Mr. W. H. Simmons, is, in our opinion, the finest thing ever written of its kind. The *Juvenile Speaker* is destined to have a great sale.

THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND CLASSICAL REVIEW, for April, has come to hand. It is one of the best numbers ever issued of that able work. Its new editor, Rev. W. H. Bidwell, more than sustains its high reputation in every respect. In its list of contributors are some of the finest scholars and best writers of the country. May it have success!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH our heartiest greetings to our many readers, we send our present number to the world. Gladly would we take our fair patrons, in the friendliest manner, by the hand; but we are constrained, by the irrevocable decrees of space and time, to hold converse with them by the pen.

It would be impossible, perhaps, to explain the philosophy of our acquaintance with our many friends; but, really, in some way, we seem to be improving that acquaintance from day to day. A few months ago, and all were strangers to us. When we lifted the pen, it was for strangers whom we had never seen. Strangers would write to us, and to strangers we sent back replies. But now all is changed. It seems as if we had known our readers for many years. We are growing quite familiar with them, and could sit down and chat with them about other years. On every monthly visit, wherever we are permitted to appear, we imagine ourselves admitted with many smiles, and our fancy has certainly some facts on which to lean. Be kind enough, fair ladies, to be constant in your esteem. Many hard things, and wicked sentiments, and slanderous reports, have been uttered to your hurt. A classic poet—oblivion upon his memory!—has even dared to say,

"Varium et mutabile semper."

But we intend, through the constancy of your approval, to annihilate that reproach for ever, and, perhaps, expunge it from the classic page.

"It is written," says a quack doctor, in a popular advertisement, "in the book of nature and of common sense, that the natural vegetable productions of every country are, if properly applied, amply sufficient for the cure of every malady incident to each peculiar climate." Please to give us, doctor, the quotation—book, chapter, and verse; for, you must know, we have a friend, who is very anxious not to die.

It is true, gentle reader, that the word *truth* does truly occur in Richardson's great dictionary, in spite of an *untruthful* little statement, which the printer had good authority, as he supposed, to throw into a sly corner of the Repository several months ago. When we first saw the *truthless* little scrap in type, it happened to be about half an hour too late to make it speak according to our troth. But "to err is human" has become a *truism*, applicable to the best of men, and, we *trow*, we have an editorial right to plead not guilty to the *untruthfulness* of that un-veracious little squib. The ancient poet, Gower, most *truthfully* speaks out our heart:

"But for final conclusion,
What strengest is of earthly thynges,
The wine, the women, or the kings,
He saith, that *trouthes* above them all
Is mightiest, how ever it fall."

We have received several poetical articles, intended for the season, such as, "The Winter's Lament," "Invocation to Spring," "Spring," and "An Apostrophe to May," all of which came too late for insertion at the proper time. We are heartily sorry for this, as they are among the finest things we have ever received. Let our contributors remember, that, such is the size of our edition, and such the extent of territory we supply, articles must be on hand at least two months before they can possibly appear.

It seems to be a fashion, now all the rage, especially in the lighter literary journals of the day, to give a

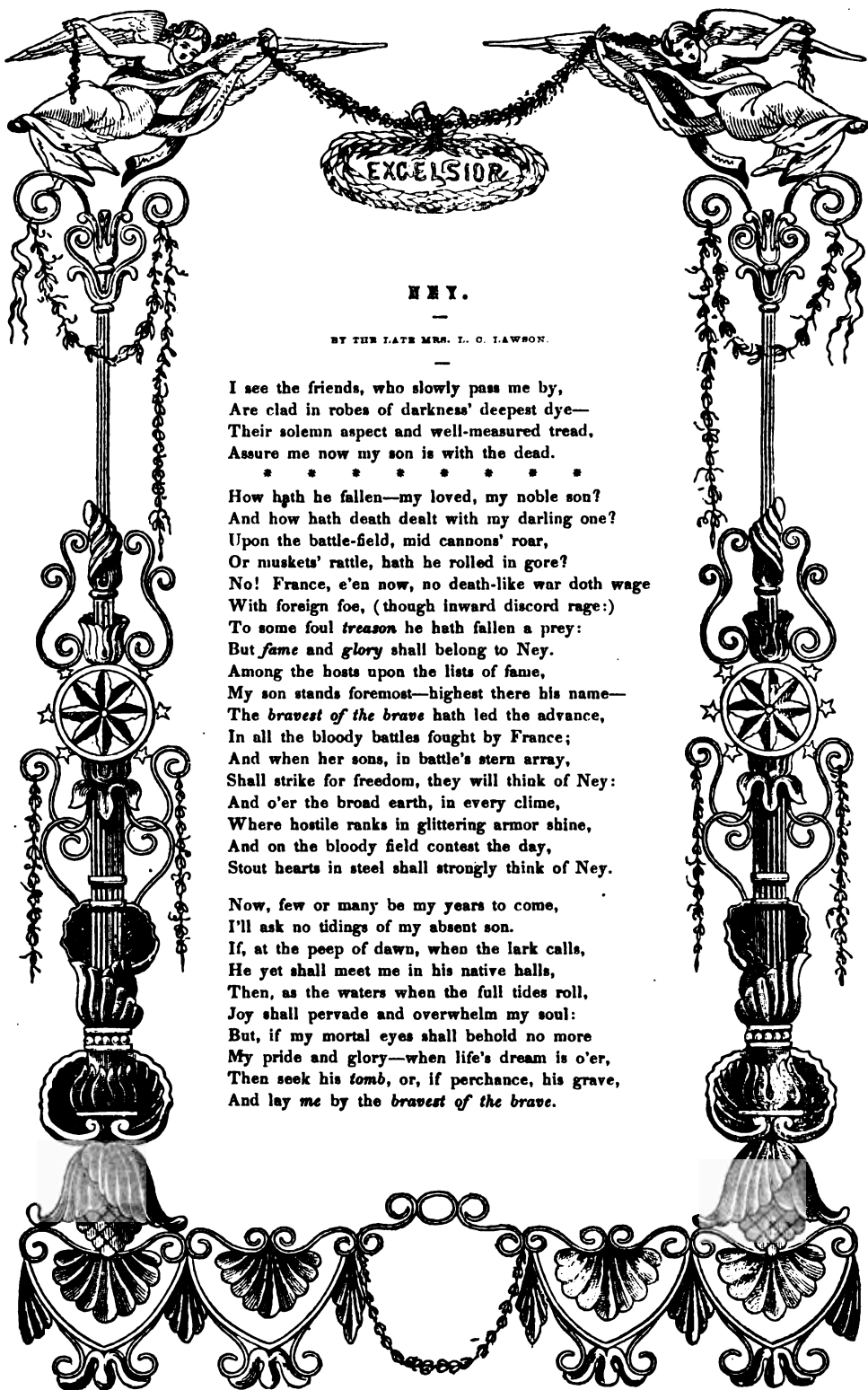
column or two of conundrums, puns, puzzles, and the like, to exercise the ingenuity of the public. They are intended particularly for the young. Now, with earnestness, we advise the youthful readers of the Repository never to spend a moment's time on such things. What good can they do you, either in body or in mind? How much more do you know, of what it is becoming an intelligent being to understand, when you have solved all the riddles in the land? The time spent, by some persons, in such exercises, would have rendered them, with suitable care, among the finest scholars and most accomplished ladies and gentlemen of the country.

It would be well if new contributors to the Repository would, in addition to their names, affix their proper titles. The propriety of this will be apparent. A title helps to distinguish persons; for, though there may be many a John Smith, it is not likely that there is an equal number of Rev. John Smiths. Still fewer are there of Rev. Dr. John Smiths; and then, if we have a Rt. Rev. Dr. John Smith among our contributors, we are morally certain that he can be no other than the bishop himself. So in other cases.

Mrs. Catherine Griffith, of north Indiana, has sent to our care a very touching appeal to the ladies of that vicinity, calling for contributions to erect a monument to the memory of the late lamented Rev. Philip May. We gather from the note to us, that there is now no stone, nor slab, to tell where that good man takes his rest. While living, Philip May was an honored name; and we respect the memory of the man, now no more. Mrs. Griffith requests us to take charge of such contributions as may be sent in for the purpose above named, which, very willingly, we consent to do. It is our honor and privilege to belong to the same conference with which brother May stood connected when he fell. We, therefore, feel a strong family affection for both its living and its dead. The living we prize for their talents, their piety, and their zeal. Over those who have recently fallen, we have shed the tear of sympathy, sorrow, and regard. We are a conference of young men, in the prime of life, and are fully able to raise suitable memorials over the new-made graves of our departed brothers. We can erect monuments to the memories of all our dead. We might, indeed, form an association, with such powers and resources, that no one of our little band should fall, without a stone to mark the place where he lays him down. Greatly should we rejoice to see such an association, not only in our own conference, but in every other throughout the land. We seek no memorial for ourself; but the poor, wayfaring, practical itinerant, who takes his life in his hand, and goes faithfully through his day of toil, whatever his record be in heaven, need not be neglected and forgotten in his lowly grave.

The Excelsior, for June, is from the pen of the late gifted Mrs. L. C. Lawson. Her husband has just shed the bitterest of tears upon her lowly bed. We feel a mournful pleasure, as we insert her prize poem under the laureate wreath. It is, indeed, binding the chaplet upon a marble brow; and the victor sleeps too profoundly, to heed the voice that speaks her fame. The poem was accompanied by the following note:

"Ney, who had fought five hundred battles for France, but never one against her, was publicly shot by Frenchmen! His father, who was eighty-eight years of age at the time, and lived to be one hundred, never knew, and never inquired the fate of his son."



NEW-YORK.
—
BY THE LATE MRS. L. O. LAWSON.
—

I see the friends, who slowly pass me by,
Are clad in robes of darkness' deepest dye—
Their solemn aspect and well-measured tread,
Assure me now my son is with the dead.

* * * * *

How hath he fallen—my loved, my noble son?
And how hath death dealt with my darling one?
Upon the battle-field, mid cannons' roar,
Or muskets' rattle, hath he rolled in gore?
No! France, e'en now, no death-like war doth wage
With foreign foe, (though inward discord rage:)
To some foul *treason* he hath fallen a prey:
But *fame* and *glory* shall belong to Ney.
Among the hosts upon the lists of fame,
My son stands foremost—highest there his name—
The *bravest of the brave* hath led the advance,
In all the bloody battles fought by France;
And when her sons, in battle's stern array,
Shall strike for freedom, they will think of Ney:
And o'er the broad earth, in every clime,
Where hostile ranks in glittering armor shine,
And on the bloody field contest the day,
Stout hearts in steel shall strongly think of Ney.

Now, few or many be my years to come,
I'll ask no tidings of my absent son.
If, at the peep of dawn, when the lark calls,
He yet shall meet me in his native halls,
Then, as the waters when the full tides roll,
Joy shall pervade and overwhelm my soul:
But, if my mortal eyes shall behold no more
My pride and glory—when life's dream is o'er,
Then seek his *tomb*, or, if perchance, his grave,
And lay me by the *bravest of the brave*.



THE MORNING WALK .



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1847.

THE MORNING WALK.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE engraving for this month, is one around which many delightful associations will cluster.

The dress of the figures, it is true, is not modern, nor is it exactly ancient. The reader is, undoubtedly, aware, that artists refrain, as much as possible, from following any particular fashion in the drapery of their figures, knowing, as they well do, that the fashion of this world is constantly passing away. That dress, which, a century ago, was most in style, would totally destroy the effect of any figure, so far as the present generation is concerned; and, also, the most finished delineations of the human form, arrayed in the mode and measure of our day, would soon become antiquated, and lose all their power to charm.

Perhaps, however, the reader may not be inclined to applaud the fancy of our artist in all respects; and, honestly, we are compelled to admit, that we have some serious misgivings of taste, touching this point. The nude forearm of that noble and thoughtful lady is well enough. There is a half-thinking carelessness in her manner of holding up her robe, which confers an ease, and even dignity, to the scene. Her head-dress is very fine—just the thing for the occasion, considering the broad parasol, which Heaven has suspended between her and the fierce hot sun. No tasteful critic, who takes delight with children, can raise any objection to the unintentional exposure of that little fellow's fat knee; for childhood would not be itself, should the drapery hang all smooth and trim. But, then, that cap! It is really terrible. Gladly would we tear it off, and expose the little urchin's head and hair. How sweetly those auburn locks would look; and how gayly they would float in the cool morning air!

But, possibly, we may be only exposing our own want of sense. The artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence, we are bound to remember, stood at the head of his profession, and was, a long time, painter to the king. He was universally regarded as the best portrait painter of his age. He was employed, for many years, in taking the portraits of British and continental sovereigns; and he always secured the

admiration of his noble patrons. If, therefore, we venture to raise an objection to his taste, as exhibited in the piece before us, we are conscious of doing it at the hazard of our own humble reputation in the critic art.

Besides, we are forced to confess the effect of this simple little piece on our fancy and our heart. The moment we throw our eyes upon it, a sweet sylvan scene rises at once, as if by the enchanter's spell, and breathes its bloom and beauty on our soul. The quiet path, the cool shade, the green foliage of summer trees, the glimpse of our cottage on the border of the town, and the high, overarching clouds, casting a softening shadow on the dewy scene—all are true to nature, and rouse the imagination to its pleasing work.

The heart, also, revels in this scene. Here is the mother and her darling boy. Her thoughts are busy with the images of beauty as they float around. Her eyes are, for the moment, fixed on some distant view. Her heart is happy, and her countenance serene. She is not a widow. The look of contentment, and her Grecian cheek, both declare her the willing partner of her loving lord.

But, matron, be careful of thy little one now prattling by thy side. Enjoy the music of his infant speech, while he warbles his first notes into your delighted ear. Death, dear madam, lurks secretly around. It may come to him from the very pearls on which he treads. It sings its dirges in the wind's low sighs. The flowers, and the fruit of summer, may be the messengers to call him from your side. Watch him, then, with studious care, and see that no ill befalls him on the way. We speak this caution from our heart. Once we had a beautiful little boy. His silken locks, and sweet lips, and sparkling eyes, and smooth, placid brow, captivated the parental heart, and gave promise of all earthly joy. But he is gone—gone to return no more. Then, another grew up and took his place. He, too, became the little Iulus of our soul. Having passed the days of infancy, his childhood opened and nearly closed without a tear. But, ah! in one sad hour, all was vanished, like the mists of a too cloudless morn. But he lives—lives in a better and a fairer land.

THE CHURCH CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.*

BY MISS MURCHIN.

He "forgiveth all thine iniquities:" He "healeth all thy diseases."

Mrs. C. Sin is the root and cause of all evil and suffering, and salvation from sin has been purchased with a price, which proclaims, as words could never do, its heinousness and ruinous tendency.

But we sometimes err, by taking too contracted views. We forget that our world, in its fallen beauty, is but a small department of God's moral universe. It derives its importance, not from its size and splendor, as compared with other worlds, but, simply, from the fact that it was chosen as the theatre for wonderful developments of God's power and glory—as the battle-field on which truth and error were to test their claims and prove their power.

Greece was but a point in Europe—Athens but a speck in Greece—Marathon but an iota of its fertile vales—Leonidas and Solon but individuals amid a vast multitude—yet there laws were promulged, principles tested, slumbering truths developed, which have fixed the wondering gaze, not only of Europe, but of all civilized nations, and have taught the entire world lessons of heroism, of endurance, of wisdom, and of warning, which will thrill its myriads, and affect their temporal destiny while time shall last. Our world, perhaps, is Greece to the universe. We know that it is watched with intensest interest by heaven and hell. We know that battles are fought and victories won by Christians, compared to which Thermopylæ and Salamis are but a shadow and a name. Methinks Luther, at the Diet of Worms, wielding, alone, the "sword of the Spirit," against the combined powers of Europe and the Romish hierarchy, must have been, to the spiritual world, what Leonidas was to Greece—though, unlike his noted predecessor, he triumphed and still lived. And his faithful three hundred have been nobly represented by our devoted missionaries in foreign fields, who, erecting their feeble influence against the rush of heathen principles, have sunk, overpowered, a willing offering to God and man.

I have been very much impressed, of late, with Satan's taunt unto the Lord respecting Job. If thou doest so and so, he will surely fail. The test was permitted, and grace gloriously triumphed. I take that as but a specimen of the plan of action. Satan, in his pride and rebellion, has thrown down the gantlet; the Holy Spirit, in the infinitude of his love, has accepted the challenge; and it is now to be proved, how redeeming influence can be brought to bear upon mind of every grade, in every possible circumstance—how, without infringing in the slightest degree on man's free agency, he still can raise

from the deepest degradation, and support amid every variety of suffering. It is probable, that when the sons of God assemble *now*, to give account of their various ministry, that Satan, too, appears; and still, it may be his privilege to select some of God's beloved ones on earth, and require a visible manifestation of the extent and power of grace. It is granted, and some saint is marked for trial and for proof. He is afflicted in body or in circumstances; he is called to the martyr's stake, or to the slower agony of protracted disease; and to men on earth, to angels in heaven, and demons in hell, is clearly manifested how the redeemed spirit can, and will, arise above all inward and outward pressure, and thus God is glorified, while fallen man is saved. Witness the late Miss Higdon, of New York, who, for thirty years, was confined to a chamber of disease and acutest suffering, and, yet, so exalted in the sustaining, conquering grace of God, that her dwelling was a bethel while she lived, and rung with the song of triumph, as she passed to the land of rest. O, think you not that some especial end was designed by a scene like this? I doubt not that heaven and hell are thus taught lessons of joyful assurance, and unwilling conviction, of the wisdom and power of God.

I wish you to mark one fact particularly, and that is, how perfectly God respects man as man. Having, in his wisdom, created him a free moral agent, he never mars his work by coercive influence. The Psalmist exclaimed, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made;" and this is true, not only respecting our bodily organization, but much more of our mental and moral nature. It is fearful, in this world of sin, to possess freedom which, in its action, forms our eternal destinies. But it is this fact which makes our world so glorious a theatre for the exemplification of principles, which shall thrill the entire universe in their development and application. To angelic minds, hell is one great fact—it is sin and its punishment; and it is so black, so rayless, so hopeless, that, to a pure mind, which cannot enter into it, it must ever remain a great and fearful unit. But here, on our earth, sin, in all its workings, may be traced. Our whole world, we know, is under remedial influences; but first they respect the general classes of mankind. Commencing in wide, concentric circles, the farthest remove from God and heaven, they gradually, under every possible manifestation, draw nearer and nearer, until they reach "the central point of bliss." "The heathen in his blindness," is a full exemplification of what fallen man is, without the enlightening influence of the Gospel; but there error is quiescent in its darkness. The Papal Church presents the painfully interesting picture of error almost triumphant. The clouds of rites and superstition with which, like incense, she seemingly adored the rising sun of Christianity, has shrouded its rays in almost midnight gloom, or left its flickering beams dim and uncertain. And, then, even in the Christian

* Continued from page 164.

Church is the conflict still intense, though one of glorious promise. Here truth is in the ascendant; her zenith glory fills the entire horizon; the dark clouds of error are penetrated, though not in all cases dissipated, by her beams; and mankind, through grace, are rising to more than primeval elevation of character and destiny.

Then, turning to men as individuals, with what intense interest is the influence of grace watched, in its unnumbered manifestations! How it operates in childhood, sweetly drawing the young heart to God, ere sin has exerted its hardening influence! How it penetrates the heart of manhood, even through the thick incrustations of worldliness and ambition! How it softens the heart of age, when the fires of life are well-nigh extinct, and it has become petrified by long, unchecked exposure!

Again: how it works its way through all the ranks of life, until the most exalted become lowly before God, and the most lowly are exalted to the heirship of the skies! How it meets intellect in all its varied grades, and the wise become fools, that they may learn true wisdom, and the foolish are made wise in the great science of salvation! How the spirit can triumph amid every form of bodily suffering, can be sustained throughout all mental conflict, and be made mighty to resist the combined temptation of earth and hell!

Now, Emma, does it not clothe our world with new interest, to believe that, while to man his present and everlasting probation is recognized as the paramount object to be struggled for and secured—while every inducement, suitable to his character and position, is placed before him, and every aid which his lapsed powers require is richly given—that, while to him, as though he stood alone in God's universe, the glorious truth is presented, "God so loved the world," at the same time he stands a spectacle to heaven and to hell, and is the instrumentality through which God is teaching his entire realm the nature of sin, the folly of rebellion, the majesty of his law, the redeeming, purifying power of his grace, and, at last, the glorious and eternal truth, that "he is all in all?"

How much of the mystery which enshrouds His providences vanishes before views like these! And thus, Emma, I approximate to the point from which I may have seemed to digress. Again turning to man, to Christian man, in his diseased but curative state, we will mark, also, the varied remedies of the great Physician, and their exact suitability to classes and individuals, who have placed themselves beneath his care.

We have said this world is a place of sickness, and, in its midst, Christ has erected a Hospital, which all are invited to enter and be saved. He surrounded it with no visible walls. Trust in the great Physician, and acquiescence in his prescriptions, were the only conditions imposed. But men, sometime in folly,

sometime in wisdom, erected various barriers, and over their gates of entrance were written inscriptions such as these: "The Bible and the Westminster Confession," "The Bible and the Articles," "The Bible and Immersion," while one, according most with the original design, wrote high and wide, "A desire to flee the wrath to come." In the centre of this Hospital, at the farthest remove from the outer, sin-struck world, was a fountain opened of the purest vermilion, ever flowing—ever efficacious: so deep, that no mortal ever fathomed it—so high, that its summit was lost in the heavens—so wide, that its falling spray covered the whole earth, everywhere exerting a remedial influence. This fountain,

"Opened by the soldier's spear
In our Redeemer's side,"

is the *only* remedy for all the various diseases of the inmates of that Hospital—to learn this practically and efficiently, the one great lesson taught by all the various plans pursued as means to one great end. The great Physician, with his almighty agent, abides there continually, to teach, to strengthen, and to enlighten on this great point. Perfect faith in the freeness, the fullness, and the sufficiency of the one great remedy, is the sure prelude to speedy and entire restoration.

A book is provided, the study of which will enlighten every willing soul as to the peculiarities of its disease, and direct it to the best means to alleviate, and then to cure, the manifested symptoms. The good Spirit is ever with them, encouraging, aiding, and urging them to attend to these directions. The faintest desire is heard and granted, by the vigilant and tender Physician; and while, through weakness, they cannot yet *plunge* into the open fountain, they are aided to dip into the gentle streams, which flow from it in every direction, and fully partake of its efficacy and power. Various teachers are appointed to explain and enforce the rules of the Hospital; and it is owing to a neglect of a few of the most prominent, that others seem inefficacious. "Come out from among them and be separate, and touch not the unclean," is one. Yet some keep themselves in constant contact with the world's polluted atmosphere, and then wonder health does not follow, because they obey other prescribed means. Indeed, entire separation is essential to perfect cure; yet very few, comparatively, obey it, until they have learned, in pain, in sorrow, and in tears, that they cannot, in any degree, "serve God and mammon."

The blind have entered, and the healing process goeth on, for the most part slowly. At first, they "see men as trees walking," and the direct way to the fountain is dimmed by intervening objects. And, after the sight is perfectly restored, so that they clearly see the way, past habits still exert their power, leading them, oftentimes, again to close their eyes, and grasp the various props to which, in their utter blindness, they had become accustomed.

The lame are there. With perfect vision they behold their way; but their infirmity prevents their rapid progress. Some are lame in their affections, others in their will and purposes, others in their desires and motives; and many a probing operation, many a nauseous medicine is required, ere they "make straight paths for their feet, and unflinchingly walk therein."

The sufferers from chronic diseases are there, in various stages of amendment. Some have rheumatic heads; some, rheumatic hearts; some have contracted limbs, and seem almost powerless to make any effort, either for themselves or others. Yet many, by their faithful employment of all prescribed means, show their sincere desire to be thoroughly cured. To them health is certain. I cannot enter into detail, Emma. I leave that for your own imagination to supply; for each one has his own disease, peculiar to himself in some of its manifestations; in fact, oftentimes so deeply inward, that we could not describe it, unless the gift of spiritual clairvoyance should be imparted.

And, then, remember, too, that abroad in this Hospital is an antagonistic agent, constantly exerting a counter influence. He tells the reasoning, that it is folly to imagine such simple means will lead to such results. He tells the fearful it is dangerous to make that vigorous plunge, and they had better not try it until they are stronger, (knowing that strength depends upon the effort.) He shows the sensitive their own condition, until they shrink, in morbid sadness, even from their kind Physician, forgetting that Infinite love hath known that "the whole heart is sick, and the whole head is faint," and yet unshrinkingly undertook the perfect cure. He tells the worldly that exposure will not materially affect their disease; or, if it does, they can at any time turn to the remedy, thus "leading them to sin, because grace aboundeth." In fact, Emma, his stratagems vary with every patient and every situation, and we can no more trace them than we can the viewless wind.

Emma. You draw a dark picture, Mrs. C.—can you not throw some light upon it?

Mrs. C. With gratitude I reply, I can. View them all, Emma, as rescued from sin's *unbroken* power—as placed beneath a curative process, which will inevitably lead to health, unless they wantonly turn from the kind Physician to the world's quacks and nostrums. And see, close—close to the fountain, a band of healed and happy souls, who have learned, most of them by bitter processes, to resist the tempter, to overcome unbelief, to put away every obstacle, and, in vigorous faith, to plunge into the flowing fountain, though they "never sound the depths of love divine." Here they dwell in spirit ever, and use all the influence, all the talents, all the experience which God has given, to urge and help their weak and doubting companions, to the same unfailing fount of health. The great Physician works mysteriously oftentimes. With omniscient glance, he

embraces at all times the entire scene, marks every varying symptom of all his various patients, and, with infinite wisdom, selects and applies his remedies.

If we stood in an earthly hospital, under the supervision of an eminent physician, and saw the patients withering under violent remedies, we would conclude, not that the remedies were excessive, but that the disease must be deep-seated and dangerous that made them necessary. And so we ought to feel, as, looking on Christ's Church, we see "every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" we see the dearest and purest of earth "made perfect through sufferings," subjected to poverty, sickness, bereavement, and death. On some are inflicted a long process of anguish, and they live and suffer for the benefit of those around them, and for the outward manifestation of redeeming grace to that angelic host to which we before alluded; while, in other cases, he increases means and adds influences, suddenly perfects his own work, and removes the healed to that blessed land where pain and sickness are unknown.

Emma. Such views as these, my dear friend, will make me very charitable.

Mrs. C. A very desirable result, Emma, and one which is slowly perfected, even in regenerated human nature. But if, in a world like this, we would act efficiently and beneficially, we must not make ourselves, or our experience, the standard for any other. We must not judge any one person by any other, however similarly they may seem to be situated. We must be very slow to condemn; for only Omniscience knows the influences acting upon any human heart—can balance the temptations, inward and outward, that are pressing upon it at any given time, or estimate the amount of resistance which it makes, even when it is overcome. If we have reasonable evidence that a person is sincere, then we should enlighten, urge, woo them to the diligent improvement of our Physician's prescriptions—should expect lapses and bear with them, and, holding up before them, by precept and example, "the beauty of holiness" and the blessedness of perfect cure, should endeavor, in imitation of our great Physician, to possess that "charity which hopeth all things, beareth all things, believeth all things—which never faileth." I cannot tell you, Emma, how views like these will strengthen your sympathetic powers, and fill you, probably, with prayerful, tender sadness—will increase your interest in others, and your patience with and for them, and, if prayerfully cherished, will lead you to possess the mind that was in Christ—will imbue you with the love that led him to live and suffer, to agonize and die, and now to offer unceasing intercessions, that our sin-struck, death-devoted world may be rescued from Satan's power, and glisten,

"A blood-bought gem
In His celestial diadem."

And thus, leaving you to amplify these hints, I pass

to the point to which, you probably think, they rather dimly tend—my own personal experience. I have rather shrunk from an expose of this kind, from the fear that my language might be deemed exaggerated. Therefore, Emma, to prove that my simile is not so very peculiar, I refer you to page 286 of "Upham's Interior Life," which describes the process of inward death. I ask you to ponder the meaning of Paul's language, "I am crucified, I die daily;" and I ask you *not*, in any degree, to make it a standard by which to measure yourself or others.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. R. SAFF.

THE Bible meets the demand which the human mind has, in reference to the future.

Men have hopes and aspirations of the future. These are sentiments and feelings common to humanity. They are found in the bosom of the philosopher and savage, the king and the peasant. They are elements or springs of the human soul, which perpetually carries it onward, onward, giving it no rest while it tenants this world. And, like the fountain, they bring forth both pure and impure waters, and mingle sweetness and bitterness, in the cup to be drunk by the human being. These feelings and aspirations are so common, that they may be set down as the involuntary proofs, which every mind carries of its own immortality. They are rich attributes of being; and, though susceptible of being badly developed, often embody themselves in the most beautiful creations. They are seen in the effort to create the work of genius. The old artist of Greece exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of his soul, "I paint for eternity;" and he created works of genius, which have transmitted his name to our time. Though men of this class, who labor to produce the statue, the painting, the song, the poem, the learned book, or other works of genius, may desire, and even court the praises of their own generation, the future acts with more power upon them than the present. They look to posterity; they hope that the men of coming ages will talk of them, and extol their powers and virtues; and, if their own age is negligent, they have faith that a future one will remember them, and do them justice. Thus, they toil and hope, inspired by this enthusiasm of nature—"this longing after immortality."

The city, the rock-hewn tomb, the splendid temple, the magnificent pyramid, and, sometimes, the empire, are the outward embodiments of these inward sentiments. What prompted the old kings of Egypt to build those immense pyramids on the banks of the Nile? the celebrated Grecian and Roman generals, their monuments, their triumphal arches, their

amphitheatres? and Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, and other conquerors, to found empires? They acted under the impulse of these principles. They wished to be spoken of when they were dead—they desired to have their actions remembered by mankind—they wanted their names chronicled on some page of the world's history.

The father takes his little son upon his knees, and the mother her little daughter, and imprint the kiss of affection on their brows; and, as they gaze on these little ones with parental delight, they behold the reproduction of their own being. And, as they gaze, they say within their hearts, "Here are ourselves in our children, and we will live, and be remembered and cherished, after our bodies have gone to the dust of the earth. Our children, then having grown to manhood and womanhood, will come and place the marble monument, the willow, or evergreen over our resting-place, and, while we sleep quietly and sweetly, shed the tear of remembrance. Yes," exclaim the parents, "we will be remembered!" And the exclamations, and the feelings which prompted them, were holy! It was the outgush of these sentiments of immortality.

Yet, the pyramid may stand from age to age, until the names of their builders are blotted from the world's remembrance; the city may go to decay, and become "heaps of ruins;" the work of genius perish by vandal hands; the empire wax old, be changed, or come to naught, and its founders be forgotten; the tombs of the great, like those of St. Dennis, be pillaged by revolutionary hands, and their sacred deposits cast into the filthy sewer; the little boy and girl grow to man and woman's estate, transmit themselves, and leave but their names with their posterity. Thus, all things in this world are uncertain and perishable, and afford but a temporary gratification of these sentiments and aspirations, possessed by the human soul—these feelings which instinctively look to the future—compel man to act for the future—hope, desire, pant, thirst, to live in the affections and memories of men, after we have passed from their sight.

From what source can men hope to get an adequate supply for these demands, have these wants fully and permanently met, and place themselves and their actions upon a foundation which will never perish, but endure, while the sentiments which carry them forward, and the desire to have their being perpetuated, may continue to loom up from the recesses of the soul? O, there is a source—there is a fountain, from which gush the waters of immortality!—

"The Bible: he alone who hath
The Bible, need not stray."

In this blessed book a world is revealed; and many of the elements which enter into its composition, and will constitute its glory, are stated, so that the thirsting, fainting, dying soul, may go to it, hoping to find a rich supply. And here, truly, our race, our

wide-spread and perishing humanity, may come and rest their hopes, and find the brightest realization of their purest and holiest desires. We will advert to some of these elements, which enter into and constitute the blessedness of the world of immortality, as revealed in the Bible, in order to see how appropriately the Scriptures meet these aspirations and desires of the human soul.

The Bible reveals the fact, that innocence and simplicity will be characteristics of the society of heaven. This we infer from one of the scenes recorded in the New Testament. Jesus took little children up in his arms and blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," Matt. xix, 14. If we desire a pure, beautiful conception of those transparent elements, which will pervade the society of that pure world, we can have it by studying the thoughts, words, and actions of the sweet-spirited child, before deception has entered the heart, or guile is spoken by the lips. How purely agreeable is this to those already disgusted with the Quixotism of man and society in their present states, and have longing for them in their purer, nobler, and simpler forms of existence, in the world to come.

The Bible reveals the fact, that heaven will be a place of transcendent moral purity. We learn this from its express declarations. Upon an item so important, and so intimately connected with the perpetual well-being of the inhabitants of heaven and earth, it bears the most explicit testimony. "No unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God." "And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." We, therefore, may conceive of a place where the eye will never behold unclean or impure sights, the ear be saluted with hard or unchaste sounds, the tongue utter profane speech, or the mind be invaded with unholy thoughts. In all these things, heaven will be the reverse of the common scenes of this life. The purest state of society in the present world, the purest human soul, or the brightest sacrament of nature, affords but a dim impression of the society and world above.

The elements of beauty will enter largely into the composition of heaven. The scenes and inhabitants of heaven will be beautiful. It will be the panorama of the universe—the temple where Jehovah will collect his brightest glories, and lavish his chief skill. The pencilings of a bright morning, in this world, are delicate and lovely, and an evening gorgeous and sublime, as the sun sinks away in his ocean of gold; but, if the soul is charmed, filled, overflowed with these scenes in our own world, what may we anticipate from a vision of that pure and radiant world, lit up by the glory of God, and the light of the Lamb? The lakelet, the rill, the streamlet, the grot, the valley, the plain, the hillock, the

mountain, and a thousand other objects, are beautiful, extremely beautiful to our eyes, in this world; yet, these would be objects but dimly seen in the background of the scenery of the new heavens and new earth. So of the human face and form. The newly spiritualized and glorified man will far transcend, in grace and excellence, the finest models ever produced in this world. Ah!

"This is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye—
Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die!"

Heaven will be a place of sublime and blessed music. The Jubals, the Miriams, the Davids, the Mozarts, the Haydns, the Bethovens—ay, those who may transcend them in musical powers and skill, will compose the choirs of heaven, and sing in "notes all divine." This was one of the scenes shown to the seer of the Apocalypse. It will be a world of joy, of love, of unmingled friendship, of the purest associations, of profound intellectuality, and of the most exalted spiritual worship—a world where genius may live, and elaborate itself for ever.

These are the revelations which the Bible makes by direct declaration, or fair deduction, of a future world, and of some of the elements and facts which will enter into its composition and history. And, we ask if they are not inimitably calculated to call forth and satisfy the undying aspirations of the human soul.

"IT IS FINISHED!"

BY OLIVER E. NEEDLES.

It has ever been an interesting part of our information, to know the thoughts that occupy the mind just before it enters upon the boundless scene of eternity. With what speechless awe do we stand at the bed of the dying, to catch the last sentence that drops from the quivering lip! When the short stream of human life is about to empty its waters into the boundless ocean of eternity, realities become more real, and eternal truth is seen in all its native majesty and inflexible power.

"Here resistless demonstration dwells,
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Here real and apparent are the same."

But, reader, we stop not here to draw a comparison between the finite and the infinite. Our motto is the expiring sentence of those lips that "spoke as never man spake." He was hanging on the cross. She that bare him stood by, and, with heart surcharged with grief, she heard him say, "Woman, behold thy son!" Ah! what anguish must have rent that mother's heart, as she beheld, with streaming eye, the sufferings of that Son in whom her soul had so often rejoiced! But the Sufferer, knowing that all things were now accomplished, said, "I thirst." The

vinegar was given; and, when he had received it, he said, "It is finished!" and bowed his head and died. Never did language mean more than this, "It is finished!" The completion of a great work is interesting in proportion to its magnitude. The scene before us presents the consummation of the greatest work ever accomplished—man's redemption:

"'Twas great to speak a world from naught,
But greater to redeem."

Fair reader, has this scene no charms for you? Then, indeed, you are an object of pity. Stupid, selfish, and dull must be that heart, that can turn away with cold indifference, and feel no interest in contemplating the closing hour of the Son of God. A thousand joys cluster around his cross—upon it all our hopes are staid; and, while I behold the Lamb of God,

"Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy."

But the eventful crisis comes. With expiring breath he cries, "It is finished!" The malicious schemes of persecutors are over—the last bitter draught, in the cup of agony, has been received—hell nor her offspring, hatred, malice, rage, could do no more.

"It is finished!" The Son of man is now made perfect through suffering. In his pilgrimage, he had not whereon to lay his head or rest his wearied frame. But now the storm of life is over, the agonies of death are past, and he is going to the joy set before him.

"It is finished!" The commands of the Father are all obeyed. "Lo, I come, as it is written of me in the volume of the books, to do thy will, O, God." And now the will of the Father almighty is done. All is accomplished.

"It is finished!" All the types adumbrating the great Antetype are now answered. The shadows all vanish, and the substance appears. The prophecies concerning the "wonderful Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of peace," are fulfilled.

"It is finished!" The ceremonial law is now abolished, and a final period affixed to its obligations: for He "abolished in his flesh the law of commandments contained in ordinances, for to make in himself of twain, one new man, so making peace." The Mosaic economy is done away, to make room for the bringing in of a better hope, by the which we may draw nigh to God.

"It is finished!" "The seventy weeks, determined upon the people, and upon the holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sin, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy." The Lamb has now, in the end of the world, appeared, "to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

"It is finished!" The work of man's redemption is complete. Satisfaction is rendered to the Divine

justice, the fatal blow is given to the powers of darkness, a never failing fountain is opened for sin and uncleanness, and a well-trying stone is laid up in Zion, for a foundation for peace, happiness, and heaven. Jesus is both author and finisher of this mighty work; for, saith he, "Father, the hour is now come. I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." The work of love is done! Shout, heaven and earth, this sum of good to man, while we

"Of Him, who did salvation bring,
Can for ever think and sing."

Trembling mourner, thou needest not fear, nor yield to the withering blight of despair; thy Redeemer cries, while expiring, "It is finished!" The mighty ransom now is paid; thou art redeemed; a new and living way is opened, that thou mayest enter the holy of holies, and regulate thy enraptured soul with the exceeding glory of the Shekinah. Thou that wouldst be made whole, draw near to the mercy seat; believe, obey, and sin no more. Then thou shalt have part in the first resurrection—thou shalt drink the pure streams that make glad the city of God, and thou shalt live for ever.

Nor are motives to obedience wanting on the other hand; for there is, also, a finished destruction for those that "neglect this great salvation." The bitterest draught in the chalice of misery, will be the reflection that Jesus died for sinners. Impenitent sinner, fear and tremble: this great salvation was revealed, that thou might stand acquitted in that great day when it shall be announced, by Him that sitteth upon the throne, "It is done: the time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

Recollect, thou that readest these lines, that thy span of life will soon be over. The scenery of time will soon withdraw. The last sigh will be heaved, and the last tear will be dropped, at thy dying couch. Then, thou, too, shalt say, "It is finished!" Prepare to meet thy God!

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"SANCTIFICATION," says Merritt, "does not consist in the perfection of knowledge, or in the perfection of our natural powers, in lights or in raptures, but in being delivered from all sinful desires and tempers, and filled with the pure love of God."

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY J. O. P.

WITH what peculiar delight do we love to revel amid the scenes of our youth—to wander back, on fancy's wings, to the scenes of other days, and linger around spots consecrated by the purest feelings of the human heart! Why does the old man love, in declining years, and when silvery locks are the sure index of his near approach to the grave, to call up from the shadowy past, memories of loved friends, of early joys, and the scenes of his childhood? Again, we ask, why is it? The answer is found in the fact, that the charm lingers when even the associations which gave them birth, have vanished for ever from his view. Though the actors are gone, yet their forms are impressed on his heart, and the spirit of memory is awakening its tender chords to the same thrill of delight, that the scenes, themselves, were wont to do in his early days. Disturb not his reverie, for the friends of his youth are about him, and he again wanders by the stream where his footsteps often strayed, or, from some enchanted spot, watches the sun as he retires to his ocean bed, tinged the mellow sky, as if "the wing of an angel had kindled the vapor, as he floated through the quiet air into his Eden home."

The source of this feeling is found in every breast. Possessed, to some extent, at least, of the same passions, the same causes operating will produce similar results; and thus we find all indulging in the same feelings of delight or sadness, as the scenes of our youth pass before us. Moments misspent bring remorse and regret; but in vain do we sigh for their return. Like the beautiful tale of the child calling on the stream to restore its wasted flowers, so, man often stands longing to live over again the moments which, like the wasted flowers, are heedless of his call. While, on the other hand, the remembrance of innocent joys often proves a balm to the wounded spirit. And, when separated from those we love, from the places to which we were wont to resort—when the world is untoward, and the harp-strings of joy are broken and desolate, memory often comes laden with choice remembrances of our innocent joys, and recounts those scenes with a pathos, that causes pearly tears to bear record to the impress they have made on our hearts.

No one can read, without emotion, the affecting story of Mungo Park, when the dark-skinned maid ground for him the corn; or of the lamented Hampden, as he turned his dim eyes from the field of battle, and made a dying effort to reach the mansion, rendered dear to his heart by ties stronger than life, that he might there lay down his wounded frame and die; or, if possible, the still more touching account of the German emigrants, chanting, in mournful strains, "The Vaterland," over one of their comrades, whose body they had just committed to the

tomb. What lends to these, and many such incidents, the potent charm which excites the sympathies and arouses the feelings? Is it not the associations connected with them, and which find a responsive chord in every breast? For, as before said, we have the same sympathies; and the simple story touches the heart, and silently leads our thoughts back to home, "the very name of which is a spell—a witchery—a more than enchantment." There is a beautiful allusion to the influence of association, by Rogers, in his "Pleasures of Memory:"

"The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hear the song so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguill'd,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs."

The love of home and youthful scenes, is the native feeling of the human heart. It is the warm gushing of a fountain, over which time has no power, save to brighten and purify. Have circumstances separated us from them by distance, and time by the roll of years? The murmurs of the stream, the carol of birds, the voices of loved friends—all, ALL will be echoed by the heart, true and plaintive, "as the notes of the wind-harp to the breath of evening." And, when tempted to leave the paths of virtue and innocence, a mother's prayer, or a sister's holy affection, will woo us silently, yet powerfully, to paths of peace and happiness—like guardian angels, strew our way with flowers, whisper consolation in distress, and be the pledge of reunion, in the land where "not a breath of harshness trembles on the chord of song," but, "where all is spirit, and the bright empire of unclothed thought and mind."

Even poetry loves the theme, and sweetly sings:

"Old Time may spread his tireless wings,
And onward sweep with rapid flight,
Bearing earth's fairest, loveliest things,
Beyond the ken of mortal sight;
Yet Memory's harp shall still be near—
I'll bid her strike each golden string;
And once again shall charm my ear,
The songs my mother used to sing."

THE KORAN.

THE Koran, or, as it is sometimes called, the Al-koran, is the Mohammedan's book of faith. It is so styled, because, as it is supposed, it is a book, of all others, most worthy of being read; for, in the Arabic tongue, the word Koran signifies *the reading*, or that which is to be perused. It is divided, like the Bible, into many chapters, of a variety of titles and of lengths. It was written in Arabic by Mohammed himself. The parts of it were collected by Mohammed's father-in-law, and published in one volume. The Mohammedans say that it was dictated by the angel Gabriel, and written on parchment made of the skin of the ram sacrificed by Abraham on the mount.

THE UNKNOWN FOUNTAIN.

BY REV. G. H. M'LAUGHLIN.

"I, solitary, court

The inspiring breezes, and meditate upon the book
Of nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral good."

For a wise purpose, it is a desire deeply implanted in the nature of needy man, to ascertain the author of his benefactions. Does a hand unseen feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or minister comfort to the disconsolate, how eagerly does the destitute and desponding beneficiary seek to know and love the benefactor! Has one, whom we have been accustomed not to love, looked to our interest in an unostentatious manner, how soon is our enmity enervated, and how supremely are our admiration and love elicited!

It seems to be thus that God, our heavenly Father and Benefactor, would win our naturally hateful hearts, and subvert our temporal and eternal happiness. He graciously, and, in some sort, secretly meets out to us all that our state of utter destitution and dependence so imploringly demands. Is the parched earth consuming the beautiful shrubbery—is the waving wheat wilting under a withering sun—are the vine and forest tree dropping untimely their tendrils and foliage—God, by an unseen agent, brings and spreads above us a floating fountain of refreshment, whence, descending, the fructifying shower saturates the thirsty earth with liquid life, making it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, and herb for the service of man. Nor can we less admire the vespere dew, which, descending softly, bestows a blessing peculiarly rich, at a time when we are wrapped in unconscious repose, and which we do not appreciate but with the dawn of a new day—the shining of the morning sun. Now is all nature new and beautiful in her diamond dress of sparkling dew-drops. How beautifully is every plant refreshed, and every curling corn-cup replenished! and every petal of the pretty flower is sipping of nature's sweetest nectar.

Why does God so unostentatiously give to us such fascinating demonstrations of his goodness? Surely it must be to allure to himself our long-lost love, that he may bless more abundantly those who have sinned so much against him, and have become so destitute and miserable. He surely is reckless, who "knoweth not that the goodness of God leadeth to repentance."

"When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!"

For a long time, the source of the Nile was unknown; and, perhaps, at the time of Egypt's greatest glory and prosperity, the fountain of this father

of waters, and of the fertility of that once classic country, was still unknown to many. Yet so fruitful and welcome were its wide-spreading waters, that this river was revered and worshiped by its thousands of superstitious beneficiaries. Upon its banks, Pharaoh performed his daily devotions, and offered to it, as his tutelary divinity, his most sacred oblations. Hence it was, that here, every morning, Moses was permitted to see and converse with his devotional, yet despotic sovereign, and present to him the threatenings of the "King above all gods," and plead with him for permission to depart a land of tyranny and death, and proceed to a place promised by Jehovah.

It is said that Alexander the Great consulted the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to find the source of the Nile; Sesostris and Ptolemy, kings of Egypt, sought for it in vain; and Julius Cæsar said he would give up the pursuit of the civil war, if he could have assurance that he should find this fertile fountain. Such was the solicitude of those distinguished personages to recognize an unknown, yet national benefactor. But had they been successful, by consultation and self-denial, in reaching the desired spot, and could they have seen the exuding waters, as feebly they found their way through the rugged recesses of Abyssinian highlands, upon the one hand, and the incipient stream, as it flowed from the mountains of the moon, upon the other, which, uniting in the distance, form the famous Nile, would they, then, have discovered the primary and real sources of the waters of this remarkable river, and of Egypt's luxuriant prosperity? Surely not. And why not advance, even though the search become intricate? Should this be the *ne plus ultra* of solicitude and search with minds so mighty? This great river, so complicate of natural origin, and element, and energy, should lead its lovers and admirers not only to the outer court of creation, where material organization becomes minute, but it should lead them to contemplate the procreating power and goodness of Him whose "Spirit moved upon the face of the waters."

If the natural munificence of a river induce such consideration and search, what should be the interest excited, and the devotion induced in the contemplation of the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the atmosphere about us, with all in each which is fascinating, and which God has pronounced very good!

But there is a river which makes glad the city of God, whose source is still unknown to many. This river is long, and deep, and wide. It is as long as the race of man, as deep as the death of sin, and is destined to be as wide as the wants of humanity. Its waters fertilize the soul, and slake the thirst of man, and furnish fish enough for a famishing multitude; for "it shall come to pass that every man that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the river shall

come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither." Surely there must be a wonderful fountain whence issue such fertilizing, salutary, and broad-abounding waters.

My friend, let us seek this source. Let us cease our sinful and unprofitable warfare, and consult the "living oracles," and follow the leadings of a conscientious curiosity; and let us find the unknown fountain of infinite good. To cease our present employment will be but to lay aside our vanity and vexation of spirit. We will take an unerring compass, and a collation of inspired oracles. As for food, we will find an abundance on the bending boughs of the trees, ever fruitful, and green, and growing, on the banks of the river; for it is written, that "by the river, upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." This, then, shall be a healthful and invigorating journey. We will be apt to have opposition from some in our start, and labor in our progress. There, doubtless, will be many, who will content themselves with the incidental bounty of the river for time, and care nothing for the benefactor. Those who will not leave their lucre, will court our company, and will still remain in "Egypt." But we have started. And now, having followed long this lovely river in its accommodating course, we near the fountain. It cannot be far. The hills of Judea peer up in the prospect. O, there it is! Do you not see its crimson current flowing freely from the foot of Mount Calvary! It is our *Savior's precious blood*! Why did not we, and the world, seek to know sooner that *this* is the "fountain of life" to all that live. Happy is he whom the goodness of God hath led to repentance.

"Creation's great Superior, man, is thine—
Thine is redemption. How should this great truth
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs here!
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime:
Redemption! 'twas the labor of the skies:
Far more than labor—it was death in heaven.
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder to disbelieve."

We are frequently astonished that so few of the many that were permitted a personal acquaintance with the Savior, and a sight of the tragic scene of Calvary, were induced to worship him, and seek salvation in him. And we are willing somewhat to excuse ourselves on the account of our distance, as to time and place, from conversations so convincing, and a science so exceedingly affecting. But surely we, who are graciously permitted to live far down the Gospel stream of light and love, which, for eighteen hundred years, has been radiating and

irrigating the distant desert, have superior advantages in the *demonstrations* of divine grace. We suppose that, had the Egyptians never known the extent and fertility of the waters of the Nile, but had known them only as they could be seen in their apparently insignificant origin, amidst nature's wild and mountain scenery, they never would have offered them their oblations and homage. But we thank God that, even in the small and crowded pool of Bethesda, some were healed of their diseases. But now we see a "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal," reaching far and wide. May we not hope that soon these salutary waters, now flooding the western world, shall roll round, and inundate the entire earth!

"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The LAMB for sinners slain,
Redeemer—King—Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

FRIENDSHIP.

Dost thou know that friendship in this world is
Mostly but an empty name? That which goes
Current among men is but base counterfeit
Of the true coin. On genuine friendship
There is plainly stamped a bright divinity,
Which makes us covet it with eagerness.
But when we stake our rich affections, that
We may possess it, we, to our lasting
Sorrow, find there is so much of selfish
Worldliness mixed with that which we obtain,
That it is worse than worthless. And yet such
Thing as friendship, without alloy, does in
This world have being, and, when possessed,
Does yield most exquisite enjoyment.

The seraphs bright which round Jehovah's throne
Do celebrate his praise, and strike their harp
Strings till heav'n with thrilling melody
Is full, and every heart seems bursting with
The boundless bliss, no higher rapture know,
Than friends, whose bonds of constancy have been
With blood divine cemented. Such friendship
Remains unchanged amid the varying
Scenes of life. Like the lamp within the temple
Of God most high, it burns a ceaseless flame:
It outlives the wreck of every earth-born
Hope: it survives the ruin of every
Budding joy: with the corruptible of
Man it dies not; ay, plants itself upon
The damp tomb of the departed, and, while
It drops the tear, gives wing to thought, and
Pierces through the dreadful curtain of most
Dark futurity, and triumphs as it
Feels the breathings of the loved one's spirit.

VIVENDO.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

WAS it not Burke who said "the age of chivalry is past?" In one sense it is, and the fact has caused much lamentation among poets and novelists. But is the world made worse by its departure? Is the sum total of human enjoyment lessened? Is the cultivation of virtue in any way hindered? For one, I think not. We have not looked upon that age aright. We have seen and studied it too much in pages of romance. We have looked on but one side of the picture. Its sombre hues have been concealed.

The Tells, Bruces, Plantagenets, and Ivanhoes, of that period, are seen struggling in behalf of freedom, or of injured virtue, and, under the protection of patron saints, always successfully; while the villain, the usurper, and the perjured are represented as cowering before the avenging stroke, and falling in the trial conflict. In short, the picture has been drawn in brilliant hues—all is brightness and beauty.

Alas, the coloring is too high! Knighthood was not always pure; noble names were not always unsullied; nor was the strong arm always on the side of right. Poetry has thrown a charm around the "tournament fray"—the daring courage—the reckless spirit of those days; but it tells not of the cruel mockery of disappointed hope. It tells not how many brave and noble spirits were covered with perpetual disgrace by some more mighty than they. Might sat law, and order, and justice at defiance. Power was law. Hence, innocence often suffered without redress. De Wilton was not the only one who, in single combat, fell under the hand of some guilty Marmion.

The age of chivalry was opposed to intellectual improvement. A strong arm and good sword were sure passports to distinction; hence, there was no incentive to the tedious work of cultivating the powers of the mind. Why pry for months and years into occult sciences, and pore over ancient folios, when one border fray, or successful tilt, would give imperishable fame? During the reign of chivalry, Science fled affrighted, and left the world shrouded in gloomy darkness. But few of those "stalwart knights," whose deeds were the burden of the minstrel's song, could write their own names!

It was an age of superstition. The wisest among them "observed times and seasons." The wizard was called from his cell, and the "wise woman" from her secret haunts, to spell the signs of heaven, and read, in stars and streamlets, the warrior's fate—the soldier's doom. See yon army of steel-clad warriors as they are rushing forth to war. They seem to bear an earthquake's power; but, lo! from beneath yon holly bush uprises a toothless, decrepid hag, who mutters, in mumbled tones, some

gloomy prediction. The arm of valor is all unnerved, and the hero of a hundred battle-fields becomes weaker than a weaned child. O, it is pitiable to see how completely superstition had enchained the mighty and the noble!

A wandering monk, "Peter the hermit," passed through Europe. As he went, he told, in burning words, how infidels had planted the crescent over the holy sepulchre—the sepulchre of Jesus! He plead with them not to allow it, denounced God's vengeance on the listless and inactive, and promised immortal honors to those who fought or fell in aiming to rescue this beloved object of Romish idolatry. What followed? Go, read the pages of sober history, and see. Europe was convulsed—there was one general uprising—the spirit of the mighty mass was roused. Kings and nobles, knights and retainers, artisans and serfs, were fired with wild frenzy. "God wills it!" was their shout, as, without leaders—without provision—without order, they madly rushed toward Palestine. History records the mournful horrors of that period: starvation, intense suffering, and miserable deaths, were the results of that frenzied superstition. Yet all this was amid the brightest days of chivalry!

It degraded the female sex. This may seem to be a strong position to such as have made romance their guide to historical knowledge. Woman is there represented as the ruler of each knightly heart—as the guide of his destiny. Grant all this true; and was the fierce combat, where the lance was shivered upon the coat of mail, or drank the flowing life-blood, the place for lovely woman with gentle heart? Surely their ideas of woman's true character were much debased, when they made her the umpire of those cruel deeds. Was woman esteemed as she should be, when she was made a prize to be won by the swiftest steed or strongest arm? Ah! disguise it as you may, in those days, "renowned in story and in song," gentle woman was the slave of haughty, imperious man.

Moral restraint was destroyed. This was so, at least to a great degree. And it was the natural consequence of the principles of the age. I need not say those principles were directly opposed to our holy religion. This demands no proof. "Can a fig-tree yield olive berries?" Can licentious principles produce virtuous action? Nay, was not every moral restraint in that age but as the frail goosamer? If so, gild it as you may, it was an age unblest.

Come, then, look aright upon that age. What had it of unmixed purity or loveliness? Alas, alas! it exhibits "the carnal mind" in its dark, deep workings, and demonstrates that Scripture which saith, "It is enmity against God, and is not subject to his law."

This age passed away before the power of our holy religion, and the light of science. And shall we mourn its departure? I do not—I cannot. I am

glad that its scenes of blood—its recklessness—its gross ignorance, are numbered among the things that were, but are no longer.

But because all this change has come to pass, does it, therefore, follow, that the spirit of true chivalry is no more? I think not. There was something noble in its wild and reckless daring, and unconquerable perseverance. But all that was noble—all that was of pure material, has Christianity preserved, and purified to seven-fold brightness. She has taken every virtue that sparkled in that mass of corruption, and set it, a polished gem, in the Christian's diadem.

One of the most thrilling scenes related of those men of olden time, Scott has appropriated to his royal Fitz James. It was when traveling through his enemy's domain, he declared to his stalwart guide that he hated and defied

"Rhoderic Dhu, and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand;"

and lo! unexpectedly to him, his guide gives the signal whistle, and that same hated and challenged band, with bare weapons, and angry scowl, wait but the word of that guide and the eyes of Fitz James are closed for ever. How bears he now his knightly daring? He draws his well-tried sword, places his back against the towering rock, and shouts defiance:

"Come one—come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Nobly said. But come with me to the study of one who has angered pope and cardinal, and aroused the indignation of prince and emperor. While conversing with a few friends, a messenger, bearing the badge of authority, arrives, and summons him to Worms, where are gathered the enemies of his person and his cause. He presents, also, an imperial safeguard. His friends entreat him not to go. They tell him of pontifical curses, and of the horrible death that most probably awaits him. He speaks of his safeguard. They tell him Huss had one, too, but it preserved him not. Truly it is an appalling hour. Danger stares him in the face. But the fire of Christian chivalry burns too brightly in his bosom, to be thus easily extinguished. In answer to mournful, ay, agonized entreaties not thus to peril his useful life, he responds, "I will go to Worms, though devils were as thick as tiles upon their houses." Go he did, and, with dauntless spirit, he faced that haughty assembly, and they quailed before him. Know ye whence came that "dauntless spirit?" In his lonely cell, when a dark, benighted monk, he found a chained volume, which said, "Fear not them which can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

Is the age of chivalry then past? Come with me. A wail of woe has crossed the wide Atlantic. It is the wail of perishing thousands—perishing for the word of life. The cry of distress falls on the ear of that pale-faced young man. He determines to go and tell them of Gospel plenty. They remonstrate

with him: "If you go, you must die." "So be it; I will go." See him as he nears the vessel which is to bear him *for ever* from his home! An aged mother throws her arms around his neck, and cries, "O, my son, my son, how can I give thee up!" All the deep affections of his feeling heart are stirred. Severe is the struggle, but of short duration. Gently unloosing those aged arms, he turns, and stretches out his hands toward his destined field of labor, and cries, "O, Africa, Africa, how can I give thee up!" He goes to fight—he goes to conquer; but, alas! "All come not back, though fields be won!"

He goes to die! See him now! Among strangers, far from home and kindred, the deadly fever assails him. The last struggle comes on; but with it comes no regret at the course he has pursued. No! in the severest agony, the welfare of his charge rises above his gain. In his dying moments, he cries, "Let a thousand fall, but let not Africa be given up." Mark well that scene—hear aright those *last* words, and tell me, has the spirit of chivalry departed from the earth?

In the missionary field, this spirit shines with more brilliancy than in any other. The delicate female, reared in opulence, and nursed in tenderness, when the claims of the dying heathen have been presented, has offered herself a "willing sacrifice." She has gone over the "cloud-capped mountain," and across the pathless ocean. She has sought the bed of the dying, and while ministering to his bodily sickness, she has told him of a Savior—of a divine Savior; and pointing toward Jesus, she has bid his trembling faith "behold the Lamb of God." She endures all the suffering, and sustains the toil incident to such a life uncomplainingly. And what is her guerdon? Renown? wealth? power? Go ask her. She will sweetly smile, and speak of "the recompense of reward."

Such is the chivalry of Christianity. Is it better or worse than the chivalry of "olden time?"

SONNET.

BY JOHN F. MARLEY.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

UPON this fair, unsullied page,
I pencil one more vow;
And when the iron pen of age
Has marked thy stainless brow,
Thine eye may trace belov'd names here,
Beneath warm pledges given,
And unbid fall a starting tear
For spirits fled to heaven!
May time, whose ever-moving wing
Daily bids some joy depart,
O'er thy bright smile no shadow fling,
Nor grief o'er thy young heart:
For thee be pure and fadeless love
Begun on earth—renewed above!

THE PERSIAN PHILOSOPHER.

BY J. DIXON.

OSMAR, the Persian philosopher, arose early in the morning, to perform his orisons. The god of Persia was just rising in all his magnificence and splendor, irradiating, with his beams, the golden spires of the celebrated temple which had been erected for the recognition of his divinity. In an ecstasy of devotion, he thus poured forth his morning hymn:

"God of this world, whose light divine
Refulgent bursts o'er earth and sea,
Whose glories through creation shine,
O, let thy beams enlighten me!

Million's of ages back I trace
Thy deity, midst rolling spheres,
Diffusing light through boundless space,
Unchanging through eternal years!

Ten thousand orbs around thee roll,
Receiving light and heat from thee;
Of all that is thou art the soul—
The uncreated deity!

No period *past* beheld thee bright,
Emerging from *superior Cause*;
Link'd to thee are those orbs of light,
And all obey thy changeless laws.

O, *Persia's god*, accept my prayer,
And guide my feet in wisdom's way!
May Persia's children be thy care,
And live when empires shall decay!"

After chanting his morning hymn, thrice did the philosopher bow down to the earth; then, rising up, again he worshiped the sun. While he stood devoutly musing, he heard a voice, enchantingly melodious, singing the following beautiful stanzas:

"Ere yonder sun received his birth,
Or stars adorned yon 'shining frame,'
Jehovah reigned, enrob'd in light,
And shall for ever be the same.

Ten thousand worlds, immensely grand,
Sprang into being at his word;
He formed the ocean and the land;
He is creation's sovereign Lord!

Infinite Power! who knows no years;
He's unconfined by time or place!
With his right hand he lanced the spheres,
And bade them roll through boundless space!"

The philosopher listened with intensity of feeling to the words, which were sung by a voice and person unknown to him. Instantly approaching the stranger, whose name was Evangelos, he said, "Stranger, I heard thee singing; and the words of thy song have deeply impressed my mind. Thou hast uttered strange sentiments, to which I have listened with no little surprise."

"And I," responded Evangelos, "was painfully surprised to hear thee, in thy morning devotion, call the sun, which is a *creature*, thy god. The sun is *inert matter*, and not God."

The philosopher replied, "Whence comest thou to

teach the philosophers of Persia new doctrines concerning the divinity? From time immemorial has all Persia paid divine honors to that god whose worship is so unacceptable to thee."

"I have come," said Evangelos, "from a distant land, to impart more knowledge to the wise, and to instruct the ignorant. Here," said the stranger, handing him a Persian Bible, "take this book, read it carefully, and we will meet again."

The philosopher accepted the book, and promised to meet Evangelos at an appointed time and place.

The philosopher, having retired to his chamber with the book presented to him by Evangelos, began, with no ordinary emotion, to peruse its contents. Eagerly casting his eye on the first chapter and first verse of Genesis, he read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." He paused, then read it again. A sudden tremor seized him—an agitation of the whole moral man. And then, with an indescribable struggle of soul, he said, "And is it so? Has an *invisible Cause* produced this splendid universe, so infinitely diversified? My reason, awaking as from a dream, pleads—intelligently pleads the doctrine of the *creation*, and not the *eternity* of matter." When he read, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light," a sudden smile irradiated his countenance, and joy seemed to take possession of his heart. But when he read the sixteenth verse, he was like the Jewish prophet on the banks of the river Chebar—"there was no more strength in him!" He beheld the Persian god but a lamp hung out in the heavens by the hand of an almighty and an eternal BEING!

When the philosopher had recovered from a state of partial insensibility, he tremblingly walked forth to behold the sun, but not to offer unto him the incense of adoration. Addressing the bright luminary, he said, "God of Persia, I bid thee, as *my god*, an everlasting farewell." The philosopher was so overpowered with the glory and majesty of Jehovah, whose altars are "earth, sea, skies," that a new existence, and new powers appeared to have been conferred upon him. He beheld, far beyond the farthest star, a Being of infinite perfections, inhabiting eternity! and yet, that *Being* was in him, in all, and over all!

The time having arrived for the philosopher and Evangelos to meet, each was punctual in the fulfillment of his promise. Evangelos could not help observing the alteration that had taken place in the countenance of the philosopher since they parted. That face, on which Superstition had written her dark signature, seemed to be illumined with dawning hope brightening into day. Evangelos asked the philosopher how he liked the book which he had presented him.

The philosopher responded that he was conversant with the whole circle of Persian literature; but such a book as his friend had given him could not be found in the vast empire. "Ah, my friend," said

he, "I was in darkness, but this book has dissipated that darkness, and my soul exults in the realization of present joy and prospective felicity."

Evangelos rejoiced exceedingly at the happy change which had already been wrought in the mind of the philosopher. He briefly explained to him the condition of man by the fall, the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ, and the willingness of God to save the penitent sinner who comes to him through faith in the Redeemer.

The philosopher continued reading, with increased light and pleasure, the word of God; and when he read the story of the cross, his soul was melted into tenderness—he beheld, by faith, Jesus Christ bearing his sins in his own body on the tree. In rapture he exclaimed, "My sins are forgiven. O, let me die, and go to the land of the blessed!"

OUR THOUGHTS.

—
BY MARY.

"Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little *thought*,
That in the curtain'd chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do
A secret work?" SIGOURNEY.

SAD thoughts—glad thoughts! O, what a world of difference in those little words *sad* and *glad*—the one a ray of light on the pathway of life; the other a midnight sky of darkness.

To our own thoughts we may freely give expression: farther, with certainty, we cannot go. The wisdom of the Almighty has so ordained it, that it is impossible for us to know what is passing in the minds of those around us. And since we cannot know the thoughts of others, would it not be wise to inquire more frequently what are our own thoughts? Are they good or evil? profitable or unprofitable? Are they not only *innocent* but useful? And if "our thoughts are heard in heaven," does it not behoove us, as accountable beings, to cherish those thoughts that will make us wiser and better, each day that our life is prolonged? You may, if you will, spend every moment of your spare time in searching into the heights and depths of your mind; and yet there will be a new lesson ready for every day, every hour, and every moment, during your whole existence; for if it were possible for mortals to live ten thousand years on earth, still, in each mind, the deep, unbounded sea of thought would not be exhausted.

It is not by skimming over the surface of the ocean that we gather the rich treasures it contains; no, if you would possess the pearl and coral, you must dive *deep* for the hidden treasure—you must do it *often* if you would have a large supply. So it is with thought: the well is deep, and you must have the wherewith to draw before you can reasonably

expect to get at its contents; and you must sound long and often if you would know with certainty what it contains. Do not be discouraged if the first, and the second, ay, even if the third attempt should prove a failure. The fault is doubtless your own; add a little more rope, and keep unwinding, until you are sure it *does* reach the bottom; then exercise a little patience before you draw up, and, our word for it, you will have *enough* and to spare.

We may count the stars that stud the firmament of heaven—we may measure the distance of remote planets—we may analyze the globe on which we live; but who may say where thought begins, or where it shall end—who compute the velocity with which it moves beyond the bounds of time, endeavoring to scan the fathomless depths of eternity? None. Thought is *everywhere*—filling every *niche* of time—anon stooping to the lowest mind—ever illuminating the greatest intellect. It is with the poet in his wretched garret, and with the statesman in legislative halls—with the roaming savage in the wild forest, and with the captive in his lone dungeon—with the hero in the field of battle, and with the timid maiden at her task.

So long as we have our own thoughts to converse with, there is no good reason to long for company or amusement; seek rather for something which will profit you in time and eternity. Perhaps you complain that you find little or no fellowship in the human beings around you: then are you, of all others, formed to hold communion with your own heart. And what time is so sweet—so fitting for such communion as the close of day—the hour when the vesper bell is heard, announcing in solemn tones, the departure of another day, calling to worship the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the weary and the heavy-laden? O, what a solemn hour! Ten thousand hearts are raised in adoration—ten thousand hands are clasped in humble, grateful prayer. Here is a scene worthy the gaze of heaven—here is a theme that might employ an angel's mind! And now, O, mortal man, is the recording angel, with busy pen, summing up thy days' account. Flatter not thyself with the vain thought that thy *actions* alone have been written down: thine inmost, *secret thoughts* are all recorded in that book, which opens not again until the archangel's voice proclaims, time is swallowed up in eternity!

"So beware,
O, erring human heart! what thoughts thou lodgest there."

AUTHORITY OF SCRIPTURE.

"I *consent* with all my heart," said Luther, "that the emperor, the princes, and even the meanest Christian, should examine and judge my works; but on one condition—that they take the word of God for their standard. Men have nothing to do but to obey it."

HINTS ON CRITICISM.

BY ERWIN ROUSE.

CRITICISM may be defined as the art of judging with correctness respecting a literary performance. Its province does not consist in minifying or magnifying verbal and grammatical mistakes, but aims at the more exalted purpose of censuring the style and sentiment, and lauding them when founded in nature and truth. Abandoning those imperfections which sciolists consider the eminent faults, it grasps at other and higher peculiarities of an author, and presents them to our view in the light of rigorous fidelity. Opinions at variance with the critic's, instead of being treated with insolence, and rejected as despicable, are considered with deference; and yet the censor reserves to himself the right of discerning and exposing their fallacy. There is none of that sudden burst of passion—that stormy vehemence, which ever characterize the first and final judgment of the arrogant and presumptuous. Nor does true criticism descend to satire for material, nor point out those little defects by which the reputation of a writer can be tarnished; nor delight in the circulation of calumnies and slanders.

It is required of the writing critic, that he understand how to write; and that he be thoroughly and familiarly acquainted with his subject; for if he be unable to perform the one, or ignorant of the other, he is to be denied importance in every thing else. He must be profoundly skilled in the philosophy of the human mind, and capable of tracing the various and endless motives by which it is influenced. He must, in an eminent degree, possess *discernment*. Every thing said must be said to the point—must be clearly designed for the illustration of the subject, and implanting it in the heart. There must be no wandering in order to elicit one's admiration by brilliant imagery and tawdry epithet; but all must be terse, bold, dignified, expressive. To an intellect divested of prejudice, there must be added a just regard to the opinions of others, and a heart susceptible of the warmest and tenderest emotion.

Many persons, however, set up as judges in criticism, who possess very few of the qualifications requisite for the task.

"Tis with their judgment as their watches: none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

Some are cynic and piquant; others immethodical, uningenuous, and unintelligible. Some dull and insipid; others confused and labyrinthic. Some puzzled and lost amid the intricacies of their own blunders and errors; but *all right* in their own eyes. Persons *thus* qualified are fit only to sit in review on such works as the famous histories of Thomas Thumb and Jack the Giant Killer. Endeavoring to signalize, they disgrace themselves; conclusively showing, by the words and phrases they employ, that they are

not conversant with the first principles of science and literature. Their criticisms are never passed until the work they design reviewing has been received and commended by the public; and hence it is, that any ordinary reader can review a book that has been reviewed—can praise passages that have been praised, and ridicule thoughts that have been ridiculed. Almost any mind can detect the minor imperfections of an author; but to discover real merit requires deep thought and laborious research.

"Errors, like straws, on the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

Persons who exercise the censorial prerogative simply because they wish to be *merry*, are hardly aware of the disastrous consequences following such a course. Dr. Southey tells us that he had been in the crucible more than seventy times, and had become proof against reviewers; but, he adds, there are and have been individuals whose only hopes of success have been blasted by the hollow sneers and crushing insinuations of men who, destitute of every feeling of humanity, have delighted in tormenting others. The feathered arrow of an epigram has sometimes been wet with the heart's blood of its victim.

Racine, a scholar of extensive celebrity in France, confessed that the pain which one sarcastic criticism inflicted upon him, outweighed all the applause he ever received. The fate of "Gentle Elia," Charles Lamb, of London, is, perhaps, well known to all. With such senseless and tiger-like ferocity did the Edinburg reviewers pounce upon this youthful bard's effusions, that, overwhelmed and disheartened, he never again

"Ventured up Parnassus' hill,
Or took of Helicon a fill."

It is not going too far to say that much of the virulence of Byron's writings is chargeable upon the individual, or individuals, who thought to have a "little fun" over his "Hours of Idleness." James Montgomery, author of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," informs us that, in consequence of being unjustly ridiculed in his first attempts, he abandoned literary pursuits for a number of years. Hear him:

"There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
My heart grew cold; it felt not *then*:
When shall it cease to feel again?"

Poor Kirke White's dissolution was, according to his biographer, greatly hastened by the ungentlemanly and inhuman treatment received at the hand of the editor of the Nottingham Monthly Review. Read his preface to Clifton Grove, and then judge whether he merited such abuse, and how much provocation there was for a man of fifty, and of sense, (?) too, to lampoon a boy of seventeen.

We shall conclude our observations with an anecdote from an Italian author, asking for it, at least, a perusal from those critics who *love* to feast on other's faults, and whose highest fruition is jollity at the

expense of the innocent. A famous critic having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had in collecting them. In order to do this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had just been threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the *chaff for his pains*.

THE INDIAN PREACHER.

BY REV. H. O. BENSON.

THE subject of our sketch was a native Choctaw. At the time of his birth, which was about the year 1808, his tribe resided upon their reserved lands in the Mississippi country. Some fifteen years since they sold their possessions, and emigrated to lands assigned them on the south bank of the Arkansas, and on the north bank of Red river, six hundred miles west of the Mississippi river. Previous to their emigration, through the instrumentality of our devoted missionaries, a revival of religion had taken place amongst them. Souls were brought from the "region of darkness, and of the shadow of death," to the light of God's children. Among the trophies of redeeming grace, won to Christ, there was a sprightly youth, a full-blood Indian, wild and uncouth, who realized the power of God's saving mercy. His Indian name was Oak-chi-ah. The Christian name given him was William Winans; but he always retained, and was known by his former name.

After his conversion, his mind being enlightened, and his heart expanded by the benevolence of the Gospel, he became deeply interested for his brethren. He raised a warning voice, and, with pure, native, burning eloquence, besought them to come to Jesus and seek a refuge in his cleft side. God owned his mission—souls flocked to the standard of Christ, and enlisted under the blood-stained banners of the cross. Persecutions followed. The prejudices of the Indian people against the Europeans are inveterate; they are so deeply rooted that they appear to be interwoven with the very fibres of their existence. With the "enmity of the carnal mind"—with the inflexible firmness peculiar to Indian character, and with the implacable hatred of a nation whom they considered dishonest, treacherous, rapacious, and cruel, they made a vigorous and desperate effort to stem and roll back the torrent of religious feeling and truth that was flowing in upon them.* These

efforts were directed especially to the converts. Imperious mandates went forth, accompanied with fearful threats. Oak-chi-ah held fast his integrity. He thought it better to obey God than man. On a certain occasion, after publishing the glad tidings of salvation to his people, upon returning, he saw at a distance, in the door of the dwelling, a man in the vigor of life—his athletic frame tall and erect—his tawny visage darkened by the malice that rankled in his bosom, and the cloud of vengeance that lowered upon his brow—the deadly weapon in his hand. Oak-chi-ah expected to *fall*; but, with his eyes toward Jerusalem, he approached with joy in his face and the love of God in his soul. "Father," said he, "will you shoot me? what have I done that I must die so soon?" The old man paused, his muscles relaxed, the deadly piece fell from his hands, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes and flowed down his weather-beaten face. He could face his enemy upon the battle-field—his spirit never cowered in presence of danger or death—he scorned the power or rage of man; but the *spirit* of an humble follower of Christ unmanned him. He saw exhibited such meekness, tenderness, and love, as proved all-powerful arguments in favor of the truth of the Christian religion. The father became deeply penitent, and sought the Lord by prayer and faith until he found acceptance with God. He yet lives (1844) a devoted and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Oak-chi-ah was admitted into the Mississippi conference, traveled two years, was ordained deacon, and located to remove with his tribe to their lands in the far west.

By this removal, those endeavoring to serve God suffered great spiritual loss. Their ministers, houses of worship, ordinances, and religious privileges, were left behind. Their habits of industry and regularity were broken up, and they were exposed to numerous and perilous temptations. In addition to these, they were pursued by a herd of prowling beasts in *human* form, eager to rob them of the scanty pittance received for their lands; and willing, for that paltry sum, to filch their pockets, destroy their morals, and send their souls to eternal perdition.

But the Choctaws did not long remain in the wilderness destitute of the ordinances of God's house. Soon a little band of *itinerant* Gospel pioneers are seen wending their way through the swamps, across the rivers, mountains, and valleys, to "seek these wandering souls of men." The scattered sheep were again collected to the fold—the Church reorganized, and again the rude dwelling of the hospitable Indian becomes a Bethel of the Lord, and prayer and praise ascend to the place "where Jehovah's honor dwells."

In 1843, Oak-chi-ah was readmitted into the itinerant field, and sent, with Rev. J. M. Steele, by Bishop Andrew, to labor in the southern portion of

* These remarks do not apply to all; but to the *heathen* portion of the tribe, afterward settled in a separate district.

the Choctaw tribe. In 1844, the Indian Mission conference was organized, which embraces all the Indian territory between Missouri and Red rivers, west of the States. The first session of that conference was held at Tah-le-quah, the capital of the Cherokee nation. Oak-chi-ah had to travel two hundred miles to reach it. On his way to conference, he visited the Fort Coffee Academy, where the writer first saw him, and learned a part of his history. On the 21st of October, the superintendent of our mission, Oak-chi-ah, Chuck-ma-bee, Rev. J. M. Steele, and the writer, all being thoroughly furnished, crossed the Arkansas river, and directed our march toward the seat of conference. Oak-chi-ah's health was poor, and on the first day his strength failed. Our little cavalcade called a halt, held a council, and it was determined that Chuck-ma-bee should remain, and assist our sick friend. On the second day of the session, they arrived, and took their seats in the conference.

Oak-chi-ah was reappointed to Puck-che-nub-bee circuit by Bishop Morris; but his work was done. On the 31st he reached Fort Smith, faint and feeble. Medical aid was procured, restoratives given, and he retired, not apprehensive of immediate danger. Early on the following morning, he arose, walked out of his room and fell. A friend ran to him, and inquired of his welfare. He replied in Choctaw, pointed upward, and in a few minutes breathed his last. He knew that "the time of his departure was at hand," gave the signal of victory, and claimed his home in heaven—a mansion in the skies. His body now rests in its "narrow house" upon the southern bank of the Arkansas river, there to await the trumpet's peal, which shall wake his sleeping dust, and bid it come forth clothed with the habiliments of immortality. His spirit has, doubtless, gone to hail the missionaries already fallen in the work, and to unite with them in the chorus of the skies.

Oak-chi-ah was about five feet seven inches in height—rather slender—inclined a little forward—constitutionally delicate. He was communicative, easy in his manner, graceful in his movements; and his whole expression strongly indicated the benevolence and goodness of his heart.

As a preacher, he was able, popular, and useful. His eloquence was not bold and majestic, but gentle, sweet, and pathetic—that which affects and soothes the heart. "I scarcely ever heard him preach," said his colleague, "without his congregation being bathed in tears before he closed his sermon." But his works are ended—

"He fell like a warrior—he died at his post!"

O, what a thrilling scene the great day shall reveal when Oak-chi-ah, and the missionary who was instrumental in his conversion, and the liberal *donors* who contributed to the support of that missionary, and the scores brought to God by the labors of Oak-chi-ah, shall hail each other on the blissful shores of

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immortality, to unite in redemption's song of praise to God and the Lamb for ever and ever! To such a scene will the young Indian missionary arise in the morning of the resurrection.

URANOGRAPHY.

BY REV. W. P. STRICKLAND.

From history, geography, and books of travel, we are made acquainted with the countries, oceans, rivers, and cities of the earth—with the climate and productions of each. No study is perhaps more interesting, or instructing, than the study of physical geography and history. The Garden of Eden, with its healthful fruits, genial climate, ever-blooming flowers, verdant plains, and flowing rivers, undimmed by clouds, and unvisited by storms, fills the mind with sensations of beauty the most transporting and delightful. The vale of Siddim, "like the garden of the Lord," bating the curse which sent its withering blight over the fairest portions of earth—the valley of the Nile, filled with the most magnificent cities, gorgeous palaces, and temples, together with the profoundest conceptions and productions of artistic skill and mechanical power, as exhibited in its temples, obelisks, and pyramids—Mount Seir, with its granite peaks glittering in the light of heaven; its amphitheatres of rock, wherein were thousands dwelling, not in rude clefts, as an impoverished race, but in the most splendid palaces out out of the mountain by the chisel of the sculptor, and exhibiting specimens of the finest architecture the world ever saw—Petra, the city of rock, with its temples, palaces, triumphal arches, tombs, and theatres, standing alone, unscathed by the hand of Time, unburied by the sands of the desert, or the alluvion of the valleys, as it has stood for centuries, and will stand fresh and beautiful as ever until earth's foundations melt away—the land of Shinar, with its tower, and the proud city of Babylon—Assyria, with its Nineveh equally proud, surrounded by its massy wall, and thronged with its thousands—Palestine, with its exceeding fertility of soil, its hills and vales, and fertilizing brooks and streams, "the glory of all lands," its Holy City, and its inimitable temple, of which Jehovah himself was the architect, a model of all perfection—the city of the wilderness, with its opulence and grandeur, the seat of pride, and pomp, and power—these are calculated to fill the mind with the most impressive ideas of the rich magnificence of the earth.

Time would fail us to travel down to the present period, and describe the lands, and rivers, and cities, glowing in the light of the same sun. All over this beautiful earth, the most interesting scenes are presented to our view. As we read in the ruins of the past, and in the changes of the present, a history of

our race, and are admonished that every thing is destined to change and pass away, how important to seek a city with everlasting foundations!

But I must not forget my theme. My object was not to write a description of earth but of heaven. And how shall I describe it? Hath eye seen it? Hath the ear heard its songs? or can the imagination conceive of its magnificence and glory? Heaven is only known to faith, and what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, God has revealed to them that believe." Faith is the evidence of things *not seen*, and the substance of things hoped for. Imagination can but shadow forth its glory—faith gives it a living embodiment.

No traveler has returned from the land of the blest. The ancient patriarchs, who anxiously "desired this better country, where God had prepared for them a city," had to "fall asleep" before their eyes could be bathed in its light and glory; but they have not returned. While traveling as "strangers and pilgrims," they professed to be "seeking a city out of sight;" and claiming heaven as the place of their nativity, they rejoiced that their names were written there. Heaven is revealed in the Bible. That precious book contains the uranography of the spirit land. There it is delineated by the pen of inspiration. The beloved disciple, from the mount of holy vision, saw heaven spread out in rich magnificence before him, as distinctly as Moses saw the promised land from Nebo. With St. Augustine "we may ascend the mountain of the holy Scriptures." With "Christian," in the Pilgrim's Progress, we may gain, in company with the shepherds, the heights of the Delectable mountains that rise in majestic beauty from the plains of Beulah, and in the clear light of faith behold the "celestial city."

Heaven may be viewed under several aspects.

As it regards its physical resources, it is peculiarly adapted to convey the greatest amount of physical happiness. In this respect, it is as far removed from the elysium of the Pagan, and the paradise of the Mohammedan, as the pure religion of the Bible is removed from the sensualism of the Shaster and the Koran.

Heaven is a *place*. This is clearly revealed. Jesus said to his sorrowing disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were *not* so I would have told you. I go to prepare a *place* for you: and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that *where* I am there ye may be also." *Body* must occupy space somewhere, and have a definite locality. "Enoch walked with God, and was not; for God took him;" "And it came to pass, that, as they walked and talked, there appeared chariots of fire, and horses of fire, and Elijah was carried up by a whirlwind into heaven." Jesus rose from the grave with his glorified body identified by the scars of the

cross, and ascended from Bethany with angelic cohorts to his Father's right hand.

Where the translated bodies of Enoch and Elijah, and the resurrected body of the Savior, are, there is the heaven of the Bible, and the everlasting home of the saint. To this place the apostle Paul was caught away, whether bodily or not he himself did not know.

In reference to its *location*, there can, at best, be nothing but conjecture. In the vast regions of God's illimitable empire, there is a place called, in our language, heaven; but *where* that place is none can tell. We generally speak of heaven as *above*. This language is merely relative, and can afford no satisfactory indication of its locality. That part of the firmament which is now *above* us, will, in twelve hours hence, be *below* us. Traveling as our earth does upon her orbit at the rate of sixty-four thousand miles an hour, and revolving upon her axis with an almost incredible velocity, it is impossible to speak of heaven as above or below, on the north or south, only in figurative language.

Heaven may be located in the sun, or some of the bright and beautiful planets of our system, or in the sun, or one of its planets, of some other system. It may be located in *Alcyon*, regarded, by some, as the great central sun of the universe, around which revolve all the suns and systems in infinite space.

The Revelator does not tell us *where* it is, but he gives us by far the more important information in describing *what* it is. In his description of the "holy city" we are impressed with the most sublime ideas. An idea of the greatest magnitude takes possession of the mind, when we read his description of its size. The largest city in the world is not ten miles square, and we are impressed with its greatness; but the chief city of God's redeemed is fifteen hundred miles square. The "New Jerusalem" would cover an area greater than the whole Mississippi valley in extent. It is surrounded by a wall composed of all the precious stones in the mineral kingdom, and entered by twelve gates of solid pearl. "The city is of pure gold like unto transparent glass." The river of life runs through it, and the trees of life adorn its banks on either side. Perpetual summer blooms there. Its flowers and fruits are perennial:

"There autumn is the mate of spring,
And winter comes not withering."

Perpetual day shines there: "The gates shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there:"

"No midnight shade—no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

Disease and death are not known there: "The inhabitants shall never say I am sick;" sickness and sorrow have passed, with "former things," away. Death, who with his iron sceptre has driven his conquering car over all the vast fields of the dead, hath himself been smitten by the prince of life, and all the tenants of his gloomy prison have come forth to immortality, and entered upon their everlasting

destiny. The above are some of the descriptions of heaven; and who that reads them is not impressed with a sense of the desirableness of this celestial city as a place adapted to the highest physical enjoyment possible to conceive? This is the palace of God, the great centre whence radiates throughout the universe his glory. Around, above, below, far as the most enlightened and purified thought can travel, scenes of grandeur and glory will invite the study and increase the knowledge and bliss of the inhabitants.

Heaven is not to be regarded as a place of mere physical enjoyment, but as a *state* of the purest and most exalted spiritual and intellectual happiness. The most delightful society is there. The good and great of all ages and countries are there. Many have sighed for an eclectic society on earth, and have labored to found communities composed of individuals possessing elective affinities; but, alas! sin has thrown man out of harmony with his Author, and holiness can alone restore that blessed state. There every thought, and feeling, and action, shall blend in the most delightful unison. Every mind and heart will be as harmonious as the song of the hundred and forty and four thousand, whose strains of sweetness and sublimity shall surpass infinitely far the softest, sweetest, most impassioned notes that ever fell on mortal ear, or ever heart conceived.

In heaven there will be an infinite progression in knowledge as well as glory. We can now but "know in part." In regard to the mysteries of earth, and the sublimer mysteries of heaven, we can, at best, but "see through a darkened glass;" but when the perfect state has come, we shall no longer have our intellectual perceptions obscured, or our powers of reason limited. In the pure light of truth, that which was occult shall be revealed, and that which was mysterious shall be solved.

"There we shall see, and hear, and know
All we desired or wished below;
And every hour find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MRS. H. O. GARDINER.

LISTEN! From those deep shadowy trees
Entrancing music floats;
On—on it comes, borne on the breeze;
Now soft and low its notes.
Anon, a loud, clear, thrilling strain,
Rich in its melody,
Delights the ear, and then again
Sinks to low harmony.
Mild—pleasing is thy tuneful song;
Its beauty cannot fail;
There's heavenly music on thy tongue,
Harmonious nightingale!

THOUGHTS BY THE DEAD SEA.

BY MISS HARRIET NICKARD.

I STAND upon the shore of the Dead Sea—name of a thousand memories! I look around me, and behold naught but a long, rocky shore, stretching away on either hand, and the still water sleeping in the clayey basin. No shady palms wave in the breeze—no olive is there to speak of peace—no willow hangs its gentle boughs to tell of the departed—no vine creeps over the rocky cliff, or gently twines around some firmer stem, to add beauty to the scene—no modest blossom lifts its lovely head, or dares give fragrance to a spot so dreary. The water itself, as if fearful of awaking the slumbering thousands beneath its turbid depths, forbears to move—the breeze that speeds by on its errand of gladness, ruffles not its leaden surface. How plainly are loneliness and desolation stamped on every feature of the landscape! and the mind, tuned by the hand of Him who first strung its chords, can but wake to mournful musings. There comes a voice of loneliness from the sterile cliff, the naked shore, and sullen waters, which strikes with a chill upon the heart. In the land of nature's wealth, the land of palms and vines, of rich perfumes, and life-inspiring breezes, it bursts upon the view like the dark grave yawning suddenly in the midst of life and revelry. Inspired by the natural features of a scene so indescribably desolate, melancholy musings inevitably possess the mind; but here, added to, and almost overpowering every emotion raised by the scene itself, is the tide of memory and association. The dark wave of time rolls back; the moldering record of buried ages opens before me. The dark scene brightens; the present vanishes, and centuries long buried spread their busy picture before me. I stand upon the spot whither the God of Israel directed the wandering steps of his chosen servant, when he called him forth from his country—his kindred—his father's house. Here spreads a rich and fertile valley. Every thing in natural scenery that can charm the eye, or captivate the mind, is here freely presented. The music of Jordan's waters falls on the ear as it leaves its verdant banks, sparkling and dancing amid the beauty, nourished by its own bright waters. The streamlet ripples through the grove. The cool fountain, as it gushes from its gravelly bed, attracts the thirsty passer-by. The leaves tremble in the breeze. The verdant meadow spreads its tempting richness on either hand, while the fair daughters of Lot, beneath the cool shadows of overhanging palms, watch their grazing flocks, or gather them to their folds, as the cool shades of evening fall upon the quiet valley. The low notes of the nightingale float upon the air, mingling their mellow music with the voice of prayer and praise, which ascends from the tent of the man of God to the Author of the many blessings that

cluster here. But blended with this quiet picture, I trace the dark lines of sin and pollution. Even here man forgets the source of all these bounties, and plunges into luxury and extravagance, and, jarring harshly with all this melody of nature, raises the song and shout of unholy revelry. With hearts grown bold in sin, beneath the continued droppings of Heaven's favor, they dare to tempt his vengeance, as well as to despise his mercy. Proud towers raise their lofty spires, to mock the clouds, but point not the souls of those who crowd their portals to Him whose seat is in the heavens. Still Heaven was mindful of some who dwelt in this sweet vale; and angels, to whom it ever has been delegated to minister to the faithful, have here been wont to take visible forms, and commune with righteous Lot, amid the trials and sorrows which beset his path while he mingled with that God-forgetting people. Here Abraham entertained the heavenly visitants, when they left their own pure abode, to warn him of the cloud that hung heavy with God's righteous judgment over that devoted valley. And across the very spot where I now stand, perchance, angels conducted the household of trembling Lot, in haste, from the fiery death which awaited those upon whom the gentle dews of God's mercy had so long fallen in vain. But here the picture changes. The calm dews of evening have fallen upon the tree and flower for the last time. The birds have sung their final farewell to bower and stream within that vale for ever. Those guilty men, reckless in their iniquity, have polluted the ear of Night with their execrations for the last time; and now, methinks, I see the morning sun as he gilds the topmost boughs of the waving palms and lofty cedars for a brief moment, and then veils his glorious face, as if in sorrow, that the vengeance of Heaven must light so fearfully on so sweet a spot. From Zoar Lot looks out upon the plains—the scene of all his home associations—the spot once favored with Heaven's peculiar care, and sees naught but one smoldering, smoking sea of ruin, while dark and ominous the wreaths of pitchy and sulphurous smoke roll upward and gather over the spot, fit garlands for that fiery grave. On the plains of Mamre the gray-haired patriarch stands, and looks with solemn awe upon the contrasted scene. Upon the western sky rises the red vapors from the lost cities of the now desolate vale of Jordan; while vales and hills in the serene south country, drink in the golden sunbeams, all the streams flash back their light upon the emerald shore, and life and beauty rests on all save Sodom and Gomorrah. Evening bathed the hills of Palestine, and played with its farewell beams on knoll and spire, but sought in vain the answering glow from tree or tower within Jordan's vale. Dark and still spread out the waters on which I gaze. The proud cities, with their guilty denizens, who, but a few hours since, spurned and cursed the angel messenger, sleep beneath. Lone, waveless sea!

unchanging monument of Heaven's vengeance! great sepulchre of God's own building! death is thy province—the dead thy treasure! life has no gift for thee; it stirs not in thy sunless depths, nor the waves upon thy shores! No dipping oar, no floating sail, breaks thy deep repose. Here hast thou watched, and here shalt watch, till Earth herself grows old with ceaseless mutations, above the gathered dead that sleep in thy embrace. No voice of busy commerce—no call of avarice—no shout of victor's trumpet shall rouse thee from thy vigil. Dark—voiceless—changeless, thou shalt still guard thy treasure, till He who gulfed it there, shall bid the “sea give up its dead.”

TRIFLES.

BY MISS ELLEN RICHARD.

THE voice of the wise and prudent has been often and earnestly raised, to warn the world against attaching undue importance to trifles; nor would we gainsay this warning: unquestionably there is broad ground for it. But what are trifles? There are all about us what we call such—things that we are accustomed to look upon as of no moment, as being entirely unworthy of our attention; but let us pause and examine.

The Almighty looks with interest upon all that he has made—upon all that has a bearing upon the destiny of mortal man, temporal or eternal; and in the volume given for our instruction, he has not omitted to show that, amid the immensity of his works, he is not unmindful of those which, in our pride, we look on as the veriest trifles. Even the hairs of our head are all numbered by him; the sparrow falls not without his notice; he clothes the grass in its mantle of green, and spreads the rich robe upon the lily of the field; his watchful eye notices the insect which we so heedlessly trample under our feet, his ear attends to the cry of the young raven, and his hand supplies its wants; for he sees greatness in what we despise. Aught that has occupied the care of Omnipotence in its formation and preservation, may man presume to call trifling? And has human existence trifles? Is that which pertains to the moral nature of less importance? Life is made up of trifles—of little moments, even as atoms compose the universe, and seconds fill the circle of eternity. The sluggard, as he pleads excuses for himself, says it is only a minute; “only an hour,” says the idler, “a mere trifle; it would amount to nothing if ever so well improved; one moment will make no difference.” But is it thus? No; for a few, a very few of these trifles, make the grand sum of life: each as it lapses from us leaves the number less, till at length, moment by moment, all are gone. Why, every thing depends on the trifles—the little things! A drop from the ocean would not be missed, and yet it takes the drops to make the ocean.

A thread to the floating sail would not appear to add to its length, but take away the threads and all is gone. A sand upon the sea shore is nothing, and yet it helps to form the great whole. The tiny drops make the summer shower, and by their genial influence call forth the wealth of the vegetable world. Let the drops, conscious of their individual insignificance, refuse their aid, and the pleasant grove would no longer spread its embowering canopy—the rivers would cease to flow—the cool water would no longer gush from its gravelly bed. Should the sunbeam, because its feeble light alone cannot illumine the universe, refuse to shine forth from its fountain, where would be life and light to us? Every ray helps to warm and cheer the earth, and every moment in life tells on the scroll of time. Where can we find a person who is not busy every day with what are called trifles? Abstract each moment's work, or thought, from all the rest, and it seems a trifle; but on these, yea, on *some one* of these may turn our usefulness—our happiness—our *all*.

It is folly to scorn a small thing either for evil or for good; for a look may work our ruin—a word may make our wealth and happiness. A single step, more or less, this way or that, hath often saved life, or destroyed it—built up fortune and reputation, and cast them down. Surely it is the trifles that move the world—it is the trifles that speak for us in words of praise or disapprobation—it is the trifles that form the character. The mother looks upon her darling infant, and smiles to see it strike its brother, or snatch away its toy; it is a trifle—a petty, pleasing trifle, and she forgets that the character is made up of trifling acts—that errors now inculcated poison not one cup alone, but the fountain, whence flows an ever-widening stream from which thousands are to drink.

Each indulgence of wrong—each lesson of good is a seed for future weal or woe. The acorn may seem trivial—the tender shoot may look fair and pliable; but when it becomes the unyielding oak of evil passions or principles, then may be seen the influence of apparent trifles—little indulgences in youth.

The inebriate, if not wholly lost to a sense of good and evil, looks back with an almost overpowering sense of sorrow to the first drop—the first glass. Ah! that first offer told his ruin; and how many proofs in every walk of life are to be witnessed of the effects of trifles! The youth bent on doubtful pleasure says, "Yet this once—it is a trifle—only another hour of folly; what is one among so many? whom shall I harm? a little ill has much pleasure in it." Fatal mistake! those trifles—those single hours of foolish indulgence fasten on the soul—they leave their mark, which may never be erased; and long, in after life, it may harass the soul, and, in spite of every effort, bring it into ruin. Again and again, trifle after trifle he transgresses, till, urged on by the accumulated trifles, he finds himself in despair.

Is it wise, then, to despise trifles? No; for there is nothing so small that it may not produce great effects—small steps from the strait path may lead eternally astray. The reputation we enjoy in society depends much on trifles, and they who would, and do enjoy a fair name, procure and preserve it more by trifles than by acts which the world esteem great. With woman this is especially the case. She is the one to be looked upon with a scrutinizing eye—all are critics upon her course—all are judging of the propriety of her dress, her talk, her walk, her smiles, and her frowns. Indeed, if she is not awake to every trifle, she may soon find herself carried down by the tide of public prejudice. A thoughtless expression, some little misstep, a smile given in the plenitude of kindness, where propriety would dictate a reproving look, may cost her that confidence and regard which are her richest treasures.

The sum of human enjoyment depends not less upon trifles. The stream of small pleasures fills the ocean of happiness, and the anguish of life is but the repetition of trifling pain. Even so, little kindnesses how much they speak! how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness, a gentle word, or even a sympathizing look, may drive despair away, and make the path of life cheerful and pleasant: it rises from misery and degradation, and throws around the soul those hallowed joys that were lost in Paradise. To the eye of affectionate remembrance, too, how much of the coloring of the past is made up of trifles! The memory of a little word unkindly spoken to one beloved, may come back upon the heart when it is too late for repentance, and burn with a fire which not all our tears can quench. The last look of recognition—the smile that gilds the soul's departure—the last faint breath upon the lip—

"The tender farewell, on the shore
Of this wide world, when all is o'er,
Breathed by the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark"—

each is a gem in the treasury of affection, too rich for the wealth of Ind to purchase.

If we seek for the cause of the troubles and afflictions of mankind, we shall hear of a thousand little trifles which have conspired to render life a burden. Could we cast off from us the little troubles, momentary trifles, and prevent their sting from entering the heart, we should avoid the great cause of our anguish. And, on the other hand, it is wisdom to study our pleasure in trifles. We shall find a comfort in it unperceived by restless aspirants for wealth and fame; for trifling joys oft-repeated fill up the cup of happiness, and, while they fall like heaven's dew upon the heart, seem to exhale a sweetness and freshness even to heaven. Give me the mind that

counts on trifles—give me the heart that can bear the little ills of life—yes,

“Give me that soul’s superior power
That conquers over fate—
That sways the weakness of the hour;
Rules little things as great—
That lulls the human waves of strife
With words and feelings kind,
And makes the trials of our life
The triumphs of our mind.”

The huge rock that wrecks whole navies, and protects the shipwrecked from an ocean’s grave, is but the work of an insignificant worm. The aged sire, as he bends over the grave, looks back along life’s journey, and beholds the long future that spread out before his youthful fancy, shrunk to the short past—a point amid the gathered waves of that shoreless sea, and himself on life’s utmost verge, about to cast anchor in the silent grave. So is the happiness or misery of human beings: the mind can suffer or enjoy but a single moment at a time, and the aggregate of these moments, trivial in themselves, constitutes the whole life of bliss or anguish; and the mind that is prepared to trust all trifles to God, and gather the fruit of joy from them, is in the path of wisdom, while the mind by folly led will make every present moment, each passing trifle, trouble in itself, and the seed for a future harvest full of bitterness.

While we look for the lion in our path, the little foxes may destroy the vines. The general who has braved a thousand swords, has fallen by the needle; and the saint who has withstood even the fires of martyrdom, has perished by an evil thought. In short, throughout the visible universe—in all the intercourse of society—in the operations of the moral and intellectual nature, we find such an untold tide of influence flowing from causes which we are wont to regard as trifles—such a weight of responsibility growing out of the most trivial acts, the least important relations, that thought baffled flows back upon its source; and, with a feeling of awe, in view of the mighty mysteries which crowd upon every avenue of mortal life, we ask, as at the beginning, what of all we see and know, shall we dare to pronounce trifles?

ENGAGING MANNERS.

To be amiable in society, be mild and affable in your demeanor. Let that courtesy which springs not so much from studied rules as from a gentle heart, characterize your deportment. Affectation is certain ruin; while the practice of forming one’s manners on fantastic models will insure the contempt and ridicule of every sensible and well-informed mind. By studying Chesterfield, and others, it is possible to obtain an artificial ease, which will pass for good manners; but it is only by a generous disposition that you can secure the esteem of the virtuous and intelligent.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.*

—
BY JOSEPH NUCHTER.
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I WAS born in Unterstorch, grand-dukedom of Hesse, and brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. In my twelfth year, I was admitted to confession and to communion, and absolved of all my sins. I was a Roman Catholic Christian, like all my neighbors—went regularly on Sabbath morning to the church, and the rest of the day to the coffee-house, ball-room, and card-table.

Three or four times a year we confessed our sins. The priest was, at times, in very good humor, and readily and easily absolved me. At other times, he was in bad humor, and even angry; and he laid upon me heavy penances. To say the litany of all the saints, to go through the stations of suffering, and to pray the rosary, were the most frequent of them. The rosary was my easiest and most welcome penance; for very often I let two beads fall at once.

O, blind Popery! thou art always running counter to God’s will. God calls upon us, in his word, first to repent, and then to receive the remission of sins; but the Pope and his priests absolve first, and then force the people to do penance.

While walking with my associates in the broad road of sin, it pleased God to put it into my heart to emigrate to this country. Coming, by this direction, to America, I settled at Cleveland. Having visited the several Protestant churches in that city, and finding no masses said in them, I did not like them; since I had been taught, by my priests, to consider the mass above every other religious service. Hearing, by a young man, that there was a Catholic priest in the neighborhood of Sandusky City, I went to see him. Having made my confession to him, he laid so heavy a pecuniary penance on me, that I told him I could not pay it. Seeing my inability, and giving me a severe castigation, he pardoned my sins freely.

About this time, an impression began to weigh on my heart, that I was not prepared for death and heaven. Not long afterward, I married a Protestant lady, and settled in Toledo. Having again an inclination to confess, I feared the priest would be angry at my connection with a Protestant. Falling in, at another place, with a Methodist preacher, Rev. Christopher Høvenner, who preached so searchingly that my heart was laid open, and pungently convicted, I invited him to dine with me. His conversation, at the table, gave me a deeper interest in his doctrine. On a second visit to my house, he discovered himself to be my old blacksmith at Sandusky. In him I saw the power of God. His third sermon, accompanied by the grace of God, gave me to see

* Translated from the German.

my whole condition. I went home to pray, but was ashamed to let even my wife know my state of mind, although she was wrought upon in exactly the same manner. We, however, both saw the danger of the unconverted heart, and, thanks to God, the preacher directed us to the right source of safety and salvation. After a penitential struggle of three months, we received, from no earthly priest, but from Jesus himself, a full absolution, and perfect rest to our souls. All things old have now passed away; and behold all things are now become new. O, that all Roman Catholics might know how good it is to live with Jesus!

We then joined the Methodist Church, and, every day, we feel more and more thankful that we did so. We were the first members; but there is now a little society of eighteen; and our daily prayer is, that God may multiply the number of his children. It is a wonderful blessing to us Germans, that the Methodist Church has seen fit to send us religious shepherds, who go searching out the lost sheep, and who bring them back from their wanderings to the fold of Jesus. Alleluiah! My heart sighs, my lips pray, my eyes weep, that God may soon have mercy, dethrone the false vicar in Rome, and bring my dear kindred, now shrouded in darkness, to the light of revelation, and to the feet of Jesus!

THE HOUR OF PARTING.

BY FLORIO.

It is unavoidable. However long our life may be, it must have an end. Its last scenes will be viewed—its last deeds will be performed. The hands must cease to work; the feet to move; the heart to beat; the cheeks to glow, and the eyes to sparkle. All must lie down alike in the grave, and be food for corruption and the worm.

It cannot be far off. For what is our life? A dream—a vapor—a tale that is told—a ripple in the stream. What is beauty? While we stop to gaze and admire, the grace thereof perisheth. What is power? We just take it by the hand, and it bids us adieu for a successor. What is fame? She just crowns us with her wreath of joy, then plucks it off to sport with others. What is wealth? While feasting us, and rolling us in his car of pleasure, he dismisses us to tempt some other pilgrims on their way to eternity. Every thing reminds us that the city of our rest is not here, but that we, with all who have lived before, must arise and depart.

It may be very near. The body of man—how frail—how weak—how liable to disease and death!

"Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

"Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth, also, as a shadow, and continueth not." Yes, the hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour to the wisest and the best, when we must bid adieu to the scenes we love, the friends we cherish, and the kindred we adore. We may strive to banish the thought of our human weakness—we may mingle in the strife and business of the world—we may drink of its streams of pleasure, and be sated with its joys and delights; but the reflection haunts us still. The decree has gone forth—it is irrevocable: *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.*

BETTER DAYS.

BY AMANDA F. DEMOTE.

TIME, like an angry, rolling tide,
Bears swiftly on its bosom wide
The pleasures which we fain would stay;
Still we expect a better day.

Though morning disappointment brings,
And eve presents no better things,
Congenial Hope, with milder ray,
Bids me expect a better day.

How oft the path of life I've found
For me with disappointment crowned!
Still Hope, the charmer, held the sway,
And whispered of a better day.

'Tis mine to mourn misfortune's shock,
Scourged by the winds which seem to mock
The pleasure which so soon decays,
Nor scarce leaves hopes of better days.

Though faint be hope, and dim its light,
It sheds on all a pure delight—
Bids every anxious thought away—
Gives promise of a better day.

My erring heart has sorrows borne,
Which I would fain should not return;
Though long in troubles dark I stray,
I still expect a better day.

The friendless heart that harbors there,
No wish but death to free from care;
Still hope within that bosom stays,
And tells of brighter, better days.

If not on earth, there is in heaven
A balm for every heart that's riven—
A choir that sings far sweeter lays
Than man e'er sung of better days.

Then if on earth I ne'er can gain
The pleasures which are free from pain,

In heaven, where love all grief allays,
I shall enjoy those better days.

Then why should earth my thoughts engage,
When all its boasts cannot assuage
The throbbing heart which sin dismays,
Nor give o'er hope of better days?

THE SEASONS.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

THERE's beauty when the new-born spring
Her emerald attire resumes—
Each tiny shrub and forest king,

Life's ever-varied dress assumes;
And from the shady, woodland dells,
Delightful, choral harmony
In cadence sinks, or softly swells,
Entrancing with its melody.
Sweet summer, too, when deeper green

Reposes on the shrub and tree;
Earth's fairest prospects then are seen;
Pleasant her prospects are to me.
Often I'm straying where the rose
Sweet fragrance pours upon the breeze;
In rainbow hues the garden glows—
The zephyrs whisper mid the trees.
Often I sit, when sunset rays
Refracted o'er the earth are spread;
Yet never weary while I gaze:

A softened light on all they shed;
Nor less enchanting to the sight.
Delightful to the listening ear,

Grave autumn comes, with frost and blight;
A mournful loveliness is here.
The plaintive music of the breeze
Has charms no other season bears;
Each dying leaflet of the trees
Rich, gorgeous tints of beauty wears.
In majesty stern winter comes;
Nor is this season without charms;
Grand are its tempests—wild its storms—
Sublime and fearful its alarms

Of raging winds—then calm and still.
Fair as the snow on which it shines

The moon looks down on plain and hill;
Her image every lake enshrines.
Earth is all beautiful; each strand

With beauty beams from morn till even;
Each clime is lovely; but a land
Superior, lovelier far, is given
To all who seek. That land is heaven.

"ALL IS VANITY."

BY ISAAC JULIAN.

'Tis all in vain that pleasure gilds
The morning of life's vernal day;
Like sunlight on the waving fields,
That, slowly lingering, melts away,
The hopes and pleasures all depart,
That thrill with joy the youthful heart.

'Tis all in vain the laurel wreath
Rests proudly on man's lofty brow;
Beneath the icy touch of *Death*
Full soon his beauty slumbers low,
And all the splendor fame e'er gave
Can never gild the silent grave.

'Tis all in vain the great, the gay
Pursue the toys of wealth and power—
Trifling eternity away
In fleeting visions of an hour!
Is *pride* an off'ring meet for heaven?
Then may they hope to be forgiven!

'Tis all in vain that Folly rears
The cenotaph of pride and fame;
The ceaseless round of wasteful years
Mars even eternal Nature's frame;
And shall an earth-born worm aspire,
Where mountains stoop, and seas retire?

In vain are all our griefs and cares—
In vain our joys, our hopes, and fears;
Amid our life's ten thousand snares
We lose the swiftly fleeting years,
Pass our brief span in woe and gloom,
Then sleep, forgotten, in the tomb.

All things are vain but fearing God,
And doing all his holy will;
Then let us kiss the chastening rod,
And trust in him for mercy still;
Secure that, 'neath his righteous reign,
We live and suffer *not in vain*.

FORGIVENESS.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis the sweetest word that man
Did ever learn—sweeter far than fragrant
Myrrh, incense burnt, or spicy aroma.
"Thine enemy forgive, and him that hates
Thee too," the meek and gentle Savior said.
"Forgive, my Father, O forgive," he cried,
When mock'd, and scoff'd, and scorn'd by cruel men,
"Forgive! they know not what they do!" and yet
Upon his godlike brow a crown of thorns
His raging foes and murderers rudely bound.
Ah, why not learn from him, when scorn'd by foe,
That foe to love, regard, embrace, forgive?
Ah, why forget to send on high the pray'r,
That God would him and thee at once forgive?

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1847.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

SCRIPTURAL ORIGIN OF THE WORLD.

THE origin of the world, and of the great universe by which it is surrounded, furnishes a question of unbounded interest to all thoughtful minds; and, at this particular time, it is beginning to attract more than ordinary attention, both in this country, and in other lands.

The recent progress of the physical sciences, and the wonderful developments they have made, are beginning to excite general notice; and, in a very commendable manner, and with a pure love of the truth, are all reflecting persons ready to inquire, whether the long-settled doctrines of the Bible are exposed to any new danger from these strange revelations. No candid man will deny the prudence of such inquiries, at whatsoever time they may be made; and the repeated attacks received by Christianity from the scientific savans of France, and Germany, and even England, also, may have pressed this prudence to the verge of timidity, if not of unwarrantable suspicion.

Taking the entire scope of history into the account, and carrying back our research to the times of the old classic philosophers, there is, perhaps, no one topic of divine revelation which has been more frequently, or more systematically impugned, than that of the origin of the physical universe in which we live. This consideration, added to the intrinsic merit of the subject, has inclined me to offer to my readers a brief historical sketch of it, with such critical remarks as the occasion may seem to justify.

If we consider either the grandeur or the glory of the universe—either the complexity or the harmony of its arrangements, we shall cease to wonder at the ardor of the human mind, in all ages, respecting its origin. How can we now look out upon the surface of our great globe, divided into land and water, belted and ridged by mountains, watered by countless rivers, spotted by numberless islands, and decked with grass, and shrubbery, and flowers, and illumined by the magnificent lights of heaven, without feeling an intense interest in the question of its authorship? Who can look upward into the vaulted canopy, and behold the dazzling splendor, and contemplate the starry movements, and travel at large into the vast depths of ether, and survey the sublime spectacle of the heavenly bodies spread out all around him, and not wish to hear the story of their creation? Or what rational creature, knowing one of these bodies to be inhabited, and, from analogy, peopling all the rest by his faith or fancy, and thus stretching the effort of his imagination till it is ravished with its own visions, can return quietly to his slumbers, and seek no farther acquaintance with an inquiry so natural and fundamental? The inspired volume opens with this great topic; and the birth of time was celebrated by the angels. Nor is it strange that all antiquity made that a standing question, which is so evidently the starting point of all human knowledge.

The old Greek philosopher, Leucippus, was among the earliest of those who have given a complete theory of the creation. Resolving to attribute no element or quality to nature which he did not actually find in it, after a long course of observation and reflection, he professed to have discovered nothing in the universe but

mere matter, and in matter nothing but the four qualities of figure, magnitude, place, and motion. From these four properties he attempted to deduce the theory of creation, and to account for every known existence. Matter, he said, was not infinitely divisible; and the smallest particles of it he called atoms. These atoms, either all alike, or differing in size and shape, being driven about from place to place by their inherent principle of motion, would accidentally produce a variety of combinations; and, that they should fall together into the present state of things, and retain their accidental positions for ever afterward, he considered a perfectly natural supposition. Supported, at first, by the talents of his friend Democritus, and, in other years, by the acute abilities of Epicurus, and, in still later periods, by the acknowledged genius of the poet Lucretius, Leucippus found it an easy undertaking to maintain the credit of his opinions. In later times, Magnenus, Gassendi, Romano, and the celebrated Huygens paved the way for the modern infidels of France, Germany, and other countries. Dr. Priestly, an Englishman by birth, but an American by residence, adopted the atomical theory, and rivaled its founder in his adherence to its most extravagant deductions. This material philosophy, denying the existence of all incorporeal substance, rejects the idea of a human soul distinct from the body, and admits the principle of motion as the only God—the universe, from materials eternally existing, was evolved by chance; and we have no better hope of its continuance, than that derived from the accidental stability in which we now see it stand.

Strato, an Aristotelian philosopher of great eloquence and learning, originated a second theory of the creation. Maintaining that so perfect a piece of workmanship, as is the glorious universe around us, could not have come accidentally together, but must have had the advantage of some intelligent direction, he conceded to these material atoms the principle of vitality in addition to the four qualities given them by Leucippus—each particle of matter had not only its own figure, magnitude, place, and motion, but a species of perceptive life, by which its motions and combinations were directed. "See," said the philosopher, "this drop of water, and that little insect, each suspended from the ceiling. Were they dead, both would fall instantly. Their life gives them their power of adhesion; and it is by this power, that the particles of all bodies are kept in their respective places." But Strato was pressed often with a more difficult question. His disciples wished to know by what means these atoms at first found their places. "Pour into this vessel, then," responded the acute naturalist, "several ingredients capable of forming combinations. Do you not see them all selecting their several companions, and on no occasion making choice of any others? Does not the acid float round, as if uneasy, till it finds its proper alkali, and then embrace it with a kind of intelligent affection? So, on a larger scale, infinite space is the vessel into which all known ingredients were originally thrown; where, in obedience to this same chemical vitality, all existing combinations have been formed, the sum total of which we style the universe." Such was the hypothesis of Strato; but, ingenious and plausible as it is, it never acquired much credit among philosophers. It is now found only in the works of three or four of the old Greek and Roman classics.

The theory of the creation that stands next in pro-

gressive order is that of Anaximander, who represented the universe as a combination of material elements animated by a kind of soul. This soul was similar to that of a brute animal, and formed about itself this vast system of worlds, very much after the manner of the origin and growth of the human body. It could confer upon the atoms of matter a sort of vitality, which did not originally belong to them, and which they might lose by being separated from it. This soul was called the PLASTIC PRINCIPLE in nature, and was supposed to resemble what physiologists have called the *vis vite* of our bodies. A living animal has the power of assimilating to itself every variety of substance on which it feeds, and of forming out of them a harmonious system. In a similar way, said Anaximander, the plastic principle in nature, operating on the atomic elements existing in space, constructs the great fabric of creation, and keeps it constantly in repair.

Plato, the prince of ancient philosophers, took a great step in advance of all these theories, in asserting the existence of an intelligent Being, perfectly distinct from matter—the great author and builder of all worlds. This doctrine, derived through Anaxagoras from Thales of Miletus, began a new era in speculation; but it was accompanied by an assumption of the eternity of matter, which rendered it but little better than its predecessors. The material elements, uncreated and eternal, were exceedingly limited in their capacities, and were unsuitable of a perfect combination. A finished product was, therefore, impossible. The air we breathe was the best which its constituent properties would admit of; but, from better materials, a better atmosphere might have been created. The same thing was asserted, also, of fire, earth, and water; and, as these four were supposed to be the primary elements of all bodies, the universe itself, in all its length, and breadth, and magnificence, was very inferior to the good wishes of its builder. This philosopher, bewildered as he was by his notions respecting matter, was greatly in advance of all others, and sometimes walked on the very verge of revelation.

Simon Magus, a personage mentioned in the New Testament, Arius, the arch-heretic of the early Christian ages, and several other freethinkers in later centuries, presented to their followers the most imaginary of all the modes of accounting for material nature. "God," say these writers, "created the Son; the Son created the Spirit; the Spirit created the angels; and the angels made the world, and adorned it with its present furniture." Strange as it may seem to the enlightened of this generation, the Magian philosophy was once very popular; but it now sleeps in the grave with its followers, and is not likely ever to behold the light of a resurrection.

But the prophet Moses, instructed in Egyptian wisdom, and illumined by the superior light of heaven, was the first to give the true theory of creation. Raised, by the gift of inspiration, far above the wisdom of the ancients, he spent no time in drawing conjectures, but recorded, in simple language, the history of the world's construction. Carried back, on the wing of revelation, to the period of the creation, he saw the great events as if they were actually transpiring; and his account of them, embracing the three great facts about which the world had been so long divided, is the only existing basis for either science or speculation.

The inspired historian states, in the plainest terms, first, that God created in the beginning both the earth

and heavens; secondly, that, after this original creation, the earth was without form and void, or, as the Septuagint clearly expresses it, invisible and unfurnished; and, thirdly, that, at the termination of this second period, the length of which is not given, the Spirit of the Creator moved upon the humid mass, brought light out of darkness, divided the land and water, filled the seas with their finny inhabitants, adorned the plains, and valleys, and mountains with grass, and trees, and shrubbery, and created birds, and four-footed animals, and at last man in his own glorious image.

It cannot, however, be denied, that the modern method of printing has greatly obscured this clear and simple history of the creation. So closely are the several parts of it laid together in our books, and so little typographical space is left between events the most different and remote, that the eye naturally misleads the mind, and makes confusion where all was plain. Although the more recent and less perfect manuscript copies of the Bible had gradually fallen into a similar inaccuracy, yet, as the learned inform us, the older manuscripts are more and more free from it, as we travel backward to the earliest times. Having seen specimens enough of the mode of ancient writing, to convince me that the Hebrew historian undoubtedly recorded these three events in a manner more intelligible than our modern way of printing them, I have taken a conceit to set them down as I think they may have been originally composed. I have, also, numbered the successive periods, that the reader may have a still clearer view of this august proceeding; nor will the inquiring mind complain, if I give him here a version from the Greek Scriptures, which he can compare with the English translation taken from the Hebrew.

The following, then, may represent the account given us of the creation by the prophet Moses:

FIRST GREAT PERIOD.

I. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

SECOND GREAT PERIOD.

II. But the earth was invisible and unfinished; and darkness was over the abyss.

THIRD GREAT PERIOD.

III. And the Spirit of God moved over the water.

FIRST MINOR PERIOD.

1. And God said, "LET THERE BE LIGHT," and there was light.
2. And God saw the light that it was good.
3. And God divided the light from the darkness.
4. And God called the light day, and the darkness he called night.
5. And the evening and the morning were the first DAY.

SECOND MINOR PERIOD.

1. And God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the water; and let there be a division between water and water." And it was so.
2. And God made the firmament: and God divided the water which was under the firmament from the water that was above the firmament.
3. And God called the firmament heaven.
4. And God saw that it was good.
5. And the evening and the morning were the second DAY.

THIRD MINOR PERIOD.

1. And God said, "Let the water under the heaven be gathered into one collection, and let the dry land be seen." And it was so.

2. And the waters under the heaven were gathered into their collections, and the dry land was seen.

3. And God called the dry land earth; and the collections of water he called seas.

4. And God saw that it was good.

5. And God said, "Let the earth bring forth the blade of grass, bearing seed according to its kind, and according to its likeness, and the fruit-bearing tree, whose seed is in it, according to its kind, upon the earth." And it was so.

6. And the earth brought forth the blade of grass, bearing seed according to its kind, and according to its likeness, and the fruitful fruit-bearing tree, whose seed is in itself, according to its kind upon the earth.

7. And God saw that it was good.

8. And the evening and the morning were the third DAY.

FOURTH MINOR PERIOD.

1. And God said, "Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven for light upon the earth, to divide between the day and the night; and let them stand for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and let them stand for light in the firmament of heaven, so as to give light upon the earth." And it was so.

2. And God made two great lights, the one great light to rule the day, and the smaller light to rule the night. He made the stars, also.

3. And God placed them in the firmament of heaven, so as to give light upon the earth, and to rule the day, and the night, and to divide the light from the darkness.

4. And God saw that it was good.

5. And the evening and the morning were the fourth DAY.

FIFTH MINOR PERIOD.

1. And God said, "Let the waters bring forth creeping things of living souls, and fowls flying upon the earth under the firmament of heaven." And it was so.

2. And God made great whales, and every soul of creeping, living things, which the waters brought forth according to their kinds, and every winged fowl upon the earth according to its kind.

3. And God saw that they were good.

4. And God blessed them, saying, "Increase and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas; and let the fowls multiply upon the earth."

5. And the evening and the morning were the fifth DAY.

SIXTH MINOR PERIOD.

1. And God said, "Let the earth produce living life according to its kind, four-footed and creeping things, and wild beasts according to their kind." And it was so.

2. And God made the wild beasts of the earth according to their kind, and the cattle according to their kind, and every creeping thing of the earth according to its kind. And God saw that they were good.

3. And God said, "Let us make man according to our image and likeness; and let them have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowls of the heaven, and over the cattle, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

4. And God made man—in the image of God he made him: male and female made he them.

5. And God blessed them, saying, "Increase and multiply, and fill the earth and govern it; and have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and over the fowls of heaven, and over all the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth."

6. And God said, "Look, I have given to you every herb bearing seed, which is upon all the earth; and every tree which has in itself the fruit of sown seed. They shall be to you for food. And to all the wild beasts of the earth, and to all the fowls of the heaven, and to every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, which has in itself a living soul, even every green herb for food." And it was so.

7. And God saw all things, whatsoever he had made, that they were very good.

8. And the evening and the morning were the sixth DAY.

The attentive reader will require no eulogium on this sublime account of the work of creation. I have often coveted such powers of fancy, as would transport me to the scene of this glorious achievement. I have wished for the wings of an angel, and for the perception of a burning seraph, not more clearly to understand this simple narrative, but to bear me back to that point of time and space, from which I might look down and behold the grandeur of the process. But I should need, also, the life and immortality of a seraph to wait and witness the progress of the Divine operations. We must look, then, with the eye of faith, enlightened by revelation.

There was a moment when God was the only Being. He dwelt alone in his majesty. He was a universe in himself, possessing infinite powers, filling all space with his presence, living a life of intellectual and moral glory, and rejoicing in the consciousness of his attributes.

There was another moment, after the lapse of unknown ages, when a spiritual universe was called into existence. God spake, and there were angels. The more immediate presence of Jehovah was peopled by myriads of beautiful and happy beings. The spiritual world was alive with immortal creatures, who, standing, and flying, and worshipping around the throne of God, beheld his glory, and exulted in his beneficence.

There came, also, another moment, when a still wider development of the Divine nature was to be realized. The material universe was to spread out through space, and be adorned and governed by living inhabitants. A more palpable revelation was to be made of God's essential character. One sphere, into which he might diffuse himself, had been created; and, from centre to circumference, it was full of him. His almighty energies wanted more room. Heaven itself could not afford him space enough for the exercise of his boundless faculties. Exulting in his own joy, and glowing with the reflected splendors of the spiritual world, and transported by the visions of still farther creations presented by his omniscient wisdom, and conscious of his unlimited creative capacities, and strong in the promptings of an exhaustless benevolence, he arose, in the midst of his enthroned worshippers, and

"His will

Pronounced among the gods, and, by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed"
the decree.

But there is no haste in God's proceedings. Unnumbered ages had passed, before he had seen fit to realize

his first creation. Other ages, unpunished and unknown, revolved, while that creation was his only dwelling-place. Now, in the progress of a new work, we are not to witness the successive portions of it crowded. There is no lack of time for the achievements of Divine power and wisdom. There is no crisis to be caught at by prudent foresight. Neither is it suitable to the majesty of so august a Being, nor commensurate with the grandeur of his designs, to dispatch a hasty fabric. Time, we might expect, would be taken by so great a God to accomplish so sublime a work; and, when we read the record of it, given by a man inspired to write it, we are not disappointed.

THE TOMB OF THE POET GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY sleeps in the church-yard where he spent many of his leisure hours, and where he composed his famed and favorite Elegy. The scenery around, the woods, the vales, the scattered houses of Stoke, all strike the beholder with peculiar strangeness. The church itself has often been engraved, and its appearance is generally familiar to the reader. It consists of two barn-like structures, with tall roofs, set side by side, and has, at the northwest corner, a tower and finely tapered spire. Every thing seems to answer quite literally to the descriptions contained in the Elegy. The vine and the ivy are seen clambering the old church walls, forming a fit place,

"Where the moping owl may to the moon complain."

Near the southeast window rest the remains of poor Gray. His tomb, built of plain brick, and covered with a blue slate slab, could not be distinguished from that of the poorest and the meanest. Near his own ashes rest those of his mother, and his aunt; and in the church-yard, all around,

"Beneath the rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

CANONIZATION OF AUTHORS.

BY this we mean the practice of indulging in the most extravagant eulogy on the genius of certain writers, and elevating them altogether above and beyond moral accountability. Of late this pseudo sort of criticism has become very fashionable; but to whom the sin of first introducing it belongs, we have no knowledge. Thomas Carlyle talks largely and complacently about "heaven-born men," "God-inspired poets," and "celestial seers;" and perhaps to him we might safely attach the blame.

Even Rousseau, the gem in the coronet of infidelity, has recently become distinguished as one upon whom the divine Author joyed to shower his gifts. Byron, too, is classed among the choice spirits of the earth—the loved of Heaven; while Shelley, the Atheist, is perfectly glorified and exempted from all the consequences of crime by one of his biographers, Mr. Gilfilian.

Now this is advancing entirely too fast. Rousseau and Byron, the world well knows, were wicked men in the widest sense of the word. What one was in prose, the other was in poetry. Both were licentious, and both advocated licentiousness in their works; or, at any rate, gave their sanction to it. As to Shelley, in his poems there is the most hideous blasphemy against the Bible, against Christianity, and against God. Let any one who doubts, examine his notes to Queen Mab and be

satisfied. Here is a single specimen for those who have no wish to wade through his pollutions: "I would rather be damned with Plato and Bacon, than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus."

Fine writing is no apology for gross iniquity and deformity. The man of ignorance and the man of genius are alike amenable to the law of morals. Each possesses a responsibility, of which he can never divest himself. Condemn the vulgar, street-brawling infidel, who caricatures Scripture; but never, for a moment, attempt to muffle and cover up, in a cloud of fine words, the man who, with a gorgeous, poetical diction, contemns and defies the God of the universe. Genius may be admired, but it is no cloak for blasphemy. Neither can "the waving line of beauty be substituted for the line and plummet of eternal truth."

CORRUPT LITERATURE.

I AM not of the class of writers who decry popular literature as all corruption and impurity. Novels are, generally, bad in their tendency, it is true, yet some have redeeming qualities. The tales of Oliver Goldsmith and Washington Irving have many harmless and even valuable attractions. So, also, have the sketches of T. S. Arthur; but so long as the English language retains the works of Milton, Young, and Shakspeare, with a host of classic authors on history, biography, and travel, I would not recommend the reading even of Goldsmith and Irving, or any of the novelists, whatever the character of their works, or the extent of their reputation.

It is too often the case that wealth of imagery, and beauty of expression, which add so much to the value of a healthful literature, serve only to render a corrupt literature more dangerous. They give currency to vice in every form. They pollute the imagination, and lead the mind insensibly to despise virtue, delicacy, and every propriety of social and domestic life. It is needless to adduce proof in regard to this point.

The productions of novelists are coming down upon us like the locusts of Egypt. They are to be seen in every nook and avenue of life. They drop down by millions all over our land. A current flows westward over hill and vale, through city and forest, which knows no remission and no end. It is rolling on, and deepening and widening, and bursting every barrier in its course. What shall we do? Dam up and obstruct its waters? A dam will but serve to make the waters rise higher, and add fury to their already almost irresistible surging. Rather, then, let us raise a counter current which shall swell wider, and roll stronger, and drive back the opposing tide. Let us talk but little of the destructive literature now so widely prevalent, but do much toward diffusing a pure and sound literature which shall occupy the place of the former, and feed the people with knowledge and understanding.

This is our only hope. It is folly, nay, worse, it is madness to talk of another plan. What avail to say that popular literature is corrupt, rotten, ruinous, devilish? I know this—you know it—the world knows it; but so long as nothing but this is current, it will be sought after. Man is a reading animal. He will have something; and if he cannot obtain sound food, he will devour the infected and poisonous. And who is to blame—the victim of such reading, who takes what he can get, or we, who profess to be Christians, for not furnishing him better?

NOTICES.

D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION. *Four Volumes in One. Revised Edition. Robert Carter, 58 Canal-street, New York.*—This work needs no praise. Both in this country, and in Europe, it has acquired a reputation unrivaled by any other history of the same event. If any of our readers desire to obtain a perfect picture of the Reformation under Luther, and to see the seeds of all the historical events since that period, the work of D'Aubigné must be read in preference to any other now extant. The mechanical execution of the book is worthy of all praise; and it has been to us a sort of mystery, how so large and elegant a work could be afforded at so low a price. Containing nearly eight hundred pages of closely printed and double-lined matter, on beautiful paper, and bound in neat cloth covers, it is offered to the public for a single dollar! We know of no work, English or American, which we can so heartily recommend to every Christian family in the land.

BURNET'S NOTES ON THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY. *Derby, Bradley & Co.: Cincinnati.*—This is a book of over five hundred pages, neatly printed, well bound in cloth, and on a topic of common interest. So far as we have read it, we have the highest possible opinion of its merits. Mr. Burnet was the first settler, we believe, of what is now Cincinnati; and his details of early life, and of the first settlement of the western country, are both amusing and abundantly instructive.

AMERICAN HISTORY, comprising Historical Sketches of the Indian Tribes, a description of American Antiquities, with an Inquiry into their Origin and the Origin of the Indian Tribes—a History of the United States, with Appendices, showing its connection with European History—a History of the present British Provinces, of Mexico, and of Texas. *By Marcins Willson. William H. Moore & Co., Cincinnati, and Mark H. Newman & Co., New York. 1847.*—We give the complete title-page of this work, because it will present as good a view of its contents as any thing we could write. We have not, of course, read the book consecutively through; but have examined here and there with some care. It appears to be written well, and will, doubtless, be favorably received. The only defect we seemed to discover in it, is a want of such marginal references and quotations, as critical readers of history in our day require. For a school-book, however, this objection would not apply. But we shall examine it more thoroughly at a future time.

SERMONS ON MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS, by the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Senior Preachers of the Ohio and North Ohio Conferences. *Methodist Book Concern: Cincinnati. 1847.*—Having seen this work in manuscript, and watched its progress through the press, we could speak of it with more minuteness than we intend. Let it suffice to say, it is an interesting volume, full of good evangelical discourses, overflowing with truth and love. They are all most commendable productions, and receive an additional value from being the work of our esteemed bishops, and of those old veterans of the cross, who, many years ago, unfurled the banner of the cross in the great valley of the west. Glad are we, that, though late, they have at last had a chance to speak through the press. Their unwritten sermons, delivered with living

power all through the land, have been, for many years, the pride and glory of our host; and now, being written down, and put into a convenient form for preservation and future use, they will be cherished by thousands of their spiritual children, and be eagerly perused at a future day. May the blessing of God reward them for their earthly toil, and attend this their offering to generations yet unborn! The Preface, by Dr. Thomson, is a lively production, finely setting forth the claims and merits of the book; and from personal knowledge, we can speak in the highest terms of the carefulness, good taste, and abilities of the editor, Rev. F. Merrick, in his difficult and laborious task.

ANECDOTES OF WESLEY, with a Supplement. *By Rev. A. Carroll. Methodist Book Concern: Cincinnati. 1847.*—This is a small octodecimo of less than a hundred pages, containing many excellent sayings of Mr. Wesley, and numerous stories illustrative of his character and life. It is a very pleasing work, and will be interesting to all, who revere the memory of the good man of whom it treats.

THE SOUTHERN LADY'S COMPANION. *Published for the Methodist Episcopal Church South. M. M. Henkle & J. B. McFerrin, Editors: Nashville. April, 1847.*—This new monthly has been on our table for two or three months; but our Notices for several numbers of our work having been put to press before the Companion came to hand, we have not been able even to mention it before. The Southern Lady's Companion for April was evidently prepared with much care, and this number does credit to its editors, and to the south. Being intended to supplant the Repository in the southern states, it might be supposed we should be tempted to speak disparagingly of the work. But that sort of jealousy we never feel. If the brethren in the south can do better than we and our more able predecessors have done, we shall rejoice in their reputation and success. To depreciate an author, or his works, merely because he does not live in the same latitude or longitude with ourselves, is a narrowness, which, we thank God, has never fallen to our lot. We must honestly confess, however, that the Companion, well-furnished and well-executed as it is, has disappointed us in some respects. Its editors, so long and so laboriously connected with the weekly press, seem to have become, to a slight degree, insensible of the higher beauties of a good English style. There is a richness, an elegance, a refinement in fine classical composition, which their off-hand newspaper efforts have partially obscured from their view. We could point out some blemishes in their style, did we not feel much more disposed to praise than to blame. Nor shall we complain, that several of their best articles are extracted from other publications, as they have not professed to intend a work entirely original and new. Nor would it be just and fair to judge any periodical by its first number, so many are the obstacles to complete success in the first attempt. Upon the whole, we are pleased, and shall continue to speak of the Lady's Companion as its future merits may seem to demand.

THE WESTERN LANCET AND MEDICAL LIBRARY, *for May,* has come to hand, richly freighted with interesting and instructive articles. Its amiable and talented editor is doing a good work. May he prosper as he deserves!

THE HERALD OF TRUTH, for May, is on our table.

We are not prepared to speak of the peculiar opinions of this interesting journal; but of its literary and artistic excellence, we can conscientiously speak in the very highest terms.

EVILS AND REMEDY OF INTEMPERANCE, an *Address*, by *Rev. D. W. Clarke*, is a timely and practical discourse, well adapted to the occasion which called it forth.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, edited by *Mrs. Whittlessey*, has made its regular appearance, and is a very interesting and useful work.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. 1847.—This is an able report, and should be read by all who can procure a copy, and have the time to read. There are facts in it which should be more generally understood.

THE HOME MAGAZINE AND FIRESIDE READER, *Rev. D. Mead, Editor*, is one of the most acceptable exchanges we receive.

THE LADIES' GARLAND, for *May*, contains a beautiful frontispiece, and a treat of fine articles about interesting things.

THE CHRISTIAN WREATH, for *March*, was mislaid, and we are sorry we can say so little of its merits at this time. Among its contributors we see some names, with which we were familiar in other days. It is worth twice the price for which it is sold.

THE LITERARY REGISTER, for *April*, is the last but not the least of the excellent monthlies and quarterlies with which we have the pleasure to exchange. It is a very useful work, is edited with much discretion, honesty, and talent, and will no doubt accomplish a great work in an entirely new field.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

POPE PIUS IX is represented as possessing a disposition more amiable and tolerant than that of any of his predecessors. If this be so, and there seems to be little reason to doubt it, it speaks well for the present age, and proves the rapid advance of civilization among all classes. It affords encouragement to Protestants to engage in reforming the apostate mother, rather than in calling for fire from heaven to consume her. The priests, it is true, will never consent to give up their power; yet it is equally true that the people will never submit to perpetual thralldom. Europe is not disposed to tolerate such ecclesiastical tyranny as now exists. Thousands are now thinking of its overthrow. And the Pope, whether he side with the priests or the people, will soon find himself in the crater of a volcano.

THE Rev. Benjamin Harvey, the oldest preacher of whom we have any knowledge, died at the residence of his son, in the town of Frankfort, Herkimer county, N. Y., on the 18th of March, at the age of *one hundred and twelve years*. He served under Washington, and delivered, in his one hundred and eleventh year, several lectures in New York city on Biblical literature. He was able to read the Bible until near the close of his life without the use of glasses. A few moments previous to his death, while adverting to the time when a new song was put into his mouth, he exclaimed, with great fervor, "It was a new song then—it has been new all along the journey, but now it is sweeter than ever;

and very soon I shall strike it in glory, many notes higher unto Him that loved me,

'Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.'

A PHRENOLOGIST of New York city, by the name of Fowler, has undertaken the task of proving the Bible a fable, and religion sheer fanaticism. His position is, that phrenology is a science of truth, all truth, and nothing but truth, and that the Scriptures are incompatible with its teachings; therefore, the Bible is false. This is logic of the most extraordinary and vindictive type. It reminds us of a French geologist, who announced to the world, some time ago, that the burial time for Christianity had arrived, since geology and revelation were at variance. But as yet neither Christianity nor its teachers are dead, and we presume the Bible will continue to live, and be read, and believed, notwithstanding Mr. O. S. Fowler has informed us, by an *ex cathedra pronunciamento*, that it is a lie. "An ox lowed; will the heavens therefore fall?"

MACVEY NAPIER, the talented editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, has laid down his pen, and is now sleeping with the dead. He was a man of polished intellect, engaging manners, and generous disposition. He leaves behind a name which will be cherished with sentiments of the liveliest regard by all who knew him.

A FEW moments previous to his death, Sir Walter Scott sunk into a short repose, from which awaking, one who stood near by observed, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said the dying author "no repose for poor Walter but in the grave." What a melancholy comment on the last hours of the great novelist!

DR. JOHNSON was an eccentric character. He was continually reproaching himself with lying too long in bed. He said he was always sinning—always repenting—always doing worse. His customary hour of rising was eleven o'clock, A. M. He resolved to reform, and to rise at eight; but we have it on the authority of his biographer, that he at length died full of years without having once seen the sun rise, except in some Homeric description written thirty centuries before. Alas, for the Doctor! the fact of the sun's rising was no matter of sight with him, but purely an act of faith!

LORD BYRON was born in London, January 22, 1788. He was married to Miss Milbanke, at Seaham, January 22, 1815. He was taken ill January 22, 1824, and died at Missolonghi, April 19, of the same year. His last words were, "I must sleep now."

A POOR philosopher was once reproached by a pert youth with, "What an old coat and shabby hat you wear!" "Tis true," replied the philosopher, "my coat and hat are old and shabby enough; if they choose to whine and fret, let them; it is nothing to me."

AN infallible mark of a simpleton is to hear him decry religion, and talk of the folly of its professors. It shows most conclusively that he neither knows what religion is, nor what it requires. Better for him to reform his life, and mend his heart before mending the lives of others.

REV. SHARON TURNER, who is best known to popular readers by his *Sacred History of the World*, died, recently, in England, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. This history, however, is a work of no great

authority. His best work, and the one by which he will live, is his three volumes of Anglo-Saxon History. Mr. Turner, though neither a perspicuous nor a brilliant writer, has many good qualities, and is mentioned with respect by many distinguished authors, among whom are Scott, Southey, and Hallam.

ROBERT HALL, it is well known, paid great attention to Miss Steele, the poetess, and hoped, ultimately, to win her heart and secure her hand. Unfortunately, he failed. Being subsequently in a company of ladies and gentlemen, one of the former observed, "Try us, Mr. Hall; perhaps you will not find our hearts all steel." "Perhaps not," instantly replied the divine, gathering his brows and elevating his voice, "perhaps not; but instead of a heart all steel, I shall find a face all brass." This, of course, was an end to all farther insult and repartee.

CHARLES DICKENS, the English novelist, has realized something over four thousand dollars by the sale of his "Battle of Life;" and there seems a fair prospect of his realizing some thousands more. Goldsmith obtained sixty pounds for his "Vicar of Wakefield," and thought he was doing well. Would philosophers consider the difference in pay of these authors an omen of the decline of the taste for fictitious reading, or otherwise?

A PIOUS youth, when dying, remarked, "Mother, I can see a great distance!" The expression is beautiful, and not less true than beautiful; for what reason have we to doubt that the Christian, as he leaves the shores of time, and draws near eternity, arrives in a land where the air grows purer, the light brighter, and his vision more serene and clear? None surely. The mists of earth no longer dim his view—its doubts no longer fill his soul with fear—its scenes no more perplex his heart. Like dying Stephen, his gaze is toward the gates of heaven—his thoughts are far from earth, and his spirit just ready to take its flight to the land of light and changeless bliss.

To die, even among friends and kindred, is a sad thing; but sadder still is it to die far from those we love and esteem. Talk not of the young flowers, and the fair skies, and the cool breezes of the south. These but aggravate our misery, when conscious that we are in the midst of strangers, who have never learned to wait upon our habits, and to whom we cannot unbosom the feelings of our hearts. We are alone, and a more desolate feeling could not visit our souls. O, what meaning in that benediction of the orientals, *May you die among your kindred!*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE, though one of the most important branches of knowledge, is the most difficult and the most neglected of all. The Delphian oracle delivered a very sage piece of advice in the words, "Know thyself;" yet it neither gave counsel nor aid for its fulfillment. This was reserved for revelation. In the Bible—and in the Bible alone—can we learn the depravity and exceeding sinfulness of our nature. It is the mirror in which we can see ourselves clearly and truthfully delineated, and from which we may learn our frightful moral and spiritual deformity. Go, then, to the word of God would you know your own heart, or be cleansed from secret faults, or hope to be saved from presumptuous sins.

How many thousands of persons are looking forward to the time when fortune, and fame, and happiness,

shall be theirs, and that without labor! How many thousands more are in the clouds, building castles, or reveling in the future's fairy land! Time, space, distance, these are nothing to them; they pass with lightning speed through all, and crush, with a giant's arm, every intervening obstacle and difficulty. But do they succeed?—do they? Never—never. Genius, unsustained by persevering industry, degenerates into the most contemptible imbecility—without purposes—without fruits. Better be destitute alike of wit and genius, and rise gradually and slowly in the world's estimation, than have these, and glitter a little while, and then sink into obscurity.

Look abroad into the world. Who is the man respected by his fellow-man? The one who gads the streets, whiffs his cigar, and occupies the chief seats at public corners, and in the market spaces? Not he.

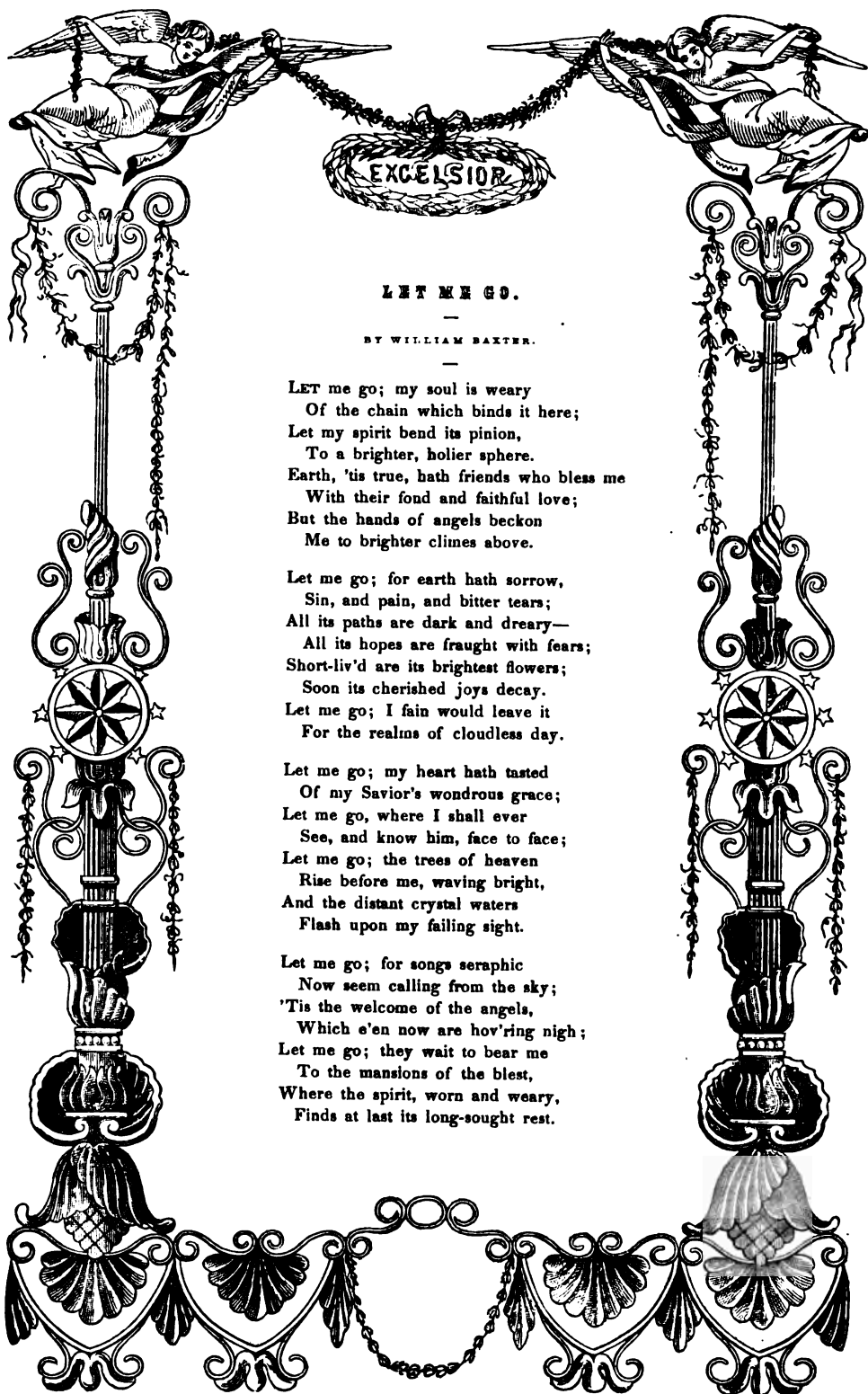
Look again. Who is the leader, the reformer, the hero of his race? The man who talks and blusters in the crowd, and who hardly entertains a sober thought in all his life? Look yet again. How came Paul the wonder of his age? How reached Burke the pinnacle of fame? How won Wesley the meed of honor amid the hottest opposition? By dreams, by sloth, by speculations, and visions? No; they were men of labor—men of energy—men of toil. Would you, fond youth, be like unto them? Labor—labor now—labor continually—labor diligently:

"Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth? Ask death-beds—they can tell."

It seems that Mr. Tupper, the elegant author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, is becoming of late quite transcendental in his views of matters and things. In his new work, entitled *Probabilities*, he has favored us with sundry speculations on the moon. Our satellite, he suggests, must have been struck off from the earth at a tangent, at some anterior period in the history of the universe, and is now the home of immortal evil—the convict shore of exiled sin and misery; where melancholy and despair, with crime and murder, hold eternal sway. This may be fine poetry, but it is poor philosophy. It is true that the revelations of Lord Rosse's telescope inform us, that edifices and ruins of the size of York Minster, and Whitby Abbey are easily perceived; and that rocks and volcanoes are now and then detected scattered over the surface of the moon; but it is not true, that the abodes and occupations of the lost have been ascertained.

Martin Farquhar Tupper is a beautiful writer, and has secured the willing suffrage of a million hearts and readers. Nevertheless, we opine that the present hypothesis will add but very little to his reputation as a philosopher, while it will require more data than are now in his possession, to establish his *theoria novella et cara*.

PATIENCE is a virtue which our correspondents will, just now, please exercise. We have on hand a very large assortment of poetic articles, and must be permitted to occupy some time in their reading and examination. This, we feel assured, our fair contributors will grant, inasmuch as the Muses and ourself are not very intimately acquainted, and it requires severe effort even for the favored few to scale Parnassus, and sip Castalian waters.



LET ME GO.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

LET me go; my soul is weary
Of the chain which binds it here;
Let my spirit bend its pinion,
To a brighter, holier sphere.
Earth, 'tis true, hath friends who bless me
With their fond and faithful love;
But the hands of angels beckon
Me to brighter climes above.

Let me go; for earth hath sorrow,
Sin, and pain, and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary—
All its hopes are fraught with fears;
Short-liv'd are its brightest flowers;
Soon its cherished joys decay.
Let me go; I fain would leave it
For the realms of cloudless day.

Let me go; my heart hath tasted
Of my Savior's wondrous grace;
Let me go, where I shall ever
See, and know him, face to face;
Let me go; the trees of heaven
Rise before me, waving bright,
And the distant crystal waters
Flash upon my failing sight.

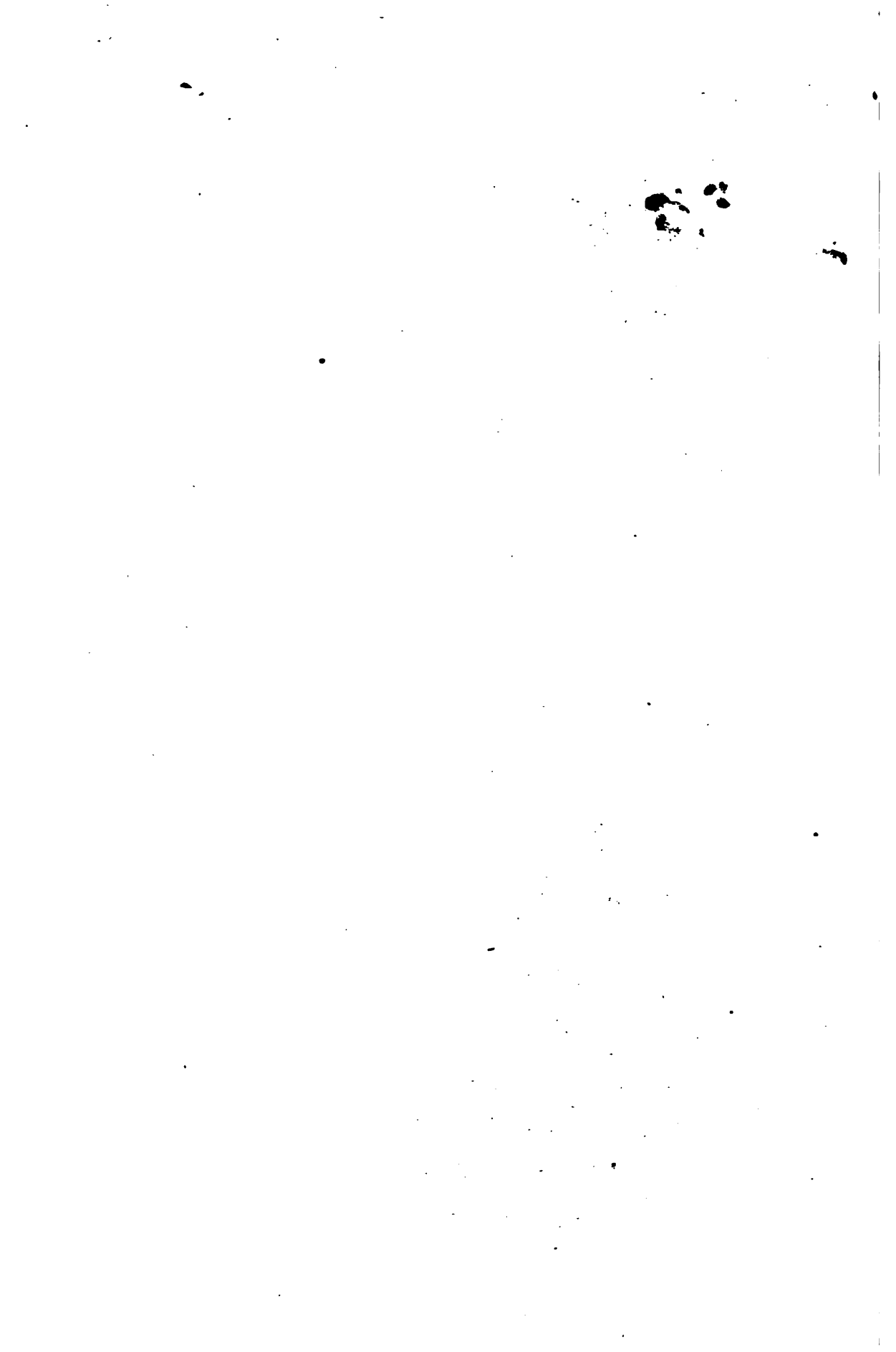
Let me go; for songs seraphic
Now seem calling from the sky;
'Tis the welcome of the angels,
Which e'en now are hov'ring nigh;
Let me go; they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest,
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds at last its long-sought rest.



NEW BRIGHTON IN THE VICINITY OF NEW YORK.

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THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1847.

NEW BRIGHTON.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BRIGHTON, in England, the town from which New Brighton derives its name, possesses very little to recommend it other than its fashionable society, and its facilities for sea-bathing. In the year 1784, his majesty, George IV, then Prince of Wales, made it his summer residence, and erected a pavilion, which contributed greatly to the prosperity and appearance of the place. Upon this edifice, it is said that not less than two millions of pounds sterling were expended, or something near ten millions of dollars. The exterior is in imitation of the Kremlin at Moscow, and the stables, which will accommodate from sixty to eighty horses, are built in the Moorish style of architecture, and in all the magnificence of royalty.

Brighton has, also, another object of striking interest—the chain pier. This was erected in the year 1823, under the superintendence of Captain Brown, of the royal navy, and cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It has an esplanade of singular structure, which projects into the sea some twelve hundred feet. This esplanade has, also, a carriage road twenty-four feet wide, a promenade ten feet wide, and a toll-gate at the terminus.

New Brighton, though without a pavilion and a pier, is, nevertheless, a place of some note. It is in Castleton township, Richmond county, New York. It stands on the north side of Staten Island, has a beautiful and commanding prospect, and fronts New York city, from which it is distant some six miles. To the left will be seen a fine building, with a piazza and cupola. It is a young ladies' seminary. Removed from the din and confusion of city life, and at a reasonable distance from the village itself, we see no reason to prevent their advance in things elegant and useful. A few trees and shrubs are also visible. The Muses court a sylvan retreat. Wonder if any of the young ladies write poetry?

There are several other fine buildings farther to the right; two elegant hotels, in particular, near the shore, may be mentioned, which are much resorted to in the summer season by the *élite* and fashionable of the metropolis.

VOL. VII.—29

Near the centre of the engraving is the steam ferry boat which plies between New Brighton and New York. In the distance, with its ensign leisurely floating from the flag-staff, is the dwelling which accommodates the tars of "Sailors' Snug Harbor." And yet, farther in perspective, the eye rests upon the ocean steamer—that *ingens, horrendum monstrum*,

"Whose fleshless pulses leap
With floods of living fire,"

ploughing its way through the blue waters.

How Fulton, if living, would enjoy a place on deck, at the pilot's wheel, or acting the engineer! But he once had a short ride up the Hudson at the rate of four miles per hour. That was glory enough for him. It was his triumph over fools and foes, and a demonstration of the power of steam to drive a vessel against winds, and waves, and currents. He wished no more.

Those fellows at the oars, as well as those taking their *otium cum dignitate* on the boats, to the right and left, seem well circumstanced. One of them seems disposed to propel his craft by puffing his pipe. Three gulls between the boats appear to enjoy the occasion very well too. Perhaps it is the summer season, and toward evening, and they are refreshing themselves by an occasional dip of their wings in the waves. We may be whimsical, but we almost wish we were on that schooner to the left, catching the evening breeze, and listening to some sailor's yarn of ocean peril. At any rate, we can, just now, half fancy ourselves on the hill near the seminary, listening to an evening song from the boat:

"How happy, at this calm hour,
My shipmates dear, are we,
Thus sailing in a fairy boat
Upon a fairy sea!

The wave is burnished far and wide
With evening's crimson glow;
And, mild and soft, the cooling airs
Around our shallop flow.

But let us veer; for we must touch
The pebbled beach in time,
To wander home before the bells
Have sung their vesper chime."

And, as they have ceased their song and separated, so here, kind reader, we too must part.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

FAIR reader, some months have passed since last we met; but I trust we love each other yet, and are glad to meet again. I owe you an apology for my long absence from your social circle; but I am so unused to apologies, I know not how to make one. I have not, however, I will assure you, become weary of your society, nor have I lost, in any degree, my interest in the medium through which we have long held communication. The Repository is becoming, with every succeeding number, more and more dear to me. I love it for its intrinsic value, its intellectual treasures, its delicate taste, and its pure morality. I love it as the means of becoming acquainted with the intellect, taste, and feelings of the good men, and gentle ladies, who contribute to its columns, and I love it as the medium of communication with you. But, instead of making an apology for the past, I will rather make a promise for the future. I will try hereafter to meet you punctually every month, that we may talk over, in our quiet, gentle way, our miscellaneous thoughts.

I have got back again, reader, to my favorite shady retreat under the old beech. The place is some changed since last we met here. During the past spring, many a fair hand has been busy in planting shrubbery and flowers on the gentle hill sides, and in the quiet dells, and along the winding brook. It is a beautiful little place. Nature has decked the spot with a profusion of wild flowers, unusual even in this fair land, where flowers spontaneous sprinkle the bosom of earth. Here, after the ever returning routine of my daily labor is over, I retire to commune with nature, and with you. Here, too, close by my side, sleeps my little one—the gentle—the loved—the early lost:

"When the rose buds, half blown, were perfuming
With their breath the soft zephyr of May,
In her life's early morn she was blooming,
And in beauty all stainless as they.
But she dropt like the gem of the roses,
That is snapt from its tree by the blast,
And in death her young form now reposes,
Like a flower whence the essence hath past."

The wild flowers are blooming all about her little bed, and my old beech, with its dense foliage, is leaning over the spot, as if to protect her rest from the burning rays of the sun, and from the storm. So beautiful is the place, so merrily sing the birds, so busily hum the insects, and so blithe and full of life is all nature, that I sometimes fancy my sleeping one must wake up some of these fine mornings. But, alas, alas! the sleep of death knows no waking "till the heavens be no more."

"Sleep, lovely one, the summer flowers are springing
In holy peace above thy moldering head,
To guard thy dust, and from their bosoms flinging
A mingled sweetness o'er thy silent bed."

At the base of the gentle hill flows a quiet little brook. Its source is a perennial spring bursting out from the opposite hillside. It winds along through the vale, the green grass, interspersed with lilies, growing close to its margin. Its quiet waters reflect by day the deep green of the trees and the pure blue of heaven, and in the moonlight they gleam like a thread of silver. I love that little brook. I have rambled along its meandering margin, on many a summer day, with the hand of trusting childhood clasped in mine.

"Flow on, sweet stream, unto the sea;
Thou flowest on as ever;
But the child so dear no more is here,
For ever and for ever."

I find myself, however, not here alone; for here comes, as it might seem, a fairy band—a happy group of little children. Four little girls have come forth hand in hand from my cottage door, and they are now standing by me, looking sadly on the grave of their little cousin. One of them bears the name of my absent one, and seems to resemble her. And here comes my little Charlie. He stops as he passes the grave of his sister, gazes a moment with tearful eye, and then lightly trips along to play among the flowers on the hillside. And now there are two more coming. Little Frank, your own little Frank, my dear friend Editor, is coming along, leading his brother George to join the company. And now they are all seated on the grassy bank weaving garlands of flowers. A happy group they seem. But happy as they now seem, many a shade must pass over their brow, as maturity brings to them the knowledge of the bereavement they have all suffered. The graves of the two elder brothers of your little boys are growing green beneath the showers and sunlight of New England. The sister and the father of two of the little girls lie buried in the garden cemetery of the old homestead on the Atlantic hill, and the grave of the father of the other two little girls is made on the banks of the distant Kennebec.

Gentle reader, do you love little children? If you do not, pass on—pass right on. Tarry not to read my sketches. I can do you no good. There can be little or no sympathy or communion between us.

I have said that the place where I am sitting is beautiful. It is even so. When I left my pleasant home on the Atlantic hill, I did not suppose I ever could become so much attached to another place as to that I had left. But really I have become devotedly fond of this little green spot, where I have made my new home. And, gentle reader, if you happen not to know it, let me tell you, that there are in Indiana some of the loveliest and most beautiful spots on which the sun ever shone. We have every possible variety of natural beauty. Along the Whitewater valley you will find scenes of romantic beauty, scarcely surpassed by those on the banks of the Susquehannah. In the part of the state where I have

made my home, the noble forests, the rolling uplands, the fertile valleys, and the rapid streams, form a most delightful combination. This section of Indiana, for fertility, beauty, and health, can hardly be surpassed by any section of country I have ever seen. If you go north or west a few miles you reach the prairie lands, opening a new scene. North of the Wabash, the country puts on a face entirely different from any thing in any other part of the world I have ever visited. The soil is dry, forming fine roads, and farms easily cultivated. The forests seem like one continued orchard, and the ever-changing variety of prairie, woodland, and lake, might realize one's visions of fairy land. We need in Indiana only the beautiful villages, and the neat farm houses, and the gardens of New England to render the country the most delightful in the world.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ASTER.*

—
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.
—

WHEN our Savior was a child, his Father gave some of his angels the form of children, and sent them down from heaven to play with the infant Jesus and other good children in Jerusalem. It happened one day that little John, who afterward became the beloved disciple, went with one of his heavenly playmates into a beautiful garden. Evening had already closed around them, and the stars came forth, brighter and brighter, in the dark blue heaven, and the angel said to John,

"I must now go to sleep."

"Where hast thou thy bed, lovely stranger?" said John.

"Far away above the stars," answered the angel.

"Ah," sighed the child, "I could sleep sweetly, if I were but permitted to go with thee."

"There is a couch already prepared for thee above," said the angel, comforting him; "but first, poor child, thou must remain here awhile right wearily."

The boy understood not the last words of the angel, and hastily he plucked a few roses and lilies, to give as a sweet memorial to his beloved friend until the next day should bring him back. "Take these flowers," said he to the angel, "and when thou comest again to-morrow, forget me not, but bring me a handful from the bright land above; for surely there you must have larger and more beautiful flowers than we."

"We have, indeed," said the angel, "but we cannot bring them down to you. Seest thou the stars which shine in heaven? They are our flowers; but they are so large and bright, that thy small, weak eyes could scarcely look upon them were they as nigh

thee as these roses and lilies. I cannot tell thee all; but those flowers are not planted in earth, but in the blue ether; they sport not their bright leaves in the sun's bright rays, but in the light of the eyes of God. Nevertheless, I will bring thee the seed of one of our flowers to-morrow; we will plant it in the earth, and who knows what may spring up!"

The angel kissed the boy and vanished, and the next morning he returned as he had promised, bearing in his hand a beautiful seed. They planted it in the ground, and watered it every morning and evening with fresh water, which the angel always brought in his hands, and then little John told all the good children in Jerusalem, that he had a star-seed planted in his garden, and the children came every day to see if the star had sprung up.

And behold, in the autumn, there came forth and bloomed a beautiful variegated flower, of a round form, and the small leaves around the edges were like the rays of a star, and it still retains the heavenly name which the children gave it; for *aster*, when translated, means a star.

And whenever, in the evening, I stand by a bed of asters, and the stars are gleaming over me and them, it seems to me as if they were whispering with each other of their former relationship, and that the stars above, and the flowers below, desired again to meet and embrace in love.

LOVE.

—
BY B. G. STOUT.
—

Love! 'tis a sweet, delightful sound;
What harp can tune its praise—
What voice such beauty throws around,
Or charms with such fond lays?

Love! 'tis a joyful, heavenly strain—
A tale which none can tell—
A song whose music man in vain
Has oft essayed to swell.

Love prompted God to grant that man
Might ever happy be;
It laid in heaven the glorious plan—
Salvation full and free.

Love drew from thence an only Son,
Who suffered hatred's rod—
Was crucified, and by it won
A way for man to God.

Love twines around man lost—undone;
It lingers in his path;
Its presence tells a hope begun—
Man saved from endless wrath.

Love shall our joy in heaven compose,
When life's last hour is o'er;
And make that peace which ne'er shall close,
But last for evermore.

* Translated from the German.

THE HAPPY MOURNER.

BY REV. G. H. McLAUGHLIN.

IN the vicinity of ———, there lived a large family, who, as neighbors and citizens, were favorably and extensively known. They had a competency of things temporal for their comfort. The means of grace and moral influence were also abundant in that vicinity. There the Gospel of the grace of God had long been preached, and not without its saving effects upon the surrounding community. But as yet this entire family, with, we believe, but one exception, were irreligious. An interesting daughter had recently become the subject of convicting grace, and had joined the Church of God, and seemed to be truly a seeker of salvation. An attempt to serve God in the midst of friends so unfriendly to religion, seemed to her, to be a perilous and almost fruitless enterprise. But she ventured to "choose the good part"—to seek Jesus as her only Savior. Being informed of the protracted and serious illness of the mother of this family, we proceeded thither, to minister, if possible, to the spiritual wants of the suffering, and render impressive and profitable this afflictive dispensation of divine Providence. Upon approaching, greatly to our surprise, there was presented to us the scene of *death*. The aged mother had ceased her earthly sorrow. Upon the previous night, she had closed her eyes for ever upon him who had been the affectionate companion of her youth, and had bid a final adieu to children whom she had fondly cherished and loved. As this pious, penitent daughter stood contemplating mortality in her mother, and immortality beyond the grave, her heart seemed full and her eyes a fountain of tears. In another part of the room there are familiar and friendly mourners. There is a circle of serious matrons and maidens sewing the death shroud. Here, to our left, and near our person, is the gray-haired husband and father. He seems to be absorbed in reflection. His countenance wears a melancholy mien. This seems to be a solemn and yet advantageous time, in which, while standing on the verge of time, and lamenting the loss of a dear friend, to mourn over sin, the cause of death, and to seek a preparation for a sinless and deathless clime.

"My aged father," said I, "would a short season of religious service be acceptable?"

"I would not object, sir," he replied, "but some of us do not believe in religion or religious service."

"It is always important to serve and worship God; but when we are extraordinarily admonished, as at present, by death, of our approaching dissolution, it seems very appropriate to have at least a word of prayer; and you are now near the grave yourself; for you are quite aged."

"Yes, I know that I am getting old; but, then, some of us do not believe in prayer."

Here we offered some remarks, suited, as near as possible, to the extraordinary scene and circumstances before us, but without any apparent or good effect.

How dangerous to grow old in sin, and the neglect of God! Not only is the strength of the natural sensibilities abated, but, much more, that of the moral. The light of God's Spirit will either energize, or enervate, as it is used or abused. As the light of the sun, or the moon—healthy to the eye, and useful to a person in business—becomes injurious to the eye, and useless to one asleep, so is it always with reference to moral light, assisting the active receiver, and weakening the willful sleeper. But, active or inactive, the Sun of righteousness will still continue to shine upon the world; and though we go utterly blind by the abuse of light—"not able to see those things which belong to our peace"—God will still be holy, just, and good, when he shall say, "Now they are hid from thine eyes."

In the midst of this desert of natural and spiritual *death*, what a delightful oasis is a sensitive heart! What Christian would not look with admiration on that weeping daughter! "There is *joy* in heaven over *one sinner that repenteth*." O, how true and comforting are the sweet words of the Savior! "Blessed (or happy) are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted;" "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." Let me always hear the warnings and welcomes of a friend. Shall I ever cease to hear the mellow notes of merry birds? Shall my ear ever be dull to the voice of affectionate friendship? How *could* I bear to lose the melody of earthly music! Yet let it all cease—cease for ever, ere I cease to hear the sweeter voice of Jesus!—ere I part with the hope of heavenly melody! Let the abounding beauty of this fair earth ever be shut out—let it all—all for ever vanish, ere I cease to see Him who "is the fairest among ten thousand"—ere I relinquish the hope of heavenly beauty and glory "which eye hath not seen!"

SONNET.

CARY, now these be songs of purest joy!

The full outpourings of a gentle heart,

That hath from nature's plan received her part—

The virgin gold—undimmed—without alloy!

Here, love is no wild freak or fancied toy;

Sadness is virtue wreath'd in sunny smiles—

Friendship, a pilgrim, seeking for the isles

Of truth; nor cheated by the rosy boy!

Read them when twilight hours come on apace,

To some dear one whose heart is all thy own;

Then shall, to chastened love, all mirth give place,

And every sound be linked to music's tone;

And thoughts around thy hush'd young hearts shall come,

Like those of some lone orphan dreaming of her home!

ÆOLIA.

THE CHINA MISSION.

BY E. M. B.

"Thousand ideas fall which none may mark;
One may survive our perishable name.
 We know not, of a burning brand, *which spark*
 Kindles the flame!"

THE Board of Managers of the Juvenile Missionary Society, attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church in C——, had adjourned. Their usual monthly meeting had been rendered more than commonly interesting, by the presence of Edward Graham, a young minister, and their former president, for he had given them some new information connected with the then recent news from China.

The opening of that vast empire for missionary enterprise had deeply moved their hearts, and two of them still lingered in conversation with Edward and his cousin, George Prescott, who had accompanied the former on a visit to his maternal home. After some animated discussion on the subject of missions, George exclaimed,

"Yes, I shall go to China! I will be among the first to devote myself to that long-secluded empire. And you, too, Edward, will go—will you not?"

"I cannot speak so positively," said Edward, gently smiling at the impetuosity of his cousin; "for, in the first place, our parent missionary society may not see fit to establish a mission in China; and, in the second, if they do, they may not deem it best to send me."

"You do not mean to say," returned George, "that we, as a people, will not hail the opening of the gates, and be among the first to rush in for peaceful conquest!"

"O! doom me, doom me not to bear
 Such shame, all shame above:
 To see the light I joy in fade,
 And blush for that I love!"

Why, in such case, I should be almost ready to renounce the cherished name of Methodist. I thought aggressive movement was a principle of our economy; but, should we even delay, I will not be prevented; for I feel within my heart a fixed determination to live and die for China. I do not mean as a minister; for I have not the evidence that I am called to that sacred office. But, if I were in your place, Edward, I would not hesitate a moment."

"I have not hesitated to place myself at the command of the conference and the missionary committee," returned Edward; "and, should they deem me qualified and appoint me for China, to China most willingly will I go. That God has called me to missionary labor, I most fully believe; and I believe, too, that he will direct my steps."

"China, however, is not my *first love*. Palestine—the land of my Redeemer's birth, and sufferings, and death!—Palestine has ever been the cherished country of my missionary aspirations. My heart throbs at

the very name of Judea; and it requires all my judgment to keep my feelings in abeyance. But we have no mission there, and I see no movement toward lighting a solitary lamp in benighted, forsaken Jerusalem! China now rises before me first, perhaps, in importance, though, as I have frankly stated, but second in interest. The providence of God seems to intimate this to us as our next field for missionary exertion; and cold, indeed, must be the heart which does not beat responsive to the call. Peculiar qualifications, however, are necessary; and I know not, dear George, whether I shall be deemed fit for the great enterprise."

"The thought that you may not be qualified," said George, after a slight pause, "might well make me hesitate; but, then, as I said before, I do not mean as a minister: I may be prepared for a translator or a printer:

"I feel within my laboring breast
 A power that will not be repress'd!"

The impelling influence is toward China, and I will go, though but as a colporteur! Do you not think I may depend upon the blessing of God, if my single motive be to glorify him in the salvation of souls?"

"Yes, indeed, George!" responded his cousin, "and far be it from me to check your holy resolution! Your peculiar position leaves you untrammelled in your decision, save by a sound judgment and God's opening providences. You cannot employ your energies in any way, that will have a more extensive bearing upon the destinies of the human family, than by expending them upon the improvement and evangelization of China. And, if you are willing to relinquish, in any degree, the ease, conveniences, and sympathies of home, with the impelling feeling and the single aim you speak of, I doubt not your highest hopes will be fulfilled."

"You will find the acquisition of the language very difficult," said William Harris, who was rather indolent by nature, and required a powerful stimulus to rouse him to continued exertion.

"Not as difficult as is generally imagined," returned George, "though it will certainly require all possible attention and diligence. It is a singular language, though by no means beyond the compass of ordinary powers to attain. I have been reading pretty attentively the little work called 'China,' lately issued from our Book Room; and it states that moderate capacities and due diligence will enable a man to converse fluently in the course of two years, and, in double that time, to compose intelligibly in the native dialect. And, then, there is nothing to prevent me from doing much good in the intervening time."

"I should think that rather doubtful," said William; "for, though the law is changed which would not permit intercourse with the natives, that fact does not alter the character and habits of the people; and I should think it would require a century, at least, before the Chinese would feel much familiarity

with the 'barbarians,' as they politely term us, or any ingress be obtained to the interior of the country."

"Why doubt that Protestants will be less successful than Romish priests have been?" inquired George. "They have sustained missions in China ever since the beginning of the fourteenth century, sometimes with great, and at other times with less success. For some years past a number of young priests have been annually sent there, who quietly proceed to the headquarters of their mission in the interior. Scarcely a month passes without some new arrivals or departures, and the vacant posts are thus kept constantly supplied with pastors. There are Romish communities in all the provinces, and in all there are public chapels where service is performed by native priests. Their principal establishment for receiving candidates from Europe is at Macao; and a commercial gentleman, connected with China, informed me that the different superiors of the missions there negotiated bills on Europe for two hundred thousand dollars annually."

"I believe the statements of George are correct," added Edward, for William seemed rather surprised at the information, "and with the love of Christ for our motive, and the salvation of souls for our end, employing Christian benevolence and Christian intelligence as the means, and depending solely upon God for his blessing, we have every reason to believe that the work will finally be effected."

"You will both be gray," interposed Henry Medwin, "before we have a well-established mission, if indeed any, in China. It will not suit the genius of our people—they ask for a too quick return for their investment of capital. They talk of sending two young men to China; and if, in the course of a year, they do not hear of a hundred, or at least a score of Chinese converted, they will be discouraged, and conclude it to be a useless expenditure of men, money, and labor. Look how easily they relinquished the South American mission! I have been reading 'Kidder's Brazil,' and, it appears to me, there has seldom been a better prospect of permanent usefulness than opened before us there. Yet, when the financial pressure took place among us, instead of calling for greater exertion, the people called for retrenchment, and the Board yielded Brazil. True, there had been no fruit, but no seed had yet been sown. The seed once scattered would have taken root, and yielded not only an abundant harvest, but, as in the natural productions of that tropical clime, there would have been harvest all the year round. But their devoted missionary was recalled from the work and the soil he loved; and, though he has continued his missionary labors by giving to us his valuable work, how few, in proportion to the many, read the volumes so calculated to inspire a well-founded confidence in the success of effort there. With what difficulty has Oregon been retained! Because we could not tell of hundreds immediately converted,

as we formerly could among the thickly populated tribes of the Canadas, what sinking of hands—what giving up of hope! Indians were dwindling away, and the mass thought not of the emigrants who were rushing there in a mighty throng. Yet, our maintenance of that mission will prove the nucleus round which a powerful Church shall gather, in those far regions of the west. No! give up China for yourself, George, and leave it as a legacy for your grandchildren."

"You are both right and wrong, Henry," returned Edward, who had regarded his friend with deep interest as he spoke, while George and William had listened with unqualified surprise; "you are both right and wrong. I see that you have fully imbibed the sentiments which, no doubt, were freely expressed around you in your boyhood, and you have not become thoroughly enough acquainted with the people of your adoption to know that, '*if such things were, they are not now.*'"

"The instance you have quoted of the Rio Janeiro mission is the exception, not the rule, and was forced upon the Board by a stern necessity. Perhaps, in God's providence, it has been overruled for good, by teaching the people the immediate connection between giving and retaining—between money and missions—the relationship which must exist between their hopes and their exertions. I insist upon it, that the Methodists are a missionary people—that the mass of our people give as much, if not more, than the mass of any other denomination, and that they have at least as much information on missionary subjects as the general membership of any other Church."

"That is a strange assertion, Edward," interrupted Henry. "Look at the various and extended missionary operations in some of the sister Churches!"

"Only proving, if you will examine their history," resumed Edward, "that other Churches have more wealthy men among them than we can boast. Their members do not contribute more, if as much, as ours do, considering their circumstances; but, then, some munificent donation or weighty bequest augments their funds, and removes all deficiency. It is just so with our respective literary institutions. There is no college, in any denomination, more warmly cherished than the Wesleyan University is among us. Hundreds of our poor members have contributed their dollar, when they could do no more, anxious to have at least a stone or nail in the building. I do not believe there have been as many individual contributors to any other similar institution; yet, see how it languishes, for want of princely donors like those immortalized in Yale and Harvard."

"Their widely-extended and well-digested plan of missionary operations, arises from the combination of talent and knowledge in their Boards. They select for the managers their most highly cultivated and best matured minds; and the general members,

well assured of the ability employed, leave the direction entirely to them. This mode has not been so fully pursued among us: we have thought sufficiently of the grace, but not as sufficiently of the gifts required. The first ought we to have done, and not left the other undone. A man, by the grace of God, may be as well calculated as Bunyan himself to guide the wandering pilgrim from the City of Destruction even to the very banks of the Celestial River, and yet not have had opportunities to gain the knowledge requisite to form a proper plan for missionary enterprise, or to select persons qualified to prosecute the work. If you take the Presbyterian Church, you can scarce think of a man of eminent talent among them who is not connected with their missionary plans; while among us, it is a fact to be deplored, men of the brightest talent and widest information are contented to do no more than make a missionary address, or write a stirring article, instead of being the originators and combined leaders of our societies."

"Well, if I grant what you say," returned Henry, "and I suppose that you, from your more intimate acquaintance with the Methodists, are the best judge, I still think you must leave the Oriental missions for your posterity, and confine your labors to Africa and the Indians."

"Not so," replied Edward, "though we will still retain those missions that have already proved successful. You spoke of the far-seeing minds that would not give up Oregon. When you have attained as thorough a knowledge of our history, as you have thorough love for our doctrines, you will find that we have always had among us a fair proportion of talent and judgment."

"You told me some time since, that you heard an eminent Presbyterian divine say that 'John Wesley was the greatest religious lawgiver that had existed since the time of Moses;' and we of the initiated," he continued, smiling, "who know our whole economy, from the class to the General conference, fully agree in the opinion, and believe, too, that his successors are worthy of their founder. Viewing Methodism as we do, we are ready to embrace the openings of that Providence of which we believe it to be the child, and to modify or enlarge our arrangements according to its intimations."

"When, about fifty years since, the present general organization of missionary societies was formed, it was thought perfect; and the whole world was soon to be converted through the newly adopted method. Soon a deficiency was discovered; and first *female*, and then *juvenile* effort were called upon for co-operation. These proved an added impulse; and then, if languor or indifference prevailed, *anniversaries* were relied on—found successful, and the work proceeded. But anniversaries multiplied begin to pall; and, though many may still attend from feeling, more, perhaps, from mere principle; for, in these days

of steam-processes, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, every thing that can interest is known almost as soon as it occurs; and there is so little left for anniversary statements, that often the whole zest of a meeting must depend upon a brilliant or engaging speaker."

"Again the deficiency has been sought for; and now, we think, the true secret of success has been discovered, and this is, the *systematic training of our children*. They must be taught to give from principle, not from impulse: we must create in them a zeal founded upon knowledge. We give them the history of their country in the secular schools, teach them a knowledge of her institutions, and their superiority over those of monarchical governments, and they grow up loving the one and prizing the other. In precisely the same manner we now intend to give them an acquaintance with missionary history, institutions, and wants; and we are confident that the blessing of God will rest upon our exertions, and produce the needed love and necessary effort. We have commenced the work—we are teaching our children the principles, which it took the talent and experience of the gifted of the past age to ascertain. A science must first be mastered ere it can be reduced to elements; but that which a Newton discovered and explained, we can teach to the merest tyro in the schools. That which required the piety, and learning, and experience of former days to determine, we intend to make as common as the alphabet in our Sunday schools; remembering, too, that, though every child may learn its A B C, it immortalized a Cadmus to invent them."

"We, ourselves, are growing up under this new method, and, long before my beard is gray, as you intimate, nay," with a smiling glance at William, "before some of us can boast of much of that appendage, we will have a well-established and a well-sustained mission in China; and, if I am permitted to work in the ministry there, I expect to rely upon Henry Medwin as a missionary physician and collaborer in the Celestial Empire."

"It will, doubtless, be necessary, then," said Henry, with a half smile, though evidently moved at Edward's earnestness, "it will, doubtless, be necessary for me to pursue my medical studies with redoubled industry, in order to fit myself for practicing among so scientific a people!"

"Indeed, Henry," returned Edward, seriously, "that which you speak ironically is but sober truth. Dr. Parker, long resident in China, says, 'The men who go forth on this enterprise should be masters of their profession, conciliating in their manners, judicious, disinterested, truly pious, and ready to endure hardships, and sacrifice personal comforts, that they may commend the Gospel of our Lord and Savior, and co-operate in its introduction among the millions of China.' And Sir Henry Halford, president of the Royal College of Physicians in England, in an address before that body, observed: 'With those who

practice upon a system as meagre and inadequate as do the Chinese, the English and American surgeon must come into competition with the greatest advantage in his favor. His knowledge of anatomy, his acquaintance with chemistry, and all the other resources of his art, will give his patients a greater confidence in his judgment than in that of a feeble native practitioner. Be it understood, that I do not claim superiority for a physician of superficial knowledge only. No; let him apply himself to anatomy, and chemistry, and the other courses of medical lectures, so as fully to qualify him for the practice of physic and surgery.'

"Study, then, Henry, to become eminently skilled in every branch of the healing art, continue deeply pious, and become more thoroughly imbued with a missionary spirit, and then, if in the providence of God, China shall be your location, and you use your professional attainments only as a means to an end, and, as soon as you gain any influence over the minds of the natives, you consecrate every advantage to the diffusion of the Gospel, you will, probably, meet with far more success than will accrue from the preaching of your unworthy friend."

"And George?" inquired William, "what will you do with George?"

"Besides the duties of colporteur and translator, to which my cousin alluded," answered Edward, "I see an office, important enough in its bearings to satisfy even his earnest aspirations. Medhurst says: 'We need a band of *educational agents*, to improve the mode of tuition adopted among the Chinese. The attention of missionaries, from the very first, has always been directed toward the young. But, in order to make the schools efficient and useful, it is necessary to train up a race of schoolmasters, acquainted with a proper system, and imbued with holy principles, who will train up the native youth to be useful and happy. For this end we need a few devoted young Christians to go out, with talent enough to acquire the language, and humility sufficient to devote their acquisitions to the education of children; and, after having qualified themselves to become schoolmasters in the native tongue, to seek to raise up others to be teachers in their turn. Beginning with half a dozen, the educational agent may succeed in training a number of vigorous and intelligent young men, whom he may appoint over different seminaries; and then, commencing the work of superintendence, he will feel himself at the head of a range of schools, from which hundreds of well-taught children may proceed, to instruct, and enlighten, and bless the next generation.'

"Now if my cousin should devote his energies to such an enterprise, he will be laboring as effectually for the conversion of the Chinese, as the writer of books, or the preacher of the Gospel. But I find I am taking advantage of your patience to deliver a sermon," he continued, "while my sister is probably

waiting for my return to do the honors of her tea-table. I propose, therefore, that you all accompany me thither, and we will see if her conversation cannot interest us yet more on this important subject."

Three years have rolled by since the preceding conversation. Edward Graham is on the list for the projected mission to China. Henry Medwin is spending a year at Paris for the more rapid advancement of his medical and surgical studies, ready, according to Edward's prediction, to accompany him as missionary physician; while George Prescott, impatient at the delay necessary for the proper training of his clerical and medical friends, and having a fortune sufficient for his own support, has preceded them in his volunteer capacity, and is already fast acquiring the language. William Harris, animated by the instruction and example of his friends, is now the president of the society in his native village; and the youth belonging to the Sabbath school under his charge, give fair promise of being efficient and permanent supporters of the cause of missions. Reader, *where is thy post, and what thy duty?*

THE STRANGER.

BY MISS C. A. J.

WHAT abundant reason have we to rejoice that we were created social beings! How thrilling, how ennobling are the enjoyments derived from an intimate intercourse with those we love! How exquisite are the delights of the family fireside, even now—though often so sadly marred by human depravity! Sometimes, however, the strongest ties are sundered, and the dearest friends are scattered, by the wise, though mysterious events of Providence. Some there are, forced by circumstances to leave the loved associations, which have animated and gladdened their whole life, and mingle, though ever so unwillingly, with new companions in strange and distant scenes, and thus experience one of the severest heart-trials incident to our mortal state; and it is one with which we can never fully sympathize until we, too, have tasted of the bitter cup. When our own hearts have ached from the pressure of pent-up feeling—when, in utter desolation of heart, "we have looked on our right hand and on our left, and there was none that would know us"—when we feel that we would resign ever so favored a station to place ourselves by our mother's side, to be soothed once more by her gentle accents, or encouraged by her words of hope—when we remember a sister's truest love, or a brother's kindest counsels, that are ours no longer, we may be prepared to offer comfort to the stranger; we may then realize that a kind look, or an interested inquiry even, are of some value—that they may do good to others, and gain good for ourselves—how much, we cannot estimate. O, then, who would not speak a kind word and do a kind act for a stranger!

SOUL PAINTING.

BY ANIEL.

It is given to most men to think, and the man of talent may depict nature in glowing colors; but it is reserved for the man of genius to embody his conceptions upon canvas—to see not only a body emanating from his pencil, but a living, breathing soul, bearing with it the impress of immortality—itsself the emblem of eternity. We said a living, breathing soul: not so in reality—that a Divinity alone can mold; but the mind of the gazer sees upon the canvas the soul of him that painted it—an exact image—an ethereal Daguerreotype. This soul communion is the highest enjoyment man can look for—this celestial harmony existing at once between man and man—man and his God. It is at such times that all that is of the earth, earthy, sinks into insignificance, and man looks upon himself not as an inhabitant of this world merely, but as a citizen of the universe, bound by ties immutable, and infrangible to every being on whom the Spirit of God has put its seal. It is an object worthy of a man, and of a man, too, in the noblest sense of the word, to tear away some of the obstructions from spiritual vision—to extricate the world from the little narrow sphere of selfishness in which it mostly moves, and raise it nearer heaven than Babel's infinite could ever do. This, pure reason could not accomplish. It might point out, with mathematical accuracy, the path of duty and of safety; but the road to the heart lies not in that direction: to reach that fortress you must touch a cord to which all nature vibrates—the cord of sympathy. There is a something, we know not how it acts, nor whence it comes, save as an attribute of spirit, deep as the foundations of our own immortal nature, lasting as eternity—the tie that binds society together, which we call sympathy. Schiller has said,

"If alone within creation living,
Souls to crags my fancy would be giving,
I would kiss them and embrace;
Should I vex the ether with my sighing,
All the clefts would cheer me with replying.
Sympathy is wide as space."

It is the medium through which souls hold communion together—the link that connects mind with mind—the silken cord with which God draws the world in closer union and identity with himself. The painter, above all other men, can bring this power into action—this mighty lever, used alike by Satan and by God—the one for the accomplishment of the highest finite deeds of evil, the other to work out in man infinite mercy, infinite compassion, infinite benevolence. All genius is not of the same rank; for "one star differeth from another star in glory;" and while some reach but little above mediocrity, others excel in the vastness of their intellect and the wonderful range of their imagination, content neither

with the present nor the past, but, pressing forward, rend aside the veil that hides futurity, dragging thence some fearful shape to assert their own supremacy. Nor, in this struggle after the undying and the unfading, is talent of much avail: the man must feel as well as paint. Talent can give you the glowing sunset of the Italian sky, or seat you amid the tangled underwood of the forest—can show you men and women as you see them in the ordinary walks of life; but can it paint a soul? Can it rivet your eye upon the canvas by the magic tie of spiritual sympathy, making you look from earth to heaven, neglecting the earthy form of the creature for the spirit as it comes fresh from the hand of its Creator—an emanation from the great I AM? O, no! It is the painting of genius that raises humanity from its degradation, with one hand extricating it from the impurity that clings around it—with the other pointing to the skies as its birthplace and its heritage. Perhaps to no subject could these remarks be more applicable than to a painting fresh from the hands of its author, Mr. John Frankenstein. It is not for us to say he has immortalized himself—that was accomplished in his "Christ mocked in the Prætorium;" but we may say he has put another and a brighter gem in his crown of immortality, proclaiming in letters of living light the course of genius to be onward and upward. It is, in his own expressive language, a poetic subject historically treated. The spirit of Isaiah is bending over the infant Jesus as he gently sits upon the lap of his mother. Standing before that picture, to gaze and to think are terms inevitably joined together. Every sound is hushed. You see not the painter—you heed not the canvas—criticism itself is dumb, while nothing attracts your mind but thought clothed in language beyond the power of the tongue to use, understood by every kindred and nation under heaven—the universal language of the soul. Ages have rolled by since the prophet first spake of a Deliverer—generation after generation have sunk beneath their mother earth; yet have his ears not waxed weary, nor his eyes heavy with watching; but, on the first tidings of salvation, has he taken his stand by his Redeemer, saying, in tones of irresistible conviction to every heart, "This is the man." The past, the present, the future are all concentrated on that figure. Thought is busy there—his hopes, his fears, his faith is at an end; for the long-expected hour has arrived, and he is wholly lost and swallowed up of God. Mute as he is, call him, if you please, but a poetic existence, shadowed forth by the hand of the painter; yet is he sublimely eloquent, pointing the soul to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Blot the figure from the canvas, and he still lives—the same, earnest, deep-souled old man—lives in that part of our being which, freed from its prison-house of clay, confesses to no such attribute as forgetfulness. The painter has eminently succeeded in giving

a tangibility to thought, and tangible it must remain. Successful as he has been in his Isaiah, we think it equaled if not surpassed by the infant Savior. Frail and childlike as it is, with all the infirmities of human nature clustering thick around it, it is still God, yet only God of love. Majesty and justice are nowhere visible: the enforcing of the law is not his object; but from those eyes beam forth his mercy infinite, winning a world back to the position whence sin had hurled it. It was a fearful subject to undertake—to show us God manifest in the flesh—to bring us face to face with him who bought our pardon with his blood, and not fall short of our exalted conceptions. One would suppose the spirit world had been open to his range, and some sweet babe, too bright for earth to hold, had sat for him, that he might catch the glow that heaven inspires, such holy love it breathes. The studio with this picture is a scene well worth looking in upon. In its presence the politician forgets his plans, the merchant his gold, the fashionable woman her affectation, all bound by sympathy in silence and reflection. Thought ranges forth, traveling away from earth—stretching far into the plains of immortality—hovering around the throne of God—dazzled with its brightness, yet strengthened by its glory—joining in the song that angels cannot sing. Reader, we may see him again, not through a glass darkly—not merely as an ideal existence in the mind of a fellow-mortal, but as he is—infinately more bright, infinitely more glorious, infinitely more beautiful. That this may be our lot is my sincere prayer.

GIVE BACK THOSE DAYS.

—
BY MARY.

O, GIVE back those blessed days,
When the young brow from care was free—
When were heard my childish lays,
With wild glee.

Give me back my joyous youth,
With all its wealth of sunny smiles—
With its store of precious truth,
Free from wiles.

I ask not for length of years,
Nor vainly plead for wealth and fame:
All these may end in bitter tears,
And empty name.

One dear wish, the first and last,
Tempts me to crave for youthful hours,
And sigh o'er time for ever past—
No more ours!

That from grief and by-gone years,
Were freed once more this mortal clod;
Then give the soul, exempt from fears,
Back to God.

SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

—
BY MRS. E. G. GARDINER.

LADY, when on the azure sky
The rosy light of morning glows—
When pearly dew-drops sparkling lie
Upon the bosom of the rose—
When all is bright, and fresh, and fair,
Then, lady, kneel in morning prayer.

When from the deep blue arch above
The sun pours down his noontide rays—
When all around attests the love
Of God, and seems to speak his praise,
From care or toil haste thou away,
And in thy closet kneel and pray.

When o'er the western clouds are spread
The iridescent hues of even—
When flowers their balmy odors shed,
And beauty reigns in earth and heaven,
Alone with God, from labor free,
Then, lady, bend the suppliant knee.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

—
BY H. G. EVANS.

My mountain friend, my mountain home,
With fondness still I turn to thee.
I cannot break the holy ties
Which childhood wove round thee and me.
Oft in the hush of rosy morn,
In spirit still I travel o'er
Thy towering hills and sunny lawns,
Near by Ohio's flowery shore.

My mountain friend, my mountain home,
The scenes of girlhood's holy love,
A soft remembrance clings to me—
Soft as the moon-beams from above.
The flowery hills and ivy bowers,
Whereon I used so glad to roam,
Though far from you I e'er must dwell,
O, ever dear, my mountain home!

HEAVEN.

No home on earth I have,
No friend from grief to save;
My home's beyond the sky,
My Savior dwells on high.
My dreams of soul are o'er,
My fancy flies no more!
Where'er, through earth, I roam,
I find nor friend nor home:
Mine eye is wet with tears,
My heart is filled with fears:
I wish I were on high
With God, no more to die.

THE CHURCH CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.*

BY MISS MEMORIN.

Mrs. C. As I emerged from childhood, my watchful parents noticed symptoms which betokened they knew not what. Various physicians were consulted, various opinions pronounced, and various prescriptions tried. The symptoms seemed allayed, and anxiety vanished. After awhile they again recurred, and the same remedies being resorted to, the same effects were produced. But, when they again appeared, a deeper anxiety as to the cause was awakened, and these temporary alleviations deemed insufficient. A new physician was called, who, possessing more skill than the others, immediately pronounced it the incipient stage of a spinal affection. This was painful news, but still it was specific; and, therefore, hope was strong that it could be successfully met and resisted. The physician at once declared burning with caustic to be the only sure remedy. We hesitated, struggled, and at last consented; for the dread of what might be the issue without it, was stronger than the fear of present suffering. It was done. I shall not now dwell upon it. Perfect cure of the affected part seemed gained, and again anxiety vanished.

Several years passed on, and the symptoms returned in another part, under other forms, and the spine being the fountain-head of all nervous action, the whole system was greatly affected. Yet still, the present was ease, compared to the visions of future suffering and certain death, which they seemed to foreshadow.

Again our faithful physician was consulted. He was not surprised by its reappearance, but informed us that the former remedy was as severe as I could bear, and that it had effected all that he expected—that my system was now much stronger, and better fitted to receive permanent benefit from a repetition of the same painful remedy. We wept and yielded, for health was desirable at any price. I will touch as lightly as possible on this, Emma, for I view it only as the shadow of a substance.

The affected part was burned until it was utterly dead; but still adhering to the living flesh around, it was necessary for some process to be used, which would separate it. The burning was inexpressibly painful—for, to make "assurance doubly sure," it was done in two places, and was the commencement of months of tedious languor and suffering.

I was surrounded by the most indulgent parents, by affectionate brothers and sisters who made every effort to cheer and comfort me, Christian friends to point me to the land where suffering is unknown, and my kind physician watching every symptom with the utmost interest. Yet, all these outward

things combined were utterly insufficient to remove the pain or hasten the process. Continually was the anxious inquiry made of our physician, "Can you not hasten the result?" The answer was uniformly, "Not without deepening the wound, and, perhaps, nullifying the previous action; patience and trust are all that is requisite; the result is as certain as any earthly thing can be." There were times when, deeply enshrined in my easy chair, and absorbed by some interesting theme, I would entirely forget it; but an unpremeditated move on my part, or an involuntary touch of even my dearest friends, would awaken me to the suffering of my position. I had learned to suffer in silence; for the sympathy of my beloved friends was so deep, that the outward expression seemed to make them miserable. It was easier to suppress my own feelings than to bear the sight of theirs; and a sad countenance, which has never vanished, Emma, was the only outward token of inward emotion.

One day, the time and place I never shall forget, I sat apparently reading; but the pain had, for some hours, been increasing in intensity, and reached a height unknown before. I struggled to suppress feeling, but in vain; and, involuntarily throwing the book across the room, I uttered a cry of anguish and wept without control. In alarm my friends gathered around me, but were powerless to relieve. The physician was sent for, arrived, immediately examined the wound, and found the dead flesh entirely separated from the living, except one little string still cleaving, and the weight of the whole thus resting there had caused unspeakable anguish. In a moment, with a scissors, he cut that string, and immediate relief ensued. An opiate was administered, soothing remedies applied, and rest, sweeter than I had known for months, quickly succeeded.

Now, Emma, the main work was done, but the wound was there, and could not be immediately healed; the physician said it was not desirable, and the uneasiness was so slight compared with what had been, I was perfectly willing to bide my time. I did not, at the time, fully realize the cure. My system had been shaken by the operation, and those weary weeks of struggle and pain had made an abiding impress on my spirits; but it was effected, notwithstanding. I gradually recovered strength of body and tone of mind; and, then, as weeks, months, and years rolled on, and there were no symptoms of returning disease—as I could read, walk, act in every way, without the slightest recurring weakness, I gradually settled in the joyful consciousness that the work was indeed done—the cure perfected. Inward consciousness and outward evidence combined to scatter every fear; and now, after years of trial, I conclude that whatever weakness be attached to any other part of the system, that work was done well, thoroughly, and permanently. Nothing but the scars remain to prove the suffering.

* Concluded from page 197.

There were many incidental circumstances interesting to me, which would greatly aid my illustration, and which, to my own mind, are very striking; but, for obvious reasons, I shall not dwell upon them, but pass to the spiritual application.

Exactly at the time when these physical symptoms were first manifested, I began to apprehend that my soul was diseased. I had had no childish awakenings, and it came to me, therefore, with greater distinctness. I was alarmed, and turned to various remedies. I made long prayers, kept the Sabbath more strictly, denied myself in certain fictitious reading, and for awhile felt better. But, after some time, I realized that these things were inefficient, and became more alarmed at the violence of my disease, and the assurance of the ministers and the Bible, that it would surely end in everlasting death.

I sought advice, and was directed to the great Physician. In ignorance and weakness I went to him, was received, pardoned, and consciously realized the impartation of a new and healthful principle. I immediately entered his Hospital, embraced his regimen, and exulted in hope of a speedy cure. I used the means as far as I knew, but many things combined to make my progress slow. I was surrounded by worldly influences, and but dimly apprehended that primary command, "Come out from among them and be separate." I had never been favored with religious instruction, and did not clearly see the way to the Fountain. I was timid, sensitive, and imaginative to an excess not easily described. I had formed a habit of fictitious reading, and did not see the necessity of entire relinquishment. I was delicate in health, constitutionally melancholy, and

"My sadness, like unwholesome dew,
Fell on the holiest things,"

and tinged my whole religious character with its depressing influence. Still my spiritual system consciously strengthened. All my remedies, even the most painful, seemed to centre in that result. I was upheld inwardly and outwardly, and had no cares save those my anxious heart created.

After some years I learned that there was a way of more speedy cure. I did not clearly understand, but I earnestly and sincerely pleaded with my kind Physician, that I might be lead in the narrow way. In good time he answered me, but not as I expected. It is probable, Emma, that those who have been led more rapidly, will think that I, too, might have advanced differently. But I do not think so, because I know I was perfectly sincere, for years continually seeking the Spirit's enlightening and guiding aid, and using all outward means.

Therefore, in accordance with the principles I laid down in a former conversation, that the Holy Spirit when he visits a heart, works on it just as he finds it, and without ever coercing, only drawing and influencing it, I believe he carried on his own work of purifying my moral nature, as rapidly as

my great ignorance, mental habits, and bodily weakness would allow; and to me and of me he often, in the greatest tenderness, said, "Ye cannot bear it now." But he led me, as strength increased, through a rough and thorny way—through sickness, bereavement, sorrows inward and outward, though it sometimes seemed the extremity of earth's desolation, until he brought me to the point of entire submission and full surrender, and I could say, "Thy will be done." Yet, still I was not happy—something seemed wanting; and, while to my own perception I relinquished earth, self, all, I did not enter that state of entire rest of which I had heard, and for which I had so long panted.

There came a period, (I never remember dates,) when, wearied in mind because uncertain where I stood religiously, I sat down despondingly in my own room. I appeared to have suffered without the due amount of gain, and was fast becoming faint in my mind. I had been for several weeks praying for light on that point, and, while I thus sat, a ray seemed thrown upon the past. With indescribable vividness I saw the singular analogy between my physical and moral training—minutes that I had entirely forgotten were recalled, and the whole was portrayed before my mental vision with a clearness that caused every cloud of obscurity to vanish. I shall not draw the comparison, but simply relate some facts, and leave you to trace the similarity to what I have just related of the body.

My first great burning was *mental*. From earliest childhood I had been passionately fond of reading, and the taste strengthened with increasing years. Following the bent of my romantic nature, I reveled in fictitious works, until the outer world became to me almost a vision, while my own imaginings seemed real; and thus the ideal entirely usurped the place of the true. When I experienced religion the spell was broken, but the influence did not cease, and but slowly did I learn, and unwillingly did I admit the conviction, that entire abstinence from every thing that would excite the imagination was necessary.

After many struggles I learned that lesson, and then sought only real and permanent improvement. I had no desire for show, and was perfectly conscious I could not make an impression upon others if I would, for my natural reserve created an impassable barrier. I now seemed to be pursuing a proper object from right motives; therefore, when my plans for regular study were constantly prostrated by circumstances I could not control, and occupations which seemed trivial were forced upon me by outward changes, I murmured, yea, utterly rebelled. And when, after many efforts and many failures, I clearly apprehended that God in his providence called me to relinquish the cherished plans of years, and to be content with such general improvement as I could gain amid the faithful discharge of domestic duties, the struggle was intense, more than I can

express. Remember, Emma, I had been so shielded from outward trial of every kind, that this inner world seemed my entire life; and when I relinquished this, it appeared to me that I relinquished *all*. *It was done*; and so effectually, that I never made another effort to grasp what had been the strongest desire of years. For awhile I went on easily. Calm succeeded the tempest of feeling; and I had gained so conscious a victory, that I thought it covered the entire ground, and for awhile rejoiced exceedingly. Judge, then, of my surprise, when sad experience taught me my mistake; and I was called to endure a second burning: it was of the *affections*. Here I shall not dwell. God in his providence placed us, as a family, in circumstances so painful—permitted such a combination of inward and outward trial, that I stood at a point where all I loved were suffering, and every affection seemed but a channel of torture; and long, long did I agonize and struggle, ere I could learn to acquiesce—could look beyond natural suffering to spiritual gain, and say, “Thy will be done.” At last I bowed, and again thought, Emma, that the process of cure was effected. But, alas! my heavenly Physician saw that one more burning was needful; and, for the third time, the caustic was applied, but somewhat simultaneously with the second process—just as in the physical treatment.

That certainty of support which had always been ours vanished, and I was called to entire severance from every earthly dependence, and to learn to trust in God without these visible mediums. I cannot describe the severity of this process. Fearfulness took hold on me when the earthly arm was paralyzed, and the earthly head laid low. Loneliness seemed to pervade my being; and here for awhile I lingered.

It was at this point I stood on that day when I so anxiously scanned the past, in order to decide the present. The mental and moral being seemed subdued—I was cut off from earth inwardly and outwardly; and yet I realized that a feeble link still bound me, and that the oppressive weight under which I still struggled, waited but my kind Physician's touch to roll off for ever.

You must not conclude, Emma, that this process of spiritual cure was one of constant suffering. I had intervals of great enjoyment; and circumstances would place me in so easy a position, that oft-times I would forget it all; but a sudden move, on my part, perhaps an effort to perform unusual duties, or a touch of reproof from a Christian friend, would awaken me again to all the pain of my situation. Much encouraged by the views just mentioned, I went to camp meeting. For several days I agonized; for I had reached the crisis of intensest struggle. One evening, wearied in body and in mind, I reclined in the tent. I shrank from every thing outward, and my spirit cried unceasingly to God. I

was heard in my deep agony, and my kind Physician came, suddenly cut that string, and I arose exulting in sudden and perfect relief. And yet I did not then realize that the work was accomplished; and I was long in admitting that conclusion, for former disappointments made me very cautious; and my spirit was sore, because of this protracted operation. But as weeks rolled on, the evidence grew clearer; for rest—rest the most perfect and unbroken, succeeded those years of sorrow and of struggle. I also found ability to do, to act, to suffer beyond my former experience; and, as regarding the body, inward and outward evidence combined to give strength to faith, and lead me on to the calm of full assurance.

Emma. Then I was right, my dear friend, in saying, I would welcome any discipline that would work in me such results; for I am sure, if my physical system were thus affected, I should submit to all you have described.

Mrs. C. Certainly, dear Emma; and yet I would guard you here. It may never be necessary for you to endure the spiritual burning in the mode I did, any more than it will be to suffer the physical; therefore, you need neither anticipate or ask it.

You are diseased—you must be cured: these are facts; but let your Physician prescribe the mode of treatment, and only be careful to follow the Spirit, every whisper, and his work may be perfected, gently and sweetly, within you.

My discipline has been uncommonly severe. The scars remain, and ever will. My views of life are very sombre. My spirit was so deeply dyed in sadness, during those many years, that buoyancy seems utterly foreign to its nature; and my greatest struggle is to cherish that Christian cheerfulness which, it encourages me to know, is sufficiently manifested to be marked by you.

Emma. Perhaps, Mrs. C., the analogy will hold good in this spiritual Hospital, and as few comparatively will need your process, as need the caustic in their physical restoration.

Mrs. C. I hope so, Emma; and thus I end my story. If it seem fanciful to another, to me it is real as life itself; and if God uses my imagination as a medium of comfort, I ought to accept it as cheerfully as though he acted on my judgment. You may discard it, or improve by it, Emma, just as the character of your mind, or your present state of feeling, leads you to decide; but, ere we part, let me rescue myself from the imputation of singing a song, by repeating the words you heard, written, at my request, by a brother of mine, in imitation of the well-known song, commencing, “The last link is broken.”

“The last link is broken
That bound me to sin,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have sundered my chain.

Earth's vain glance misleading,
On others may shine;
But my soul, still unheeding,
Shall rest upon thine.
Thy love gives me boldness—
My doubts all are o'er;
And the thought of my coldness
Endears thee the more.
My sins pressed not lightly;
And though thou forget,
They shall swell my song nightly,
Till life's sun has set.

The heart thou hast broken
Once doted on earth;
And the deep vow I've spoken,
It mocks in its mirth.
O! had I then treasured
Thy words, spoken free,
Long ere now thou hast measured
Their fullness to me.
But that heart I have sorrowed,
That suffered for mine;
And the vain world has borrowed
The heart that was thine.
My sins pressed not lightly;
And though thou forget,
They shall swell my song nightly,
Till life's sun has set."

A COMPREHENSIVE QUESTION.

BY REV. A. LOWMY.

ONCE the lips of Jesus pronounced this solemn question, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." This is a question of profound and awful meaning. I wish to engross the attention of the reader with the value of the world, the superior value of the soul, and the nature and dreadfulness of its loss.

Some divines seem to think that the infinite value of the soul, and the importance of its salvation, cannot be shown without depreciating the value of the world; but nothing is gained in favor of religion by berating the grosser gifts of God. Excepting those designed to be corrective, all the creatures of God's power are creatures of his goodness, and must, therefore, be valuable, because adapted to subserve the interests of mankind. The world is valuable as a source of support. It is true the Lord supplies our animal wants; he provides food and raiment, but he does this through the agency of the world. According to a wise arrangement, and admirable adaptation of one creature to another, he causes the earth to produce what is essential to the maintenance of our animal natures. Is not the world valuable as a source of support, if misery and death would immediately ensue if we were deprived of its productions?

The world is valuable as a source of knowledge. The book of nature is a treasure, great and rich. It

pours light into the mind, expands our views, and prepares us for the contemplation of sublimer subjects. The physical structure and properties of the earth, the character, varieties, and uses of the animal tribes, the nature, attributes, and pursuits of men, are fountains of learning that send forth a thousand streams to bless mankind. Deduct from our stock of knowledge all that we have derived from men and things, and our minds would resemble a magnificent dwelling without a tenant. Deprive the mind of scientific research, and its strength would wane—the range of its comprehension would contract till brutes might almost claim equality with man.

The world is valuable as a source of pleasure. It is so adapted to our senses, that it increases the aggregate of human happiness. The grateful taste of food and drink, the gentle stimulus of light and air, the music of voices and of instruments, the grand vision of heaven and earth, all produce delightful sensations.

But it is with the superior value of the soul, that I wish most deeply to impress your minds. The value of the soul exceeds all calculation. If all the treasures of sea and land were put into my possession—if all the honors of the world were woven into my crown—if all the ingredients of earthly pleasure were commingled in my cup, my possessions would come infinitely short of the value of the soul.

The soul is valuable, because, like God and angels, it is purely a spiritual substance. It is connected with and animates matter; but it is not characterized by any of its gross properties. It is known as a thinking, reasoning, and intelligent spirit. The soul is valuable, because it possesses mighty powers. It founds empires, cements nations, builds cities, and controls the elements. It fathoms the mysteries of nature, and classifies the properties and laws of mind and matter. It explains the laws of planets, fixes the period of their revolutions, measures their dimensions and distances, and makes all nature yield to its will and subserve its purposes. It solves abstruse questions in politics, morals, and religion, makes excursions in the empire of spirit, and reasons high concerning the essence, attributes, and plans of God.

The soul is valuable, because it has a large capacity for enjoyment. It is capable of loving, admiring, and rejoicing. It communicates with the external world by means of the senses, and sips pleasure from the beauties of nature. It communes with other souls by the faculty of speech, and thus becomes a partaker in the bliss of sister spirits. It ascends to heaven in its aspirations, and drinks at the fountains of divine pleasure. Its capacity grasps the fullness of God, feasts on his love, walks in his light, and lives by his life.

Indeed, the soul has a capacity to enjoy unnumbered blessings, of boundless magnitude and ineffable

excellence. From nature up to nature's Origin it extracts pleasure, and vies with angels in ability to enjoy the Creator and his works. Is not the soul valuable, if it has a capacity to enjoy pure and eternal light, deep and steady peace, high and immortal raptures, and comprehends the bliss of both worlds?

The soul is valuable, because it is immortal. Unlike the body, and unlike all earthly things, its existence is eternal. While decay marks all that comes within the range of our senses, immortality is stamped upon every attribute of the soul. While dissolution awaits the body, destruction the earth, and extinction the animal tribes, the soul claims endless being. You may die, be buried, and be soon forgotten—countless myriads may rise, act their part, and pass away—empires may rise and fall—the sun may exhaust its stores of light, the foundations of the earth may give way, the complicated machinery of the universe may wear out; but the soul shall retain all that vigor it had when God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul. If the soul be a thinking, reasoning, and intelligent principle—if, with all its grand powers and capacities, it is destined to live for ever—and if to redeem the soul interested the Holy Trinity and angels, and brought into requisition infinite wisdom and grace, is it not infinitely valuable?

The soul may be lost; and we inquire into the meaning and terribleness of its loss. It does not mean annihilation. I need not stop here to inquire whether the soul is naturally mortal, and self-supporting. I allow that God is able to destroy the soul, and that its immortality is pendent upon his will; yet it is morally impossible that God should employ his power to annihilate the soul, because he has promised and taught that the soul shall exist for ever. If the soul were to be annihilated at death, how could Christ have conducted us through the solemn transactions of the judgment, and closed by saying, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal?" If the soul perish with the body, how could he have taught us that, after death, Lazarus lived in Abraham's bosom, and the rich man dwelt in hell? Upon this narration, also, we may safely found the assertion that the loss of the soul is not the loss of consciousness; for Lazarus was happy in his abode, and the rich man was tormented in flames. It is a truth as alarming to the wicked as it is pleasing to the just, that our susceptibility of painful and happy emotions will be carried with us into eternity.

But the loss of the soul signifies the loss of all restraining influences: the fear of God, the checks of conscience, the dread of disgrace, the power of truth, the restraints of the Holy Ghost will all be lost. The soul will be let loose to prey upon itself: the lips will drop blasphemy, the eyes will express vengeance, and the soul will boil with emotions the most fiendish and diabolical. I can scarcely take a

more terrific view of hell, than is presented by the soul throwing off all restraints, and breaking loose upon itself with fiendish passions.

The loss of the soul is the loss of purity, the loss of the Holy Spirit, the loss of righteousness, and the image of God. All the poison of depravity inheres, and burns and convulses the lost soul. Every principle, passion, and affection being eternally steeped in corruption, the soul, like a stagnant pool, will send up the pestilential exhalations of death. Love, joy, peace, and all the elements of religion are lost. No charity, or kindness, or fellow feeling, will sweeten the spirit, or check the rage of its demonized tempers. The loss of the soul is the loss of heaven. A lost spirit will soliloquize thus: "The fountains of living water at which I might have drunk, the New Jerusalem in which I might have resided, the worship of God in which I might have participated, his honor and glory with which I might have been crowned, the vision of Christ, the fellowship of angels, the company of just men made perfect which I might have enjoyed, are all lost—irrecoverably lost."

But the loss of the soul includes in its melancholy meaning the loss of hope. Out of this grows its unutterable terribleness, as the deepest distresses are endurable while hope lives. If we are poor, hope of obtaining riches saves us from paralyzing discouragement. If we are disgraced, hope of attaining respect prevents from throwing ourselves away. If we are sick, the hope of recovering health saves from the gloom of death-bed scenes. And hell itself would be tolerable, if its damnation could be mitigated by hope of redemption, though it be deferred a thousand years. But who can bear the terribleness of that state where no hope supports the sinking spirit, or relieves the burning miseries, or tempers the oppressive gloom? The age of despair commences its direful reign, and excludes for ever the idea, and crushes in the bud all expectation of more propitious times, or milder sufferings. The question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" is equivalent to the strongest affirmation—that no gift can recover a lost spirit. A thousand princely treasures, torrents of penitential tears, or a deluge of sacrificial blood, can never be accepted in exchange for a lost soul.

LOVE OF FAME.

THERE is nothing, probably, which tends so effectually to stupefy conscience, and to corrupt the heart, as an excessive love of fame. It not only diverts the mind from the end which it ought chiefly to keep in view, but sets up a false light for its guide, debases the finer feelings of the heart, and destroys but too frequently all regard for integrity of purpose and purity of principle. Beware, then, reader, of a too excessive love of praise.

THE MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST JESUS.

BY REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

MR. EDITOR,—I venture to send you the following translation, or imitation, of the favorite old German hymn, commencing,

"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden."

It is not presumed that it will compare with the translation of the same hymn, found in the Methodist Hymn-Book, beginning,

"Now I have found the ground wherein,"

commonly attributed to Rev. John Wesley. But it is possible that some may have the curiosity to read translations of the same piece by two different hands; and the following, in a degree, compensates in *quantity* for what it lacks in *quality*—having four verses more than the translation in the Hymn-Book. The third, seventh, eighth, and ninth verses of the original do not appear in the Methodist Hymn-Book. The measure of this is the same as that in the Hymn-Book; but the rhyme is different. The measure differs slightly from the original, which is 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8, Iambic. This measure is not so well adapted to the English as the German language. The heading is supplied.

At length my weary soul has found
Its all-sufficient Anchor-ground—
The ground before the world was made,
In Jesus' wounds for sinners laid;
And which shall stand unmoved and sure,
When earth and heaven no more endure.

Lo! here is MERCY, boundless, free—
Surpassing thought!—for all—for me!
Behold, down-stretching from above,
Our Father's open arms of love—
Proof of his melting heart's desire,
To save us from eternal fire!

Why should we then of heaven despair?
God wills—and we shall see him there.
For this the Son came down to die—
For this returned again on high—
For this, though slighted e'er and o'er,
Stands knocking at the sinner's door.

O, depth! where all our sins are thrown,
Through Christ's vicarious death alone—
The wounds from whence atoning flow
The streams that wash us white as snow—
For those life-streams his wounds supply—
For ever MERCY! MERCY! cry.

By washing in this fountain pure,
My soul obtains a perfect cure,
And finds, for every pain and smart,
A balm in Jesus' bleeding heart—
Exhaustless source of life and grace,
And MERCY's native dwelling-place!

Were all things else to disappear,
Which solace soul or body here—
Life's dearest blessings be withdrawn,
And all my joys and honors gone,
There yet remains this bliss divine—
MERCY, REDEEMING MERCY, mine!

When earthly things my soul oppress
With loads of sorrow and distress,
And worldly cares my heart assail,
And o'er my troubled mind prevail,
I fly from these distracting harms,
To throw myself in MERCY's arms.

Do all my works and ways below
Full many imperfections show?
And those which once most perfect seemed,
In clearer light be worthless deemed?
This, this alone is all my plea—
O, God, be MERCIFUL to me!

All things submit to His command,
Whose mercies never-failing stand;
To him will I prefer my prayer,
Who makes my peace his constant care;
Thus will I find, in good and ill,
His MERCY my protection still.

Here, anchored safe, my soul shall stay,
Joyful through life's tempestuous day;
Be mine to exalt this boundless love,
While thought remains or tongue can move,
And sing, when harps of gold are given,
MERCY's transporting song in heaven.

THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY D. O. STOUT.

Oh! have I lingered near this spot,
To think awhile of much-loved friends;
Though past and gone, I've not forgot
The place o'er which the willow bends.

I thought of parents, who had strown
My early path with sweetest flowers—
Who first the way of truth had shown,
And taught me in my youthful hours.

But they are gone; and shall I mourn,
And o'er their graves shed sorrow's tear;
And sigh that I am left alone—
Consent no voice of hope to hear?

No! aided by a Power divine,
I'll stem life's current to the end—
Disdain the thought e'er to repine,
When I am loved by such a friend.

JESUS BY THE THRONE.

Mid anthems of the blest above,
That wake the song of joy,
Or choral melody of love,
That seraph lips employ,
No spirit breathes in sadness there,
Or heaves the lightest groan,
Nor bows in agony of prayer,
But Jesus by the throne. PEGASUS.

WOMAN'S PRIDE.

BY EDWARD B. STEVENS, M. D.

It is good for us sometimes to read, here and there, fragments far back in the story of human kind. Not that we may arise from such studies with the exulting spirit of the hypocritic Pharisee; reverently thanking God that we are better than other men, and that our age is better than other ages; but that we may, in a far better spirit, look about us, and rejoice that infinite Wisdom has seen fit to guide us thus far in continuous intellectual and religious progression—that he has given to us peculiar privileges, and the fond hope that he will make of us a peculiar people. In no chapter of this world's history do we meet with more satisfactory confirmation of this pleasing view of God's providence, than that which tells of the smiles and tears, the servility and elevation, the degradation and dignity of woman.

Glancing along at many a well-known picture, my attention is first arrested by a fair being just seen in the misty distance, but readily enough recognized in those sighs, and that heart-broken misery; those eyes swollen with grief, and dimmed with gazing toward the distant blue horizon of the sky she has left. We easily discern, I say, the unhappy captive, *honorable* and *legal* booty in the desolations of war and pillage, borne away to grace the triumphant court of the rude chieftain, whose war cry has led his ruder followers to battle and to victory.

But I see other scenes, with other actors. Here, note that solemnly sedate personage, who seems to control and govern as true patriarchal head; surrounded with all the elegance, and luxury, and ease of all the spicy Orient. He is a Turkish seignior; and while we inhale the almost sickening concentration of odors that everywhere perfumes these rich apartments; and while we gaze at those wreaths of opium smoke in part gracefully curling from a rare and costly pipe, and in part quietly losing themselves in the long white beard that flows down to the lordly bosom; let us not forget to gaze awhile, too, on those exquisite beings that loll on richest ottomans, envious to catch the smiles of him who is their only despot, and yet only known friend. Fairest woman! snatched from the distant home of thy affections, with a mind created to love, and think, and enjoy, and worship, yet degraded to a love shared with a seraglio—to thoughts only of pandering to the wishes and pleasures of an insolent master, and with no enjoyment or worship but that of the slave.

And yet I see other and more pleasant sights; the light of Christianity and letters is about to reillumine a whole hemisphere; it is as if the northern light was just beginning to glow, previous to those rich columns of flame that pass seemingly to the very zenith. I have a glimpse of the sports and festivities that graced the days of chivalry. I see woman in

some sort the pride and worship of the rougher sex. It is an elevation of the ruder sort; indeed, an imperfect work; yet in it I see the earnest of better things to come. Each victor in tilt or tournament receives his crown from fairy hands—each stalwart, helmeted warrior raises his iron vizard to greet his lady love, or return her smile. In the songs of the troubadour she is not forgotten, and her name become a battle cry on the plains of Holy Land. This sort of knight errantry was much indeed, but it was not all; man's deference then to the gentler sex was but the brief relaxation from the sterner duties of a rude and savage age, and, at best, partook much in feeling of the religion of the Turk, differing from the Mussulman but little save this, that while his seventh heaven of most lovely and beautiful houries, was the reward of the faithful beyond this vale of tears, to the crusading knight it was in the ever-present now.

While these airy phantoms flit away with the summer fly, or the shadow of a passing cloud, more lasting—more lovely pictures of the glowing present are painted for my ceaseless study. Woman has ceased to be the inferior of man. She is no longer a mere piece of household goods, subject to barter and exchange—to be known only as the servant of man—to be guided by the passions, and pleasures, and caprices of the superior, fit only to anticipate and minister to his fancies. They have become the companions—the associates of man. The philosophy, and letters, and science of this age, are to grace and adorn the light and delicate fancies of the female, as well as to give strength and softness to a more rugged intellect. She shares in his anxieties, his successes, and his delights. She participates in his good fortune, and drinks of his cup of grief. In sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity she has become his comfort, his solace, his counsel, and his joy; and in all this, as I have fancied, is, in its truest sense, *WOMAN'S PRIDE*—a pride to which the Creator from the beginning destined her. The slavish degradation of a dark and benighted age, as well as the sensual worship and admiration of knight errantry, are equally to be rejected. She is indeed to lean upon his support, and be sheltered by his kind and good strong arm; but to make woman all that we understand by the equal and tender companion of man—part of himself—we have loved to contemplate as the happiest conception of the beautiful and true.

EARLY RISING.

THE Sybarites, it is said, destroyed their morning heralds, the cocks, that they might enjoy their matin slumbers undisturbed; and Pope, as we might judge, loved a morning nap:

"What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings."

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. R. SAPP.

BIBLE truth is one of the leading elements which enters into the composition of our present form of civilization; and, when fully elaborated and comprehended by the human mind, will be the chief element of the civilization of the world.

Civilization is the improved condition of mankind, and is evidenced in cultivated manners, improved morals, refined sentiments and tastes, advancement in the sciences and arts, developed intellectual powers, and a pure, simple, and devout worship. When the civilization of a people, a nation, or the world, becomes mature, the various elements which enter into its composition will be full, or will have attained their greatest maturity. It embraces the progress of society and the improvement of the individual. These must advance in harmony, as society and the state are composed by the aggregation of the individual; and as the individual is educated, and as he advances in the arts and improves in taste, the religious powers are unfolded, and society at large assumes a fairer and better form.

From this general statement it will be perceived, that the usual method of judging of the civilization of a nation by a few of its leading and most highly-cultivated members, gives us a very limited and imperfect standard; and that all efforts to mature a high state of civilization will avail but little, unless they are brought to bear upon the mass of the people. This may appear more clearly, when we enumerate the elements which must enter into the composition and be generally developed, in order to produce a pure, noble, and Christian civilization—a civilization which contemplates the elevation and refinement of every being that enters into the compact of human society. The following quotation from Victor Cousin, a celebrated French writer, embraces a beautiful and philosophical statement of these:

"The idea of the *useful*, producing industry and the practical sciences, mathematics, physics, and political economy.

"The idea of the *just*, producing civil society, the state, and jurisprudence.

"The idea of the *beautiful*, producing the fine arts.

"The idea of *God*, producing religion and worship."

This quotation shows that the basis of civilization is not in the institutions, monuments, and forms of society—they being but the symbols of its progress; but in the mind, which gives birth to these. Taking the above statement as embracing the leading ideas which require to be developed, in order to constitute a good and comprehensive civilization, the following additional quotation from another writer, may be

considered as giving us a fair standard of a generous and vigorous development of these, and the present condition of civilization in this and other countries:

"Abundance of the comforts of life.

"Good government, faithfully administered, securing equal rights and privileges to all.

"Security of property, person, and character.

"Security and sanctity of the domestic relations.

"A high state of the arts.

"The diffusion of knowledge, morals, and public spirit."

And we may add, purity, simplicity, spirituality, and universality of divine worship.

Let us here, in view of the above principles, institute a brief inquiry into the condition of our American civilization. As to individuals, there are many in our country who are highly cultivated and refined, and in whose minds these ideas are very fully developed. This, however, is not true of the great mass of the people who compose our nation; and it is not true of the great mass of the people who compose any other nation, as the Americans, in some of the most important facts which constitute the civilization of a people, excel any other nation. We have an abundance of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life; and the idea of the useful is so strongly developed in the minds of our people, and the pursuits of industry are so general, that, under the ordinary blessings of Providence, we shall be furnished with a perpetual supply. In the administration of civil government we are deficient, and, perhaps, are degenerating. This arises from instability, party infatuation, and madness, not to say wickedness. As to the diffusion of useful knowledge among the mass of our people, there are many and noble agencies at work. In this, perhaps, we are equal to the most highly-favored nations of the earth; yet it cannot be denied but there exists, in some portions of our country, an alarming deficiency, and that there are many agencies employed to corrupt the hearts of the people. In the useful arts, we have, from necessity, as well as from the genius of our people and institutions, made great progress, and are moving forward with wonderful and astonishing success. Our progress in the fine arts, the works of taste and beauty, from the utilitarian character of our people, has been meagre, and there appears to be but a limited prospect for years to come. In the administration of justice, and securing equal rights to all, our practice has been far, far behind our professions. It cannot be denied, whatever our professions may be, by any man of just conceptions, that we are very deficient in these vital and capital points of civilization. From the complexity of the system of common law received from our English ancestors, and the invincible tenacity with which the profession hold to it, and the patience and forbearance of the people, and also the instability and selfishness of our statutory

enactments, justice is dealt out with an uncertain hand. And notwithstanding we publish to the world the noble and Scriptural doctrine that, "all men are born free and equal," we deny the civil rights of man, and many of the behests of humanity and civil society, to three millions of our population. The distribution of the rewards of productive industry, from a variety of causes, is very unequal, though more equal and upon a better footing in this than any other country. In regard to Divine worship, we are about half angel and half devil, the half devil, perhaps, yet predominating. Our whole population do not worship the Creator, purely, spiritually. Many of them have shrines erected to mammon and other gods; and just at this time, the temple of Janus Quirinus, is opened for the offering of incense, and not a few flock to its altars, and pay most hearty and vociferous vows. Yet, we believe, this country is destined to become the seat of the purest, noblest, and most exalted civilization, which will, for centuries, and perhaps for ever, exist on the globe. There are many reasons for this conclusion. In this country, mind is freer in every point of view than in any other. Our civilization partakes of the democratic type, and hence is destined for the whole people; and from the influence and preservative character of Bible truth, (it being the salt of the earth) though it may have a thrifty growth, will not be subject to as early decay as the civilization which flourished under the influence of this principle in the governments of Greece. Since the publication of Christianity the most cruel political despotisms have overshadowed and crushed the energies of the earth's population, and no theatre has until now presented itself, where humanity might make a fair trial for self-development under this free spirit, assisted by the spirituality and power of Bible truth. In this country we have such a theatre, and we have the utmost confidence as to the sublime results. From the influence of the sentiment of liberty, or of our soil and climate, the lower classes of the European population who flock to our shores, by the second or third generations, are changed from their rough forms into the most elegant and noble specimens of the human being. The mingling of races and nations, as it takes place in this country, may have a healthful and recuperating influence upon human blood and intellect. These, in connection with other reasons which we might name, are calculated to produce this grand and momentous result in reference to American population and civilization. Yet we wish not to close our eyes to the evils which are now mixing with the good, and may be of sufficient power to change the course of our population, and this anticipated destination, and produce a people the most corrupt, unruly, and unstable on the face of the earth. We have confidence in the power of truth, the laws of humanity, and the providence of God, and believe that on our soil, and among the population destined to cover it, will spring up the

purest, noblest civilization ever seen in the brightest vision had by prophet or patriot, or contemplated in the Bible to flow from the mission of Christ, and the ultimate destiny of truth.

But we come to the inquiry more specifically, What is the influence of Bible truth upon our taste, literature, laws, legislation, domestic enclosures, institutions of learning, arts and property—in fine, upon our civilization? We started with the proposition that Bible truth was one of the *great leading elements* of civilization. Like the light of the morning seen in the east, bespangling the heavens and scattering joy and glory abroad in the earth, carrying in its train life to vegetation, and giving beauty to man and his works, Bible truth—the precepts and spirit of Christianity—have gone abroad and entered every department of labor, every hall of legislation, every cabinet of counselors, every seminary and college of learning, every village, city and hamlet, every dwelling of man whether sanctified to God or not, and every judicial bench or court of justice in this great country of ours, and wherever the Anglo-Saxon treads the earth. Christian truth is still more extensive and diffusive in its blessed mission of improving our race. It has gone into other lands than ours, and disseminated its benign agencies among other people than those descended from our parental branch.

Bible duty creates an outlet for the surplus wealth of Christians and Christian nations. It directs them to administer to the wants and alleviate the sufferings of their fellow human beings. And though wealth has as yet, but in small sums, taken the channel of well-doing, still these channels are distinctly pointed out, and found to be open and operative. Christianity prompts to the building the asylum for the blind, the insane, the poor, and the orphan; the house of refuge for the degraded and outcast; the temple of worship where the Creator may be adored; the hall of science for educating the youth; and sends the messenger of mercy and book of life to the poor and perishing of our race. Here, it will be perceived, a thousand rills are opened for dispensing joy and gladness, and for drawing off from the individual that, which if retained, would canker the soul and corrupt the springs of society. What a magnificent spectacle of benevolence does that country present, where these several agencies for administering good and dispensing mercy are actively at work, molding, forming and blessing its population—sending the pulsations of life through every vein and artery of the political compact. No scene of the like kind was ever, or is now, presented, in any country where the God of the Bible is not known and worshiped, and the sympathies and love peculiar to that book are not cherished. These scenes and works are the products of Christianity. Paganism, Pantheism, Mohammedanism, Atheism and Infidelity have not the life or law of being to produce a growth and brotherhood of this kind.

It softens our asperities, teaches us to be kind and merciful, and abolishes the maxims of retaliation. It is not now as it was said of "old time," "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but it teaches us to forgive injuries received from an erring brother, under the promise of forgiveness from our Creator of offenses committed against him—also, love to a neighbor and an enemy. Under the teachings and precepts of Christianity, men are coming to the opinion that war is wrong, and that the shedding of blood in this way, is a crime against God and man. And notwithstanding nations maintain their distinctive organizations, are separated by rivers, mountains, oceans, and their language, institutions and complexions may differ, yet "God hath made them all of one blood," and they are brethren.

Bible truth creates the sentiments of justice and right, and enforces upon us the duty of allowing and giving to others, the rights, privileges and blessings we would have ourselves. The sentiment of justice is chiefly learned from the Bible character of God, and his manner of dealing with men and nations. The Bible teaches us that he is a being of strictly impartial and universal justice—that with him there is no respect of persons, but that every man will receive according to his deeds. This view being communicated of that Being who created man and the world, and whom we are taught to worship, the human mind is imperceptibly and gradually impressed with this conception, and we learn to become just to our fellow men. The Bible is likewise the source of human rights; and though they have been imperfectly apprehended by the mass of human minds, and trampled under foot by tyrants and the oppressors of man, still they have been making progress under the impulse of its holy lessons, and are destined to sweep across the world. This was one of the fountains unsealed in the Reformation. The reformers taught the great Bible truth of JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, that is, that all men were equal before God—that all men had an equal right to go to him for salvation through faith in the blood of Christ—that the priest had no authority to stand between any man and his Creator, to intercede in his behalf, or to place obstacles in the way of his pardon and salvation, and thereby shut the gates of heaven. And when this great truth was learned, or had fairly entered the human mind, men began to inquire wherefore they should be unequal by nature, or in the enjoyment of political privileges. And after, for a few generations, exploring the labyrinths of political society and truths, and the pages of the Bible, they arrived at the great truths so long trampled down and concealed from the world, "that all men are created free and equal." It was a sublime result in the history of the progress of Bible truth and the human mind, and one over which devils and tyrants wept, and at which misrule and aristocracy mourned exceedingly. This Bible truth—this law of equal privileges and rights is, per-

haps, the leading principle of American civilization. *And let it be understood that it is the legitimate outflow of the New Testament doctrine of Justification by Faith.*

Our literature is chastened and sanctified through its instrumentality. The professor in the institution of learning, under the influence of the pure lessons of Christ, his prophets, and apostles, learns to expurgate the Greek and Roman authors, before he places them in the hands of his pupils, or to carefully guard them against their poisoning influences: he also places this great book of ancient history and literature in their hands, and points them to its sublime and noble lessons in poetry and eloquence, history and philosophy, morality and worship. The student of science is blessed with the privilege of holding intercourse with the pure and good of all past time—of mingling his thoughts with theirs—of acting over the thrilling scenes through which they passed—of singing their songs, mingling in their solemn feasts and sacrifices, and gathering up the wisdom of a buried race that now sleep with God. Yea, more; he thinks over the thoughts of God, expressed through the agency of prophets, judges, heroes, sages, apostles, and his own beloved Son, and draws intellectual and spiritual refreshment from the everlasting MIND.

It inspires and gives beauty and spirit to our poetry. Here, in these groves of Paradise, and among these hills and valleys of our Zion, the greatest poets have attuned their lyres. The genius of such beings as Milton, Heber, Watts, Wesley, Aken-side, and Montgomery, have been lit up by the scenes, incidents, and precepts of the sacred word; and poetry thus inspired and sanctified, is sought and sung by millions of our race. What has been, and what yet will be, the full influence of the sacred melodies of Wesley, Watts, and other Christian poets, in improving the taste, elevating the sentiments, correcting the habits, and spiritualizing the souls of the millions of our Christendom, will be hidden until that day when God shall judge and reward every man according to the deeds done in the body. A conception of their power lifts up a bright vision before the eye, and the soul of the Christian philanthropist is awed and subdued as it is swept by the notes of a hundred million of human tongues, as they pour on the wings of many winds their sacred anthems. He stands spell-bound, entranced, as did the prophet of the Apocalypse when his ear hung upon the swellings of the song sung in heaven by that mighty host which no man hath numbered. O, the privilege of the genius who can make Bible songs to be sung by the millions, to dispense joy and gladness to their habitations, and sweetness to their spirits!

Many of the finest scenes for the pencil are found in the sketches of the Old and New Testaments. Into these lights and shades, as created by the Eternal Spirit, the pencil of genius has been dipped with

wonderful effect. The masters of this art have here found their finest subjects, and formed their noblest models; and these are now collected in the museums of art and cabinets of princes, and are found hanging in the parlor, the private study, and even the cottages of the poor, exercising in every civilized country an influence to produce a correct morality and Scriptural taste.

The Bible, or especially the New Testament, contains the great constitutional principles as a basis upon which human society will ultimately be organized, or its present imperfect organization be completed. And when the visions of theorists shall have been tried and exploded, the world will find that a simple observance of the precepts and duties enjoined by the great Lawgiver, is all that is needed by the individual or society in the present state.

Religion has been interwoven with every form of civilization, which has yet existed; and from man's character as a religious being, it will ever maintain a prominent position, and exercise a powerful influence upon whatever form it may hereafter take. The religion possessed by the Greeks, Romans, and other nations of antiquity, shone forth in their painting, sculpture, architecture, and literature. Then, as now, the religious sentiments of the human soul, were made to speak out and exert their influence in every development of humanity. For eighteen hundred years the world has been in possession of a religion purer and more spiritual, and embodying a more noble system of rules and sympathies, than any before possessed. This system of worship has been silently, but gradually displacing every other form of devotion; and now exists in greater power, and is exerting a healthier influence in developing human energies and fashioning society than at any former period. Since it was given by the great Teacher, the world has been crushed under the most shocking system of political despotism. But the signs of the times for the last century or two, show that Christianity is coming forth from the long night of despotism which had enveloped it; and, also, that the individual and the masses are casting aside the fetters which had bound them for ages. Christianity free and untrammelled, and the human mind free—these two freemen beginning to run, locked arm in arm, the race of development and sublime progress, will and must produce the most magnificent results. Christianity will be the great agent of fully evolving the powers of the human soul. When this occurs, and it may not be for a thousand or ten thousand years, as the progress of truth and the human mind is, and ever has been, very slow, we will have a nobler manhood, a purer society, a better world, and a purer and more exalted literature than at present, or than has been enjoyed in any period of past time.

It is as great a mercy to be preserved in health, as to be delivered from sickness.

REVOLUTIONS OF TIME.

BY REV. D. M. GUNUNG.

THE past seems like a tragedy already performed to exhibit the mutation of matter and the uncertainty of human affairs. Its records inform us of a world, at first, truly beautiful and covered with a rich variety of interesting objects, but, in the dawn of its existence, its beauty fades and its colors change. Nothing in creation appears to have been formed so permanent as to withstand the revolutions of time. Where, at one time, the lion's startling roar resounded through the deep dense forest, the patriarch pitched his tent, and on the mountain top offered the type of the great sacrificial lamb; and that solitary place was rendered vocal by sacred praise from human lips. Where human depravity kindled the fires of dissension, and the heaven-daring multitude erected the altars of impiety, the rising waters swept fearfully on, and a sinful world was buried in the engulfing flood.

Where Babylon's magazine of wealth was stored, and human glory sat enthroned in proud emolument, the pride of royalty reached its acme, but only to render its fall more dreadful and its destruction more sure. Where now are its gilded palaces, and where rest those chieftains, who dwelt within its walls? Where, too, are those of still greater valor who triumphed over their fall? They have all departed, and even the mole, that crawled among their sleeping dust and fed upon their flesh, has died.

"The traveler wanders where a thousand lords
Once sat, and where the song of revelry was heard
To sound and echo through the spacious halls,
Yet all is lonely—all is still, except
The adder's fearful him."

Where the rude banditti roamed uncontrolled, there rose the mistress of the world. Art lent its aid to beautify her form, the craft of science laid her deep foundations and reared her bulwarks, eloquence thundered in the senate, while the sweetest strains of poetry sounded through her groves. Thus, clad in the garlands of literature and armed with the thunderbolts of war, imperial Rome looked down from her lofty eminence upon the world as if it scarcely deserved a smile. Yet the genius of her liberty retired: that empire had its rise, its reign, and its fall. Nor was the wealth of Jerusalem sufficient to secure her stability. When the time of her destruction drew near, the storm gathered in the heavens, the thunder muttered in the darkened clouds, and all the artillery of Divine vengeance lowered over the devoted city, till, swelling with terror, it burst in sheeted flames upon the Jewish metropolis, and consecrated altars, and priestly robes, and kingly crowns, royal palaces, and decorated temples, were wrapt together in their grave of fire.

"No more did Judah's harp resume its song,
Or Israel's muse attune its solemn lay."

for the glory of Jerusalem had departed: her priests and prophets were no more; the lyre of sacred melody hung silent on the willows, and the hand that waked its holy anthems was wasting in the grave.

Should we visit those places most celebrated in classic lore, or remarkable for the visitations of celestial beings, we should find but little of their former grandeur remaining. Here and there, perhaps, some crumbling monument might remind us that human dust lay there; or the moldering fragment of ancient sculpture awaken the melancholy reflection, that, like its authors, we too must die. So fades the glory of the world. So pass the affairs of earth in quick succession from one state to another, ever varying, ever changing, blighting the expectations, and blasting the hopes of man. Is it wise, then, to let our hopes rest on any thing earthly? Is it enthusiasm to sing sincerely from the heart,

"Vain world, adieu!"

as we centre our strongest hopes in heaven? True wisdom points to a city whose foundations are sure, and whose mansions of light will stand firm and flash with brightness, when the last fragment of this poor world will be unseen, and to us unknown.

THE TRUE NOBILITY.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

"What constitutes the true nobility?"

Not wealth, nor name, nor outward pomp nor power:

Fools have them all; and vicious men may be

The idols and the pageants of an hour.

But 'tis to have a good and honest heart,

Above all meanness, and above all crime,

And act the right and honorable part

In every circumstance of place and time.

He who is thus, from God his patent takes—

His Maker formed him the true nobleman.

Whate'er is low and vicious he forsakes,

And acts on rectitude's unchanging plan:

Things change around him, changes touch not him;

The star that guides his path fails not, nor waxes dim."

DURING my somewhat extensive ramblings, I have often heard of *the nobility*. The manner in which they were often spoken of, might have led me to suppose, had I not known the contrary, that they belonged to a superior race of intelligences, perhaps occupying a position somewhere between men and angels; or, if they did not rank so high, that they were far beyond the reach of the common people; and that for the latter to attempt to associate with them would amount to little less than a crime: if it was not regarded as the unpardonable sin, it was looked upon as a serious offense.

But who are the *true nobility*? Are they those who have assumed this appellation by virtue of their wealth, pomp, or aggrandizement? Or those who are far more worthy of it by their virtues and noble

deeds? The term nobility is used differently in different countries.

In England, the word is used to denote five ranks, those of duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and baron. In this country, it is usually applied to the rich, to those filling important offices, to men of rank, and frequently to the would-be somebody, with which the present age abounds. But let us notice the term in its true acceptation.

It denotes dignity of mind. This consists in true independence; or rather, perhaps, this should be regarded as one of its essential elements. A state of mind exempt from undue influence, and possessing the power of self-direction and control, is highly important to real dignity. Without this, it cannot exist. Obsequiousness demeans and degrades. A fawning disposition is the bane of intellectual greatness—the *sirocco* that destroys all that is great and noble.

Another element of dignity, is true honor. This leads the mind to properly esteem real worth wherever found; to a suitable reverence for age, rank and relation; to an utter abhorrence of every thing that is low and mean; and to that noble magnanimity by which we may encounter danger and trouble with the utmost tranquility and firmness. This principle could enable the three Hebrews to face the king, and declare, that "they would not serve his gods, nor worship the golden image which he had set up," and Paul to exclaim, "but none of these things move me."

Another element, is a courteous deportment. A pleasing address, kindness and affability in the reception and treatment of guests, and a strict observance of those established principles, rules and customs, proper for the most beneficial intercourse of social life, are necessary to true dignity. Complaisance throws around the intellect a charm, and adds to manners true politeness. Clownishness destroys all that is dignified in character, and debases the noble faculties of the soul.

Another element, is a strict regard to truth and justice. Veracity and exactness belong to true dignity. Justice, which consists in giving to all their due, and in conforming to the principles and laws of rectitude, stands out boldly, as among its most prominent characteristics. Dignity, with all the lovely qualities of the mind, disappears, where moral principle and Christian integrity are wanting.

Another element, is a proper mental cultivation. Ignorance is most debasing to the mind, and unless removed by strict attention to the education of the intellectual faculties, will rob it of its glory. Intelligence, under the influence of grace, exalts and dignifies. It expands and adorns the intellect, and gives it energy, strength, and power.

Nobility denotes purity of soul. This consists, first, in an entire freedom from unholy tempers and desires, and from all the corruptions of our natures.

Unbelief, self-will, envy, slavish fear, jealousy, pride, anger, covetousness, &c., are entirely destroyed. And, secondly, it consists in being filled with the Spirit, all its energies and powers being directed, controlled, and governed by the Spirit. Then, we shall be able to "love God with all the soul, might, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves." Glorious state! Exalted privilege! A state that all Christians may possess, and a privilege that they may enjoy.

Nobility denotes a proper discipline and government of the body. This consists, first, in a proper regulation of the desires and appetites. These should be strictly conformed to the principles of morality and religion. All inordinacy should be avoided. Secondly, it consists in habits of temperance. Nothing should be received as food, or as a beverage, that defiles or pollutes. The "temple of God" should be kept pure. That quantity of wholesome food only should be taken that nature requires. Excess in eating is a fearful evil. The costume should be adapted and arranged for health and usefulness. The body needs to be properly attired; but let the "outward adorning" be such "as becometh godliness." Cleanliness should be its constant attendant. This, Mr. Wesley, declares to be "next to godliness." Thirdly, it consists in suitable corporeal exercise. The full maturity of all the physical powers, requires this: in this way only, can they obtain their full strength, symmetry, and beauty.

Nobility denotes a life consecrated to the glory of God, and the work of doing good. This is the great business of life. In it, we can only answer the end of our being: for this we were made; and our Maker designed that in this noble work, we should answer the grand purposes of our creation, and thereby secure a fadeless crown in heaven. "By patient continuance in well-doing, we seek for glory, honor, immortality, eternal life."

Thus, we have briefly glanced at what we conceive to be the true import of the term nobility. Those who possess what it denotes, as above described, are the *true nobility*. Whether they live in palace or cottage, in the city or country, whether they are rich or poor, honored or despised, they are the nobility—the nobility of our land—the nobility of our world. After life's toils are ended, they shall wear crowns, inherit mansions, and possess kingdoms. On the coronation day, when the Savior shall be crowned Lord of all, they shall appear among the gems of his redeeming triumphs, to stud the royal diadem. Who, then, would not aspire to be numbered among the true nobility!

"As well might the chemist," says Dr. Beaumont, "hope for a universal elixir from the polluted water of a stagnant lake, as mankind expect from earthly things the light and bliss of their immortal souls."

HEAVENLY ATTRACTIONS.

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BY REV. J. E. PARKER.
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JOH said, "I would not live alway." He desired a release from earth, that he might dwell in heaven. David expressed the same sentiment when he cried out, "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Utterance is again given it by the apostle Paul: "For I am in a strait betwixt two; having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Hallowed sentiment! Blessed feeling! It is found, also, in the heart of every Christian; it dwells wherever grace has done its holy work, and fitted the soul for a life in the skies. But *why* this sentiment? *why* this language? Partly, it may be because of the defects in the present mode of being; but chiefly, rather because of the superiority of heaven over earth; the former, though numerous, would still fail to render life undesirable; but the latter exerts unspeakable power over every soul converted to God. Heaven *has* attractions. It *has* power to allure away purified spirits, and cause them to exclaim, "I would not live alway;" "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Among the objects that draw the Christian heavenward, and cause him to exclaim in language like the above, *God himself*, should first be mentioned. The spirit purified by Divine grace, would ever repose upon the very bosom of its Maker. It desires with him the most perfect intimacy. Here, however, he is but dimly seen—but partially known. True, he dwells within and encircles the soul. He soothes, strengthens, and supports; he animates, loves, and cheers; but brighter manifestations of him are longed for still. These are promised in heaven above. They are numbered with the beatitudes of that fairer world to which the Christian aspires, and longs to go. "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Holy prospect! Not only to love God and feel him within the soul, but to gaze upon his perfections with eyes immortal. To dwell in the effulgence of the Divine glory, is a promise as dear to the Christian as its fulfillment is certain. The soul loves to be happy, and whatever is calculated to augment its felicity, is regarded by the Christian with a joy that is peculiar. Though God may be enjoyed upon earth, blessed be his name, the Scriptures inform us, that in heaven he shall be enjoyed with still greater and increasing fullness.

There will be met, also, all the pious of the whole earth. What a sympathy is felt between those of this class even here below! Two souls truly converted are in a certain sense one; one in feeling, in spirit, in hope, one. Here are many and valuable friends; many ardent, warm-hearted Christians. But in heaven *all* are pure—*all* are holy. No exceptions

will appear to disfigure the beauty, or mar the joy, of that beatified brotherhood. All will be holy, loving, and lovely. What a blessing, that we may even anticipate the enjoyment of society like this! The ancient patriarchs, holy prophets, zealous ardent apostles, faithful martyrs, the devoted humble follower of Christ, the perseveringly pious of all the earth shall be there; "an innumerable company which no man can number," who have all "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Blessed society! No discord is felt to annoy—no jarring is known to exist—all is harmony, union, and love. No tear is seen to indicate sorrow—not a sigh is heard to escape—"all tears are wiped away," and sighing and sorrow have eternally fled. What heart changed by Divine grace, and possessed of a consciousness of the Divine favor, that does not feel a longing after such society?

There will be also the glorified Savior. When on earth, he scattered in rich munificence upon all around him, the blessings of his love, and doubtless he will be no less active in offices of kindness in heaven. Who of those now pardoned and free, but longs to view him, upon whose bosom the beloved disciple leaned with such frequency and delight?

"To Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne."

There too are the angels of God. Their office is high, their employments holy; they are always spoken of in holy writ in terms of high distinction; in the scale of creation, they rank foremost. What a joy must be felt by the earth-released soul, when first embraced by these sinless beings, clad in the livery of the upper world! To associate with these objects of creating love, will surely be no ordinary privilege. To hear them laud the perfections of Jehovah, to hear them sing of the love of God, of the Savior, the cross, the redemption of the world, the beatitudes of heaven, will be a privilege unknown to men while here below. How rich will be their music, how glorious their themes, and how ceaseless their praises! "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts."

Heaven has many attractions. Its triune God, its triumphant glorified Savior, its holy angels, its exalted myriads saved by the washing of regeneration, its shining Jerusalem, with its gold-paved streets, its beautiful proportions, its divine architecture, give it a value far above earth. Its flowing river, and tree of life, its freedom from sorrow, sighing, pain and death, its unalloyed and unrestricted felicity, its high and holy employments, its songs of praise poured forth in notes divine, these alone, without any reference to the declaration, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," give to heaven a power divine.

So let us live, dear reader, that we come not short of the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

BY J. W. ROBERTS.

What though the language may be rude,
The pen unready and untaught;
The richest treasure's always found,
Where beauty lingers in the thought.

I HAVE seen the rose bud in its beauty. Sweet was its blush when the morning light kissed the silver dew-drops from its cheek; and the gay smile of innocence played through its leaves as the fond beams dallied in its charms. To the gentle breeze, that sighed its pensive numbers in softest murmurs, as it floated past, the bending beauty gave rich fragrance to waft off on its wings while fleeing away—

"Away to its far-off home!"

But it faded, and the rude winds scattered its pale leaves over the ground, heeding not that it was the wreck of beauty they were devouring. 'Tis gone! But is there no hope that it will return again? Yes, there is. By the mysterious laws of Providence it will be reproduced, and renewed, and, in some lovely form, live again to deck the earth. Though now it is withered and wasting, and must molder back to its mother-dust, yet, will it not be destroyed or blotted from the book of existence. It is the handiwork of God, who has appointed the time for its redemption, when it shall come forth in newness of life, revived in beauty, and clothed in the habiliments of rejoicing. No particle will be lost. Such is the protecting goodness and the watchful care of our Father in heaven over all his works. Not a flower of the field fadeth but he knows it. Not a sparrow falls to the ground but he sees it. O, may we not trust in him! May we not take shelter

"Beneath his royal wing!"

Yes, this is our high privilege; and to him, who is ever merciful and kind, we may approach, calm in the assurance that he will uphold us; for with him "even the hairs of our head are all numbered."

O, what a consoling thought to the way-worn and weary! Buffeted by the storms of adversity, and tossed upon the waves of life's troubled ocean, how the tempest-driven wanderer, soiled and distressed, turns from the dull scenes of his conflicts, to drink at the peace-running river which flows from the fount of God! There in the calm of devotion,

Rest, weary pilgrim, rest from thy toils.

Again, I have seen the little infant, tender and beautiful, rest upon its mother's bosom, and smile in the fresh joys of existence. The light of innocence beamed in its eye; the bloom of loveliness rested on its cheek. As the unblemished bud opens with promise of a rich blossom, so it, a bud of immortality, though mortal, gave promise to be one of earth's

brightest flowers, in youth and age, alike, an ornament to humanity. O, how that mother watched over and prayed for her child! How her fond heart beat with emotion as she gazed on the lovely treasure! And what hopes filled her bosom! How oft, when that sunny face was lit with a smile, or resting in slumber, did she imprint a holy kiss! Alas, for thy hopes, mother; thy doating heart must soon be riven! O, what a world is this, of light and shade, of hope and sorrow!

Scarcely had that infant begun its pleasing prattle—scarcely learned its little song and evening prayer, or to sport on its father's knee, or throw its arms round its mother's neck, when fell disease attacked the golden cord of life! What can thy care avail, kind mother? Pale and yet paler grows that cheek; the last and lingering tint that glowed so lightly there has fled. Ah, Death has marked it for his prey! But weep not, mother; weep not, father. Your child has gone from scenes of woe to scenes of joy. Your Savior gave the precious gift. 'Twas yours: 'twas his: he took it back again. 'Tis now a jewel in his crown. Would you call it back? O, look beyond the cloud! 'Twas hard to give it up; but think how many snares, laid to catch its unsuspecting feet, it has escaped—how many sorrows, pains, and griefs! Happy now, and free from pain, it basks in joy's immortal beams, and tunes its golden harp, hard by the Savior's side, and floats in all the ethereal bliss that ransomed spirits know in heaven.

"But then its little tomb, dreary, dark and cold!" I know your thoughts, mother; but be not sad. Shall He, who never lets one flower waste, nor bird nor beast know want, not guard thy infant there? Strew, then, its grave with flowers, for they are emblems of thy hope; and cease to mourn. The flowers will bloom in spring; so thy child will bloom in immortal youth, when Gabriel wakes it up, and Jesus plants its feet in yon bright heavenly climes, "where blossoms never fade," and death's grim visage never frights the mind.

Hope, then, mother; hope in sadness,
Cheer thy drooping spirits up;
Sorrow soon will change to gladness,
Cheer up, mother; cheer thee up.

Who, that ever spoke the name of mother, can hear that name unmoved? Mother! Sister! What sweeter words can language hold, or tongues of earth embrace?

I have seen a mother train up her daughter in the paths of virtue, honor, and usefulness. Mother and daughter! Many were their joys and few their sorrows. Bright were their hopes and sweet their union. Calm and peaceful was their soul's communion. Happy mother! happy daughter! But, alas, earth's joys are fleeting! No ties so sacred but are broken! Death chose that mother for his victim! Many long and weary nights and days that lovely daughter watched beside the mother's bed. Oft had the bitter

tears bedewed her cheeks as on the pallid face and wasted form she gazed. But death regarded not her tears. The spark of life grew dim; the burning taper flickered faint and low. The thought of separation pierced her tender heart with saddest grief. "O, mother, how can I live without thee? How dark will be the world! What a void the loss of thee will make! How gloomy life will be! O, mother, what will I do when thou art gone!" "My child, my child, be calm: still thy restless fears. Think not so vain of life: it is a precious gift. Think of thy faithful father: think of *his* distress, and ever comfort him. Thou art his only hope: on thee, will he place his affections. Make *him* happy; and thou too wilt be happy. I commit my trusts into thy care. O, my child, be faithful; and may God bless and strengthen thee!"

The daughter promised so to do, and the mother continued, "From thee, I must soon be taken; and thou wilt feel my loss, and feel it deeply; but let not grief prey on thy spirits; ever look up to the great Fountain of joy and consolation. I do not ask thee not to weep at thy loss: it is natural thou should'st weep: but be not excessive in thy sorrow. Remember thy sorrow will not be as of 'those who have no hope.' Let each remembrance of me remind thee of that bright period when we shall meet in a better world. O, my dear child, 'be thou faithful unto death,' and thou shalt have a 'crown of life,' and an abiding home in the kingdom of his glory!" The mother and daughter were locked in each other's arms, for what loving child could resist such a pleasure at such a moment? Sacred was the communion of that hour to their hearts. O, what a treasure was that mother's legacy! Who would exchange it, or their hope, for a universe?

Soon the cold earth closed over that mother's lifeless remains. Sad was the daughter's heart when she looked into the cold gloomy cell; but a ray from light's quiver beamed through its portals, and lit up the darkness with divine radiance, as it pointed to the spirit land. Weep not, daughter; thy mother has gone to rest. Free from all care, affliction, and sorrow, and safe from the storms, the winds and waves, where beating tempests never blow, her little bark is moored! "Let not your heart be troubled."

Soon, soon, "above the storm's career,"
Thy little bark unruined,
Thou, too, shalt at the gate appear,
And gladly enter heaven.

Then mourn not, daughter, o'er thy loss,
But morn, and noon, and even,
Bow humbly at the bleeding cross,
And live and die forgiven.

Our present frail existence is the unsubstantial basis upon which too many are building the fabric of their happiness; but it is building a nest upon the wave.

THE LAST COMMUNION.

BY REV. D. M. GERMING.

It was on a lovely sabbath morning in June, when a few friends were called together to partake of the communion with one who lay near the close of life. She had requested this. For years she had adorned the profession of Christianity, had lived a bright example of Christian virtue, had nourished and comforted her aged parents, had enjoyed much of the presence of her Savior; and now, that death drew near, she desired once more to commemorate the sufferings and death of Him in whom she trusted for salvation.

The table was drawn near her bed; and, as we knelt around it, we felt that the Master himself was there. As the dying one partook of the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood, all present were conscious that with her, at least, it was the last communion—that she would not drink again of that wine till she drank it new in the kingdom of her Lord. With her faltering voice she told us, that heaven was near.

Solemn were our thoughts; sweet and heavenly was the influence that pervaded every pious mind then present; and as one of the company sung the hymn,

"When for eternal worlds we steer," &c.,

we anticipated heaven, and longed to be there. Bidding adieu to the dying one, we felt that it was good to be at the house of mourning, and profitable for one drawing near the river of death, to bring to *fresh remembrance* the merit of the crucified, yet living Redeemer.

Sweet it is to thus commune,
Near the portals of the tomb,
When the Savior, drawing near,
Bids us banish every fear:

Sweet to catch the latest sigh
From the lips of those who die,
As they bid a last adieu
To the friends they leave below:

Sweet to hear their latest breath,
As its tones are hushed in death.
Testifying "all is well,"
Uttering forth their "last farewell!"

Sweeter yet to hear them say,
As they quit their house of clay:
"Happy spirits! pure and bright!
Guide me to the realms of light!"

"Welcome, Savior, thee I love!
Welcome to the hosts above!
Let me mingle in your throng,
Let me learn your sweetest song."

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WHEN life's last sand is gone,  
And dull life's current flows,  
May I, my labor done,  
In heaven my soul repose.

## THE ROSE AND THE BREEZE.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

BRIGHTLY it danced, to and fro, in the light,  
And smiled on the morning and laugh'd,  
But the sun-god arose in the east, in his might,  
And smote the young rose with his shaft;  
It fainted and sunk on its green thorny bed—  
Deserted by all, it lay there—  
None cheer'd the young rose, none rain'd up its head—  
All left it to droop in despair.

Now, a breeze had been gamboling over the sea;  
And pushing the light bark along;  
And sweeping o'er mountain, and valley, and lea;  
And cheering the earth with his song;  
Had been turning the sails of the old wind-mill;  
And sporting about 'mid the trees;  
Had been in the chamber, all silent and still,  
There fanning the brow of disease.

When he saw the young rose, he kiss'd the sweet flower,

And bade it again be revived;  
And bathed its forehead in a cool, gentle shower,  
And the young rose cheer'd up, and lived;  
It smiled on the breeze, so good and so kind,  
And flung out its arms, to caress him,  
But afar he had left the young rose behind,  
Not waiting the rose e'en to bless him.

But he had his reward, for swift as he sped  
Away, to make glad, other things  
He perceiv'd, that the grateful young rose had spread

A fragrance of balm on his wings;  
And the sweet-scented breath of the health-given rose,

Gladden'd the heart of the breeze,  
Who, blithesome and merry, to seek his repose,  
Went singing away through the trees.

So charity, thus, gathers every hour  
From the humble ones whom she caresses,  
A fragrance as sweet as the grateful flower,  
Bestows on the breeze that refreshes—  
True charity gathers the richest perfume,  
From deeds of pure kindness and love;  
Which steals through the heart, dispelling its gloom,  
And cheering its pathway above.

## FAREWELL.

'Tis time that thou and I should part,  
Companion of my youth and heart;  
'Tis time from home and thee I go,  
And wander wide from all I know,  
Yet if through life our hope be riven,  
We shall our hearts unite in heaven.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1847.

LITERARY SKETCHES.  
THE VOICE OF HISTORY.

THERE is no study more useful than that of history. By comparing the present with the past we learn wisdom. The errors not less than the truths, the vices as well as the virtues of other ages, furnish us their lessons. A failure is frequently as profitable as a triumph; for it is often as necessary to know what cannot be as what can be accomplished. All history, therefore, has its uses, its bearings, its importance. That person, or that age, which has drawn the most largely from the world's experience, is the most enlightened, and is least likely to fall into the mistakes which have been recorded. Many a fruitless effort in philosophy, in politics, and in religion, would have been saved, had the prime movers in society at all times sufficiently understood and heeded the voice of history, as coming from other times and places.

There is something interesting in the *nature* of history. It is a record of the life and progress of any thing living or advancing. A plant, an insect, or an animal, possessed of its peculiar properties and manner of development, furnishes a subject for a history. These living beings can be described as individuals, or in classes. All the classes can be grouped into families; the families may then be regarded as one great mass of existences; and thus, by a very simple process, we get an idea of the natural history of the great world we inhabit.

History is sometimes spoken of as referring to objects without life, but having a growth or progress only. The earth we live on, and the sister planets around us, are supposed to have passed through successive periods of creation. There is said to have been a time when only the materials of the universe had existence. They were then, after ages of chaotic struggles, brought into harmonious combinations. The land and water of the world were formed as we now see them. Next came the period of revolutions. Change after change passed over the earth's surface. The fires confined within raged, burst forth, and upheaved whole continents. The waters covering the globe broke their barriers, and swept onward in their majesty and power. But by all these devastations, so terrible and overwhelming for the moment, was the earth brought to its present state of perfection; and the description of this progress, as given by men of science, is the physical history of our planet.

History passes into the world of ideas also. A thought, a truth, a principle, having an origin, an activity, and a consummation, is made the subject of historical narration. A combination of thoughts, truths, and principles, constitutes a system of either philosophy, religion, or science; and to this system there is always a birth and growth, if not a dissolution. It is in this way that ideas, whether taken singly, or in an organized collection, have their development, and consequently their history; and when the ideas, which have successively occupied the mind of the race, are brought together, arranged, classified, and historically described, we have before us the intellectual history of the world.

It is a singular fact, that, with all the light, knowledge,

and enterprise of several of the more recent generations, neither the natural, the physical, nor the intellectual history of the world has been completely written. We have, in fact, only shreds and scraps on either of these great topics. Strange as it may seem, mankind have been, from the beginning, little interested in the wonders of the world around them. But they are less to be blamed than pitied for this fault. Before troubling their minds much about natural, and physical, and intellectual topics, they had first to fix upon some means of living, and the mode of social intercourse. Next to the building of houses for shelter, and the preparation of raiment for personal protection, the great principles of association, the necessary elements and arrangements of a state, had to be discovered. All other things—art, science, philosophy, and letters, were pursued only so far as they contributed to this end, or served the temporary convenience of the race. Even now, after so many ages, but little else has been done, than to provide men with the comforts of life, while they were working out the fundamental conditions of a free and happy state. The history of the past is, therefore, nothing more than a statement of this progressive work. The rise and fall of nations, including the constitutions they have formed, the battles they have fought, and the fortunes their various schemes and attempts have met, are all that we now read among the records of other times. The state is the central existence, in reference to which, as collateral powers, all other existences live and act. The state is the body, the trunk of society, and literature, philosophy, science, and art are looked upon as its limbs, guided by its genius, and operating for its good. The history of the past is the history of nations, and every thing is studied in its relations to their development and growth; and, since a man is of higher importance than any thing he can know, and yet society is of more consequence than any individual member of it, whatever be his dignity or renown, the study of the life and progress of a state comes to be the most grand and interesting of all worldly themes.

The state, then, being the centre of history, around which every thing revolves, and which carries all things with it in its onward course, the study of it, if properly pursued, will give us a complete knowledge of the past. But there is a choice in the *methods* by which this study may be pursued. It will not be necessary, certainly, to spend our time and strength in mastering the rise, progress, decline, and dissolution of every state, which has flourished in ancient and in modern times. That would be an endless task. Should a man attempt to read history in this manner, all other topics must be left unread; and, when his life had been exhausted in this slavish toil, his head would be as void of philosophy as it would be full of facts. If a stranger comes into our country, and desires to acquire a knowledge of our social state, he finds no need of visiting every town and city belonging to us, of seeing every thing, great and small, which we have done, of reading every book, pamphlet, and newspaper ever written in the land, or of forming a personal acquaintance with every individual citizen, from the green shores of New England to the fertile valleys of the south and west. He visits a few towns, which stand for all other towns. He examines those works which exhibit a specimen of our art. He reads the books, or it may be the book, in which the genius of our population is expressed. He seeks out the men,

who, by their universal popularity with the mass, stand out as the acknowledged representatives of the whole. So, in every period of history, there is found a rabble of nations, whose low fortunes it is not worth one's while to know; and there are, also, in every age, a few leading nations, in whose condition you may read the civilization of the world.

Nor, on the other hand, is it essential, to pay equal attention to all parts of the progressive movement of these leading states. There are periods in the history of all nations, which, for all utility, are of no possible importance. So soon as you perceive their onward march beginning, or actually begun, and know the law and certainty of their advancement, you have but one question to resolve. You will need to learn, at what precise period in their progress they reach their maximum—in what age exactly they get their growth. That maximum, which is the result of all their previous history, containing the mature fruit of seeds scattered at an early day, may be set down as the consummation of their respective civilizations, and are to be taken as the representative eras in their onward life. These eras are to be carefully, critically, laboriously studied. You are to make yourself as familiar with them, as you are with your daily thoughts. Not only their facts, but their philosophy, the very spirit that animated them, the ideas that gave them life, are to be mastered.

This task, apparently so complicated and arduous, by following the same plan of generalization a little farther, can be rendered both agreeable and easy. Do with other countries, and other eras, as I have supposed the traveler to do with our own. Descend not to unmeaning particulars. If you see, at any period, the machinery of a state working with a peculiar motion, or with a singular energy, spend no time in examining those inferior parts of it which are only passive, but study till you thoroughly understand the force that impels them. The visible wheels in that machinery are nothing. Perhaps, as in your watch, the power that moves them is no part of the real mechanism, but only an elastic principle, hidden, compressed, sealed up, which, whatever betide, will struggle against every check and balance till it spends its strength. These mainsprings of society are the great objects of your study. Men moved merely by latent influences are of no historical value. A minister, a prince, a cabinet, nay, a king, or a president, who is merely such, is not worth your notice. But there are men, and there always have been, in whom reside these hidden forces. To their country, if not to their countrymen, they are the sources of all real motion. Whatever be their station, whatever their business—whether they lead armies, or write books, or preside in councils, they are the types, the exponents, the true historical representatives of their countries. Their life is the life of their people. Fathom their natures, their principles, their objects of duty or ambition, and you have sounded the genius of their nations.

By this method of investigation, if pursued with some penetration, the reader of history will gradually fall upon a strange historical mystery. In each of these representative eras, from the earliest to the most recent times, he will discover two rival states, which, in almost every thing that pertains to them, are the antagonists of each other. "All things," says the son of Sirach, "are double one against another;" and philosophers inform us, that there are two poles to that electric fluid which

is supposed to pervade all nature. In nothing is this doubleness more manifest, than in the social state, in which, also, I have marked a species of polarity. No nation can rise up, as the great representative of the world's civilization, at any period, without finding, or perhaps creating another nation, claiming the same position. In the world's infancy Cain was not less the antagonist of his brother Abel, than was the race of the murderer to that reared up by the hand of Providence, to maintain the principles of the martyred shepherd. In years since the Flood, Chaldaea and Egypt, Egypt and Persia, Persia and Greece, Greece and Italy, Italy and Constantinople, Constantinople and Bagdat, Bagdat and Germany, Germany and Spain, Spain and England, England and Russia, have been, successively, the opposing poles in the world's great battery. Since the Deluge, there have been ten great eras in the progress of mankind; and the history of these eras is the history of the race. The contest between Russia and America is to constitute the next epoch, out of which our youthful country is to come victorious, prepared for another, and, it may be, the final struggle, in the ever-advancing battle of the world.

The study of these epochs is the study of all history. These nations, standing, for each era, one against another, and extending backward to the days of Noah, are the great colossal pillars, along which the student of history is to lay the frame-work of that mighty bridge, which shall conduct him, by its ten wide arches, from the present moment to the period of the Flood. The remainder of this glorious structure, from the Flood still backward, till its last timbers recline on the flowery bank of Eden, and mingle with the columns of the seraph-guarded gate, has been laid and covered by the hand of God. Thus, completing by revelation what was begun by the historic art, we have a lofty highway along which to range, backward and forward, through the dim periods of the past; and he who would look through the world freely, and see it as it has been and is, and behold the true positions and relations of all the ages, of all the countries, and of all the civilizations of by-gone years, must rise superior to the schoolboy process of memorizing unmeaning facts, and study the nations by the ideas which gave them birth.

But, as I have intimated in the title of this piece, history has a voice for him who properly pursues it. It speaks in a language the most plain and eloquent. Its lessons of wisdom should be engraved on the minds and hearts of all.

1. The great leading truth, uttered by the voice of history, is, that the world has been making progress. Adam and his partner were clad in fig leaves, and lived, at first, on the spontaneous productions of the earth. Driven from the rich bowers of Eden by the seraph's sword, he wandered out upon the fertile but thorny plains, to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, and to rear for himself, in the mighty wilderness, a habitation and a home. Without a single domesticated animal to relieve his labor or increase his strength—without a solitary implement to clear off the rubbish or to stir the soil, his first crops could have yielded but a scanty harvest, and his rude table must have been but poorly laid. Imperfectly sheltered beneath the banian or the towering palm, he felt the smitings of a fierce hot sun, and shrank under the peltings of the rude storms. Doomed to be the father of a numerous family, and beginning

life without a neighbor or a friend, his first days must have been days of anxiety, and his last a period of the deepest care. Poor, wretched, forsaken man! How pitiful a beginning to so great a world!

But, reader, in that very being, in that downcast but undespending Adam, you may see the germs of all that glorious civilization which now spreads its effulgence over all. There is a compass, a capacity, an energy in that great ancestor, which, in their progressive development, have constituted the history of all the past. His appetites, giving existence to agriculture, to manufactures, and to commerce, have felled the world's great forests; spread over the earth the scenery of grove, and garden, and waving grain-fields; reared towns and brick-built cities, humming with the confusion of busy labor—shaking under the thunder of a thousand engines; and covered all oceans, and every sea, with the white-winged messengers of commerce, fluttering with anxiety, or flying with an eagle's speed, to satisfy the instinct that created them. His affections, pure in spirit and powerful in energy, have instituted families and countries, diffused the influences of a peaceful brotherhood, founded retreats and asylums for the poor and perishing, and linked society together by ties as indissoluble as the bands of nature. His moral feelings, prompted to action by both love and fear, and led by a sense of propriety and order, have founded laws for the regulation of social intercourse beyond the precincts of the family, dictated constitutions, established courts and legislative bodies, and raised a protective barrier for the weak and innocent against the passions of the strong and lawless. His reason, shocked by his banishment from the bowers of Eden, seeks for the cause of his present distresses, studies the nature of the great world he lives in, dwells on his many relations to the surrounding universe, and elaborates, at last, a system, which he calls philosophy, and by which he hopes to restore himself to lost happiness. His religious sentiments, distrustful of the powers of reason, and roused by the stupendous grandeur of the universe, calls upon all nature—upon the rocks, and hills, and floods, and overarching heavens—to present him with an object worthy of his adoration; and, when the rocks are silent, the hills mute, the floods frothy and fathomless, and the very stars dim, distant, and deceitful, determined even yet to be religious, he stoops down and rears him an altar to the great Unknown. But the heavens are now opened. A lovely seraph, waving an olive branch, stands by him. With an eye regarding the rude altar, and a finger uplifted and pointing to the upper heavens, the celestial messenger utters but a single sentence: "Whom thou dost ignorantly worship, him declare I unto thee." The word is believed; the worshiper kneels down; a temple, august and beautiful, spreads its arches over him; other temples rise like exhalations on every hill-top; and man, with his appetites supplied, his affections gratified, his moral feelings carried out into living institutions, and his intellect and will in vigorous obedience to these native impulses of the soul, attains the last development of his nature, and reaches the loftiest pinnacle of civilization, in the glories and splendors of revelation. All we have, and all we are, in the individual, social, and civil state, is but the outward manifestation, gradually realized from age to age, of the inward capacities and powers of the great father of his race.

2. But man, after all that can be said of him, is an imperfect being, and the development of his nature,

which constitutes this progress of the world, must be as imperfect as himself. Assenting, as I do, to the great doctrine of human advancement, I cannot agree with those German and French philosophers, who represent this advancement as a steady, an even, and a perfect growth. Adam, after his departure from Paradise, was diseased. His life, though in general progressive, must have suffered many interruptions. Society, which is but the life of Adam carried out and represented in the mass, inherits the infirmities of this first, original, ancestral man.

Pantheists, from Orpheus to Spinoza, and from Spinoza to the present time, regard the universe as the visible body of the Deity, through which he is gradually developing the hidden powers and forces of himself. The work of self-development is his only work. As the human body has different organs, through which the soul receives and reveals, so that august Being,

"Whose body nature is,"

manifests his attributes through every object, but chiefly in the mind, the heart, and the life of man. Society, then, being the noblest part of the progressive life of God, its growth must be regular, its history faultless, and its perfection as certain as the laws of fate.

But, I repeat, man is a sinner, and society is diseased. This fact all experience, all observation, and all history confirm. Revelation, the counterpart of nature, erects upon it the very pillars of its faith. Nor is it possible, so far I can see, for an imperfect being to live a perfect life. Society, the grand realization of the individual man, can rise no higher than its pattern. Passion, the great disturber of the soul, has realized itself in many of the institutions of the state. War, the visible representative and minister of passion, has broken up the harmony of nations, enslaved the more feeble of the race, cut off some of the most promising members of the human family, dealt death and desolation to the brightest eras of the past, and, in every period, scourged, lacerated, torn, and rent the world. It cannot be that, under such treatment, humanity has been going onward with an even growth. Sin can be no evil—it cannot be sin, if, under such circumstances, man is as far advanced as he would be, had he been always to himself a friend, and lived and labored under the genial law of love.

3. Another leading truth, pronounced by the voice of history, is, that the present condition of the world, though far below what it should be, stands higher in the scale of perfection than that of any preceding age. The original powers of our great ancestor, his appetites, his affections, his moral sense, and his religious sentiments, are now more completely developed than at any time since his birth.

Agriculture, so long a work of chance, has at last become a science, and has just begun a career destined to multiply wonderfully the fruits of the earth, to convert deserts and barren wastes to gardens, to make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and to crown the world with wreaths of bloom and beauty, as rich and ripe as the flowers of June.

Manufacturing industry, based on the enlarged knowledge of the age, has become a universal art. It has stretched its sceptre over the four cardinal elements of the world. The ores and metals of the globe have all been worked. Machinery, now the most refined and delicate, next the most powerful and grand; here astonishing for its complexity and harmony of arrangement,



there sublime in its simplicity and majesty of design; at one time marvelous for the incredible minuteness and finish of its work, at another time awful for every thing great, and vast, and mighty—machinery, of such characters, of all models, and adapted to the use of a thousand arts, now takes its place at the foot of every waterfall, and in every town and city, multiplying while it lessens human labor, flooding all countries with fabrics of higher qualities at lower prices, and thus leveling the distinctions by enlarging and equalizing the blessings of the race.

Commerce, too, by uniting upon itself the combined forces of the four elements, or employing singly the fleetest of the four—propelling its steamships by the concentrated power of wind, water, wood, and fire, and sending its messages along the far-flashing threads of the lightning line, is exchanging the products of all lands, trading in the imperishable ideas of the mind, and, by reducing space to time, and time to its lowest requirements, linking society together into one, great, universal brotherhood of men.

The affections of the soul were never so perfectly displayed. The ties that bind families together—the husband to the wife, the parent to the child, and the members of a household mutually to themselves—were never so sacred as they are now. No Cato divorces his wife to oblige a friend. No Socrates lends his Xantippe to the Alcibiades of his day. No Brutus witnesses the capital punishment of his sons without a tear. No Nero drenches a theatre with human blood to gratify the brutal passions of a crowd. No Spartan senate arms the citizens with the right to murder, whenever they will, the unoffending Helot at his work. No Roman law commits the shipwrecked mariner to the cruel mercies of any, who, to get his money, may choose to spill his blood. No; the day for such inhumanity is gone. A milder and nobler era has begun. The wife has become the companion, and ceased to be the slave, of man. The parent, instead of tearlessly looking on at the crucifixion of a child, spends his substance and his strength to promote his good. The slave, though still a captive, doomed to obscurity and toil, has his friends. The poor seaman, wherever his plank may bear him, or on whatever shore he splits, finds a hand to help and a home to shelter him while he stays. There are places of refuge for the halt, the deaf, the lame, the leprous, and the blind. Both at home and abroad, for ourselves and for all, the law of love begins to bear sway. Philanthropy has had, in other days, its advocates; but Howard is the ornament of the modern world. Patriotism has had her idols, and the idols their worshippers; but Washington is the glory of our age.

The moral feelings, on which laws and states are founded, have reached their highest realization in our day. The best specimens of human government, which the world has seen, are existing now. England, the representative of the monarchical principle, is by far the most pure and perfect government of its kind. In that country, the despotic element is so checked and guarded by popular restraints, that the monarch is mainly weak to err, but strong to do well. In our own government we have the best exemplar of the genuine republican form. Athens was ruled by her citizens in person. In her general assemblies, the clamor of the multitude, roused by the rhetoric of their chief debaters, unrestrained by any rules of law, and unchecked by constitutional delays, was free, at any moment, to rush

forward to its goal. Here, in this country, the people rule; but they rule according to acknowledged and expressed forms of law. A wise man, at the beginning of every undertaking, though the result of it affect only himself, takes time to reflect on what he is about to do. A government, whose acts affect so many persons, should, for still greater reasons, do the same; and it ought to be so constructed, that the most passionate administrators of it will be forced to wait till their excitements shall have time to cool. But both despotism and democracy, in their purest forms, can conceive, enact, and execute the most important measures in an hour; and they are, consequently, equally capable of injustice, oppression, and tyranny of every form. A true republic, on the contrary, like that of our own happy country, does all its work by representatives of the people, so chosen as to embody the universal will, but so controlled that they cannot act without due deliberation, nor be pushed by passion beyond acknowledged and proper bounds. It is here, only, that the people have the power to do what they please, but to do it in a wise, sober, deliberative way. Passion, the only vicious element in our great ancestral man, is here securely bound, while every other faculty is left free.

The religious sentiment, so important to the present and eternal welfare of man, has found, in the Christianity of the nineteenth century, the most perfect fulfillment of its wants. At a very early period in the history of the Church, the pure principles of revelation became more or less corrupt. The young converts to the faith, either deeply dyed in Pagan superstitions, or schooled in the reigning philosophies of their day, were prone to bring down the lofty conceptions of the Gospel to a level with themselves. The first century of the Church had barely passed, when Sofoecism and Gnosticism began to pour into it from the east, the Aristotelian and Platonic speculations from the west, and the mysteries of Egyptian wisdom from the south. Three centuries had scarcely gone, when all the seeds of Popery had been profusely sown, which, in the fourth, at the transfer of the seat of empire from Rome, sprang up into vigorous and active growth. From the sixth to the sixteenth, a period of excessive night, Popery was supreme. Then Luther rose, and broke the shackles from the human mind; but, like every thing earthly, his work must have a beginning and a growth. Claiming the Bible as our creed, and the right of private judgment as its priest, he gave to the religious sentiment its highest good, without fettering the other faculties, or turning them from their course. At first, it is true, and for many years, the world would not accept the boon. Protestantism itself, by refusing to exercise private judgment, and yielding the priesthood to the powers of state, lost its individuality and its strength in the courts and cabinets of kings. The Puritans, rejecting this unholy union of secular and sacred things, reasserted the right of private judgment, and the liberty to worship God. Denied these privileges at home, they wandered in exile for many years, and, at last, in the name of human liberty, braved the dangers of the deep, and founded an empire for freedom in the west. From them we have derived our country, its institutions, and its laws. Here revelation, meeting and satisfying the religious sentiment in man, comes fresh and free to all. It is here, then, that religion, the end of civilization, and the consummation of all earthly good, has reached its highest point. So vital is this blessing, that, were I called on

to write a motto to float above the stripes and stars on our country's flag, I would indite the words, "FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD!"

4. The last great lesson, given by the voice of history, treats of the future, and bids us look forward with trust and hope. He who would command respect while living, or wishes to be read after he has passed away, will not venture in prophecy beyond the clear demonstrations of historic truth. History, though a record of the past, passes into the future, by showing what has been done, and thereby revealing the tendency and the natural course of things. We have seen human civilization to be but the outward manifestation of the inward capacities and powers of man. Among those powers, passion, as I have shown, is the only element of wrong. Let passion be subdued, and the better faculties relieved, then man will be redeemed; and the world will be a paradise again. But the power to extinguish passion is in our hands. Christianity, a practical as well as theoretical religion, breathes into our hearts not only the love of law, but the law of love. The man who loves God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, is a specimen of that state of society, hereafter to be realized, when the race shall have reached the destiny to which it tends. That Christianity can work such results—can utterly destroy the evil passions of the soul, is a proposition which admits of proof.

We read, in the Scriptures, of an evangelist by the name of John. He was that amiable disciple whom Jesus loved. Permitted always to accompany his Master in his secret walks, he ever sat next to him in public, or leaned upon his breast. He was worthy of this companionship with the faultless Son of God. Though his history has been given with comparative minuteness, not an instance of excitement or of passion has been named. All within him was as calm as an unruffled sea. When the rabble came to apprehend his Master, and Peter was so enraged as to draw his sword, not a word was uttered by the mild lips of John. Was it cowardice that closed his mouth? Contrast those two disciples at the judgment hall. Peter, the passionate avenger of his Lord, warmed himself without, and denied the persecuted Nazarene in his hour of need. John, the Savior's friend, fearless of every peril, walked serenely but resolutely in, and braved the insults and malice of the crowd. On the following Sabbath morning, at early dawn, these two disciples, hearing of the reported resurrection, ran to the sepulchre to attest the truth. John, light and nimble-footed, outstripped his blustering brother's speed; but, unambitious of honor, at the very mouth of the sepulchre he suffers himself to be overtaken, and gratifies the natural temper of his companion, by following his footsteps into the sacred place. Afterward, in composing the history of these transactions, and of the Savior's life, though the chosen disciple, and an important actor in every scene, he studiously conceals himself, and, in spite of the power and purity of his taste, permits his pen to run into awkward circumlocutions to avoid even the mention of his name. Every passion—anger, ambition, and the love of power and fame, together with all the meaner motives of human conduct, envy, jealousy, and the remainder of the train, were strangers to his breast. Well did the Savior know the heart of him he loved. Wisely, under the agonies of the cross, when his filial tenderness was moved by beholding his mother's tears—a tenderness always revived by the realities of the dying hour—wisely did he trust the welfare

of her who bore him to that ever-faithful one, whose spirit was so sweetly ruled. How peacefully would pass her days in the family, and under the protection, of such a friend! Not a word would be spoken to wound the heart of the dependent mother of his Lord. No length of life could weary the patience of his love. No passion could be stirred, by the most trying circumstances, in a breast so serene and calm. Pure, peaceful, passionless man! Never did mortal so deserve a eulogy, and never, till the Savior uttered it, was such a eulogy bestowed, "*Mother, behold thy son!*"

But, my reader, if the beloved disciple, by the influence of religion, could be made worthy of becoming the adopted brother of the Son of God, other men may be equally imbued and governed by this benign principle of love. In this latter age, also, when Christianity is so perfect, so redeemed from its former disabilities, so free to perform its office and complete its work, we are to expect a comparative increase of these precious and priceless men. As the work goes forward, and the power of society is gradually committed to its sway, secret and open sins will cease, the peace of families will be preserved, the government of states will be more justly administered, slavery and oppression of every name will decline, the spirit and arts of war will be discouraged, science, literature, and philosophy will be more ardently cultivated, and peace, like an angel from the skies, will spread her broad wings over a world of brethren, enlightened by the truth, and governed by the same law that makes heaven what it is.

But I must now lay down my pen. I have spoken of the nature, the method, and the voice of history; and the theme has called up many topics worthy of stronger and better words than mine. I have written; as the reader may have seen, under the impulse of deep feeling, which, from the first word, has borne me rapidly along. To me it will be an adequate reward, if, by such labors, I can smooth the brow or light up the countenance of one desponding man. Dark as is the past, and gloomy as seems the cloud that hangs over the future history of the world, if, from the records of other years, I can draw a consolation and a hope for the time to come, I shall feel happy to rouse the confidence or allay the fears of any number of those, who may honor my pages with their regard.

#### THE HEART OF O'CONNELL.

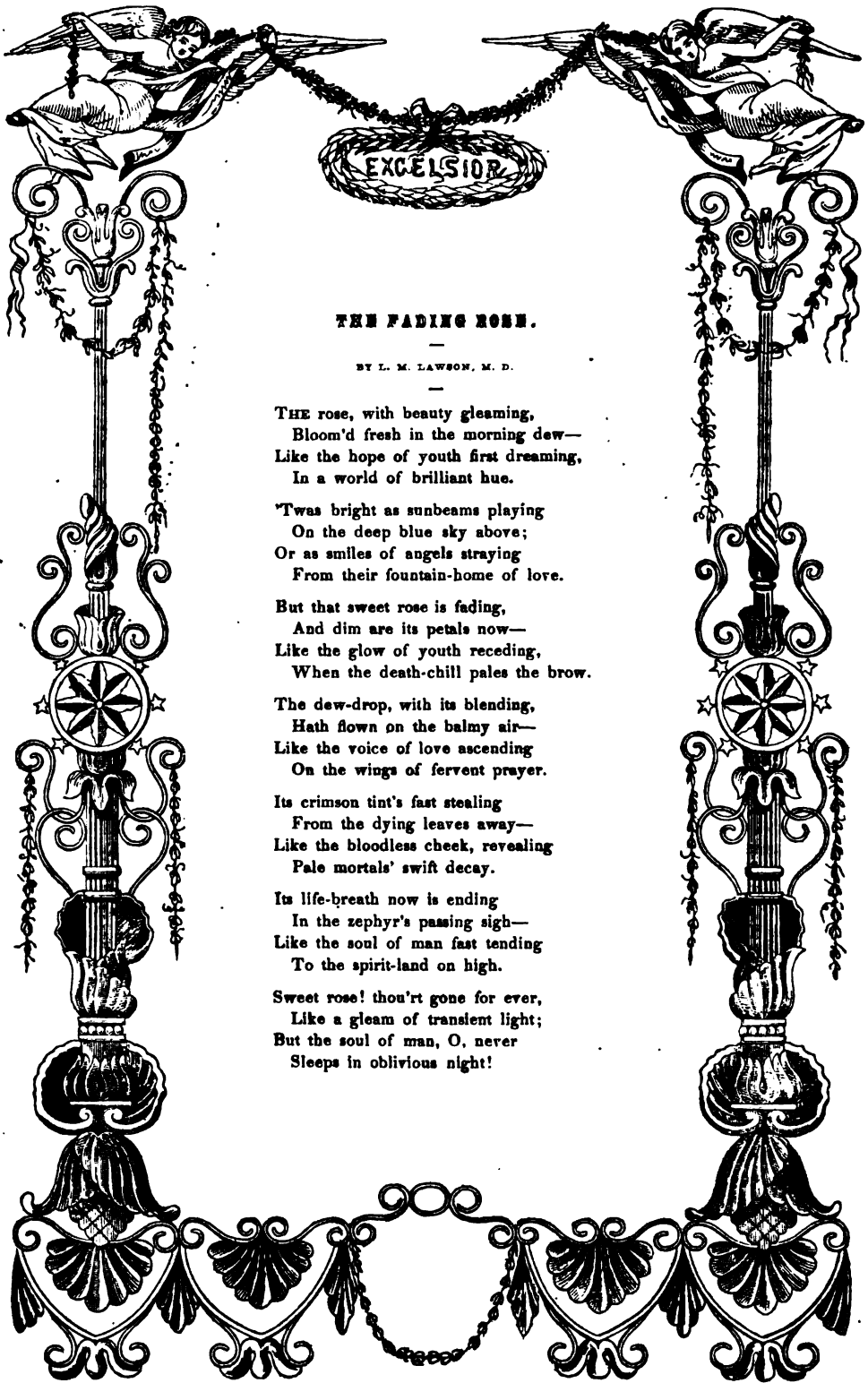
By the will of the late celebrated Daniel O'Connell, his body is to be buried in Ireland, but his heart at Rome. This, it will be remembered, is the last, sober, solemn act of his life; and in it the world may see the tendencies of that life, since he became a public man. It is a key to all his operations for the last thirty years. But I will leave my reader to use it for himself.

#### DECISION OF CHARACTER.

HISTORY records, that Henry the Fourth, in an address to his soldiers, just prior to a battle, said, "You are Frenchmen—I am your king—there is the enemy." Such decision of character is worthy of a better cause than fighting. Let my young readers think of it.

REMARKS.—Several books and magazines, which we designed to notice in this number, are necessarily laid over till September.

Having printed a second edition, in part, of the present volume, we can again supply the back numbers.



THE FADING ROSE.

BY L. M. LAWSON, M. D.

THE rose, with beauty gleaming,  
Bloom'd fresh in the morning dew—  
Like the hope of youth first dreaming,  
In a world of brilliant hue.

'Twas bright as sunbeams playing  
On the deep blue sky above;  
Or as smiles of angels straying  
From their fountain-home of love.

But that sweet rose is fading,  
And dim are its petals now—  
Like the glow of youth receding,  
When the death-chill pales the brow.

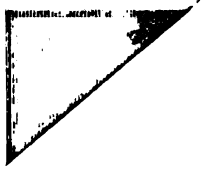
The dew-drop, with its blending,  
Hath flown on the balmy air—  
Like the voice of love ascending  
On the wings of fervent prayer.

Its crimson tint's fast stealing  
From the dying leaves away—  
Like the bloodless cheek, revealing  
Pale mortals' swift decay.

Its life-breath now is ending  
In the zephyr's passing sigh—  
Like the soul of man fast tending  
To the spirit-land on high.

Sweet rose! thou'rt gone for ever,  
Like a gleam of transient light;  
But the soul of man, O, never  
Sleeps in oblivious night!





THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

## JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

WE this month present an engraving which we are not ashamed to praise. Jesus and the Samaritan! Could we imagine we have a single reader, who has not read, with due admiration, the touching incident to which this print alludes, we should attempt to paint the scene. But this cannot be. Its fame is as wide as the civilized world. It stands, as originally drawn by the evangelist, associated with a series of historical pictures, which have never been equalled by classic pens.

It is a remarkable trait in the life of Jesus, that, wherever he is, whatever he says or does, however humble the event in which he condescends to take a part, his position stands out at once as a characteristic of his religion, and illustrates some great principle of his work.

The Jews and Samaritans had no friendly intercourse. Severed from each other by a political revolution, estranged by differences of faith and worship, and mutually exasperated by the bloodiest of all recorded wars, they carried their animosity so far, that a citizen of either nation would rather perish, than ask of his brother a cup of water or a morsel of bread. But the religion of Jesus was to be a universal religion. He must break down the barriers between nations, and then unite them all upon himself. Like a profound reformer, he began his benign work at home. Having, on a former occasion, in the parable of the good Samaritan, prepared his Jewish followers to believe there might be something good even in those whom they so naturally and so heartily despised, he now begins the same work of reconciliation on the other side. Nor is it possible not to admire the wonderful tact with which he manages and carries out his design.

He travels on foot through the hostile country. He becomes weary and thirsty, and immediately sits down by the side of a neighboring well. Reader, whose well was that? You say it was Jacob's, so famous in the history of the Israelites, when they were one people, and the happy, prosperous, friendly worshippers of one God. Was there, then, no meaning in the choice which Jesus made? As the most

illustrious of all Jacob's descendants, the Seed in whom all the nations and families of the earth were to be blest, Jesus could not sit on that well without calling up associations of the most grateful character, capable, perhaps, of binding in a happy spell the prejudices even of the Samaritan mind.

Besides, the ground on which he sat, and where the deep well of Jacob was, the old patriarch gave to his son Joseph, his favorite child, and the great type of Jesus, equally revered by both Samaritans and Jews. By sitting down on Jacob's well, Jesus gave himself the opportunity of signifying his near connection with the old patriarch, whom all, in both lands, almost adored, and also of showing his superiority, as a divine being, to that great ancestor of the Jews. "Art thou greater," said the woman of Samaria, "than our father Jacob?" The answer convinced his prejudiced auditor of the divinity of his character, and the grandeur of his cause.

But the wisdom of Jesus always meets with success. He makes no great attempts. He never raises a reckless or a daring hand. In this case, he converses with a woman, who happens to fall in his way. By making a bold impression on her mind, he insures her services in his ulterior designs. She hastens to the city to report him to her friends. The city comes out to see the wonderful stranger at Jacob's well. They are convinced, and invite him to tarry in their town. During his two days' abode, he makes many converts to his cause, and plants a religion destined, ultimately, to restore them to the faith from which they had so grievously declined.

But I must not write a dissertation. The picture before us is from an old painting, and is certainly a beautiful engraving. Let the reader contemplate, however, not so much the artistic excellence of the piece, as the moral beauty of the scene. Above all, think—and that profoundly—of the divine character of Jesus, of the active benevolence of his life, and of the resulting glory of his work. By so doing, reader, you may make this picture a blessing to you, and render yourself happier and better for the remainder of your days. You may, also, prepare yourself for a more perfect enjoyment of the life beyond the grave.

## THE TOLLING BELL.

BY PROFESSOR LARNABER.

THERE are sweet sounds here, gentle reader. Over my head, on the topmost branch of the beech, sits a mocking-bird, sweetest of singers, emulously tuning his mellow throat to every variety of song. Just over the brook is a robin singing to his mate, that is sitting on her nest. From amidst the maple boughs chirps the black-bird. The plaintive cooing of some lone turtle-dove is heard from the dry branch of a leafless poplar. The grass seems alive with the shrill notes of the merry cricket. I like that same cricket. Its sound is such as I used to hear at my native hearth-stone in happier days. I cheerfully welcome whatever sight or sound revives in my sad heart the memory of other days. Welcome the sunshine that used to fall on my childhood's playground! Welcome the moon, whose silvery light is the very same that gleamed from the quiet lake near my native home! Welcome the stars—Orion with his band, Arcturus with his sons, and the Pleiades with their sweet influences, and the shining galaxy of a thousand gems, that shed their mellow light on the flowery path of my youth! Welcome the spring, with its buds of promise, and its genial influences! Welcome the summer, with its flowers, its inimitable green, and its merry voices! Welcome all to my heart; for they sometimes, for a brief season, make me feel as I once did, before care had wrinkled my brow, or years blanched my temples, or sorrow wrung my heart. But not the sunshine, nor the moonlight, nor the starry evening, nor budding spring, nor flowery summer, nor the merry music of nature's thousand voices, brings back the glad heart, nor the buoyant hope of childhood. I look on the world of nature—it is as beautiful as ever; but there are those who once enjoyed its beauties with me, now gone for ever from earth. I look upon the world of men; but it appears not to me as it once did, when every successive view presented the beautiful and ever-changing colors of the kaleidoscope.

But I am wandering away I know not where. I was speaking of pleasant sounds. My nerves are suddenly startled by a sound whose meaning I know full too well. The deep tones of the college bell come booming over the fields, and awaken thrilling emotions in my soul. The sound is not that which calls me to my daily duties, nor that which betokens the hour of prayer, nor that which calls the wanderer home to the house of God; nor is it that which marks the grave and measured march of the funeral procession. But it is the knell of death. It tells us of the departure of the amiable and manly youth, our friend, associate, and pupil, by whose bedside we have watched for the last few days and nights, wavering between hope and despair. Not an hour ago I left his bedside. His father was standing over

him with intense anxiety. His mother was bathing his fevered brow, and shedding bitter tears. His youthful associates in the pursuit of knowledge were around him. I left him for a time, and I came here to soothe my agitated feelings; and now that tolling bell tells that all is over.

Thomas Lowry was one of the most interesting young men I ever knew. He had an ardent desire, a passionate thirst for knowledge. He was overcoming every difficulty in his way, and pressing on incessantly in the pursuit of science. While his intellect was marked by strength, his heart was gentle as that of a child. A very few weeks ago he returned here from a visit to his friends, in vacation, and commenced his studies with fine prospects. He had just devoted, during the late revival, his heart, his energies, and his life to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. His health was firm, and his spirits cheerful. Every thing promised long life and great usefulness. But now for him that death-knell sounds. Alas, alas, for human life! what is it? and what is it worth? Surely it is as the grass of the field, or as the morning flower—cut down in its beauty and its prime.

## THE MAMMELLES.

BY PHILEMON.

On the north bank of the Missouri river stands the old town of St. Charles, once the village of a proud race of the Missouri Indians, but settled by the French subsequently to the landing of Leclerc at St. Louis. Saxon perseverance and American intelligence have added much to the place. Among the improvements of modern date is an institution of learning. Taken from the plough, I was here put to be instructed in literature.

Severe had been my toil and heavy my sleep, when, on an Eden-like morn in the latter part of May, I was awakened from my slumbers by my friend Gallaher, who wished to know whether I designed playing the truant, by breaking away from Cicero and Tacitus, and expatiating for once over the wild beauties of nature. A decisive answer was scarcely given, when he informed me that horses, ready caparisoned, stood champing their bits, apparently impatient at our delay.

Having adjusted my toilet in a very summary manner, and taken my morning's meal, I mounted my charger, and set off with my friend northwardly from the town, in a brisk trot, "eager for adventure." I had heard much of the mammelles, and understood that Flint alone had given them historical notice. From the many verbal references to them, my mind would have been prepared for something extraordinary, had I not been most sadly disappointed in anticipating the termination of a similar

excursion. An hour's ride along a narrow road, skirted by thick undergrowth, brought us to a sudden turn in our path. As we entered it where the underbrush abruptly ceased, a most splendid scene burst upon our vision.

Years have rolled away, friends have died, death has been around and about us; but, amid all the array of thrilling events, the grandeur of this hour has never been erased from the tablet of my memory. After advancing a few rods, I was advised by my friend that I was on the tallest of the mammelles. Casting my eyes across the plain below, I felt all the force of Flint's description:

"I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,  
And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene;  
From the dark summit of an Indian mound  
I saw the plain, outspread in living green;  
Its fringe of cliffs was, in the distance, seen,  
And the dark line of forest sweeping round."

Looking toward the left, across the plain, your vision rests on a long "line" of forest, enveloping, in its thick foliage, the meanders of the Dardenne, until it conjoins the "fringe" of Mississippi cliffs on the Illinois side, directly opposite you. Turning to the right, you follow the "fringe" until it is lost behind the cottonwood and sycamore, which sweep around to your right, until they disappear beyond the mammelles below you. Within two hundred feet of the place you stand on commences the level prairie, stretching far away to the right, left, and front—carpeted in nature's "living green"—tinged with flowers of every hue, presenting a landscape every way worthy to behold. Over the vast scope may be seen many fields of corn and wheat, marked by the fences of rails brought from the "point"—presenting a view of harmony in variety. As I gazed on the many herds of cattle grazing on this natural meadow of richest soil, I thought I witnessed a scene parallel to that which was accustomed to delight the ancient Moorish kings of Grenada, when they looked out from the turrets of the Alhambra upon the vega bordered by the rushing Xenil.

But here the devotees of Moslemism would find no minaret to remind him of the impostor's sway. Yet, while I gazed with intense interest toward the northeast, I discovered what seemed a dark line cutting the horizon vertically, surmounted by an apparent star, set in the blue vault of heaven. This I learned was the spire and cross of the Catholic church in the decaying village of Portage de Sioux. While filled with reflections, I remembered the great amphitheatre at Rome, Petra, and Pompeii, the efforts of man's genius, and wonders of succeeding ages, but which sunk to insignificance when compared with the one before me. When standing on the mammelle, had I supposed that I was somewhere in the old world, I would have fixed upon this as "the plains of Moab, this side Jordan, by Jericho," where

the children of Israel, to the disquietude of Balak, "covered the face of the earth." Nor would my imagination have made much effort to identify the "high places" of Pisgah and Peor, from whose tops the "utmost part of the people" might be seen. As from Pisgah's top so here Balaam never could curse the people of God; for no being can, amid such evidences of an Almighty, curse those whom God has blessed, but, like Balaam, exclaim, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!"

When bewildered with this panorama, and selecting the most striking objects in the range of my vision, I discovered, to the westward, on one of the highest of the tumuli, evidences of a grave-yard. Upon inquiry, I was informed that this spot had been selected by one of the pioneers of the country as his final resting-place. Here he was buried, whither he was soon followed by his companion and her infant. Their relatives have rapidly increased their company, of some of whom, at least, we can confidently say, we "we have hope in their death." "And, furthermore," said my friend, "you are standing on a grave"—at which, although previously filled with sad reflections, I was awed into deep solemnity when aware I was sacrilegiously treading over the moldering remains of the dead. I sank upon the green, lost in the mazes of my own imagination, to which I gave loose reins. I looked down the vista of time, when the angel would put one foot upon the sea and one upon the land, and swear by Him that liveth for ever, that time should be no more. Gabriel's trumpet sounded, and from the summits of these mounds rose the tenants of the grave, and stood awaiting the coming of Jesus with his holy angels. I saw them as they stood in the shadow of the fading sun; and from this natural observatory of God's most sublime exhibitions they were caught up in the air.

I was satisfied, from the physical structure and locality of these mounds, that the waters of the Mississippi had once washed their bases; but my mind was not prepared to suggest the possibility of their being touched again; yet the flood of 1844 awfully demonstrated the certainty of the event. And who shall witness the same again?

I think there is a general misapprehension with regard to the appearance of these mounds. They do not rise like cones from the midst of a plain, but like cones inserted in a perpendicular bank, their vertices rising a little above its top. There are many of these in one contiguous line. In their rear the land is elevated; and, a few furlongs from them, it rises to its greatest height, when it breaks away to the Missouri river on the south and east. Long had I speculated on the origin of these mounds, tumuli, or mammelles; and much as it was against my good sense, I was willing, for my imagination's sake, to regard them as the mausolea of departed greatness,



containing within their ample bosom the ashes of heroic chieftains; and, as we circled around their bases, and mounted their steep ascent to hasten away, I paused for a moment to imitate one who had preceded me, in addressing the sleeping warriors beneath:

"Farewell! and may you still, in peace, repose—  
Still o'er you may the flowers, untrodden, bloom,  
And softly wave to every breeze that blows,  
Casting their fragrance on each lonely tomb,  
In which your tribes sleep in earth's common womb,  
And mingle with the clay from which they rose."

## TWO PORTRAITURES;

OR, EVELINE AND JULIA.

—  
BY HARMONY.  
—

READER, I bring you no romantic story, decked out with exaggerated delineations of character, and fictitious representations of woe, to call forth your sympathy, and awaken your interest; but a simple record of the lives and death of two young ladies in contrast, who are united with some of my dearest and most painful recollections. And I hope you will not deem it altogether worthless and unmeaning.

EVELINE.

"Grace was in all her steps; heaven in her eye;  
In all her gestures dignity and love."

Eveline was not a girl that would pass unnoticed. Hers was a face which, while it pleased, would not have been pronounced beautiful at first sight. But it had an expression of something within better than beauty. The goodness of heart could easily be read in the sweetness which beamed from her mild but intelligent countenance. Her manners were in unison with her face, gentle, modest, and unobtrusive, yet affable; and studious to please by kindness, which is the natural expression of a heart overflowing with benevolence. And good sense and propriety were conspicuous in all she said. She dressed with great simplicity; but good taste was betrayed in every thing about her person. She wore her dress, too, with a peculiar grace, equally remote from precision and negligence.

It had been the leading object of a wise and judicious mother, to bend her youthful mind, by culture and education, to that form which, in after life, should insure a solace, a comfort, a companion. She had been most careful to cultivate every talent—to develop and direct every good tendency of her nature—to implant and cherish every high and holy principle. And rich was the harvest which repaid her unwearying endeavors. Her daughter was all she desired her to be—a sensible and accomplished lady, and a humble Christian.

Her powers of mind, her gentleness and cheerfulness, her piety, and her habits of industry, engaged the love and esteem of all who could justly appreciate

true worth and perfect excellence of character. She had the happy art of adapting herself to every situation better than any one I have ever known. I would give much to possess the benevolence of feeling which she carried with her into the occurrences of everyday life. She was always thinking of the happiness and well-being of those around her. Her mind and heart were ever busy in some scheme of improvement and benevolence. Her daily life was indeed a pattern of virtue and propriety.

She truly enjoyed society; but it was not first with her: in her well-balanced mind it retained its true position. She had no ambition to shine among the stars of the fashionable world. She thought more of the enduring perfections of the mind, than of the attractions of gay and fashionable society. Her heart was occupied by the vision of the Savior; and the pleasures of earth, which are as fading as its flowers, possessed few charms for her. She was influenced by higher motives—by holier considerations. She looked for a purer happiness than earth can give. The whisperings within bemoaned of

"Something that finds not its answer here."

She rejoiced in the soul-stirring and soul-expressing works of art, in the gush of music, and the upward flight of poesy, as the rich and kindly gifts of her Father in heaven. Of him and his works she ever sought to know more. And she loved dearly the shades of retirement, where she could study the works of God. Every leaf and unfolding flower, and every star that gemmed the canopy of heaven, was to her an emblem of the wisdom and goodness of the beneficent Spirit who created them all. And the awe and veneration which they inspired, when thus contemplated, rendered the sensations and reflections of her heart pure and holy—without spot or blemish.

But the inspired volume exhibited to her in still fairer characters the attributes of Him who formed this beautiful world. Many sweet and useful lessons she gathered from those sacred pages; and many proofs of her heavenly Father's love did she receive in the peace and happiness which his gracious promises afforded her. It was to her a fountain of delight, and she lived under the influences of its divine truths.

From these studies Eveline learned to feel and evidence that benevolence which is His nature who went about doing good. She loved to imitate him. It was her delight to soothe the sick, and to comfort the afflicted. She dispensed her charities and her love to all. Her smile illumined the dwellings of the poor. To them she bore the bread of life eternal, as well as of life temporal. And, by always aiding and never obstructing the principle of growth in her soul, she reached a height but "little lower than the angels."

"But life is short—its hold is brief."

Alas! the seeds of disease were hereditarily sown in her system: her father had died in the prime of

life by consumption. And the slight and fragile form of Eveline indicated a predisposition to the same disease. And the rude hand of the insatiate destroyer seized upon this excellent creature while in the bloom of youth and beauty, just as the budding blossoms of life were beginning to throw their sweetest fragrance over her path. And long months of suffering were appointed to her. Her fond mother watched the progress of her sure but slow decay with an almost breaking heart. It was sad to see her gradually fading, and passing away to her grave. Still she made even the approach of death lovely. She knew that she was passing away; but it was with unshaken confidence in Him who had conquered death, and opened the gates of eternal life. "The feast of life is sweet, and I am no weary guest," said she; "but my heavenly Father has given me strength to yield the cup." None who saw her the last few months of her life can forget the heavenly smile which beamed from her countenance—the touching words which fell from her lips. How sweetly did she talk of heaven, and of a Savior's love! The rich consolations of his grace fell like holy dew upon her spirit, and filled her with joy and rejoicings. Her sick room was indeed

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JULIA.

"On pleasure's flowery bank she sported,  
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Julia had from her infancy lived in society, and was perfectly accomplished in all its arts. The artificial and superficial education she had received, awakened not the nobler faculties of the mind—stirred not the deep sensibilities of the heart. It taught her the external graces of life, hiding all that is repulsive, but changing not the selfish, sinning heart.

The artificial training to which Julia had been subjected had suppressed the deep love of the beautiful and true, and filled her mind with the desire for

distinction in the gay and fashionable world. And the development of this desire overshadowed the more lovely attributes of her character. No one rivaled the beautiful Julia at the altar of fashion. She gave herself up to its follies, and became a "bright, particular star among its bewildering lights."

The gay season commenced by the distribution of cards for a brilliant party at Esquire M.'s. Great preparations were made; and Julia talked about little else. The evening at length arrived—that evening so joyously anticipated by many hearts—so fraught with suffering for poor Julia. The young, the gay, and the beautiful were there; and the revels of the evening brought enjoyment to their hearts. Never had Julia looked more lovely. She felt herself to be in her true element. And none who looked on her beaming brow, and listened to the light words which sprang to her lips, deemed that danger lurked in her path—that this was the last evening she would ever meet with them. But

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Julia slowly improved; but from that time she never knew what it was to have a day of perfect health. The progress of the disease was slow; but it gradually took the form of consumption. That she was slowly going down to the grave, she did not for a moment dream. She had seen many persons, in ill health, live on year after year, and sometimes regain their vigor. And she confidently looked for the same result in her own case. But all who looked upon her lovely but sunken brow, saw that there Consumption had set his seal—all save her mother. "Julia was only nervous—nothing but nervousness," she said. And she made a continual effort to occupy her attention with sunny prospects of health and happiness. Her gay associates were invited in to relieve the tedium of low spirits. The subject of death was not mentioned in her presence; and she did not see his icy hand almost upon her brow—his barbed dart close at her heart. She was looking for him in the dim and misty perspective of the future, and promising herself many happy years to come.

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Her mother was a woman of the world, and evidently incorrect in all her views and perceptions of moral truth. The gilded haunts of fashionable pleasures presented to her the only sources of happiness.

And Julia, early in life, knelt in homage at the shrine of her mother's idolatry. Her mind became the receptacle of all the sickly sentimentality of fiction. Her views of life were false. Her ideal of loveliness and bliss found no counterpart in the real; for poison had been mingled with the choicest interests of her life. Alas! what an employment of that time and those talents, of which a solemn account was so soon to be required!

Several weeks elapsed, and Julia lay upon her couch, wasting by disease, and fast sinking into the deep slumbers of the grave. But in that sick room there was no prayer offered at the throne of heavenly grace in behalf of the immortal spirit. The sweet and cheering consolations of religion did not sustain her amid her sufferings.

"Mother," said the low, faint voice of the sufferer one day, as she sat by her bedside, "I feel very weak; and I have been thinking that it is possible I may not recover. O, I can't bear to die—to leave this bright, this beautiful world. I love it—it seems so sweet. And when I see the pleasant, loving faces of my young associates, I can't bear to think that I must die so early—that I must yield up life in its bloom, and be the moldering tenant of the tomb. I shall be willing to die when I am old; but, O, not now! I am afraid of death—there is a terrible hereafter, a something beyond the grave, that I am not prepared to meet—at which I shudder and recoil."

"My child, my dear child, why do you talk so?" exclaimed her mother, while she could scarcely restrain her tears. "Drive from your mind such horrible thoughts. I hope you will yet be well. It must not—it cannot be otherwise."

One night, soon after, her mother was awakened to go to her. Julia opened her eyes, and fixed them with a deep, earnest gaze upon her. "O, mother!" said she, "I am dying. O, why did you not speak to me of this hour? why did you deceive me? You have ever encouraged me to believe that I should recover. O, I am most wretched! On me no ray of hope will ever shine. It is dark—it is terrible—mother!" She sunk back on her pillow exhausted. One long, struggling sigh burst from her bosom, and all that remained of the gay, the beautiful Julia was dust.

Reader, here are two portraits drawn from life. Which character seems most to be desired and imitated? One individual was fitted, by suitable culture and education, for extensive usefulness in the world. And her pious examples will long be remembered by all who knew her. She had devoted her youth to the love and service of the Redeemer; and in her passage through the dark valley he comforted her with the rich consolations of his grace. Ah, who can estimate the value of such a life, or the blessedness in reserve for those who have thus laid up treasure in heaven! The other possessed beauty, intellect, and influence; but how had these talents been perverted! They had all been laid on

the altar of fashion and worldly display. And when Death summoned her away, all was darkness and despair.

Are you, dear reader, in the bloom of youth? and do you bend in adoration at the same empty shrine? Does the fascinating delusion of the gay and fashionable world wholly possess your mind? and have you no apprehensions for the future? Pause, and reflect for a moment! You hold your existence by a frail tenure—you may die early; and sad will it be, if, like Julia, you are unprepared.

It is far from pleasant to give such a gloomy coloring to a picture of real life, as I have given Julia. But it is "truth, stranger than fiction," that such instances of defective and injudicious training occur—so melancholy in their results. I have always considered Julia a victim to the artificial influences of fashionable society. Had she, like Eveline, been nurtured, in the sanctuary of childhood, with prayer, and taken her impressions for life from the controlling influences of sanctified parental example—had her mother instilled into her heart principles of virtue and religion, instead of vanity and dissipation, it might have been very different with her in the last hour of life. O, that every mother would learn the influence she possesses in molding the habits and the life of her daughter!

In contrasting the life and death of these two individuals, the consequences of their course should not be forgotten. Who can estimate the woes resulting from a course like that of Julia's! Who does not turn from her death-bed with a shudder, and exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous!" But remember the sweet peace which supported Eveline, in the hour of death, belongs only to those in whose hearts

"Heaven's own graces shine."

Religion alone can bestow that peace, and insure the joys of heaven. Mark with what dignity and grace she fulfilled all the duties and relations of life! The close of such a life could hardly fail to be serene and bright. O, may you be led to pursue the same path—to imitate those virtues which invested her with such attractions! And when your short pilgrimage here below is at an end, may you be prepared to enjoy with her that perfect felicity promised to the righteous in the glorious assembly of saints and angels, and the "spirits of the just made perfect!"

#### A STRANGE STORY.

"THERE were two sisters," says Denny, "sleeping together during the illness of their brother. One of these ladies dreamed that her watch, an old family relic, had stopped, and, on waking her sister to tell of this, she was answered by her thus: 'Alas! I have worse to tell you: *our brother's breath is also stopped!*'" And the prophecy was true.

SOVEREIGNTY OF LITERATURE.

BY JOHN PEGO, JR.

LITERATURE exerts a controlling power in the destiny of nations. Its imperial spirit has held a sceptre in every period of its existence. In the early and wild ages of the world, ere thought received its full authority, its dominion was limited; but, as civilization moved onward in its exalting and enlightening march, thought obtained a higher supremacy, and truth secured more than regal power. And when that still nobler destiny, that awaits the advancing state of society, shall have arrived, then may we expect that an intelligent people will render more devoted homage to "truths that wake to perish never."

Literature derives extensive sovereignty from perpetuating the memorials of national virtue and glory—from treasuring up the bright achievements of the past. There is a native impulse in man to worship the distinguished relics of a proud ancestry: the heart loves to bow with loyalty to the eminent genius of its own land. Thus our forefathers, from their graves, in an inspiring voice, speak to us the powerful dialect of the dead. The soul, pondering on the high results of former labor, feels an emotion kindred to that of Correggio, when, gazing in rapture upon the works of the Roman masters, he exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter!" The strength of ancestral impressions is finely illustrated by the Scottish arms, when advancing against the firm columns of the tricolored flag. Exulting in their hereditary valor, in the rush of triumph they sent up the shout, "Scotland for ever!"

The elements of empire repose under the protection of literature; and every nation may receive this bright inheritance of "hoary antiquity."

Greece presents the most striking illustration (omitting the literature of the Bible) of its sovereign power. Her Homer wears the coronal of universal dominion. For a time his mighty genius lay in the sepulchre, till Pisistratus, by collecting his poems, rolled away the stone, and he came forth in a glorious resurrection. On the revival of his verses, the olive groves of Greece became vocal with their majestic melody, patriotism girt on the sword with renewed energy, and the laurel bloomed with renovated beauty upon the brow of the warrior. Statuary made its sublimest efforts to delineate his august images, and their godlike presence, in marble, thronged the streets of Athens. And still Homer rules the soul. The noblest spirits have given to him willing adoration. Even the mighty Milton, on his lofty pilgrimage to the mount of God, lingered in the grove of Parnassus, and went up from the heights of Olympus, in his ascent to the regions of eternal light. It was from Greece that Rome, in the earlier period of its existence, derived most of the elements

of literary glory; and it did little more than dig up the buried genius of Athenian strength, robing him with imperial purple.

The dominion of Greece is sublime and noble. The distinguished essayist, Macanley, speaks, in reference to her, thus: "Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the school of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to the eyes that fail with weakness and tears, and ache for the dark house and long sleep—there is exhibited in its noblest form the influence of Athens."

While literature may exalt man, and lead him on to the fulfillment of the noble design of his existence, it hath power to enslave him in the deepest degradation. Instead of its being the enthroned glory of virtue and truth, it may put on the diadem of vice and desolation. Beneath its deadly rule, France consigned the deathless elements of divinity in the mind of man to the grave; and, with an inscription as awful as that of Atheos, inscribed by Shelley amid the princely splendors of Alpine scenery, it engraved upon the tomb of the immortal spirit, "Thou shalt sleep for ever."

Thus were they descending to the repose of everlasting slumber, when Chateaubriand entered that grave-yard of the soul; and, proclaiming the truths of Christianity amid the dismal gloom, he awoke the eternal sleep of the soul, and started it on to its glorious destiny; and, by the lovely strength of truth and the enchanting melody of his own style, he taught the vine-robed hills of France to exclaim to its sister hills, "There is a God!"

It is sad, that so often the literary sovereign, who directs the fate of man for centuries, is deprived of the honors of his royal position while living. History proclaims it to be the destiny of exalted thought and action, to be neglected by its own age. The culmination of the most lofty spirit seldom transpires during its pilgrimage on earth: this scene is to fall on the vision of the future. Thus the terrible gloom of the Tuscan bard but slightly beclouded Hesperia's shore; yet now it not only overshadows his native Florence, but, like a portending cloud, stretches over the world, beneath whose awful shade posterity trembles.

The strength of past literature directs the future. The genius of the dead, rising from the grave of the ancient world, wrapped in the shroud of receding ages, in sepulchral tones admonishes the living. The patriarch of Grecian song still speaks in the groves of the Academy, and weaves the laurel of Ionia around the harp of New England's bard. Christianity still weeps in beholding Socrates and Aristotle offering such exalted homage to an unknown Divinity. The garlands of Poesy, scattered by the hand of Tasso, linger in beauty upon the holy sepulchre. On the pages of Dante still burns the altar-fire of

hell, and bloom the flowers of paradise. Milton still strikes the lyre of heaven; and he alone, in his blindness, dared to climb the heights of celestial song, till he caught the choral melodies of the eternal anthems, and, in his godlike energy, chained his imperishable work to the throne of God.

We leave unopened the pure pages of inspiration, whose sublime control has, and ever will exalt man to his loftiest position, and whose sway will become more mighty as man approaches to the Divinity who created him. We will adore in silence the oracles of Heaven, in the revelations of their beauty and strength amid civil institutions and intellectual progress. We love to behold the holy writings, like an angel of light, leading philosophy back from its trembling passage to the tomb—to the feet of Jesus, and there teaching it the true theory of nature and existence. We listen with joy as its voice bids Poesy forsake the mythic groves and Italian scenery for the clime

"Where golden fruit mid shadowy blossoms shine,  
In fields immortal and in groves divine"—

inviting it from Castalia's fount to the blooming banks of Silos's brook, there to listen to the angels' song—

"We love

The harp the monarch minstrel swept;"

and wonder not that

"David's LYRE grew mightier than his throne."

With awe we behold sacred history returning far beyond the annals of antiquity, to the time when "God dwelt alone, in the stillness and solitude of his own eternity," and there startling us with the beauties of the new created earth. It comes on, disclosing the intervention of a superhuman authority in the ascendancy and decline of nations. Then proceeding still onward, it reveals the untold mysteries of the future; and, leaving the prophetic historian trembling in despair upon the verge of time, it enters the gate of eternity; and, after having conversed with the ages that yet repose behind the throne of God, it proclaims endless bliss to those bowing to the *sovereignty* of the WORD OF LIFE, and perpetual anguish to those who reject its *holy* *demission*.

#### CATARACT OF VELINO.

OVER this cataract an iris arches from bank to bank, and its tints are unfading in the poet's immortal verse:

"On the verge,

From side to side beneath the glittering morn,  
An Iris sits amid the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unhorn,  
Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

#### RURAL LIFE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

'Twas summer noon. A fair young girl  
Sat in the cooling shade;  
The zephyrs sported mid the trees,  
Or with her ringlets play'd.  
The brooklet murmur'd at her feet,  
Just stayed to kiss the flowers  
That fringed its banks, then hurried on,  
To gladden other bowers.  
Close in the background, almost hid  
By trees and shrubs, was seen,  
In quiet beauty peeping forth,  
A cottage, painted green.  
It was a woodman's happy home:  
Though far from city din,  
And mid the forest wide, he found  
'Twas just the home for him.  
His Mariette, his youth's fair bride,  
Still smiled contented by his side;  
And though the rose of youth  
Had faded on her cheek, the grace  
Of dignity assumed its place;  
And love was there and truth.  
O it was very beautiful  
To hear that wedded pair,  
With hands united on the head  
Of that young maiden fair,  
Ask for the blessing of their God,  
In earnest, humble prayer.  
She was their child, their only one:  
Mild, gentle as a dove,  
True piety lit up her eye,  
With pure and holy love.  
Had she within the giddy whirl  
Of fashion's circle moved,  
Would she have been as beautiful  
As in the home she loved?  
Ah, no! she was a forest flower,  
And in the sylvan dell,  
Beside the dancing rivulet,  
She was in truth a belle.  
Stranger, if wearied with the pride  
And selfishness of men—  
If sickness, care, or want betide—  
If friends prove false when love is tried,  
Go seek that forest glen.  
Hast thou an eye for nature's charms?  
Her beauties never fail.  
Hast thou an ear to list the song  
Of warbling nightingale,  
When echoes every note prolong?  
Then seek that peaceful vale.  
There, not a murmur of distress  
Is heard—no war or strife;  
E'en nature's ills seem sent to bless—  
O, there is much of happiness  
In quiet, rural life!

## THE HERMIT POET.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

THIS is the appellation given by his cotemporaries to Robert Southey, late laureate of England. Nothing could be more appropriately applied, since the life of the poet was one of nearly strict seclusion. Seldom did he leave his beautiful home at Keswick, and yet more seldom was he seen by men, unless we except the lake tourists, who not unfrequently annoyed him with their intrusive visits. In a letter to one of his friends, he complains that he could never take a sail on the waters of the Derwent, nor a ten minutes' evening walk, without being stared at by those who deemed a poet some outlandish animal.

From these and other circumstances, Dr. Southey has been accused of pride and hauteur. Mr. Hewitt calls him a monk and a bigot—the laudator of crime, tyranny, and carnage. These, to be sure, are epithets neither gentlemanly nor Christian. They have no foundation whatever in truth, and are nothing more than the ebullitions of a mean and vulgar spirit, which delights in defaming the character of others. Mr. Hewitt knew full well, in writing his sketch of Robert Southey, that he was throwing dirt, without provocation, upon the poet: else, taking a double aim, from some pique at the poet's widow, he thought to shoot a poisoned pin-point at the heart of the living through the memory of the dead; either of which things argues a state of mind the most detestable.

The poet, we must acknowledge, was naturally reserved, and his pursuits tended to make him more so. In this particular he resembled his intimate friend Cowper. He was a lover of solitude. His chosen retreat was his library, and his never-failing friends the books and works of other men. Of these he himself says:

"When disappointment's bitter sting  
Inflicts its keen and tort'ring smart,  
And sorrow, with its raven wing,  
O'er shades the sunshine of my heart—  
When friends are false, or cold and chill,  
I turn to them my every thought,  
And half forget each earthly ill—  
Deceit alone in books is not."

To the last he retained his old affection for books. His library was his favorite haunt; and there, for hours, would he sit and converse with the spirits of men whose bodies were slumbering in the grave.

But now Southey, too, is slumbering there. The poet, the philosopher, the historian, is dead. He fell the victim of insanity. For two long years he lived with a "brain worn out."

"The fervent spirit, working out its way,  
Fretted the puny body to decay,  
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay."

"There was no flashing up of the taper before death," observes an intimate friend—"no lucid

moment; but, during his life, he had made the great preparation, and hope illuminated the faces of all who gazed on him when he died. I saw him borne to his narrow home, in the lonely little grave-yard, across which Grasmere church flings its shadow. His son followed him. So did Wordsworth; and never was the grandeur of majestic and solemn grief portrayed in stronger character, than on his thoughtful countenance, as he followed his brother bard to the narrow house. His feelings were evidently too deep for tears." Yes, the poet is gone; but

He is not dead; he breathes the air  
In worlds beyond the star-lit sky—  
Some far-off, heaven-born land, where  
Man, arrived, no more shall die.

## STRENGTH THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY G. C. O.

It was a favorite dogma of the ancient Stoics, that pain is no evil; and, in the analysis of human character and conduct, we find this to be true. A higher faith than the philosophy of the Stoic, teaches us to glory in tribulation, through which our being becomes clothed with those virtues which invigorate and exalt the soul, and are the necessary preparatives for a state of peace and blessedness.

When we would single out, from among the elevated and distinguished, those whom we admire and venerate, we are compelled to select those who have preserved the light of the spirit brilliant and undimmed amidst the darkest gatherings of anguish. Romance catches this living truth, and the glory of the imagined hero fades away so soon as the elements of danger and adversity repose in quiet, successful fortune. Like the steamer which pants and struggles to be free, and, with gathered strength, shoots forth like a thing of life over its element and toward its destiny, the human soul, for the same end, meets a repression here and there—is frustrated in its projects and disappointed in its success. We ask, why these shackles? why this trial of strength? But have we, for our priceless lading, the wealth of virtue? Have we gained that wealth of spirit which will enable us to leave the vain good of the thronging world in the distance, and triumphantly mount the tossing billows, and grapple with the giant of the tempest?

Tired and bereft ones! be assured that, in your trial, you are not mocked and put to shame, but tested and purified—that, in your bereavement, you are not to be shorn of strength, and left disconsolate; but power will be perfected in weakness, and the brightest effulgence will shine forth at the close of the gloomiest night.

In these trials the soul is not passive—it is active; and this fortitude will bring tributes of richest treasures to the heart. Suffering has been the portion of



the human heart ever since toil was made the condition of man's temporal life. The floodgate was lifted, and tears from the great fountains of sorrow swept like a spring-tide over the fairest interests of humanity. We look into the depths of our own experience, and, in the abundance of our selfishness, forget that there have existed, in all ages and conditions, hearts that have felt as keenly the touches of sorrow, that have been as burdened by the weight of woe, as our own. There have existed spirits who have been crushed by the malevolence of a cold, repellent world; but, like the rose, the fragrance of their worth rises sweeter and purer from the ruthless destruction of their bloom.

Everywhere, in our daily walks, the gray locks and the furrowed brow of age, the bitter anguish limned upon the cheek of youth, the disappointment mingling with the prattle of infancy, the shadows on the most sunny countenance, and the wasting of the most noble frame, warn us that there can be no exemption from this stern law of our being. What! are not they from whose eyes beam the fire of genius, on whose heads repose the chaplet of honor and fame, around whom glitter the insignia of royalty?—must they, too, gather glory and strength from suffering? Yes; for nature here knows no favorites. The pride of intellect and the conceit of ignorance, the exalted and the lowly, must submit to this fiery trial of spirit.

In the narrative of the heart's sufferings, we everywhere find the portraiture of anguish too exquisite to be removed by earthly cordials. On every page is the record of some heart, in its weariness and exhaustion, longing for a lifeless sleep, but to whom death was as a "locked and treasured thing."

The prolonged and bitter trials of woman's susceptible nature have not been unrecorded. Often does the smothered flame consume unseen, rather than betray its wasting existence; and while we see the grief that pours itself away in weeping, our nature may have known the deep-struck sorrow that refuses tears.

But we rejoice that, although some have yielded in weakness, many have bravely struggled with their woes, and gained the palm of victory. Poverty, distress, and misfortune, have reared themselves like a wall around their habitations; but even from these humble spots have loomed bright examples of truth and virtue. Others, from the mysterious depths of their own being, have brought those priceless gems, whose brightness and beauty have delighted our hearts, and we in our enjoyment forget the toil undergone to obtain them.

"They learned in suffering what they taught in song."

In an age of antiquity, a mendicant bard wandered over the hills and vales of his native land, singing, for the pittance of charity, strains which have since entranced a listening world. And perhaps he little thought, while those songs were passing

from mouth to mouth, that his labor was planting in eastern soil a shrub whose roots the rough storms of centuries should fasten, and give to it might, and growth, and wide-spreading shadow, till pilgrims of all ages should delight to pay their devotions upon this spot.

One of the greatest heroes that ever lived was pierced with a sword while in contest with an enemy, and, prostrate, refused to withdraw the weapon from the wound till victory was declared by his army; but when the triumphant shout rang over the host, he cried, "It is *now* your Epaminondas is born, who *dies* in so much glory."

An Athenian of great private and public virtue, who stood unmoved amidst the fickleness and treachery of his countrymen, was asked, when led to death, for some message to his son. "Tell him," he said, with a magnanimity that was no creation of the moment, "*to forget this injury of the Athenians.*"

The early home of "Jerusalem's poet" was in the splendor of palaces; but, at the command of a tyrant, he was cast forth into penury, and immured in the dungeon's gloom; and, at last, when that brow, which no garland of honor could grace, so entwined was it with the fadeless chaplet it had woven for itself, was about to receive the "laureate crown," the dark cypress waved over his remains, and his tried but purified spirit plumed its flight for that land where suffering is unknown.

England boasts of one who tuned his harp to so godlike imaginings, that they seemed the language of beatific visions. But how much that blind poet suffered! Yet, in his mental and physical agonies, in social and civil convulsions, he was "majestic in the patience of his spirit," enduring unmoved the violence of the storm, and ever faithful to his God and his country.

There was one, a few centuries ago, whose character was the offspring of the tempest; and he had the secret of the power which could control it; so that, while standing forth in the centre of the world's hostilities, he challenges the host of enemies in the name of *truth*. And hither, to this earnest contest, every trembling spirit may be pointed as to one of the greatest examples of courage and strength in opposing error.

Look into the cold gloom of that solitary prison, and mark the wan inmate—an exile from the world—a recluse from its associations. But in that loneliness there is a trial which purifies and elevates the spirit; and soon the captive directs the world to a pilgrim who may guide the soul in a shining, upward progress to the society of heaven, and to a rest in the bosom of its God.

The wise man reasoning of immortality over his poisoned cup, the hero with his three hundred brave comrades making his willful sacrifice in the face of a sure destruction, the noble patriot yielding himself to the most horrid death rather than barter the

welfare of his country—Rome, with countless others, are magnanimous instances of sublime endurance.

But if we urge our way into the hosts of those who have been "more than conquerors," and behold the calm majesty, the heavenly patience with which they suffer,

"And there, while o'er the gasping breast  
The last keen torture stole,  
With the high watchword of the skies,  
Went forth the sainted soul,"

we shall see the *highest* exemplification and end of the trial of the human spirit.

Is this deep, this universal suffering an inexplicable mystery? No! The pen of Inspiration traces, in vivid truth, the anguish the soul cannot avoid, but faithfully depicts the beauty and excellency of meek and lowly acquiescence under the will of a higher and wiser energy, the glorious release at last, and the regenerate, spiritualized, and new-living ascent in purity and brightness, to the home of its nativity, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary find eternal rest."

Though One infinitely wise and kind has destined us to painful trials, his watch-care is over the process, that the spirit shall be purified from all baseness, and prepared to image forth his own perfection. The tender shrub, trained, in the nursery of the hot-house, to a rapid but feeble growth, can only live under the florist's care; but the oak, as it stretches upward, exposed to the fury of the tempest, seeks its unaided support far in its native soil, and stands firm and unshaken. Thus the soul, only when tossed and tried in merciless suffering, is able to develop the far-reaching depth of its being, its towering strength, its spreading capacities.

It is not the gilded bauble buoyantly floating over the surface which is eagerly desired and highly valued, but the pearl that lies hid in the chambers of the deep, and demands, for its possession, the tried skill and toilsome labor. Thus must the priceless virtues of the heart be found.

It is not the rough, unhewn block, perchance thrown in our pathway, but the invaluable gem polished and fitted by the agency of the most severe instruments, which the heavenly King will place in lustre and glory in the diadem of a brightening immortality.

If these are truths—if such be the wise arrangement with which the Creator has invested the being of every one—if this is the ordeal of the human spirit, and this its unspeakable result, shall we not listen to the language of one of our sweetest poets, as the voice of a brother spirit whispering encouragement and pointing to triumph?

"O fear not in a world like this!  
And thou shalt know, ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong."

## THE CONTEST AND THE TRIUMPH.

BY REV. GEORGE B. JOCELYN.

THE thrilling scenes in the drama of redemption were drawing to a close. Immanuel, the true God-Man, had spent his whole life in traversing the land of Judea, pouring joy and consolation into the habitations of the sorrowing and distressed. At his approach diseases had fled, at his voice the dumb had spoken and the deaf heard, and, in obedience to his command, the gloomy grave had restored its pale inhabitant to life. His sympathetic heart was full of the work he had to do. His presence had hallowed all Judea, and made it "Holy Land;" for there was scarcely a stream that had not drunk his tears—a vale that had not heard the music of his voice—a mountain upon which he had not stood and invoked blessings upon a fallen race—nor an ungodly city over which he had not wept. But his mission was now nearly accomplished. From those, of his own kindred, whom he came to redeem, he had suffered the most bitter persecution—the most deadly hatred, and now, that his hour was at hand, his "soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Alone, at midnight's melancholy hour, the Son of God retires to pray. His chosen cowatchers, Peter, James, and John, had fallen asleep, and none, save his Father, saw the deep agony, in which he "fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." No voice spoke an answer to his petition—no sound broke the dread stillness of the hour—no ray of light relieved the terrible gloom of Gethsemane's garden. "He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink, thy will be done." Now heavier seemed the mountain load of earth's accumulated crimes, and blacker hung the cloud of wrath above the Savior's head. No pen can describe the agony of that hour; for the mind cannot conceive of that agony which dissolves the human frame, and sends life's current through the pores of the skin. Inspiration tells us humanity failed him, and "angels came and ministered unto him." The cup might not pass, and angels and Divinity girded him for the final hour. That hour had come. The traitor Judas—who, in private, had listened to his Savior's blessed teachings—to whom the "mysteries of the kingdom of God" had been revealed—who, with him, had proclaimed throughout Judea's land the Gospel of the new and everlasting covenant—lured by a few pieces of silver, and blinded by the evil one, approached him, and, while the bloody sweat of Gethsemane's awful struggle was upon his brow, with a kiss betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. Knowing that his hour had come, he permitted himself to be led away to pass a mock trial, and

to be condemned by bribed judges upon suborned testimony. And so malignant was the hatred of his judges and the people against him, their only true Friend, that when Pilate, finding no cause of death in him, would have released him, with maddened fury they shouted, "Away with him!" "On us and our children be his blood!" "*Crucify him! crucify him!*" From these cries there was no appeal; for they were the cries of an infuriate mob; and the fiend of the deceitful human heart had become so furiously aroused, that nothing would appease its hellish appetites but the blood of its innocent victim. The enraged populace rushed upon and seized him, crowned with thorns, and clad in mock purple, and led him forth to the death of the cross.

How often have the scenes of that hour passed before my mind! Slowly and toil-worn, the Savior of mankind ascends the Mount of Calvary, upon which he is to atone for the sins of the whole world. Around him are gathered those whose hearts know no pity. His disciples have all fled. None of his former friends, save a few women, into whose hearts he had poured the joys of heaven, linger near him. "Despised and rejected of men," "smitten of God and afflicted," without a murmur he suffers himself to be stripped of his vesture, and placed upon the shameful cross, while, with blow after blow, the driven nails pierce his quivering flesh. Between two crucified thieves they erect his cross. Calvary's brow grows dark, the sun wraps his beams in the garb of mourning, and darkness mantles the earth. No guardian angels, as in Gethsemane's garden, hover near to minister unto him. Alone, he must tread the wine-press of the Almighty's wrath, and in his naked bosom must be sheathed the sword of divine Justice. Three hours of dreadful agony hangs the Son of God upon the rugged tree, while men, with the hearts of fiends, insultingly upbraid him from below, and legions of fallen angels from the regions of darkness throng the air to consummate what man in his blind depravity has begun—the death of the Savior of the world. Deserted by man, attacked by fiends, and forsaken of God, his startling cry rings out upon the air: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Sinking beneath the burden of the world's sins, the Son of man bows his head; but, with the strength of the redeeming God, he binds our sin-polluted earth by the chain of his atonement to the throne of Jehovah; and while the world trembles beneath the earthquake's giant tread, and the rocks rend, the graves open, and the veil of the temple is rent in twain, he grasps the pillars of Satan's empire, and drags them with him to the dust, and cries, with his expiring breath, "*IT IS FINISHED!*"

"Tis done! The contest had been terrible—the victory was decisive; for Jehovah-Jesus had "opened up a new and living way."

As yet, however, the triumph appeared but partial.

The Savior was dead—the tomb contained his body. The moral universe was still hung in gloom, lit with no light, save that of hope, which now lingered about the cross and tomb of Jesus. Two days—of anxiety and doubt—of hope and fear—had passed away, and no consolation. Faith began to grow weak—hope began to fail—and the wicked Jews began to triumph. But, just as the light of the third day began to dawn upon our sorrowing earth, and just as the Roman guard were about to proclaim the Savior an impostor, the resplendent glory of the upper world burst upon and smote them as dead men—an earthquake shook the slumbering world, and broke the seal of the sepulchre, and Immanuel, having placed amid the tomb's dark recesses the wreath of immortality, burst its bars, and rose in full triumph over death and the grave.

How startling, how brilliant, how glorious was that triumph of the Redeemer over the tomb! Since the earth had drunk the blood of murdered, though innocent Abel, the grave had been clad in terror. Few had learned how to die. Mankind feared death, not because they loved life, but because they dreaded the tomb. But now the tomb was robbed of its terror. Jesus had risen, and "begotten the world again to a lively hope." Humanity had triumphed over the grave, and received an earnest of that full triumph that shall take place, when God's last trump shall call the sleeping myriads of earth from their dusty beds, and for ever destroy the power of death.

How consoling this triumph to the Christian! Death shall have no power over his body. The same God that so triumphantly rose from the tomb as triumphantly "ascended up on high, led captivity captive," and placed humanity upon the throne of universal dominion. The same God has pledged himself to bring his ransomed ones to "Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Then, child of God, heir of glory, despond not in the hour of conflict: "As Christ has overcome, so shall you overcome." In your hours of deepest affliction, angels shall hover near; for "are not all the angels of God ministering spirits to those who are heirs of salvation?" Look up! Death has been conquered—the grave has been robbed of its terror. To you death is but the topmost round in the ladder Jacob saw—the thin veil that hides the glories of the upper world—"the gate to endless joys." Then, standing, in fancy, or in faith, on that highest round—beyond the thin veil—at the very entrance of heaven's gate, in triumph sing:

"O, who would live alway, away from his God—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns—  
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of pleasure unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!"

## THE GRAVE.

BY EOLIA.

"WHY," says Ossian, "shouldst thou build thy hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes: it howls in the empty court, and whistles around thy half-worn shield."

The thought of the grave has been, in all ages, and to all men, at least, an object of the deepest solemnity, if not the wildest terror. There have been some among the uncivilized nations, that looked upon its flowery turf and enduring monuments, seemingly, without a murmur, or any degree of anxiety; but it was rather the calmness of despair, than the quiet of the mind reposing upon something higher than itself. Pride caused the Indian to fold his blanket closely around him, and await firmly the dread Unknown, who would carry him, soul and body, to the spirit land. Fear, lest his God should wreak terrible vengeance upon him, is the actuating principle within the Asiatic, when he throws himself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut.

Do you ask, "Why this fear?" It is because the eternal aspirations of our souls, stamped with immortality, and grasping at the incomprehensible substance, shrinks back from the contact of the cold earth and its devouring worms. The grave is terrible, because it is a mystery which the reason of man and the study of nature has never fathomed. As Shakespeare has said, "It is the bourne from whence no traveler has returned;" or, in the more beautiful and stately language of the Bible, "As the cloud is consumed and vanished away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house: neither shall his place know him any more."

It was given to the Christian religion to dispel these doubts that harrow the soul to despair. Even yet a deep mist hangs around the grave; but it is the golden and purple hues of an autumnal sunset, rather than the murky fog by which it was formerly enveloped. To the good man there is hope in death, and the grave is the vestibule to the paradise of God, where it shall be forgotten in a most glorious existence.

Many of our poets have written beautifully on the grave, particularly Bryant and Montgomery. The lines of the former are always present to us when our minds revert to this subject, passing before us with a prophet-like grandeur, that reminds us of those who wrote by inspiration of God.

"So live, that when thy summons come to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave, at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## A SKETCH.

BY ANNA.

It was a lovely day in April. Here and there you might have seen a light cloud floating on the breeze. The sun had looked forth, and caused all vegetation to spring up and grow. The birds were singing sweetly. The little rivulets had broken their icy fetters, and now, entirely free, were rolling on to join the majestic river, and thence to the mighty ocean. O, it was bright and beautiful without, but darkness and gloom pervaded the minds of those that stood around the bed of the dying Lucy. She was what the world calls a good girl. Always ready to relieve the wants of the needy whenever she had it in her power, she had endeared herself to all around her. But thirteen short months had, with rapid flight, hurried away into eternity since she stood before us a youthful bride; but these had changed the scene; and now she lies upon a bed of affliction—of death. She had never professed faith in Christ; but O the world had charms for her, which drew her from her Savior, and she had lived in a backslidden state for some years; and now that she is afflicted, she is destitute of the comfort she so much needs. O, that was a trying time. I well remember the anxiety that sat on every face. We felt that she was just on the borders of eternity; and O we feared, greatly feared, though none expressed it, that she was not ready to go. Her hours on earth were almost ended, and we had gathered around her to catch her dying words, while our prayers ascended to God for a brighter evidence of her acceptance with him to be made manifest unto her. We had strong hopes for this; for we knew that she earnestly desired and prayed for it. While we thus watched beside her dying couch, all at once her countenance changed, and she seemed better. She called us all around her, and exhorted us to meet her in heaven. Then her countenance lit up with a heavenly smile, such as illuminates the face of angels. She exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus! peace! love! union!" &c., and her immortal part took its flight to the paradise of God. Happy spirit, though the body which thou once didst inhabit now molds in the grave, it is free from suffering, and thou art happy. But when the trumpet of God shall sound, the grave shall give up what it now contains, and soul and body shall bear the glorious image of God for ever and for ever.

## CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

"THE responsibilities of a Christian profession," says Dr. Olin, "so often feared and shunned as intolerable burdens, under the pressure of which we are likely to make a disgraceful fall, ought rather to be invited as safeguards and helps to the working out of our salvation."

## MORAD, THE MISER.

BY REV. J. DIXON.

MORAD, the miser, had accumulated a princely fortune. His soul, contracted within the narrow sphere of sordid selfishness, never recognized a brotherhood in his fellow-beings. As if exempt from the common attributes of humanity, the social virtues were discarded from his creed, and found no resting-place in his bosom. Deeply were his schemes laid for the consummation of his purposes; and Mammon, propitious to his prayers, conferred upon him unbounded affluence, in the contemplation of which he looked with chilling disdain on those whose destiny was cast in the humble walks of life. His actions seemed to say:

"What is a *poor* man? nature's refuse—chaff,  
Blown by the winds of heav'n, in sportive mood.  
He's like a man a hundred years of age,  
Tottering without a staff on which to lean."

The kindly feelings of humanity—the reciprocal duties of human beings—the holy impulses of unperverted and generous natures, never exercised their controlling influence over his heart. He stood alone, a man among a thousand, possessing the exterior of his species, but nothing more. His was the heart of the tiger—the soul of the fiend, unsoftened by age, and unmodified by circumstances. No form of human suffering elicited from him the look of pity or the tear of compassion. The widow might hopelessly pine away, the orphan die with hunger, death, in its most appalling forms, send thousands to their long home, and mourners go about the streets, bewailing the loss of friends, "beloved in happier days," while *he*, untouched with the feelings of commiseration, watched every opportunity to take advantage of the widow, the orphan, and those whose cup was unmingled poverty. Often, when importuned to relieve the wants of the distressed, by imparting timely assistance to them, he petulantly replied, that, were it not for the advantages he derived from society, for the purpose of amassing wealth, he would rather be the sole inhabitant of some distant isle, where, undisturbed by applications for charity, he could spend the remainder of his days, in counting over his immense treasures, and in paying unceasing homage to the object of his worship. On one occasion, having been unusually successful in the accomplishment of his designs, he retired to his chamber, and there, in the following language, communed with his dishonest gains:

"How precious is this sight! And had these eyes,  
From inflammation, wept these twenty years,  
This sight had cured them, as by magic charm.  
And when my eyes are failing fast in death,  
And vision is imperfect, then will I  
Call for these shining gods, and bid them, O,  
A long farewell! This key by death alone  
Shall drop, unused by me! And when I must  
Pass through the valley and the shades of death,

(If heav'n is pay'd with gold,) some angel bright,  
Direct me to a glittering heap in heav'n!  
My eye I'll not lift up to Him that sits  
High thron'd in bliss, but call his *gold my god!*"

Morad, having thus performed his evening devotions, with intensity of feeling, retired to his bed, on which he revolved, in his mind, new schemes for the accumulation of wealth. The last words he uttered, when falling to sleep, were, "Gold! gold!" After he had fallen asleep, he fancied himself hurried, by some invisible power, into a region of darkness indescribably dreary. While, horror stricken, he was fearfully contemplating his condition, he beheld, approaching him, a spirit of terrific aspect. Morad, trembling, inquired his mission. "I am," said the spirit, "the angel of death, and have come to summon thee to leave, for ever, thy earthly possessions, and be an inhabitant of another world." This said, he touched Morad with his sceptre, and suddenly the soul, affrighted, issued forth upon its boundless voyage. Its first perception was—interminable darkness! Onward and onward was Morad, in his silence, compelled to follow his guide. After a lapse of some time, the conductor thus addressed Morad:

"As thou didst, in the other world, voluntarily alienate thyself from a participation in the common sympathies of mankind, and didst slight the institutions ordained by God; and, moreover, as thou didst petulantly wish a place remote from society, thou shalt now have thy desire. Look at me! hear me! I am the last being whose form thou shalt see—whose voice thou shalt hear. Here, in perpetual darkness and silence, thou shalt wander alone! Thou hast rejected society, and society now justly rejects thee." This said, the spirit spread its darkened wings and disappeared. Indescribable were the feelings of Morad. Casting his eyes around on immeasurable darkness, he exclaimed, in the writhings of agony, "I am *alone!*" But no voice responded to the wailings of the doomed spirit. Even the echoes of those wailings might have mitigated the intensity of his sorrow, but no responsive echoes were heard! Thus surrounded with darkness and silence, Morad reflected, bitterly, on the cause of his misery; and, wherever he was, in that indefinable region of despair, he was haunted with the recollection of the contempt with which he had treated the social relations, and also with the remembrance of his avarice, which had seen, with one glance, and accomplished, with one stroke, the *ultimatum* of his desires. Sometimes he would seem to fly thousands and thousands of miles through the illimitable solitudes of night. "O!" he exclaimed, "were I but permitted to return to earth, I would joyfully recognize the social order, by distributing my ample fortune among the suffering thousands of my fellow-beings. But now, alas! I am doomed to be here for ever—*alone!*" As he uttered the fearful word,

"alone!" he awoke, trembling, as did the impious king when the invisible Hand had written upon the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."

When Morad appeared in his family, his countenance was greatly altered, and grief sat gloomily conspicuous on his features. Calling several of his servants, he gave orders to invite to his house, on a certain day, the widow, the fatherless, the "poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." The time having arrived, many were present, not only of the poor, but also of the rich. Morad arose, with a voice tremulous from mental agony, and said: "Friends and neighbors, no doubt you are curious to know why, by my invitation, you are here to-day. I will try to satisfy your curiosity. I have been, as you all know, through life, accumulating wealth, regardless of the dictates of justice, or the sentiments of humanity. Determined to accomplish my purpose, I disregarded all the ordinary means to rescue me from a course of conduct shamefully debasing to a being stamped with immortality. Unalarmed by the thunders of Sinai, unmoved by the winning accents of mercy from Calvary, with my ears closed and my eyes shut to the touching appeals of suffering humanity, 'my steps had well-nigh taken hold on hell.' But it pleased the Almighty, in the visions of the night, to awaken me to a sense of my perilous condition. I dreamed that I was doomed, *alone*, eternally, to darkness and silence, because I had despised the order of Providence, and looked with proud contempt on those whose station, in point of wealth, was inferior to mine. I am now heartily sorry for my sins, and could weep for ever for my transgressions. Conscious that I cannot merit heaven by alms-giving, yet, touched with keen remorse for past offenses, I have invited my poor neighbors here to-day, that I may relieve, in some degree, my burdened conscience, by doing my duty." Thus saying, Morad, out of his immense treasures, relieved, unostentatiously, the poor and the needy, and caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. "Having thought upon his ways, and turned his feet to the testimonies of the Almighty, he made haste and delayed not to keep his commandments." After this Morad lived many days, and was actively engaged in every good word and work.

#### CHEERFULNESS.

It is a very common circumstance to confound cheerfulness with mirth. They are things, however, widely different. The former is a habit, the latter a mere act of the mind. The one is fixed and permanent, the other short and transitory. Mirth is the gleam of lightning, that breaks through the darkness of the storm, giving a brilliant yet fitful light: cheerfulness is the calm sunlight which continually fills the mind with a deep and unbroken serenity.

#### A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON THE PRAIRIES.

—  
BY REV. JOHN DANIEL.  
—

I HAVE thought the autumn of our climate the most pleasant season of the year. Nature appears to have exhausted her prolific energies, and to be gradually seeking repose. The sun has lost its glowing fervor, and the air its sultry and oppressive effect. Nature is tinged with melancholy; but it is the melancholy that a noble mind courts rather than shuns. Its associations are "mournfully pleasing." They act kindly upon the heart, and lift the soul, in the elevations of a refined and intelligent piety, to the infinite Creator.

It was on one of the most beautiful days of this rich and interesting season, that I attended an afternoon appointment of my charge, after which I was pledged to attend a camp meeting some thirty miles distant. By the time I was ready to start, the sun was sinking below the horizon, bearing that peculiar, red-like aspect common to the season. And the moon, "full-orbed," appeared in the opposite part of the sky. Consequently, the greater part of the distance was traveled in the night. Every thing seemingly contributed to make the ride pleasant and profitable. My own mind was calm and tranquil as the evening that was closing around me. I had just spent a profitable hour of devotion with beloved Christian brethren, and the lingerings of holy communion were still acting with favorable effect upon my spirit. I felt nothing but love for all mankind, and would, had it been in my power, have preached "Jesus and the resurrection" to the lowest fallen and the farthest off of all that compose this world's guilty population. Never did the necessity of religion to the dignity and happiness of man appear more clearly evident, while the ability and willingness of Jesus to confer it appeared equally indubitable. I had for my traveling companion one dear to my heart—the lamented, and by me never-to-be-forgotten Clipinger. Beloved youth! I had witnessed the chastening of his soul when saddened with penitential grief. And at last, when deliverance came, while alone in his closet, with what delightful step and glowing countenance did he hasten to the parsonage, to communicate the joyful tidings to one whom he knew took a lively interest in whatever related to his happiness. I took him into the Church, obtained him license to preach, and soon he was among the traveling ministry of the Church. His career was brief but brilliant. As far as my knowledge extends, a young man of greater promise to the Church has never been admitted among us. Intelligent, affable, unassuming, and breathing the sweetest spirit of piety, he presented religion in its loveliest forms, and won the hearts of even its enemies. His sun went down while it was yet day. But it set cloudless, to rise amid fuller manifestations of glory. John was

then by my side, buoyant and healthful; and we alternately talked and sung as we passed along. Nearly the whole route lay through the prairies. They apparently stretched out before us wide and interminable. The flowers, with which, in summer, they are enameled, had faded, or were concealed by the evening shades. But they had left their fragrance behind, and, steeped in dew, shed grateful odors upon the evening air. I have thought these apparently boundless meadows of the west a striking emblem of the immensity of their Author, and of the eternity in which he dwells. I have frequently stood upon one of their own eminences, and looked in every direction for something to bound the prospect and define their limits. Not a tree nor even a shrub was to be seen: their vast undulations stretched away, covered with herbage and flowers of every dye. I have seen the sun, gorgeous in glory, seemingly descend and drop down behind them, as, at sea, he apparently sinks to sleep in the ocean. At such times I have been forcibly reminded of the language of the prince of poets:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lower works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

But it seemed, in the present instance, that they had lost none of their magnificence by the absence of the "king of day." The moon threw over them a mild and placid radiance, and tinged their surface with a silvery hue. I thought it invested them with a solemn grandeur, congenial with their character, and clothed them with a mysterious and indefinable power. Who cleared these vast fertile plains?—how long have they remained in their present state?—what was the character of the generations once habiting them, and—rambling over their surface?—and will they ever again teem with inhabitants, and their awful stillness be broken with the voice of a multitude? were questions that instinctively rose to my lips. I had heard them answered by man, but was dissatisfied and doubtful. I listened for a reply from an unquestionable source, but listened in vain: it came not. The words of the Psalmist occurred: "Be still and know that I am God." I obeyed; and silence and submission were eloquent. We traveled on—on, and seemed lost, though conscious of being in the right road. The feelings of the youthful disciple at my side were frequently raised to ecstasy, and my own usual equanimity was, at times, happily disturbed.

At length, after hours of inspiring moonlight scenery, and agreeable conversation, thought, and feeling, the sound of a human voice was wafted to us by the gentle zephyrs of the night. It proceeded from the camp-ground. We were a considerable distance off; but the speaker possessed great

vocal powers, and the night was still. As we drew nearer, the voice of melody rose aloft upon the yielding air, like the "sound of many waters." They were singing, with camp meeting fervor, one of the usual hymns for the occasion. We met with a warm greeting, and mingled with the worshipers. And it may be interesting to some of your readers to learn, that near one hundred souls were added to Immanuel's troops at this meeting.

## THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL.

—  
BY ALUMNUS.  
—

Adieu, my college hours,  
With your happy sports and glee;  
Ye are all like faded flowers—  
Ye shall bloom no more for me.  
The bark of life is waiting  
On that dark, stormy ocean,  
Where wind-toss'd waves and tempests  
Are but the sailor's portion.

Adieu, ye halls of learning,  
Where I've passed full many a day:  
My heart is e'en now breaking,  
As I turn from you away.  
No more shall my tread awaken  
An echo along your aisles—  
The cold, cold world is calling,  
With its smooth, deceptive smiles.

Adieu, thou chapel altar,  
Where have knelt the young and fair,  
To lift their hearts to Heav'n,  
In many a lowly prayer.  
Beside thee I'll kneel no more,  
Nor list to those wild, sweet lays;  
Ye are things of mem'ry now—  
Ye are things of other days.

Adieu, ye guides parental,  
Who've led me along the bow'rs  
Of holy, eternal truth,  
And cull'd for me its flow'rs.  
Beyond the tomb may ye rest,  
And far brighter crowns receive  
Than glitter on brows of kings,  
Or fame and honor can give!

And, O, must I bid *adieu*!  
To ye of this brother band?  
God grant this one petition,  
*To meet in a better land!*  
When life's rude shocks are o'er—  
When its stormy sea is past,  
O, may we rest where never  
Shall be heard the howling blast!

SKETCH OF LAURA BRIDGMAN,  
THE BLIND AND DEAF MUTE.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

FROM the window of my home, in the vicinity of Boston, extends a beautiful vista, like an avenue, through groves, over hills, across water, about three miles, to a noble edifice, which surmounts the heights at South Boston. Accompanied by a group of friends, I visited this structure the other day. I have repeatedly done so before, and at each time with increased delight. I need not inform you, Mr. Editor, who are so well acquainted with the topography of our beloved city, that it is the Perkins' Institution for the Blind, one of the most interesting of those charitable foundations for which Boston is distinguished. It stands on a commanding position, overlooking the fine scenery of the harbor and of all the adjacent country; but its greatest attraction is within—the processes of instruction and training by which sight is, as it were, given to the blind, and an extinguished sense, the most important one of the five, is renewed, not, indeed, in the sunken sockets of the eyes, but in the very “finger ends.” One name alone has, for several late years, given an interest to this institution throughout the civilized world: the almost peculiar case of *Laura Bridgman* has attracted to it thousands of visitors, and excited the attention of scientific men in both Europe and America. The annual reports of Dr. Howe, the eminent director of the asylum, are looked for with general expectation, from year to year, that the extraordinary development of this anomalously conditioned human spirit may be known.

I have shared fully this curiosity ever since the first public announcement of her case, and have not only read with intense interest the able reports of the director, which abound in profound and most entertaining discussions of its anomalous indications, but have occasionally visited the institution, to examine it for myself. As most of your readers are acquainted with Laura's history only by the brief and vague references of newspapers, I have thought I might perform an acceptable service by furnishing them a more complete outline of it.

Laura Bridgman is a native of Hanover, New Hampshire, and is now about eighteen years of age. Her health was extremely feeble in her infancy. At about the end of her second year, after a rapid restoration from her previous ailments, she relapsed suddenly. Violent disease ensued for about five weeks. Her eyes and ears suppurated, and her sight and hearing were lost for ever. It was observed, also, that her sense of smell was almost entirely gone, and her taste much injured. During five months she was confined to her bed, in a dark room. Twelve months passed before she could walk alone, and two years before she could sit up during the entire day.

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She continued to suffer, more or less, until her fourth year, when her health was pronounced restored. “But what a situation was hers!” exclaims her benevolent teacher. “The darkness and silence of the tomb were around her. No mother's smile called forth her answering smile—no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds. They, brothers and sisters, were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house save in warmth and in the power of locomotion, and not, even in these respects, from the dog and the cat.” Sad and desolate condition! Dickens, who visited her, describes her as “built up in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good being for help that an immortal soul might be awakened.” What must have been the incipient anxieties of that young soul, as, in its first efforts of thought, it thrust against its dark prison walls, and sought in vain to find freer access to the world and the relations without! What must have been the utter desolation of its later years, notwithstanding its but partial growth, if it had been destined to pass through its adult life with the augmented consciousness and introspection which must have attended them, but with the same limited perception of the external world! We cannot suppose the case without an insupportable sense of horror. Sightless, speechless, without hearing, without smell, and almost without taste, connected with the infinitely varied universe, and the affectionate relations of life, by a single sense, what a condition for a thinking and sensitive spirit! How painful the exhibition of its scarcely availing efforts to solve the mystery of its peculiar state, and acquire a few dim ideas of the world about it! “As soon as she could walk,” says her distinguished benefactor, “she began to explore the room and then the house. She became familiar with the form, density, and weight, and heat of every thing she could lay her hands on. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat every thing herself.”

Her fate seemed hopeless; for who could conceive any method by which light could be let into her “marble cell”—the living tomb of her spirit? There was one whose enlarged sympathy and sagacious mind dared to hope for her relief; and no slight amelioration of her desolate lot did he propose. He conceived the sublime purpose of letting in upon this repressed mind the knowledge of both worlds—of teaching it language by which it should not only be enabled to communicate with its fellows, but also to read the word of God and the noble productions of mind—of awakening within it the sweet sympathies of nature and the pure affections of religion. On hearing of the child, Dr. Howe immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. “I found



her," he says, "with a well-formed figure, a strongly marked nervous sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action." Her parents consented to her removal, and on the 4th of October, 1837, she was placed in the Asylum.

How now is the education of this singularly unfortunate little being to be attempted? It is obvious that some scientific method must be adopted. The process by which she had already been struggling for ideas might be continued: articles might be placed in her hands and forms thereby taught her, and ideas of approbation communicated by gentle pattings, or of disapproval by more violent indications; but this method must be vague and endless in its detail, and could produce but a slight development of her faculties—more painful, perhaps, than profitable, as it must only remind her of the terrible fetters which bound her struggling powers. It would have one appalling deficiency: it could furnish no method, or, at least, none of any value, by which she could communicate her thoughts to others. A traveler cast among foreigners whose tongue was utterly unknown to him, would be more able to communicate with them, than Laura by such a method; he could see surrounding objects, could indicate his wants by pointing to them, or by comparing them. We must suppose him to be not only cast among strangers of such an unknown speech, but to be cast among them *without sight*, if we would appreciate the difficulty: nay, even this would not be sufficient; we must suppose him destitute of *hearing*, so that his bewildered comprehension is left without the aid of those sounds of command or request, of menace or sympathy which so subtly and so effectually aid the communication of thought. And even this extraordinary helplessness would not compare fully with the deplorable condition of this afflicted child; we must suppose the confounded stranger to be destitute, not only of a knowledge of the tongue spoken around him, destitute of sight, and destitute of hearing, but incapable, at the same time, of any *utterance* by which he could signify, without more intelligible language, his wants; for though Laura has a species of violent utterance at times, yet, like all mutes, she has no ability to modulate it so as to express variety of feeling. Singular helplessness!

The man who could have the courage and benevolence to undertake to master such difficulties must be among the noblest of his race. Dr. Howe perceived that there was no mode of instruction to be adopted in the case but that used with ordinary children, the use of *arbitrary language*, or signs of thought, by which she could express, not only the existence, but the mode or condition of the existence of any thing. *But how is this to be done?* *A priori*, it seems absolutely impracticable. We cannot teach her as we can ordinary children, ideas by arbitrary *sounds*, because she cannot *hear* them. Nor can we

teach her, as we can the deaf, by arbitrary *signs*, for she cannot *see*. She has but one sense by which we can communicate with her mind—*feeling*. She must, therefore, read, speak, and hear through the single sense of feeling; her little hand must virtually be made ear, mouth, and eye to her! Can it be done? Yes; *perseverantia vincit omnia*—the immortal soul can triumph over every thing but the unalterable interdictions of the universe.

The wondrous task has been accomplished, and now this forlorn child is ripening into the maturity of womanhood with an intelligent mind and beautiful character. She sits among her associates, and converses with them as intelligibly, if not as rapidly, as we who have been more fortunate. The sweet affections of social life have been awakened into vivid life within her spirit. A bright and even buoyant cheerfulness has burst upon her dark lot, like the beauty of spring upon the desolation of winter. She knows God and has learned to commune with him. She reads his word. She has studied the sciences, and is still studying them with daily progress. She writes to her friends, and sends her letters across the ocean. Thought and feeling, society and books, life, in fine, with its blessed variety (though not as fully as with us) has been bestowed upon her.

But how? The process, though simple enough when explained, is too interesting to be omitted.

Her instructor saw that two classes of signs were to be taught her, answering to our *letters* and *sounds*, the one for *reading*, the other for *speech*. The first were common letters, raised, by feeling which she learned to read, and, at last, by imitating them, to write; for the purposes of speech, the manual alphabet, used in the deaf and dumb institutions, was adopted; but as she could not see the signs, they were made on her hands.

The description of the first success of these instructions is to us marvelously interesting.

"The first experiments," says Dr. Howe, "were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was, that of imitation and memory. She

recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process, first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things. After awhile, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side, so as to spell, *book, key, &c.*; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words, *book, key, &c.*; and she did so."

Graatifying as this progress was, it was thus far no more than the mechanical success with which some brute creatures are taught to imitate human intelligence—it was only *imitation*, and the evidence of an intelligent comprehension of the instructions given, were looked for with eager anxiety by her teachers. The interesting moment came, and the sublime triumph of intellect was revealed to the delighted eye of her benefactor. "The poor child," he says, "had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated every thing her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her: her intellect began to work: *she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of any thing that was in her own mind and show it to another mind*; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog, or parrot: it was an immortal spirit eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome."

Proud moment for the generous man who had undertaken the apparently hopeless task! "Throughout his life," says Charles Dickens, "the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, unfading happiness."

The process of her instruction is thus farther described by the Director.

"The result thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labor were passed before it was effected. When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also, a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different

letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid." So rapid, indeed, was the progress, that, in three months, it was reported, that the child had actually learned to *converse* in the language of the manual alphabet used by deaf mutes. "It is a subject of delight and wonder," says the report, "to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labors. Her teacher gives her a new object; for instance, a pencil: first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it, by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends a lesson." Beautiful example of an unfolding mind! "She then," continues the report, "holds up her tiny fingers and spells the word by the manual alphabet; next she takes her types and arranges her letters; and, last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon, or in contact with, the pencil or whatever the object may be." During the year, she acquired such skill in the use of the manual alphabet, that it became difficult to follow the rapid motion of her speaking fingers. It was noticed that she not only *soliloquizes* in the "finger language," but carries on the conversations of her dreams in the same speech.

We cannot detail her subsequent progress, suffice it to say, that it has been unexpectedly rapid. She has learned to write, and keeps a diary, which exhibits excellent penmanship for one in her situation—a fair, square hand. She can write straight without the use of any indications of a line. She has studied the elements of geography, natural philosophy, arithmetic, &c. Her faculties manifest considerable vigor. She is intensely eager for knowledge, and receives new ideas often with a rapture of delight, embracing her teacher with inexpressible gratitude. Her perception, not only of things, but of their relations, is quick and distinct. She can even appreciate the different grades of intellect around her, and occasionally shows a little of the Saxon pride of superiority—preferring for her companions the more intelligent inmates of the institution, and pretty obviously disliking and declining the company of such as are of inferior calibre, except when she can draw some service from them. "She takes advantage of them," says her benefactor, "and makes them wait upon her in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others."

So much for the exhumation of this young spirit from its dark and silent tomb of clay. Its intellectual

life has been developed; but what was to be the result in regard to its moral development? We looked with most anxious solicitude for a solution of the inquiry. *A priori*, it might have been supposed that a soul so shackled and cramped would present a most unfavorable, a distorted, if not monstrous *morale*. And it was not improbable even that the increased activity of its improved mental faculties would, by disclosing to its own consciousness the deplorable singularity of its condition, and by the increased conflict of these faculties with the difficulties that walled them in, only irritate it to anguish, and cover it with a deeper gloom of despair. A snail or an oyster may be perfectly happy, according to its capacity, in a shell, because its shell is proportioned to its capacity; but what would a human soul be, thus contracted and incruised? And how little better can we imagine it, when inclosed in a mass of flesh, with no other communication with the surrounding universe than the sense of touch—the fingers? We are reminded of Dante's fearful description of those spirits in perdition, which, inclosed and incorporated in petrified trees, retaining their consciousness, but deprived of external sense, shed eternal sighs on the parching breeze, and weep tears of dew from the stony and leafless branches upon a soil of ashes. The happiness of this poor child is, alas! in her ignorance. She recollects no other state than her present desolate one. Should any one of us, after the usual experience of life, be thus smitten, and left without sound, sight, smell, taste, and speech, and yet with the recollection of all our lost faculties, we could not survive the privation a week. Reason would fall, and life itself sink under the intolerable consciousness of such a fate.

But, instead of gloom or irritability, this interesting child has exhibited a character full of gentleness and joy. Few ordinary children, indeed, have equaled her in amiability and cheerfulness. Her imprisoned spirit seems unable to contain its grateful sense of happy existence. We are sure the reader will not grow impatient of our details here. We must again quote from her instructor. He says:

"It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception: nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gayety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group. When left alone, she

seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours: if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with the left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation: if right, then she pats herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish, and laughs, and then, with the right hand, strikes the left, as if to correct it." If she meets, in the passage ways, any of her blind associates, she immediately recognizes them; but "if it be one of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow—there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses." "In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering," &c.

These statements were made early in the experiment of her education. Later reports say that her emotions "are always joyful, always pleasant, and hopeful; and there is no doubt that the glad flow of spirits which she constantly enjoys contributes not only to her physical health, but to the development of her mind. There is none of the wear and tear produced by the grit of discontent; every thing is made smooth by the oil of gladness. She rises uncalled at an early hour; she begins the day as merrily as the lark; she is laughing as she attires herself and braids her hair, and comes dancing out of her chamber as though every morn were that of a gala day; a smile and a sign of recognition greet every one she meets; kisses and caresses are bestowed upon her friends and her teachers; she goes to her lesson, but knows not the word *task*; she gayly assists others in what they call housework, but which she deems play; she is delighted with society, and clings to others as though she would grow to them; yet she is happy when sitting alone, and smiles and laughs as the varying current of pleasant thoughts passes through her mind; and when she walks out into the field, she greets her mother nature, whose smile she cannot see, whose music she cannot hear, with a joyful heart and a glad countenance; in a word, her whole life is like a hymn of gratitude and thanksgiving. I know that this may be deemed

extravagant, and by some considered as the partial description of a fond friend; but it is not so; and fortunately for others, (particularly because this lesson of contentment should not be lost upon the repining and ungrateful,) she is as a lamp set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid. She is seen and known of many, and those who know her best will testify most warmly in her favor." \* \* \* \*

"To the child with all his senses, the acquisition of a language, which has already been perfected by the labor of many successive generations, is an easy and pleasant task, and accomplished without any teacher; for the deaf mute the difficulty is increased a thousand fold; for the deaf, dumb, and blind, it is immeasurably greater still; and for poor Laura Bridgman it is even more increased by the fact that she has not that acuteness of smell and taste, which usually aid those in her situation, and that she relies upon touch alone. Nevertheless, she goes on, joyously using her single small talent, patiently piling up her little heap of knowledge, and rejoicing as much over it as if it were a pyramid." \* \* \* \*

"She laughs aloud," says the same report, "and is almost constantly doing so. In romping and frolic she becomes quite noisy, and thus obtains some exercise of her lungs. No words can describe adequately the eagerness of her manner, and the pleasurable expression of her countenance, when she gets a new idea, and turns to hug her teacher in her glee."

Her manners are marked by perfect decorum. The reports assure us, that, as to cleanliness, modesty, sobriety, &c., she needs no instruction. She is always clean in person and neat in dress; and the slightest exposure will call the blush to her maiden cheek. She adapts her manners to the occasion or company about her; and, notwithstanding the privation of almost all her senses, such is the subtlety of her sensibility, that she discerns, with marvelous accuracy, surrounding company or circumstances, and the conduct appropriate to them. "Nothing," says her teacher, "can occur in a room without her getting some idea of it. At table she always contrives to find out how many people there are; she knows when they are done eating; she can even perceive the slightest jar made by drumming on the table with the fingers or fork." She seems to have the law of propriety and right engraven on her heart, and to perceive instinctively what is befitting.

Her affections are tender and active. Her treatment of her young associates, already described, is evidence of the remark. A very affecting instance of her filial feeling has been recorded by Dr. Howe, which we must give in his own language. After about six months absence from her mother, the latter visited the asylum. "The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious, was playing

about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Haver; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognized, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

"After awhile, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger: she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest. She became very pale, and then suddenly red. Hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety; and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded: her playmates, for whom, but a moment before, she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

"The subsequent parting between them showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother

with the other; and thus she stood for a moment: then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, turning round, clung sobbing to the matron; while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child."

Opinions have been rather freely, and, we think, rather inconsiderately expressed, respecting the director's method in her religious education. Her age, according to the usual course, would justify a fuller communication of religious truth; but it must be borne in mind, that her intellectual capacity bears no proportion to her years and physical growth. At sixteen she was hardly competent to comprehend more than a child at six. Dr. Howe has, therefore, guarded against all precipitancy in her religious instruction. A too early acquaintance with the higher doctrines of revealed truth would only baffle and confound her developing faculties. The use, for instance, of the metaphorical language of religion is peculiarly indiscreet in her case; for though she has some capacity to appreciate similes and tropes, yet is it exceedingly slight, and of exceedingly slow growth. Some over-zealous friend, in the absence of her teacher, talked to her of "the Lamb of God," &c., a most unfortunate expression for her, though full of blessed significance to us who are more happily gifted. It confused her thoughts; she could not understand it. "The Lamb of God was to her a *bona fide* animal; and she could not conceive why it should remain so long a lamb and not grow old like others and be called a sheep." It is obvious that great care is necessary to prevent distorted and even degrading impressions on a mind like hers respecting the holiest of subjects; and just in proportion as such subjects are lofty and abstract is the liability of their misapprehension. It has, therefore, been the object of Dr. Howe to develop her mental faculties first, instilling into her opening mind, meanwhile, the simpler principles of truth, and postponing the abstruser ones till her capacity shall be more adequate to them. We must be permitted, however, to remark, that it seems to us his caution is somewhat extreme. There are ideas of our sinfulness and of salvation through the divine Mediator, which do not embarrass the earliest comprehension of childhood, and which would, doubtless, relieve many of the deep solitudes—unavoidable, though they may be unexpressed—of his interesting pupil. So far as we can judge, it is not so much the inadequacy of her capacity as his own peculiar theological opinions that interfere with her instruction in these elementary principles. We approve his discretion, generally, but should be more satisfied with it, were it not so much based upon what we deem unevangelical views of those vital truths of revealed religion, without which, we believe, there can be no relief to the deep moral anxieties of our fallen nature.

Dr. Howe believes that Laura arrived, herself, at the conception of a supreme Cause; and he denies

the common affirmation that deaf mutes have no such conception till taught it by their teachers. He seems not to have withheld from her any religious truth which her capacity and his own conscientious opinions would admit. Her conversations and letters manifest much religious interest. She shrinks at the thought of death. A little pupil died in the institution. The fact was carefully revealed to her by her instructor. "At the word *died*, she seemed to shrink within herself: there was a contortion of the hands—a half-spasm, and her countenance indicated, not exactly grief, but rather pain and amazement; her lips quivered, and then she seemed about to cry, but restrained her tears." She eagerly inquired respecting the nature of the fearful change, until her teacher, fearing the consequences, dismissed the subject. "*I shall not die!*" she exclaimed emphatically, not in reference to her soul, but "she was shrinking," he writes, "at the thought of physical death, and I turned the conversation. I could not have the heart to give the poor child the baneful knowledge before I had prepared the antidote." But, alas! why not give her the antidote? She has got "the baneful knowledge," as her conversation shows, and it will rankle, unobserved, perhaps, yet with agony in her inmost soul. The knowledge of the antidote, as taught by the great apostle, (Hebrews, ii, 14, 15,) involves no greater collateral difficulties than the knowledge of death itself.

The idea of God is incessantly alluded to in her letters and conversations, so far as we have seen the record of them. "*Can God see? has he eyes? can he be angry? can he cry?*" are frequent questions, showing alike the anxiety and imperfection of her thoughts on the subject. Thoughts of death and God even enter into her dreams. "I sometimes dream of God," said she to her teacher. "What did you dream about last night?" inquired the latter. "I dreamed that God took away my breath to heaven," was her reply, accompanying it with the sign of taking something away from her mouth. When Dr. Howe was in Europe, in the spring of 1844, she wrote him a letter, of which the following is an extract. It discloses the confusion and anxiety of her religious ideas:

"MY VERY DEAR DR. HOWE,—What can I first say to God when I am wrong? Would he send me good thoughts, and forgive me when I am very sad for doing wrong? Why does he not love wrong people if they love him? Would he be very happy to have me think of him and heaven very often? Do you remember that you said I must think of God and heaven? I want you to please to answer me to please me. Is God ever ashamed? I think of God very often to love him. Why did you say that I must think of God? You must answer me all about it: if you do not I shall be sad. Shall we know what to ask God to do? When will he let us go to see him in heaven? How did God tell people

that he lived in heaven? How could he take care of folks in heaven? and why is he our Father? When can he let us go in heaven? Why can not he let wrong people to go to live with him and be happy? Why should he not like to have us ask him to send us good thoughts, if we are not very sad for doing wrong?"

In sincerity and conscientiousness she seems far above ordinary children. In the report of 1843, Dr. Howe says that he could recollect no example of moral obliquity, except under strong temptation. He gives an instance which illustrates the tenderness of her conscience, while it shows a species of guile universally common to childhood:

"She came to me one day dressed for a walk, and had on a new pair of gloves which were stout, and rather coarse. I begun to banter and tease her, (in that spirit of fun of which she is very fond, and which she usually returns with interest,) upon the clumsy appearance of her hands, at which she first laughed, but soon began to look so serious and even grieved, that I tried to direct her attention to something else, and soon forgot the subject. But not so poor Laura; here her personal vanity, or her love of approbation, had been wounded; she thought the gloves were the cause of it, and she resolved to be rid of them. Accordingly, they disappeared, and were supposed to be lost; but her guileless nature betrayed itself; for, without being questioned, she frequently talked about the gloves, not saying directly that they were lost, but asking if they might not be in such or such a place. She was uneasy under the new garb of deceit, and soon excited suspicion. When it reached my ears, I was exceedingly pained, and moreover doubtful what course to pursue. At last, taking her in the most affectionate way, I began to tell her a story of a little girl who was much beloved by her parents, and brothers, and sisters, and for whose happiness every thing was done; and asked her whether the little girl should not love them in return, and try to make them happy; to which she eagerly assented. But, said I, she did not, she was careless, and caused them much pain. At this Laura was excited, and said the girl was in the wrong, and asked what she did to displease her relations. I replied, she deceived them. They never told her any thing but truth, but she one day acted so as to make them think she had not done a thing, when she had done it. Laura then eagerly asked if the girl told a fib, and I explained to her how one might tell a falsehood, without saying a word; which she readily understood, becoming all the time more interested, and evidently touched. I then tried to explain to her the different degrees of culpability resulting from carelessness, from disobedience, and from intentional deceit. She soon grew pale, and evidently begun to apply the remarks to her own case, but still was very eager to know about '*the wrong little girl*,' and how her parents

treated her. I told her her parents were grieved, and cried, at which she could hardly restrain her own tears. After awhile she confessed to me that she had deceived about the gloves; that they were not lost, but hidden away. I then tried to show her that I cared nothing about the gloves; that the loss of a hundred pairs would be nothing if unaccompanied by any deceit. She perceived that I was grieved, and going to leave her to her own thoughts, and clung to me as if in terror of being alone. I was forced, however, to inflict the pain upon her.

"Her teachers and the persons most immediately about her, were requested to manifest no other feeling than that of sorrow on her account; and the poor creature, going about from one to another for comfort and for joy, but finding only sadness, became agonized with grief. When left alone she sat pale and motionless, with a countenance the very image of sorrow; and so severe seemed the discipline, that I feared lest the memory of it should be terrible enough to tempt her to have recourse to the common artifice of concealing and prevarication by another, and thus insensibly get her into the habit of falsehood. I therefore comforted her by assurances of the continued affection of her friends, and tried to make her understand that their grief and her suffering were the simple and necessary consequences of her careless or willful misstatement, and made her reflect upon the nature of the emotion she experienced after having uttered an untruth, how unpleasant it was, how it made her feel afraid, and how widely different it was from the fearless and placid emotion which followed truth."

But we are trespassing on our limits. A change has come over Laura. She is no longer a child, but is passing into the sphere of the higher thoughts and deeper anxieties which pertain to womanhood. During the past year her health has been feeble. "She was placid and uncomplaining," says the last report, "and though never gay as in former years, she was never gloomy. She appeared to feel no fear or anxiety concerning her health; and when questioned closely about it, she would answer that she was very well. Indeed, the change had come over her so slowly and gradually, that she seemed to be hardly conscious of it, and showed surprise when it was alluded to. As she grew thinner, and paler, and weaker, she appeared to be laying aside the garments of the flesh, and her spirit shone out brighter through its transparent vail. Her countenance became more spiritualized, and its pensive expression told truly, that, though there was no gloom, neither was there any gladness in her heart. Her intellect was clear and active, and she would fain have indulged in conversation and study about subjects of a serious nature; but she was sensitive and excitable, and the mental activity and craving were perhaps morbid. Be that as it may, however, she was at a fearful crisis in her life, and it seemed to be our first

duty to save that. She was, therefore, not only diverted from all exciting trains of thought, but dissuaded from pursuing her usual course of study."

By careful treatment she recovered, her flesh returned, and her spirits improved. "Nor is the change in the last respect uninteresting in a moral point of view," says the report. "Before her illness, she was not only a happy but a merry child, who tripped cheerfully along her dark and silent path of life, bearing sportfully a burden of infirmity that would have crushed a stout man, and regarding her existence as a boon given in love, and to be expended in joy. Since her illness, she seems to be a thoughtful girl, from whom the spontaneous joy of childhood has departed, and who is cheerful or sad in sympathy with the feelings of those about her. I hope and believe that her health will be perfectly restored, although it is still very frail, and easily deranged by any over-exertion of body or mind. Perhaps a complete change may take place in her physical system, and her now slender form develop itself into the proportions of a large woman: such changes are not unfrequent after such severe crises. At all events, with restoration of health will come a return to those studies and occupations which have been necessarily suspended. She was just beginning to understand, that, as she was getting freed from the obligations of unconditional obedience to those who had directed her childhood, she must come under no less unconditional obedience to the new monitor and master—the conscience—that was asserting its rule within her; and the veneration and affection for human friends, which are the first objects of the awakened germ of the religious feeling, were gradually tending upward and expanding into worship and love of God.

"This transformation of her soul—this disenthralment of its high and independent powers—was becoming perfectly clear to her by means of instruction, and would have changed what had been mere habit and blind obedience into conscious duty and stern principle, but the process was necessarily interrupted. Such instruction would, of course, require the consideration of subjects which were to her of the most intensely exciting interest, and might have cost her life."

Cheering and grateful as are the emotions with which we have witnessed the development, hitherto, of this unfortunate but amiable girl, we cannot but feel an oppressive anxiety for her now that the higher consciousness and soberer thoughts of adult life are to be brought into conflict with her peculiar privations. Moral considerations alone can sustain her hereafter. She will need the strongest consolations and hopes of religion to illuminate her dark pathway to the tomb. We shall rejoice if the hope expressed in the conclusion of the last report of the asylum shall be realized:

"Already," it says, "with returning health and

strength there appear glimpses of her former gayety of heart; and though she may never again be the merry, thoughtless girl that she was, we may hope to see in her a happy and cheerful woman. She will no longer be the same object of public curiosity and interest that she has been, but she will not be the object of less care and affection to her friends so long as her frail life shall last."

## THE HOME OF THE HEART.

BY AMANDA WHISTON

WE speak of *home*—what mean we

By that dear word—the cot  
That sheltered us in childhood,  
First loved and last forgot?

Or the happy dwelling-place  
That was ours in after years;  
That heard our children's laughter,  
And saw our children's tears?

Nay, nay; the lowly cottage  
Where our loved parents dwelt—  
Where, each even, round the hearth-fire,  
At the same still hour we knelt—  
Where we learned our first sweet Sabbath song,

Our first few words of prayer:  
Its memory is holy;  
But our home—it is not there.

Nor yet in the loved dwelling  
We spoke of as our own,  
When deeper cares their shadow  
Over our hearts had thrown.  
We were happy, O, how happy!  
Earth seemed all bright and fair,  
While we dwelt 'neath that dear roof-tree;  
But our *home*—it is not there.

Where the dear ones who passed from us  
With words of sad farewell,  
Now, robed in stainless vestments,  
With the bright angels dwell—  
Where love is not half anguish—  
Where friends meet not to part—  
*There* is the spirit's dwelling,  
The home of the calm in heart.

How many of our dear ones  
Have reached that happy home!  
Are they not watching for us,  
Waiting till we shall come?  
Deep, deep within our bosoms  
Pure love for them we bear;  
They remember us in heaven:  
Our *home*—it is with them there.

THE Christian cause, o'er every other cause,  
Shall triumph, and the world be filled with bliss.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

## A DAY WITH THE CATHOLICS.

MY reader is undoubtedly advised, that this Queen City has become the centre of Catholic influence, if not for the whole country, at least for the west; and that no city of the Union affords more ample facilities for determining the true character of that influence from its daily life. Availing myself of the privilege here presented, of recognizing American Romanism, by its floating banner rather than its books, not many months ago I set apart a single day to this purpose. As I had taken my time at random, without any reference to the calendar, I resolved to select a good point for observation, and then sketch whatever scenes or incidents might occur, with the faithfulness of a Daguerreotype process. They, therefore, who shall peruse this paper, may rely upon the picture, whatever they may think of my opinions; and, I will add, both the picture and the opinions are here offered expressly for the benefit of those who, though curious in such matters, have not the opportunity of personal examination.

"You see, then," said I to a young gentleman of my acquaintance, "that the Catholics are nice judges of a location. Yonder Cathedral occupies the best site for such an edifice in the city. It stands on the summit level of this broad and beautiful plateau. Several years ago, when the ground was first purchased for this building, some were disposed to be merry over the mistake of its projectors, in carrying it so far out from the apparent centre. But those men were better speculators, if not better philosophers, than their judges. Perceiving the eastern section of the city densely crowded, and the northern and southern limits bounded by natural barriers, their vision must have been dim indeed had they not foreseen the rapidly swelling flood of business, wealth, and population setting westward. Now their lofty temple is in the midst of a thriving portion of the city, and will soon occupy its centre."

"I have often admired," said my friend, "the architecture of that building. The outside, it is true, scarcely yet shows what it will be when completed; but the interior is certainly rich and magnificent. What do you think of the Corinthian order for a house of worship?"

"That was not the question," I replied, "with the proprietors of this edifice. All they wished was to adapt the order to the popular taste in this country; nor can you fail to know, that an infant people, whose ruling faculty is the imagination, is most pleased with what is most picturesque and ornamental. As a nation, in spite of all our boasting, we are in that state of childhood which delights in pictures. While all our physical life is coming out with vigor, astonishing the world by the most wonderful demonstrations, our intellectual life is chiefly that of fancy, and spends itself in admiration of natural and artistic beauty. All of our best artists complain of this general failing; and some, discouraged by it, have gone to foreign countries. The common people among us are great admirers of human eloquence; but they most applaud that which is highly passionate and flashy. Our literature, too, shares liberally in the predominant taste for superficial excellence; and elegant writing is now thought, by a majority of readers, to consist of fine words overlaid with the most gaudy flowers of the imagination."

"Admitting your premises," rejoined my young companion, "the conclusion is certainly both natural and easy. You think the projectors of this great work consulted only the ruling passion of our people."

"If you are not convinced of this fact by the outside," I replied in a whisper, for we were now within the great door of the tower, "you will see it more clearly by regarding the interior. Stand here, and look in upon that double row of Corinthian columns, so perfectly designed, so smoothly fluted, resting on polished pedestals, and crowned with such richly-figured capitals. Throw your eye upward to the empaneled roof, molded into perfect keeping with the prevailing order, each panel of which is set off with a beautiful fretted border. Now, if you can see so far, or penetrate the 'dim religious light' cast by those colored windows, you will descry, at the other extremity of the vast room, a magnificent recess, guarded by a brazen fence or wall, and filled with the sacred furniture. There, at the left, is the *cathedra*, or bishop's chair, a costly sedan of crimson velvet, covered by a canopy of silk ornamented with embroidered figures and dropping tassels. At the right, outside the bronze wall, is a table supporting an immense urn, or something of that description, and above it hangs a fine picture of the crucifixion. In the centre stands the marble altar, figured all over with emblematic sculpture, and covered, though not concealed, by a flowing screen of the lightest and most open texture. The altar has two niches, or entablatures. On the lower one are ranged the sacred books, bound, lettered, and mounted with sumptuous elegance, and the ordinary utensils of the service. On the superior tablet stand ten golden candlesticks, six of them very high and massive, four of less stature, and alternated with the larger, all of which are furnished with long and superb waxen candles. The six larger ones are now burning, and seem to be radiant spots of fire, or blazing buttons, on the adjacent ceiling. High above the altar are three splendid paintings, works, I should think, by the best European masters. That on the right, as you dimly see, is the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus; and you have just light enough to distinguish a winged cherub standing a few feet behind her. On the left the crucified Redeemer is being borne along, by his friends, to the rocky tomb in the garden, the whole effect of which is very life-like and touching. The centre piece, the great ornament of the recess, and not less of the church itself, is the representation of the angel's visit to St. Peter while in prison. Not only the conception, but the drawing and coloring of this vast picture, are worthy of any artist. Look, now, upon all that brilliant scene—the brazen fence, the velvet-cushioned cathedra, the marble altar and its burnished and blazing furniture, and all that array of masterly and affecting pictures—and then ruminates a moment on the design of all this splendor."

"If, as you think, we are pre-eminently an imaginative people," replied my friend, "and I have long believed this to be one of our chief characteristics, I already perceive the *ad captandum populum* policy reigning throughout this vast pageant of art. But, lo! what comes there?"

"Nothing," said I in a low whisper, "but the actors in the religious drama about to be performed with the same captivating policy in view."

But the peals of the mighty organ, rolling and thundering through its thousand pipes, and jarring the very



wainscots and windows by its tones, closed all further conversation at a stroke. Two robed priests and a mitred bishop, preceded, in a regular line, by eight small boys in scarlet gowns, enter through a door at the right of the altar, and kneel in fine order before the burning candles and the cross. The show of devotion was never more complete than here. The bishop, with a priest on either side, and supported by his platoon of little girl-looking boys, prostrates his face to the dust. All unite in this motion with a precision much to be admired. Every thing looks devout, solemn, and profound. There seems to be a worship in their hands. Thumb lies next to thumb, the fingers are accurately sorted into their respective pairs; and the submissive palms, thus adjusted, are reverently elevated before the breast. Now, they all meekly bow, and rise, then bow again. Over the rather broad back of the little bishop—he is a small man in stature—there is a wide brocade covering, stiff with inwrought gold and silver threads, furnishing an ample canvas for a tapestried image of the cross. The officiating priest is similarly attired; but the other, who is to be the preacher for the day, is arrayed in a white crape gown mounted with a glittering collar and fastened by bright bands. The three adults in this mystic company are crowned with velvet caps, which, at stated and studied intervals, they reverently take off, and then bow themselves with an abasement more than commonly profound. During all the opening pageant, the organ keeps on in its vast and varying career, till all is hushed by two signal strokes from the presiding genius at the keys. Though the scene remains, the performers now take different parts, and the second act begins.

The bishop is now seated in his rich sedan. The preacher takes a common seat at his right, with his face turned toward the crucifix, and his back to the adoring people in their pews. The band of little boys sit quietly on a bench laid adjacent to the brazen wall. No praise could exceed the strict propriety of their behavior, the neatness of their girlish dress, nor their skill in the enactment of their several parts. No sooner does the officiating priest ascend the platform before the altar, and begin the public services of the day, than these little disciples take up their distinctive duties, as if they had been educated for nothing else. The clergyman, turning his face to the audience, with his hands adjusted as before described, repeats a few words, and then turns himself round. After bowing frequently before the cross and wax candles, and waving his hands with a peculiar motion, he carelessly lifts up a leaf or two of a large and elegantly covered book, set in a mahogany frame, and begins to chant or recite its contents in a most unmusical and monotonous tone of voice. This reading, or recitation, is now and then interrupted by low prostrations before the gilt savior on the cross. The minister is closely followed by the organist, who, with punctilious accuracy, supports each paragraph of the recitation with a choral burst from the sounding pipes. Meanwhile, the very needful and officious little lads in red, watching the progress of the ceremony, wait upon the priest at every point. The big book, now on one side of the altar, is carried religiously to the other, and then back to its former place, as if the whole import of its contents depended on the place it occupies on the marble slab. Perhaps the import, however, gives the worshippers but little or no concern; for every thing read or uttered is in a dead language; and the words are so perfectly concealed, by the style of reading, that

no mortal can make out a single sentence of what is sung or said. But the benediction is now hurriedly pronounced, the scene is changed, and the third act of this sacred play begins.

Attached to the third of the long row of columns on the right, counting from the holy place, is a mahogany pulpit, raised about ten feet above the floor, accessible by a case of winding stairs, and covered by a canopy of polished wood. The minister, leaving his brethren at rest within the brazen fence, opens the large brass gate, walks meekly through the crowd, and ascends the stairs, winding up and around the pillar to his elevated place. Without sitting down, he opens the Bible to read, and all the people stand upon their feet. From the body of the lesson he selects a text, and the sermon immediately succeeds.

The listener must not be very captious about nice points in the plan and conduct of a discourse. He must not be surprised if the text and sermon are not allied by any ties of blood; nor must he wonder to hear a new and original translation of the text itself; but he will be pleased with the graceful and easy manner by which it is pronounced: "*And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of INIQUITY, that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting DWELLINGS.*"

I know not what sort of a sermon is naturally expected, by a large and breathless audience, from a passage so difficult to be understood; but I will venture to presume, that no one present, not even the most experienced in such things, anticipates a discourse on *charity*, to be concluded with a well-pointed appeal for the perishing poor of Erin's green isle. But so it is; and the tears of many hundreds, the frequent crossings of the face and breast, and a liberal collection—not for Ireland after all, the preacher tells us, but for common use—no doubt give ample satisfaction to the parties behind the scene, and form a brilliant period to the third act in the interesting drama of the day.

The bishop, the priests, and the little boys are again bending and bowing before the burning candles on the altar. The four smaller lights are now fired by a lad holding to their ready wicks a jet of flame, miraculously fed or furnished, from the tip of a long and slender lamp-lighter. After numerous genuflections and regonflections, all of which are performed with becoming gravity, two of the boys, leaving their companions still kneeling, pass round to the right side of the altar, and return, bearing each a small bottle. The priest extends to them a silver cup, into which they pour the contents of their vessels, and then retire in good order. In a little time the same agreeable ceremony is repeated. Now begins a more awful pageant. The priest takes the cup, sets it down before the gilt crucifix, waves his right hand most significantly over it, repeats a few Latin sentences, then raises it up, just as a little bell is ringing, for the gratification of the adoring worshippers. Now he sets the cup down again; and every good Catholic bows himself, as the useful bell rings out the second signal. Should that boy forget his bell-ringing, the most terrible profanations of the mystery might follow; but the lad is conscious of his importance, and most decidedly understands his business. But now all is over. The apotheosis is supposed to have taken place; and the priest, holding the glittering chalice high up before him, drinks its contents to the last atom. The boys next furnish, by a repetition of

their last ceremony, another supply of liquid from the same or similar little glass bottles. The cup is now closely covered, then concealed under a patch of embroidery, and finally set back beneath the blaze of the ten waxen candles. The benediction is the third time pronounced; the bishop and the priests, preceded again by the obedient and trusty little boys, march out through the door at which they entered; and the fourth act closes amidst a perfect volley of learned and laborious thunder from the organ.

The spectator, impelled by his fancy, or curious to see the drama concluded, is in his seat again in the afternoon. The great crowd being gone, he has ample room to breathe. None but the aristocracy of the Church is here. The laboring poor, having listened to the morning mass, and offered the customary amount of prayers, are out on the streets, or thronging the highways, or roaming through the country far and near. But the rich and the gay go to Church again to be entertained; and it is really an entertainment they enjoy. The long, and monotonous, and tiresome ceremonies are now done. The remainder of the day is spent in a long chorus, or series of choruses, led by the organ, and listened to attentively by the people. There is no longer that wearying repetition of prostrations, and bowings, and genuflections. The relieved worshiper leans carelessly back in his cushioned seat, the bishop and the priests being the only persons present, who seem to make any religious observance of the inspiring music of the choir. They, now and then, devoutly take off their three-cornered velvet caps, and put them on again with a reverence equally profound. All the amateurs of music enjoy a high festival, and hang upon the lips of the singers, or tremble at every sweep of the mighty instrument, with a passion frequently mistaken for devotion. The old people, with book and spectacles, follow the changes of the rapt song with a sort of hum, or low buzzing sound, which acts as a singular counterpart to the high notes of the organ. The young men and maidens, free from all anxiety about another life, amuse themselves with many a fascinating smile, and make all their worship to consist in a busy contemplation of the "human face divine." All the strangers present, and there are many of them here, sit in mute wonder at the flood of mingled melody and harmony, which comes pouring down upon them from above:

"Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?  
Who up the lofty diapason roll  
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul?  
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dote  
They breathed, in tender musings, thro' the heart;  
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart,  
Wild warbling nature all above the reach of art!"

When the last sweet note of the organ has died away upon the ear, the bishop, and the priests, and the bevy of little boys rise from their seats, array themselves before the altar, and, making their last and lowest reverence, retire from the stage, leaving the people to their musings on the scenes and ceremonies of the day.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said my friend, as we were slowly retiring from the Cathedral, "that your criticism is just. They do yield every thing to what they suppose to be the popular taste. Not only in the structure and furnishing of their house, but in all the services, they strive to make a bold impression on the imagination,

and to captivate the sense. With real skill have they united architecture, painting, sculpture, and music, together with several of the less prominent of the fine arts, to make a combined and uniform effect. The ritual, I also perceive, is apparently abridged, so as to suit the characteristic haste of the American public. Every thing, from first to last, is nicely adapted to the prevailing prejudices of the people on whom they desire to act."

"Nor is this a new feature of their method of making popular their faith. It is as old as their Church. It is by this means they have acquired more than half the influence they exert. Before the fall of Rome, they borrowed from the Pagan temples many rites, and from Pagan philosophers more than half of the corrupt doctrines, which, in every period of their history, have so obscured the truth. The other half of their corruptions they derived from the early Jews, who, on condition of coming into the Roman Church, were allowed to retain such practices and opinions as they would not relinquish for the sake of Christ. Romanism, therefore, was originally a combination of Judaism and Paganism, bound together by just that amount of pure Christian doctrine, which these prevailing elements could leave undisturbed. But it has since been modified by every people, in every age, among whom it has found a place. It yields to local circumstances with an elastic grace. In Rome, it remains nearly the same as at its birth. In England, it has received a change. In China, while it existed there, it strove to conform to the doctrines of Confucius and to the rites of Fo. In France, it is nearly as liberal as Voltaire himself could wish. In the United States, where it has last appeared, it makes a virtue of bowing to our popular institutions, to our democratic manners, and to our peculiar taste."

"What, then," inquired my companion, "will be the end of all these concessions? Does Catholicism ever change?"

"You should remember," I replied, "that Romanism has two sides—an inside and an outside. It is *external* Romanism that yields. The *internal* part of it, the soul, the life of the system, remains unaltered from age to age."

At this moment my young friend and myself were compelled to take different streets. He remarked, on bidding me farewell, that he had obtained a more correct notion of Romanism from that day's observation, and intended to reflect seriously upon the subjects discussed of till we should meet again. Hoping that my reader may also have been profited, by the reports I have herein furnished him, I give him the parting hand, trusting soon to wait upon him with a very different topic.

#### GOOD BEHAVIOR REWARDED.

THE young ladies, who honor these pages with their notice, may derive some *classical* hints from the following remarks, and especially from the delightful story told to support them:

"Where do men usually discover the women who afterward become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to, is worth mentioning to our young lady readers. Chance has much to do in these affairs; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other place of public gayety; and nearly as few are

influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate, or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. When and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high and the humble. Against these all the finery and airs in the world are insignificant. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burret, Esq., of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised to go to Spa, for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort; they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gayety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles; they were never out of their father's company, and never went from home except to attend him, either to take the air or drink the waters; in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town, then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They were all married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverly, another to the Duke of Hamilton, afterward to the Marquis of Exeter, and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is but justice to them to say, that they reflected honor on their rank, rather than derived any from it."

#### THE DUKE OF SULLY.

SULLY, the great Duke of France, relates a very singular story of himself, which has furnished the key-note to several French romances, as the reviews inform us, but which I have not read:

"Entering one day," he says, "without any attendants, into a very large chamber, I found a man walking about it very fast, and so absorbed in thought, that he neither saluted me, nor, as I imagine, perceived me. Observing him more attentively, every thing in his person, his manner, his countenance, and his dress, appeared to me to be very uncommon. His body was long and slender; his face thin and withered; his beard white and forked; he had on a large hat which covered his face; a cloak buttoned close at the collar; boots of an enormous size; a sword trailing on the ground; and in his hand he held a large double bag like those that are tied to saddle-bows. I asked him, in a raised tone of voice, if he lodged in that room, and why he seemed in such a profound contemplation. Affronted at the question, without saluting me, or even deigning to look at me, he answered me rudely, that he was in his own apartment, and that he was thinking of his own affairs, as I might do of mine. Although I was a little surprised at his impertinence, I, nevertheless, requested him very civilly to permit me to dine in the room; a proposal which he received with grumbling, and which

was followed by a refusal still less polite. That moment, three of my gentlemen pages, and some footmen, entering the chamber, my brutal companion thought fit to soften his looks and words, pulled off his hat, and offered me every thing in his power. Then suddenly eyeing me with a fixed look, asked me, with a wild air, where I was going? I told him, to meet the king. 'What, sir!' he replied, 'has the king sent for you? Pray tell me on what day and hour you received his letters, and also at what hour you set out?' It was not difficult to discover an astrologer by these questions, which he asked me with invincible gravity. I was farther obliged to tell him my age, and to allow him to examine my hands. After all these ceremonies were over, 'Sir,' said he, with an air of surprise and respect, 'I will resign my chamber to you very willingly; and, before long, many others will leave their places to you less cheerfully than I do mine.' The more I pretended to be astonished at his great abilities, the more he endeavored to give me proofs of them—promising me riches, honors, and power."

#### A RELIGIOUS KING.

NOTHING, in this world, is more hidden than the real character of a king. Raised by his office far above the inspection of the public, and forced to intrust nearly all his business to his ministers and friends, his own part in the affairs of state is always a matter of speculation, and sometimes a mystery impossible to be solved. No monarch has ever been so praised, nor so severely blamed, as Henry the Fourth of France. By some writers, he has been set down as ambitious though weak, as haughty though possessed of no gift of which he could be justly proud. Others, and probably with more of truth, have regarded him as a mild and pious man, sacrificing every thing for the public good, and doing nothing merely to please himself. It is related of him, that, just before the battle of Ivry, which was to decide his fortunes for this world, he stood uncovered in the presence of his army, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounced a most fervent but submissive prayer in these words: "O, Lord, thou knowest all things. If it be best for this people that I should reign over them, favor my cause, and give success to my arms. But if this be not thy will, let me now die with those who endanger themselves for my sake!" Opposed as I am to every thing but purely defensive war, and permitting that only in the worst extremes of necessity, I am not prepared to pronounce an opinion on this battle; but the sentiments expressed by the King of France, if they were ever really expressed, are worthy of David himself, and could be easily paralleled out of several of his psalms. If such, also, were the sincere sentiments of every ruler in the world, there would soon be no room for war.

#### LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

THE very learned and laborious Dr. Scoresby has been giving a series of lectures on astronomy, in which he has paid particular attention to the wonderful revelations of Lord Rosse's mammoth telescope. As there is some difference of opinion, in this country, respecting the power of that great instrument, the reader will be pleased to see, no doubt, the precise language of the lecturer on this topic:

"With respect to the 'moon,' says the Doctor, 'every object on its surface of the height of one hundred feet was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no

doubt, that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt whatever that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearances which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate. Hence would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher, Why had this devastation been? It might be further inquired, Was it a lost world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Analogy might suggest the question, Had it met the fate which Scripture told us was reserved for our world? It was obvious that all this was mysterious conjecture."

## FORGIVENESS.

THE following conversation, between Mr. Wesley and one of his early preachers, has been authenticated by abundant proof:

"Joseph Bradford was for some years the traveling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health, and even life; but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wesley, one day, 'take these letters to post.'

"B. I will take them after preaching, sir.

"W. Take them now, Joseph.

"B. I wish to hear you preach, sir, and there will be sufficient time for the post after service.

"W. I insist upon your going now, Joseph.

"B. I will not go at present.

"W. You won't?

"B. No, sir.

"W. Then you and I must part.

"B. Very good, sir.

"The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the refractory helper was accosted with, 'Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?'

"B. Yes, sir.

"W. And we must part?

"B. Please yourself, sir.

"W. Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?

"B. No, sir.

"W. You won't?

"B. No, sir.

"W. Then I will ask yours, Joseph.

"Poor Joseph was instantly melted—smitten as by the wand of Moses, when forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock."

## THE GREAT ORGAN.

THE new organ, recently put up in Trinity church, New York, has come to be one of the wonders of the day. It is by far the largest in the United States, and is decidedly the best. Its estimated weight is sixty tons. The case is of solid oak, richly carved in the Gothic style. It is fifty-three feet high, twenty-eight feet wide,

and thirty-two feet deep. It has three sets of keys, and two octaves of pedals for the feet. It has forty-four stops, and more than two thousand pipes, the combined effect of which is said to be beyond conception. The great pedal pipe is thirty-two feet long, and measures thirty-six inches by thirty. The centre gold pipe in front is twenty-two feet long and eighteen inches in diameter. Fifteen thousand dollars, enough to build a church, is the cost of the instrument. It was exhibited soon after it was put up, and six thousand seven hundred and thirty-two tickets were sold the first day, and on the second eleven thousand four hundred and fifty-seven. It must cost something, certainly, to the pew-holders of Trinity to worship God. Jesus, sending back his message to the imprisoned John, emphatically remarked, as a token of his Messiahship, that "*the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.*" The reader may think the rest.

## THE OCEAN.

No person, who has not seen the ocean, can conceive what vast thoughts come pouring in upon him, while standing on its shore. I have spent whole days in looking out upon the great expanse of waters, and watching the rolling billows at their play. I have stood on the rocky cliffs in a tempest, and seen the ocean in its rage. No words can describe the awful majesty of the scene. I have passed the night, standing alone on a narrow breezy deck, when the winds were roused, and the ship was tossing on the waves like a feather or a straw. Of all God's works, so varied and so vast in this great world, the ocean is to me the most interesting, and the most sublime. I have read many descriptions of it, but never one at all equal to the theme. The poets have written volumes on it, but the ocean is yet undescribed. One rapt bard, feeling the grandeur of his subject and the weakness of his muse, gives up all description, and imparts a lesson worthy of the laurel on his brow:

## "Adoring own

The Hand almighty, who its channel'd bed  
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,  
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;  
With every wind to waft large commerce on,  
Join pole to pole, consecrate sever'd worlds,  
And link in bonds of intercourse and love  
Earth's universal family."

## THE QUEEN CITY.

WHO, of the thousands now thronging the streets of the great emporium of the west, thinks, that, half a century ago, it was a miserable hamlet, as unpromising as the poorest little burg in the sickliest swamp on earth! "In 1795," says Judge Burnet, "Cincinnati was a small village of log cabins, including about fifteen rough, unfinished frame houses, with stone chimneys. Not a brick had then been seen in the place, where now so many elegant edifices present themselves to the eye, and where a population is found, estimated at eighty thousand souls!" But this, reader, is only an index of the growth and prosperity of the whole of the mighty west. With what gratitude should we, who enjoy the fruit of so many years' improvement, look back upon the trials and toil of our ancestors; and how nobly we should strive to equal them in sacrifices, though of another kind, for the welfare of our great country, and the elevation of the arts and sciences, of literature and religion, throughout the vast area where our children are to erect their homes!

## NOTICES.

**SKETCHES FOR THE YOUNG, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS.** By *Erwin House*.—We place this book at the head of the list, because we are acquainted with no volume so replete with every thing useful and entertaining to the young. There is no book within the bounds of our acquaintance, which we can so heartily recommend to parents and teachers as this; and, if all our former notices of similar works should be disregarded, we hope our readers will buy this volume, and let it circulate through the length and breadth of the land. It is a little world of useful information, and is written with a special reference to the literary and moral improvement of the young. As a specimen of the art of printing, it has few equals, and no superiors of its kind, either east or west. In every way it is a jewel, and we predict for it an abundant sale. Having been prepared and published under our own eye, without adopting every single expression, and thus making it our own, we can sincerely say, that we have selected it, from the many similar works on our editorial shelf, for the express use of our little ones at home. While it is adapted especially to young people, it seems to us calculated to be almost equally entertaining and profitable, as a choice family reading book, for riper years. We are really solicitous to see it scattered, with an unsparing hand, all over the country, and trust it will be called for with a sort of rage. It is sold by Swormstedt and Mitchell for the low price of fifty cents, with the usual large discount to wholesale purchasers.

**BIBLE ESSAY, or Six Reasons why Infidels should be Christians.** By *D. Trueman*. 1847.—The writer of this volume is well known by the readers of the Repository as a contributor to its pages. This work is written in the author's very best style, and is really an improvement on himself, doing honor both to his head and heart. It is full of useful matter, and can hardly fail to be profitable to all who read it. It is worthy, not only of perusal, but of careful study, and will undoubtedly meet much success. We commend it to the judicious attention and good sense of an enlightened public.

**A CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.** By *Rev. George Coles Lane and Tippet*: New York. Sold by Swormstedt and Mitchell, Cincinnati. 1847.—This, to say the least that can be said, is, in almost every respect, the very best concordance now extant. It is really an improvement on all of the older works, being both more copious and more correct. What more can we say? We have used it considerably, since it was laid upon our table, and shall continue to use it in preference to any and every other within our reach.

**AN ESSAY ON CHURCH POLITY, comprehending an Outline of the Controversy on Ecclesiastical Government, and a Vindication of the Ecclesiastical System of the Methodist Episcopal Church.** By *Rev. Abel Stevens, A. M. Lane and Tippet*: New York. 1847.—This and the similar work of brother Fillmore, are destined to divide the patronage of the Methodist public on this vital subject; but the volume now before us will, without any doubt, take the lead as a text-book for the Church. The other work will be most read by ministers who have passed through their studies. Mr. Stevens' book abounds with erudition, and statistics bearing directly upon the subjects in debate. The first of the three parts is an able and lucid exposition of Church

government in general, and furnishes a fine preparation to the student for the remaining parts. The balance of the volume is devoted, under two grand divisions, to the *origin and structure* of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which the author exhibits a great amount of originality and talent. In every way this is a standard book. It is not only well written and correct, but judicious, safe, instructive, and popular in every part. We cannot be mistaken, we think, in predicting for it a high place among the text-books in our course of study, for young ministers, east and west; nor do we deem it probable that a better work, for this purpose, will be prepared in many years, if ever, to take its place. Swormstedt and Mitchell.

**RICHESS OF GRACE.** Edited by *D. S. King*.—The possibility of such an experience, as is now generally denominated Christian holiness, admits of being proved either by quotations from Scripture, by reasons drawn from the capacity of the soul and the analogy of truth, or by living witnesses professing it. This book contains the latter kind of proof, which is really so abundant, that the reader can desire no more. For sale by Swormstedt and Mitchell.

**HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.** By *William H. Prescott*.—Nothing need be said, by any magazine or newspaper, in this country or in Europe, for or against the successive historical works of Mr. Prescott. All that the public desires to know of them is, whether they have been published, and where they can be had. It is idle either to praise or find fault with such a writer. Mr. Prescott, though he has employed his pen almost entirely on foreign subjects, is entitled to the first rank among the historians of this country. His style, not quite as perfect as that of Irving in his *Life of Columbus*, is remarkably easy, and his matter is always entertaining; and his three great productions, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the *Conquest of Mexico*, and the *Conquest of Peru*, to say nothing of his essays, will carry his name to the latest generation. The latter work will fully sustain his great fame as a classic historian. The subject of it, being not quite as fruitful as those of his preceding volumes, made higher demands upon his diction, and will, consequently, rather enhance than diminish his reputation as a chaste, easy, beautiful, and graphic writer.

**JOSEPHUS ILLUSTRATED**, by the Harpers, is on our table, and makes us feel singular enough in comparing it with the musty old Greek and Latin edition, in three volumes, which we happen to be at this time perusing. But we shall stick to our text, though we praise the taste and embellishments of the new edition. We find, however, that the blanks of the Greek copy are supplied by some hand, but we know not by whose dictum.

**THE BOY'S SUMMER BOOK**, by the same house, has been criticised by a little fellow, who is decidedly more skillful in such books than ourself; and he has pronounced it "just the thing."

WE have received catalogues of Pennington Male Seminary, Oakland Female Seminary, Henry and Emory College, Cincinnati Seminary, Wesleyan University, and of the Wesleyan Academy, all of which show these excellent institutions to be in a sound and prosperous state. The cause of education stands high in all of them, and is ever advancing higher.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Editor has many thanks to present to his able contributors for their excellent furnishings for this number, and hopes they will continue to remember him with undiminished liberality.

We will take the liberty of saying to our readers, that the article of Mr. Stevens, though rather lengthy, is too good and too much a unit to admit of division. It will richly repay the reader, who will go through with it. His contributions, we trust, and have renewed reasons to expect, will be more frequent in future numbers.

Our coteremporaries seem to think that the August number was the best issued since our editorial course began. We are really glad if they, or our readers, find any reason to be pleased.

We have received the first number of a new magazine, got up and edited by the students of the Asbury University. We are happy in seeing this demonstration of enterprise on the part of the young gentlemen of that institution. Their work does them abundant credit. They have some fine writers among them, and, by devoting time enough to it, they can make a very spirited monthly. Success to the "Platonean and Philologist!"

We are sincerely thankful to the venerable editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, for his laughable critique on one of our July pictures. Our readers have been duly informed, that, as an editor, we claim no praise for any of the prints used in the Repository since our incumbency began. They were all purchased four or five years ago; and our predecessors, having enjoyed the first pickings, had a perfect right to hand over to us the oft-rejected pictures remaining in their possession. But, reader, we are now done with the whole of them, and we know not in what terms to express our gratitude. Many of them have given universal satisfaction; but some we could not praise, not even officially; and among the number was the one now in question. So little that we do is worthy of any commendation, that we are grateful for the favorable regards of any of our coteremporaries or readers; but, as dear as their approbation would be to us, we beg to be excused from all insincere flattery, and prize the *good* opinion of a reviewer, who has the honesty to make objections when merited.

The editors of the Southern Lady's Companion, we are happy to see, hold the Repository in high estimation. "This is one of the few periodicals," they observe, "designed for the special use of ladies, that may be read with perfect safety, and without fear of contamination by the contact. Its contributors, generally, are of the *substantial* and *respectable* character, and its editor displays a *commendable degree of taste, talent, and industry* in his department." This, certainly, if deserved, is a very high compliment, the more to be prized as coming from a couple of gentlemen, whose feelings are a little chafed by a brief notice we have given them; but we must decline the honor they offer us, in relation to the article in our July number on "Corrupt Literature," and honestly point out the person who really deserves it. Be it known, then, that, just as that number was going to press, it became necessary for us to leave the city for a week or two, during which time a gentleman of high literary attainments, a fine writer and an author, consented to superintend the press during our absence, and fill up any little corner that might be found lacking. He it was, who wrote the complimented article in question, which, though it by no means expresses our personal views in every part of it,

furnishes the only apology those editors themselves can offer for transferring to their columns the second-hand productions of an American novelist. If they do truly "go with the editor, to the fullest extent, in opposition to the corrupt novels of the day," their faith would find a very needful support by a little consistent practice. We assure them, on the other hand, that we are in earnest in our "opposition" to all novels without exception; and, in our notices, have so constantly discouraged them, that every publisher in the country has ceased sending them to our table.

Our readers may remember, that, in our January number, we noticed a new book, entitled, "PHRENOLOGY; or, the Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena," by Dr. Spurzheim. Little did we think, when writing that mere book notice, that the editor of the Phrenological Journal would deem it worthy of his notice. He does, in fact, very plainly intimate, that the piece is totally unworthy of being replied to, especially by one who has so great a work in hand as he has; but still he replies to it, not by another book notice, but by a long and labored article, in which he tries hard to upset all our reasonings on the subject. He also informs us, that he had previously enlightened the world by giving, in his Journal, the exact phrenological character of Mr. Wesley, and promises to send it to our office. We have not received it; and it was by mere accident that we happened to meet with the number, containing his reply to us, in the hands, not of one of his "fifty thousand subscribers," but of a neighbor's little baby. Rescuing it from the urchin's rather rough treatment, and turning carelessly over its pictured pages, we were not a little flattered to find ourself so largely talked of where we had least expected any notice; but the arguments raised to rebut our facts require no answer, and we shall give none. Mr. Fowler may have to himself his "great work," of convincing the world, that all religion and revelation must bow to his deductions from human nature.

As we now write, (August 3,) the weather is so charming and agreeable as to deserve a passing notice. During the past eight or ten days, the thermometer has not been above 80° nor below 60°. This is certainly remarkable for the season. The mornings and evenings are scarcely inferior, we are strongly inclined to think, to the mornings and evenings of the world's first garden. Occasionally we climb those hills to the north of our city, and are repaid in a manner our pen cannot reveal. The atmosphere, during the period just named, has been unusually clear; and, in consequence, every object, both on earth and in the sky, assumed its loveliest aspect. At the hour of twilight might be seen the evening star, hanging over the verdant hills in the west—hills interspersed with variegated dales and our famed beautiful river; while, from the east, the full-orbed moon was walking in "cloudless majesty," and lighting up the hills of our sister state. And then, each morn, as the sun commenced his going forth, a flood of the purest splendor was thrown over the ever-charming scenery—scenery composed of a thousand varied objects—hills, woodlands, waters, fields, gardens, towers, spires, and human dwellings. To the lover of nature, cities may be dull; but the suburbs of some of them, at least, are replete with glory and enchantment. Why do not the inhabitants seek more enjoyment *there*?

We cannot possibly comply with the invitation of our kind friends at M., as we expect, at *that* time, to be in the midst of a camp meeting in our adopted hooster state.



MY SPIRIT HOME.

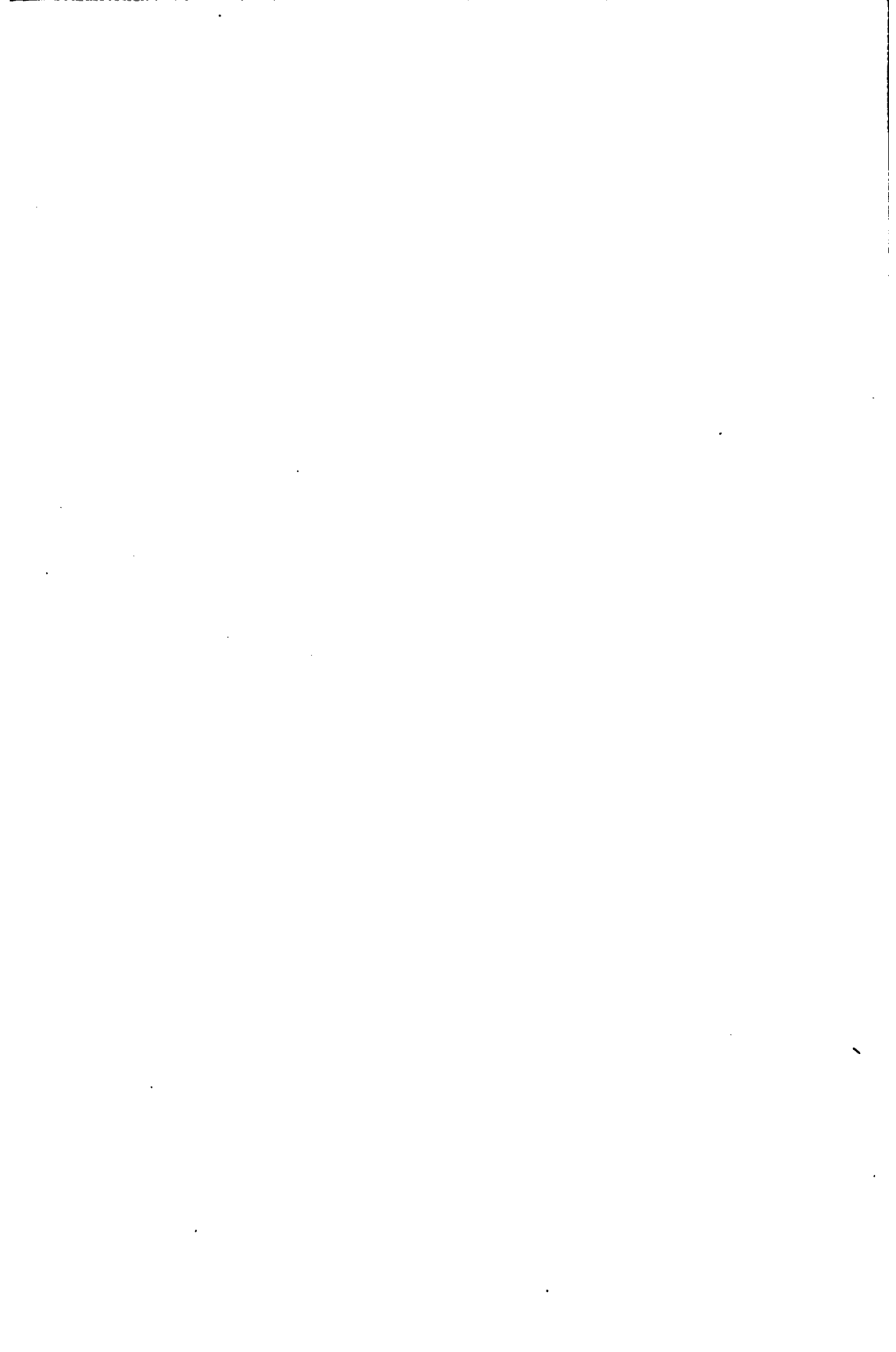
BY N. WRIGHT

I AM alone—no one is near—  
The daylight hours are past,  
And with his sable curtain Night  
Is shrouding nature fast:  
Now spirit forms around me move—  
Their whispers speak them near;  
They call me—glad would I obey:  
"O, come, thy home's not here!"

Sweet visions now of other days,  
When friends and hopes were mine,  
And youthful fancy pictured bright  
The schemes for after time,  
(Then flowers around life's pathway grew:  
Those flowers now dead and sere.)  
To me with mournful tones they speak:  
"Thy home, it is not here."

The twilight's past—its spirits fled,  
And darkness wraps the whole;  
Yet deeper gloom than that of night  
Is wrapp'd around my soul;  
The voices of departed joys  
Now fall on mem'ry's ear;  
United all, one voice they speak:  
"Cheer up! thy home's not here."

The stars now gem the sparkling dome;  
They whisper peace to me,  
And tell me still I have a home  
Beyond life's heaving sea;  
And though on earth I find no friends,  
Still, kindred souls there are  
In that bright land—far—far away:  
My spirit's home is there.















*PRIMULA AURICULA.*

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

1





THE

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1847.

## THE NOTCH HOUSE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE engraving for October is a perfect likeness of the hotel at the celebrated Notch of the White Mountains. It stands just beyond the Notch, as you pass through it from the south.

I have many fond recollections connected with that wild scenery of the Notch. During my long residence in New England, I made annual visits to the Mountains for several successive years, accompanied by some of the dearest friends I have ever found on earth. But my first visit was the most impressive; for the scenery was then new, my heart was young, and my company choice.

We had traveled from the western shores of the Kennebec to Fryburg, a rural town lying on the level banks of the beautiful Saco. Here taking into our company an old and familiar friend, the Rev. William F. Farrington, we passed merrily up the road that winds through the valley of the last named river, admiring the beauty of the broad level bottom spread out between the two mountain ranges. These ranges are now far away from us, on the right and left; but they gradually converge in the distance, and are finally to lift their towering fronts against each other without quite touching, and thus constitute the wonder we are about to witness.

It is singular how providence sometimes lends its help to a traveler in making deeper the first impression. It was our fortune to be thus aided. While at dinner, at the hospitable table of the late Judge Pendexter, whose house was ever a home to such as we were, we discovered signs in the atmosphere which augured any thing but fair weather. Still, eager to finish our trip to the mountains before night-fall, we started on, notwithstanding these unpleasant tokens. But, as it often happens, what we feared turned out to be a most welcome favor. It did rain, and that most powerfully; but then we were all protected in our covered carriages. It had not rained an hour before the wind suddenly wheeled from south to west, and rolled high up into the heavens the densest and blackest cloud which it ever was my lot to witness. A most terrible tempest soon broke upon us. Away down in the deep gorge of the

mountains, walled in by hills whose summits were enveloped in the cloud, we passed along over the winding road, cringing at every flash of the lightning, as it leaped from crag to crag, and listening with dreadful interest to the bellowing thunder, which roared and rolled above us. At length the power of the tempest gave way. As the cloud became thinner and paler, and began to break away, a slight opening was made just above us, through which we descried the lofty peak of one of the highest of the mountains, piercing the cloud, tipped in sweet sunlight, far above the storm. The rays of the declining sun fell obliquely upon it, casting a beam of light directly on the summit. I have never had a sublimer vision. It was one of those rare sights which poets dream of, and painters are glad to witness. It required but little fancy to see Moses standing tiptoe on the lofty summit, reflecting from his face the burning sunlight, and receiving the two tables from the outstretched hand of the Almighty. My carriage companion, Mr. Farrington, a man of the most delicate poetic sensibility, began to let some tears fall as he was gazing upward, from which I caught the infectious feeling of sublimity, and we both wept like children.

In the year 1840 I spent a pleasant day and night there, in company with my old friend, the Rev. Abel Stevens. A little after dinner, while Mr. S. was up the mountain, a gentleman drove to the door, apparently in a state of great concern about something. I soon found him to be a land speculator. He had just paid \$75,000 for a tract of land described "to lie within a few rods of the Saco, a navigable river, to contain untold quantities of the finest spruce timber, and to possess inexhaustible stores of fine granite." The speculator wished me to show him the location. "There it is," said I, pointing to the rugged heights of the mountain. "But where is the Saco?" "There," I replied, "is the head of it—that spring, where Mr. Crawford dips up his water." "But the granite quarries?" "Why, sir," said I, "the White Mountains are all granite. And see, what forests of fine timber!" The reader can see where I pointed; but he must imagine the crest-fallen look of the speculator.



## MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

## LITTLE FRANCES.

Or the little girls who frequently visit my sequestered bower, there are three—one of them my own child, and the others her orphan cousins—who bear the name of Frances. There was once another Frances; but she sleeps away in the family burial-ground on the Atlantic hill. There is a philosophy in names, as well as in more important things. Philosophy always implies cause and effect, and names are successively effect and cause from one generation to another. These little children derive their name from a lady, who was once a student of mine, and a great favorite in the family; and she in her turn derived hers from her father's sister. Some trifling circumstance, such as often may occur unnoticed, has reminded me of the sad story of this Frances, whose name occurs first in the list. The story I learned some fifteen years ago, from my young friend Frances, so far as the facts had then transpired; and the succeeding developments I have learned since my residence in Indiana. The story interested me much, and is, as I suppose, every word true.

Little Frances lived with her father and mother, and a brother and a sister older than herself, and a little brother younger, on the banks of the Susquehannah, in the beautiful vale of Wyoming. She was a delicate and beautiful child, some five years old. At mid-day, while the father was in the field at work, the house was suddenly surrounded by a company of hostile Indians, who were prowling about the valley in search of plunder. In her sudden fright the mother fled to the woods. The elder girl seized her little brother and made her escape, while little Frances with her elder brother, who, being lame, could not run, hid behind the staircase. The Indians, after robbing the house of what they chose to take, seized little Frances, and appeared preparing to carry her off. The mother, being hidden in the thicket near, could see what was going on; and perceiving indications that the savages intended to take Frances, she rushed frantically from her concealment, and implored them to spare her child. They happened to be in a mood more gentle than usual, and exhibited no inclination to injure the mother or children; but, after listening awhile to the poor mother's cries, and laughing at her distress, one of them took up little Frances and marched off. The child brushed her flowing curls from her face, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, held out her little hands toward her mother for help. That longing, imploring look was the last the poor mother ever had of her child. The vision remained ever-present with her, and she never smiled again.

The war was over. Peace smiled again on the valley of Wyoming. The brothers and sister of

little Frances grew up, and settled happily about the homestead; but the mother, with a pensive eye and a sad heart, mourned on for her lost one, and could not be comforted.

How sad is the memory of the last look—the last imploring look of suffering childhood—the look of your loved one to you for aid in the agonies of dissolution! Ah, draw the curtain over the scene! I have seen it once. Let me not see it again. The picture is yet on my heart, but I dare not look at it.

For many a long year, in every sound of beast or bird, from forest or field, the mother seemed to hear her child calling for help. By day she wept for her—by night she dreamed of her. As her sons grew up, she sent them forth into the Indian country in search of their sister. They traversed the wilderness to the lakes, and explored the adjacent parts of Canada; but no tidings of the lost one ever came back to the mother's heart.

Many long years passed away; and the gray hairs of the mother were brought down to the grave in sorrow for her loved and lost one. With her dying breath she charged her surviving children never to forget Frances. Some years after the mother's death, a gentleman of this state, connected with the Indian agency near Peru, on the Wabash, being overtaken at night some distance from the town, took up his abode for the night in the house of a French Indian. The family consisted of the master of the house, who was a man of some wealth and influence in the tribe, his wife, and her mother. In the course of the evening the gentleman's attention was excited by the fair appearance of the matron of the family. He suspected she was not of Indian blood; and, as he spoke the Miami language, he drew her into conversation, and learned her story. She told him that she was carried off by the Indians when she was a little child; that her family name was Slocum; that she remembered her father and mother, and a sister and two brothers, and that she lived near a river called the Susquehannah. This was all she could tell of her early history.

The gentleman was deeply affected at the facts, though few, elicited in this conversation; and, on his return home, mentioned the matter to his mother, who advised him to write an account of what he had learned to some one near the supposed scene of the child's abduction. But the Susquehannah is a long river, and he knew not where, of the many places on that stream, to direct his letter. He, however, sent it to the postmaster of Lancaster, who received it in due time, but paid no attention to it. It was thrown aside among the rubbish, where it lay for two years. It happened, however, that the postmaster's wife went into the office, one day, to put things to rights. In looking over the old letters of the office she discovered this, and read it. The interest and sympathy of woman was excited, and, unlike her imperturbable husband, she immediately

took pains to have the letter published. She sent it to the office of the village journal, where it happened to be published along side of some temperance document designed for general circulation. A copy of the paper fell into the hands of a minister, who had heard of the lost child of Wyoming, and through him it was sent to a gentleman residing near the Slocum family. Great was the rejoicing over the tidings of the lost one. A generation had passed. The mother and father, and all that generation were dead. But there survived the intrepid sister, who had rescued herself and her little brother from the grasp of the savages on that fatal day. That brother also yet lived, and also another brother, born after little Frances was lost. These immediately made arrangements to seek for the lost one. From directions given by the gentleman who first discovered her, they easily found the forest home of the long lost Frances. They entered the house, and looked around for the lost one. But, alas! they found not the fair-haired child, of ruby lip and laughing brow, but, instead, an aged matron, sitting in the midst of her daughters and grandchildren. By a mark on the hand, caused by a wound in infancy, they knew at once she must be Frances. They pronounced her name—the name she had not heard for sixty long years, and which she had entirely forgotten. That name sounded to her ear

"Like an echo which hath lost itself  
Among the distant hills."

She then told them the story of her long captivity. She described the scenes of that sad day, when she was borne away from her father's house—the last look of her mother—her own distress—how the Indians carried her a long way over the mountain to a cave—how, when night came, weary and broken-hearted, she cried herself to sleep—how, the next morning, they bore her on, over mountain and valley, hill and dale, and plain and river, she knew not where—how she was adopted by an Indian father and mother, who had lost all their own children. Thus she rehearsed the various vicissitudes of her life for sixty years. The brothers and sister listened to the story with unutterable emotions. When it was finished, they urged their sister to go home with them to her native Wyoming, on the beautiful Susquehannah. But she declined, saying she could not leave the graves of her two little boys, who were buried near her forest home. Their spirits would pine after her, should she leave them alone. She would stay and be buried by their side.

Thus ends the story of little Frances. Since the visit of her family, the Miami Indians have, in pursuance of the settled policy of the government, been removed west. I know not the fate of Frances. It is, however, probable that, ere this time, she is sleeping quietly by the side of her little ones, on the banks of the Missisnewaw, near its confluence with the Wabash.

## DEATH OF A STUDENT.

—  
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.  
—

WE can look with some complacency on the departure of the aged man, who, like the ripe grain of autumn, bends himself submissively to the sickle of the reaper, Death. The end of his being is accomplished; he has seen the sunshine and shade of human life—tasted of its mingled cup; and, wearied of life, looks calmly to the grave, as a quiet resting-place. As we survey the fall of the leaves of autumn, so we look on the death of the aged; for then the tender ties to life are severed—the fires of fancy are flickering on the deserted hearth of the affections, and the charm of life has departed.

How different are our sensations, when we see the babe—the object of the mother's tenderest affection—whose face beams with the smiles of innocence, and whose young heart is unstained by sin, sinking beneath the hand of the tyrant, and, almost as soon as life is given, yielding it back to God! We then feel emotions of sorrow stealing over the soul; but our sadness is, in some degree, mitigated by the remembrance of the purity of the spirit which has just taken its flight, like some fair bud of promise which withered ere it bloomed, or the trembling dew-drop which, at eve, empearled the rose, but which, at morn, being dissipated by the genial beams of the sun, leaves this cold earth, and flies upward to the bright source of life and light.

Youth, elate and gay, blooming in smiles and beauty, passes away from earth; and we mourn that Death should choose his victims from those whom bright hopes allure with the pleasing prospect of a bright future, whose shadowy vistas seem to present us with the full fruition of all that life's joyous spring-time promised.

Such events as these are calculated to bring before our minds a deep and abiding sense of our own frailty, the uncertainty of the present state of being, and the deep necessity of preparing for another. The instances to which we have thus briefly alluded, are but so many voices, which are ever speaking to man of his own mortality, and teaching him to prepare for his last solemn change. Yes, ever since the decree went forth from Eden, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," the history of the world has been the proof of its melancholy fulfillment.

Death has truly been on the throne, and he has ever swayed a ruthless sceptre. Some have been stricken down on the battle plain; others have fallen under the insidious attacks of wasting disease; the palace and the dungeon have alike been visited; from all these *Death* has won his trophies, and filled unnumbered graves with the wise and the good of our race; and yet, amid scenes like these, of almost daily occurrence, we are unmoved.

Our fellow-beings fall by our sides every hour, and yet they oft fall unmourned, while we, cold and unthinking, scarcely ever reflect, that we, too, must soon join the melancholy train. How often, too, does the tolling bell tell us of a departed spirit; and yet, too often, the thought of death departs with the solemn tones by which it was awakened! But yet there are times and places, when the subject is pressed upon us with a force which we are unable to resist. The family circle is invaded; and those we have tenderly loved, from our earliest years, become the prey of the fell destroyer; the bands which for years have bound us are severed, and the cold grave hides in its dark recesses the forms of the loved and the cherished.

But there is no place on earth, where the ties of affection seem to be more rudely sundered than at institutions of learning. At such places the young and the happy, the hoping and the trusting are assembled. Hearts are there bound together by the purest feelings; and the terms of intimacy are so close, that the breaking of these bands is an incident in the lives of the survivors not easily forgotten. Then, morning, noon, and evening, we meet at the same board, assemble in the same room for prayer, and, in the same class, drink as from a common fountain the deep draughts of classic lore. In thought we roam over the scenes ennobled by Homer's or by Virgil's strain—stand near Cicero in the Forum, or hear, in Minerva's favorite city the thunder tones of Demosthenes. The song of Anacreon and the wild sweet strain of Sappho fall upon our ears; and thus, in the bloom of ardent youth, we learn to live "over the bright days of the past."

There we see the gradual development of each other's faculties, the varied feelings of our nature gradually unfolding themselves. There genius begins its towering flight, and there the hidden springs of thought and feeling are called into active operation, and, almost insensibly, young hearts are united by bands which death alone can sever. When we remember, then, that it is at such places the deepest and most endearing of our attachments are formed, we shall not think it by any means strange, that death, under such circumstances, should impress itself deeply on the hearts of the survivors. For my own part, experience has told me that such is the case; and, in all the vista of departed years, there are few events which have left so deep an impression on my heart as the death of a *college classmate*, whose death is the subject of the following sketch. I think I never saw a finer class of students than that which was assembled at B. College, in the fall of 184—. They were chiefly from the western and southern portions of the Union; and well did they sustain the character of the various states which they represented. Among these there was none more universally esteemed than young S. He possessed all the fiery ambition of the south, accompanied by a courtliness

of manners which soon procured for him the esteem of all. His mind was of the finest mold; and his intense application soon secured to him a high place in his respective classes.

Though he rose rapidly in favor, he was by no means an object of envy; but, on the contrary, his success was a source of great gratification to all with whom he was associated. Hope presented before him a brightly illumined future, and he looked forward with pleasure to the time when his course of study would be completed, and he would be permitted to enter upon the scenes of active life, and by an energetic course justify, and more than justify the hopes of all with whom he was connected.

But, alas! though apparently so full of life, he was soon destined to leave our number, and enter upon that state of untried being to which we are all fast hastening. Indeed, we had scarcely learned to properly appreciate his merit, when we were called upon to deplore his loss. We were not prepared for his death by the premonitions of wasting disease; for he yielded rather to deep anguish of mind than bodily infirmity, and his departure was sudden and unexpected to all. It was evident to those who knew him best, that, for some time, he had been suffering much. Deep mental distress was preying upon him, and slowly and silently was bearing him to the grave; and yet his proud spirit would not suffer him to reveal fully the bitter anguish which was consuming him; but deep disappointment and blighted affection, beyond all doubt, was at the foundation of all his sorrows. And a letter, which was returned unopened by one in whom his very being seemed bound up, goaded his mind almost to madness, and cast a gloom upon him which he found himself unable to dissipate. His health began visibly to decline; but the torture which he endured was such as baffled human skill; and yet he kept locked in his own bosom the cause of the suffering which seemed pressing him to the earth.

At this time S. had never turned his mind to the considerations of his eternal interests; but, as if he had a foreboding of his fate, he now began to read the word of God with the greatest solicitude. All around him daily marked the change which was taking place in his character. His great concern seemed to be in regard to his final destiny; and on the Sabbath before his death, when an invitation was given by the minister to any who felt disposed to unite with the visible Church, S., who was present, arose; but at that moment a swooning sensation seized him, and forced him again to his seat. Charity, however, would lead us to indulge in the hope, that the effort was seen and accepted in heaven. The day before his death he was able to walk about the college grounds, and none dreamed of the near approach of his dissolution; but before the next morning dawned, we were aroused from our slumbers by the melancholy announcement that the spirit of our friend had for ever fled. There were no

clamorous outbursts of sorrow: tears and outward laments were few; yet the gloom on every countenance, and the unusual silence which reigned through the whole building, told, in tones which could not be misunderstood, the grief which possessed every heart. The bell which summoned us to our morning meal sounded, and we descended almost mechanically. The merry laugh and the accustomed jest were wanting; the brow of the most youthful was clouded; the seat of poor S. was vacant; and we all felt a corresponding desolation in our hearts. The meal passed almost in silence. If we spoke, it was but in whispers; for all felt truly that death was in our midst. We retired as we came; and soon the heavy, monotonous tolling of the college bell summoned us together, to take measures concerning the burial of our classmate, and to express our sympathy for his bereaved friends.

The meeting was organized by calling one of the seniors to the chair, who arose, and, in a subdued tone, spoke of the object of our mournful assembling. He alluded feelingly to the character of the deceased, and passed a brief but touching eulogy on the virtues for which he was distinguished. He referred to the solemn duties we had to discharge—the last offices the living can pay to the dead. In doing this his lip quivered, and his voice faltered; and, almost overcome by the violence of his feelings, the speaker sat down, while the most careless observer might have learned, from the countenances of all around him, that these few and solemn words were but the feelings of all assembled. A committee was then appointed to give an embodied expression of our feelings, and to express our sympathy for his sorrowing friends in this sad bereavement. The completion of the resolutions was announced, and the chairman, in low, solemn tones, expressed, in appropriate words, the emotions of our hearts; and though a considerable length of time has now passed, I yet seem to hear his voice rising and falling with the mournful periods which told of the death of our beloved classmate, far from his home and the associates of his youth. Appended to these resolutions were the following lines, as a tribute to the memory of the departed, written by a classmate who knew and loved him:

Cease, cease the sounds of joyous mirth,  
And march with measured tread,  
To pay what friendship last demands—  
A tribute to the dead.  
A solemn task is ours to-day—  
To mingle kindred clay with clay.

We look around our comrades now,  
But look for him in vain;  
Instead of youth and smiles, we see  
The hearse and funeral train;  
While those beloved in life draw near  
And wet with sorrow's flood his bier.

Kind, generous, faithful as a friend,  
He was beloved by all;

But that which now remains of him  
Lies 'neath this funeral pall:  
We lay him down beneath the sod,  
And leave his spirit with its God.  
We feel we're giving back to earth  
A noble spirit's cell,  
Where noble thoughts and high resolves  
Were ever wont to dwell.  
We trust that spirit did but flee,  
Our God and Father, unto thee.  
We mourn; but Hope is whispering  
That in celestial bowers  
His spirit finds those draughts of bliss  
It vainly sought in ours.  
O, when the just at last shall rise,  
May we all meet him in the skies!

At length the hour of burial came; and though the wintry blast blew keenly, every one was ready to follow the body to its last resting-place. The corpse was first borne to the chapel, the students following two by two, while the college bell, at intervals, tolled mournfully, like a requiem to a departed spirit. The coffin was placed in the aisle of the chapel; and, with the evidence of our own mortality before us, we were solemnly and feelingly admonished, by the president, of the transitory nature of all things beneath the sun, and exhorted to look from the things that are fading to those which are eternal. The good man was deeply affected, and his emotions more than once almost checked his utterance. He pressed home on our mind the lesson which lay before us, in the body of our departed friend, who, in the bloom of life, had been suddenly called away. We all heard and felt, while the scalding tear gushed freely from many an eye which had long been unaccustomed to weep, and many a heart resolved, from that day forward, to yield implicit obedience to those truths which, if obeyed, result in our eternal salvation. The exercises closed. The coffin, borne on the shoulders of some of our number, was carried to the grave. All stand around his last resting-place; his remains were deposited in the narrow cell; the clouds fell heavily on the coffin; the sound gradually became fainter and fainter, until the grave was closed; and thus earth was committed to earth. We left the spot, and returned to our usual pursuits, in order to dissipate, by employment, the gloom which brooded over us. But it was many days, and even weeks, before the effects of this solemn event passed away. We missed him in the class-room—we missed his merry laugh amid our sports, and there was scarcely a spot with which his memory was not in some way associated.

But he has departed—cut off in the spring-time of his life—from expectant friends—from bright hopes, which sported before his vision—from the changing to the changeless—from the seen to the unseen—from the transitory and temporal to the fadeless and eternal. His resting-place is near the margin of a beautiful stream, whose soft murmurs are calculated to soothe and soften the feelings of all who pass near

the tomb of the departed; and often, when straying, in a pensive mood, near that spot, I love to pause at the little inclosure which surrounds the place of his rest, to call up to memory's gaze the form that, ere this, has mingled with its kindred dust, and, from his untimely departure, to give to my own heart a solemn lesson on the instability of all earthly things, the certainty of death, and the need of preparing for that trying hour.

Reader, let us, too, be admonished. We, too, are mortal. We, too, are destined to enter the final resting-place of all the living. Let us, then, pursue such a course of conduct as will be well-pleasing to the great Judge of all; and the grave, instead of being the object of our horror and aversion, will seem, to our fading sight, the portal of a bright and eternal day.

### THE DEVIL IN THE LOWLANDS.

BY REV. A. M. LORRAINE.

WHILE a resident of New Orleans, more than twenty years since, in order to secure an occasional retreat from the busy scenes of life, I fitted up a small building, which stood in a retired situation, behind my brother's printing-office. It was so surrounded by loftier tenements, as to throw the incessant rattling of drays and noisy hum of men in the dull distance. We have nothing romantic to record concerning the house of our pilgrimage. There was no spreading beech, with "old fantastic roots"—no cooling fountains—no well-dressed garden, breathing rich perfumes; but, contrariwise, Jamestown weed and dog-fennel, of luxurious growth. It was, however, a place of comparative quietude; and that was all to me. It was no light task to establish a closet in the Crescent City; and, moreover, to make a full confession, ("my public shame—my solitary pride!") I made poetry in those days. A novice would say, "The cloud-capped mountains, the flowery vale, the embowered garden, perspiring celestial fragrance"—these are the scenes where the Muses love to frolic, and dispense their richest favors. But sour experience says, Nay. The sombre and unfurnished room, where no "woodbines flaunt—no roses shed a couch"—where sweat and ink ooze in close affinity—where, indeed, there is no production of nature or art to rival, in beauty, Webster's Dictionary—there is the palace of song—the factory of poetry. Well, here we wrought until we found that all the best rhyming words were used up, and there was no new jingle under the sun. This will, by and by, be the case in regard to prose. The only advantage it has now, is, that the rhymeless words are in the majority, and, consequently, can run more changes and transpositions. But as words are finite, and men and women will talk and write perpetually, there

must come a time when they will have to stop, not only for "lack of argument," but lack of sound, unless they go on, as our poets now do, not knowing they are mere echoes. This is our comfort in regard to the novelists. When they have made all the lies that can be shaped in the English language, then will their end come.

But if this is the case, it behooves us, also, to "make hay while the sun shines." So to return to our narrative. A high board fence separated my homestead from a building of similar structure. Who lived there—whether they were English or Irish—whites or quadroons, were questions which did not concern us. We used, then, to live strictly up to the good rule, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." We southerners were not busybodies in other men's matters. A certain new-comer, in remarking on this singularity, said that, in questioning a merchant closely, in regard to the domestic matters of his partner, he could not tell him whether he was a single or married man. We suspect, however, that he *would not*, for this simple reason—it was nobody's business, and the unmanly stranger was breaking in upon our order of things. This habit might seem unsocial to some; but it is abundantly better than the gossiping and backbiting of some folks, who attend to every body's business better than they do to their own.

On one occasion, however, I was compelled to pry into my neighbor's matters. On Christmas eve I had retired earlier than usual, and had begun to doze comfortably, when I was disturbed by a low, murmuring sound of distress, occasionally mingled with groans and sobs. The little gate was ever and anon swinging on its hinges; and every new visitor seemed to swell the tide of woe. This did not make me unhappy: it only roused my sympathy, and turned the tide of thought into a more serious and mournful channel; for, in those days of youthful piety, whether I wept with those who wept, or smiled with those who smiled, still my God was with me, and I had peace within. It is true, even then, I had heard of the "hypo" with the hearing of the ear; but I had placed it in the catalogue of "Old Wives Fables." I said to myself, "Can this be a wake?" Stealing softly from my bed, and peeping through the fence, I saw the house was brilliantly lit up, the doors and windows spread wide open, and there was a corpse, surrounded by relatives and friends, who had come to weep with the household. My heart was touched; for never had I witnessed grief more sincere—more natural. Having again retired, I soon fell asleep; but not so soundly as to be wholly unconscious of what was passing around. The weeping and the wailing mingled with my dreaming fancies: the earth seemed to be floating in a sea of tears, and charity and faith were still in wild disordered exercise.

About midnight the clock began to strike. At every stroke the tempest of sorrow rose higher and

higher. "Nine, ten, eleven, *twelve!*" Just then the afflicted crowd broke loose in one united, and, as I felt, infernal laugh. They sprang to their feet, and danced, and fiddled, and romped, and laughed again, louder and louder, and still louder. My mind, in the meantime, took a complete somersæ, and I exclaimed, "Surely the devil's abroad in the land!" I felt that he was rammaging in every corner of my room, rolling and tittering under my bed, trying to scramble up into my soul, whether I would or not. My flesh crawled—the hair of my head seemed to rise. I sprang from my bed, with my eyes shut, of course, for I strangely felt that the testimony of sight was all that was lacking, in bringing me in open and manifest contact with the "*wicked one.*" I hastily threw on my clothes, and rushed into the street, slamming the door behind me, and hastened to leave the unnatural merriment. The cool and bracing air of midnight, so peculiar to Orleans, pressed my throbbing temples with its friendly breath, and seemed to whisper, "How mean! how niggardly mean! that the devil could not allow one poor Christian, and he '*less than the least,*' the small space of six feet by three, within the bounds of his nocturnal range!" The enemy might have had more to do with my heart on other occasions; but never before had I realized such an experimental verity of his presence—in proper person.

I passed on to a region of quietude; for there is commonly an hour or two of silence, out of the twenty-four, even in that babbling city—that conventicle of every language and every faith. As I passed down by the great church, the door being ajar, I discovered that there was a light within. Prompted by curiosity, I slipped in, and beheld an unusual sight. In one corner of the church had been erected a manger—a rough temporary shed, such as we find connected with almost every cabin in new settlements. About a cart-load of straw was piled in the centre. Two animals, of the size of a Newfoundland dog, in carved work, were stationed on the right and left. It would have saved strangers an abundance of perplexity, if the artist had printed on one, "The ox," and on the other, "The ass." But, as I had some idea of the drift, it was made out. Joseph and Mary were as large as life, and dressed in royal robes, richly spangled with gold and silver, and sparkling jewels—sufficiently imposing (as we thought) to have secured a reception at the inn, if the Roman emperor and all his tetrarchs had been guests. The blessed Virgin was placed, according to our Protestant notions, in a very improper attitude, and the babe presented a strange appearance. Two angels were perched upon the eaves of the shed, and gazing on the group below. I was soon satisfied with the poorly-contrived fixment, and would have retired; but thinking it was more tolerable than the loud Satanic "ha! ha!" that had dispossessed me of my lodgings, I concluded to sit down to see the end

of the matter. As the day began to dawn, the entry and aisles became vocal with the prattling of infantile devotees—groups of smiling children, bearing their offerings to the consecrated manger. It was diverting to see their buoyant and exulting joy when they first saw the babe. Candies, raisins, kisses, cakes, and other sacrifices, all costly, no doubt, in their young imagination, were freely thrown into the manger, until the straw was almost hid under the profusion of "good things" that had been showered upon it. That morning's exhibition lightened my mind of one mystery which had been hanging about it. At other religious festivals we had seen some of our fellow-citizens, who were evidently men of strong minds, liberal education, and polished manners, who nevertheless succumbed to the most disgusting idolatry. How they could, allowing them to be sincere, (which of necessity we did,) be so grossly imposed on, we could not conceive. But here it was all revealed. This manifest idolatry was planted in infancy. It had grown with their growth—strengthened with their strength. It had been entwined with all the associations of their younger, brighter, and happier days. If error, which has no countenance, in reason or revelation, by an early lodgment in the human breast, becomes so immovable, that even high attainments in science cannot displace it, how industrious ought parents to be in infixing in the infant's mind the omnipotent truths of the everlasting Gospel! These juvenile exercises continued until after sunrise, when I suppose they melted away "like the morning cloud;" for I found, about noon, that the manger of Bethlehem, with the ox and the ass, and all its inmates and appurtenances, had fled, and made room for other idols and older worshippers. I retired to my lowly domicile, found the atmosphere more pure, the malign influence all gone, and spent there many an hour of piety and peace—"prayer my chief business—all my pleasure praise." Some may smile at my sore wrestling with powers and principalities; but, hark ye, I do not say the devil was actually in my hermitage. I only state my feelings pending that sudden and inhuman transition, from what I conceived to be the most sincere and heart-felt sorrow, to a revelry unparalleled, as I thought, in all the fiendish orgies on mercy's side of hell. Neither dare I deny that *he* was there. It might please a class; but what should I gain thereby? The boon which the dying fox would have inherited by the kind interference of his friends—a *fresh swarm of bees and flies*. There are still many, who, with the open Bible in their hands, would dispute with me the very personality of the devil. Moreover, I like to anger infidelity by exercising every kind of credulity that can be possibly fastened on the Scriptures. So, Mr. Editor, please suffer me, if it is only as a friendly link, connecting the darkness that is passing away, and the brilliancy that is coming, yea, already come. It is a

pity for us to be let down with a dreadful surge into that intensity of light and glory that might blast the pupil, and involve us in total blindness again for all coming time. It is written, he is "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." If so, what specious reason, founded either in physics or morals, can my friends give, why he should not *occasionally* take even Orleans in his way? "Yes," they sarcastically say, "individuals in Europe, Asia, and America are constantly complaining of the temptations of the devil. Why, do you suppose that he is omnipresent? Will you ascribe to him an attribute of the Almighty?" But avast! Satan my be guilty of all this simultaneous temptation, and still fall infinitely short of omnipresence. The Lord, humanly speaking, took to himself a great range in his creative energy. What a vast disparity, in point of power and influence, is there between the animalcule, which can be discovered only by artificial aid, and man, the lordly sovereign of the earth! Now there may be as wide a disparity between men and angels. Why then should it be thought a thing incredible, that a God of unlimited power should make an angel, possessed of such vast power and appliances as to be able to exert a direct influence on every inhabitant of this globe, at the same time, and yet hardly begin to approach the perfection of the Deity? God is not only present with this little earth, but with all space—all time—all eternity. So we believe—so we preach. And we are ashamed to use that promise of our Savior, to prove his divinity: "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be," &c. His divinity is grounded in the whole analogy of faith. Should the timid Christian say, "I tremble at the immense power of the devil, to say nothing about the legions of evil spirits,

"Who swarm the air, and darken heaven,  
And rule the lower world,"

it is answered, "Greater, yes, still greater is He who is in you, than all who are against you." And the decree has long since passed the heavens, electrified the earth, and thundered down to hell, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Truly, if we had to sustain this warfare at our own expense, all flesh would fail before the Lord who made it. But the poet touches the right string while he sings,

"Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,  
Their great Redeemer's strong."

And many a tender female, through the power of divine grace, has bruised Satan beneath her feet, and—— But, Mr. Editor, I must stop. I fell in, lately, with a few ladies, who were chatting about the "Repository;" and they dropped not a few golden opinions concerning it. But still there seemed to be a misgiving, as though it sometimes essayed to "feed them with *soft corn*." As this is a provincialism, sir, and you may have been bred far away

east, where no soft corn is, or where it comes by the hardest, it might be well to explain. They seemed to think that you did not allow them as large a slice of "fallen human nature," as they sometimes realize in fervent prayer and deep heart-searchings. They did not express any love for sin, that ugly thing; but they protest against being crowded out of fellowship with Him who came not to call the *righteous*, but *sinners* to repentance. They will not claim heaven in virtue of their sex, so as to embrace Sampson's wives and the old bleared Witch of Endor in the "Holy Alliance." One of them playfully intimated that if it was *flattery* we were at, "we could not come it." There was a certain slyness and ambiguity in dispensing that article, that you, honored sir, and all your scribes, have not attained to. This rather "snuffed" me; and I resolved, in my communications, hereafter, in this line, to be as blunt as a handspike. And yet, after all, they will say, "Write! why don't you write more?" Write! yes, we contemplate raining down, sometime, such a shower of scolding, that, after the storm is over, they will know how to appreciate a pious, well-meant, Christian compliment; and it will fall on their roused minds like a cool dew in the heat of harvest.

## A TRIBUTE TO ELIZA.

—  
BY PHILOR.  
—

WHEN the stars are out, Eliza,  
With their vestal fires on high,  
And smile from their silvery homes,  
Bright isles in the ocean sky,  
Say, lov'st thou, then, at stilly eve,  
Or the silent midnight hour,  
To gaze upon their peerless shewn,  
And feel, on thy *soul*, their pow'r?

O, O, far above, Eliza,  
Far o'er those beautiful isles,  
Is a holier orb of light,  
That beams with holier smiles.  
Yet no far-reaching telescope  
Hath marked that glittering gem;  
But the eye of faith may see it—  
'Tis the Star of Bethlehem!

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"WHAT is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY REV. A. S. MACLAY.

I LOVE to sit in the twilight, by the window of my study, and suffer my thoughts to stray musingly over the varied circumstances which tempt their wanderings. For years this has been my custom. I remember, while yet a student at college, my evenings were invariably spent in this manner. The labor of the day fatigued me, and I always looked forward, with lively anticipations, to this season of quiet communion.

In the feverish chase after pleasure, or the assiduous discharge of duty, our spirits are exhausted, the unceasing excitement harasses the mind, and we sink into a state of dreamy apathy. Though there is, in the intellect, an unresting activity and untiring energy, yet, if its powers exert themselves unceasingly on any one subject, the excitement becomes too great, and, in their wild play, some derangement must ensue. The harp may send forth its strains of mellifluous sweetness; but the chords must occasionally have relaxation. It is said the Arab steed, when the enemy is in pursuit, will bear, with lightning speed, his rider from the danger, or die in the attempt. Wildly he bounds across the plain, snuffing the winds, with half turned head, and gallops on, till, with spent energies and exhausted strength, his quivering frame sinks lifeless on the sand. Our minds are restive—a spirit is within us that “will not down,” but, rising and struggling with its trammels, longs to range the vast fields that stretch out temptingly before its vision, and soar “untrodden heights, where angels baskful look.” But there must be some relaxation, else the spirit is wounded and overcome.

One of the most favorable seasons for this relaxation, is the hour of twilight. When the dim light, struggling through the window, fails to illumine the page, and your eye catches nothing but dark lines on a white ground, then close the volume, lay it quietly on the shelf, draw the chair still closer to the light, and resign yourself to the “witching power of memory’s dream.” Rest your elbow on the casement, place your brow on the palm of your hand, and then give reins to the pleasing power of fancy. These hours of reverie are, to the profligate, seasons of the most poignant grief and overwhelming sadness. The wild, destructive appliances of sensual indulgence are far away, and the soul, disentangled from the exhilarating topics of externality, now turns within. In the contemplation of mispent years, perjured faith, murdered privileges, and black ingratitude, there is a desolation that scathes the heart. But to him whose mind has been sublimated by the refining influence of religion, these seasons are full of precious gifts and inestimable treasures.

The first prompting is to the days and scenes of
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the past. As, with magic power, the magnificent panorama passes before us, home, parents, childhood, associates, the log school-house on the green, the old beech tree, youth, the exertations of intellect, the rivalry of scholarship, the jealousies—all these are there. O, how the heart beats, when we think of those whose forms were once so familiar—whose eyes flashed back to ours the hopes rising within! Then this was the world to us. The horizon that limited our view was the boundary of the universe. Some there were, to whom, by a coincidence of pursuits or similarity of taste, we were strongly attached. With them we trundled the hoop, skated on the lake, or gathered wild-wood flowers, when the warm breath of spring had blessed the hills. We sorrowed and rejoiced together. But now how changed! The ingenuousness of youth has passed away—the trustfulness characteristic of youthful friendship has yielded to the suspicious skepticism of manhood. A stoic callousness has chilled the gushing feelings of the soul, and sealed with cautious vigilance the fountain of the affections. Our miniature world has been merged in the vast realities of life. Some stand in the halls of legislation; others are in distant lands, visiting the ruins of the old monarchies of the world, and communing with the spirit of desolation, that weeps amid their passing glory. Some are in the ministry, spending their energies in promoting the interests of the Gospel of Christ; while others are silent in the grave. While their hearts panted for knowledge, and battled the mishaps of life with persevering vigor, the chill of death settled on their warm blood, and froze its gushing current.

A mother, too, was with me then. O, yes, I seem to see her now—that lovely form, whose gentle eye beamed on me with such deep, unutterable tenderness—those lips, that so often imprinted on my cheek the kiss of maternal love—that sunny brow, calm, tranquil, and heavenly. With what soothing caresses did she soothe the tiresome ennui of study, and breathe into my soul the teachings of virtue and piety! From her I learned to lisp my earliest prayer. She taught me the histories of Sampson, Elijah, David, and Daniel. The old arm chair is still by the window. I have seen something of the world, drank from some of its fountains of happiness, seen its days of sunshine, met with those I loved tenderly and steadily; but never have I found one to fill a mother’s place. In the stern conflicts of life, my spirit sometimes sinks; and then I turn, for consolation, to those lessons impressed on my infant mind by her gentle love. She guards me still—the ægis of her heavenly counsel defends, and the poisoned shafts of the foe fall harmless at my feet.

And then I thought of the changes which have transpired in the world. A few centuries since and Babylon, with all her grandeur, stood on the Euphrates. Her towering walls and frowning battlements

mocked the conqueror's might. Her swelling domes, and gorgeous palaces, and hanging gardens were all there. The concentrated wealth and glory of the east were hers. But now the "bird of prey screams amid her moldering ruins, and the wild fox digs his hole unscared." Thebes, too, with her hundred gates, has fallen. No longer does she swell up there in terrific grandeur, throwing the shadow of her greatness over the world, and shaking the universe with the earthquake tread of her legions. Kings came to do her reverence, and travelers lingered among her magnificent palaces, feasting their eyes on the exhibitions of surpassing skill and illimitable wealth; but now the voice of praise is silent in her halls. The flashing eye, the blushing cheek, the nodding plume, the glittering armor, the shock of battle—all these are gone. Troy, too, the city of Priam and Hector, has crumbled to ashes. Those plains where Agamemnon's warriors fought are quiet. The white tents of the Greeks have vanished, the clangor of arms, the glittering shields, the carnage of battle have ceased, and now the lion makes his lair amid the waving grass, and the haughty Turk spurs his steed where once Achilles hurled his death-dealing javelins. The gods no longer descend from Olympus, to mingle in the bloody fray. Jupiter has become a fabulous idea. Mars no longer bares his "red right arm" in battle. Where now is Athens, the city of poets, statesmen, patriots, philosophers, and orators? Themistocles burns no more with ungoverned ambition. Aristides is ostracised for ever. Cimon no longer leads her victorious legions to conquest; and the golden age of Pericles has passed away. Phocion, with his stern integrity and unbending firmness, has wrapped his winter cloak around him, and lain down in the grave. The magnanimous, the dissolute Alcibiades is no longer alternately the idolized and the anathematized. The wisdom of Socrates still lives, while the heart which sent forth its pure teachings, is motionless in death. Plato, whose sublime doctrines still reverberate amid the lofty peaks of thought, and whose memory is embalmed in the great heart of humanity, is quietly resting in the soil of his own lovely Greece. Demosthenes has ceased to hurl his philippics against the Usurper. The Forum no longer echoes his electrifying eloquence. Amid the wild struggles of the ambitious warrior, his warning voice was drowned, and the boy Alexander snatched the diadem from Greece. The might and glory of Rome have withered. Cicero's voice is silent in the Senate. Her iron-clad soldiers bivouac no more on the Tiber, or spread their tents on the hills of Gaul. The gods have forsaken the Capitol, and the Tarpean rock is terrible only in story. The glory of her conquests has waned, her squadrons are sleeping calmly, and shall awake no more. The wild battle cry cannot startle them. Behold the gladiator! He met his antagonist, and in the cruel strife strained to

the utmost his Herculean strength; but just when victory perched on his brow, and the wild sports of the applauding multitude arose from the amphitheatre, he sank to the earth. Leaning on his quivering arm, with the life-blood streaming from his wounds, and his thoughts on the banks of the river in Gaul, where his cottage still stands, and loved ones chide his long delay, the arena swims, his head is dizzy, the terrible agony of his features relaxes, and, sinking heavily to the ground, he dies.

There was something mournful, yet pleasing, in these reflections. My heart was subdued. As I looked out from the window, my eye fell on the hills and plains around; and I remembered that here once the Indian ranged, and chased the bounding deer. From these hills he saw the cities of the white man. Where is he now? His wigwam's smoke goes not up to heaven, his bow is broken, and his eye is no longer quick to track the chamois in its mountain flight. Beneath me rest his ashes; and, perhaps, from that fleecy cloud, his spirit now looks upon me. Startled with the thought, I arose from my seat. It was no longer twilight. The moon was beaming gently down on lake and hill—the light clouds were flitting slowly across the sky—the darkness concealed the furniture of the room; and, save the few straggling rays that peeped in through the window, there was no light to dissipate the melancholy that had stolen upon me.

GOOD READING.

BY LITTLE LIZZ.

You and your correspondents, Mr. Editor, have given the readers of the Repository, not only precepts, but many examples of fine writing; but, though I have taken your periodical for four years, I have seen nothing as yet on good reading. Are you aware, sir, that a bad reader spoils the excellence of the most perfect piece of composition? What profit, then, to trouble yourself with the *art* of writing, to exercise severe criticism upon every line and word you give us, to send us nothing rough-hewn or unpolished, if we who receive your productions spoil them by our negligent or unskillful way of reading them? The reading of an article is as important as the writing of it. You may write as learnedly as Johnson, or with as much taste and elegance as Burke or Addison, and every sentence you compose may be murdered by a clumsy reader. If any person imagines an article is dull, ten to one the fault is in the manner of reading. A production should be read, if we would get the life and soul of it, with as much animation as we suppose the writer had in preparing it. As this, however, is rather a new idea with me, I will not complain of others, but heartily recommend the subject of good reading to all your subscribers.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BY VIVENDO.

"Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
O, what a noble heart was here undone,"
When Science self destroyed her favorite son!"

How sad, how melancholy it is, that the possessors of mind of the deepest sensibility are so frequently cast in the lap of poverty, and, in childhood and youth, have to contend with its afflictive and oppressive circumstances! "Unhappy White's" case presents another of the numerous instances of this character. His parents were poor, and, at the age of fourteen, he was placed at the stocking loom; but, confined to the dull routine of daily drudgery, in which his mind could take no pleasure, he panted to burst his prison bonds. While engaged in "folding up stockings," his restless mind was abroad, listening to the moaning of the wind, the crashing of thunder, and the bubbling of runnels. He was scanning, in imagination, the enduring monuments of Jehovah's power and beneficence, as seen in the wilds of nature and the secluded solitude of the shaded dell. He was wretched—unenduringly wretched.

Something of a relief was obtained by his being apprenticed to an attorney. This gave him, in part, what he so much desired, "*Something to occupy his brain*;" but was not yet the object of his great desire. For two years, however, he applied himself assiduously to the duties of his profession, spending his *nights* in the cultivation of poetical talent; and, during this period, exhibited the first scintillations of his genius in several contributions to the columns of a monthly publication. There was an indefinable something for which he longed and sighed in secret. His genius still coveted a wider field of action. He panted for leisure for reflection—for communion with nature—her noble, inspiring works, and garnished furniture. Visions of fame flitted before his mind, and scenes of glory were mingled with his views of the dark, mysterious future.

It was about this time that a change was produced in his relation to his Savior and his God. Convinced of the impossibility of attaining earthly felicity without Heaven's special and redeeming favor, he brought his offerings and laid them at the cross of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and saw the folly of earthly grandeur, and the deceitfulness of its dazzling visions.

He now turned his attention to the ministry, and published a volume of poems to sustain himself at college. When there every power of his sprightly mind was earnestly devoted to the acquisition of wisdom. By the advice of his teachers he laid poetry aside, and curbed his fiery imagination. He

urged his course up the rugged steep of science with unsparing toil. He looked not behind; for his eye was on the distant goal. With giant strength he grappled with disheartening obstacles, and hurled them from his path with lightning force. Sleep seemed not coveted by his eyelids, nor did his frame seek the couch of rest; but, night and day, he toiled, and pressed toward the object of his cherished hopes. Now he leaped some threatening gulf—now stood upon some dizzy crag—and now, with anxious gaze upon the enchanting summit, he bounded on with beating heart and trembling nerve.

But nature's deep foundations failed at last; and, when almost daring to believe his object attainable, his strength gave out, and he fell, the victim of science. He died from the effects of over exertion; and

"Science self destroyed her favorite son."

But Henry Kirke White's name and memory will be cherished till the latest generation by lovers of true, touching poetry. His "Star of Bethlehem" must live for ever; and, as it is probably descriptive of his own experience, we subjoin it:

"When marsh'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yaw'n'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze:
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!"

White's was not the sluggish moving of the turbid waters, requiring years to reach the ocean's boundless waves, but, rather, the springing and dashing of the cool mountain stream, that rushes on with ceaseless haste to find and mingle with an unknown infinity. Let us not chide him, then, for so speedily passing away from the din and discord of earth to the peace and harmony of heaven. True, viewed in the ordinary light, he hastened unnecessarily his end. But do we not discover in him the urgings of an ethereal mind toward its native residence, from which it saw itself banished? Was it not the goadings on of a soul anxious to be loosened from its dull, unsatisfying connection with unsublimated matter? Was

it not the onward stretching of a spirit that listened to the entrancing harmony of a purer state and purer beings, and waiting the hour when cumbrous clay should drop? A soul like White's must, at every turn and wind in life, have met with scenes to crush his joy—to bruise spiritual perceptions, and awaken to painfulness his lively sensibilities; and perhaps it was well that he thus early passed away.

In him a bright orb was not blotted from the intellectual firmament, but *only removed* from the vision of earth's restless millions, and set in a brighter constellation in the horizon of heaven, to be gazed upon by angels' eyes. A diamond, the rare excellences of which had been discovered by a few of the discerning of this world, was removed from earth's dark scenes, to flash in the gleaming light that ever surrounds the throne of love. Had he lived, doubtless the stirring notes of his lyre would have roused the world, and the music of his harp entranced its nations. It was well for him, though sad for earth, that he thus passed away at *twenty-one*.

ELEMENTS OF EMPIRE IN PALESTINE.

BY JOHN FROO, JR.

DURING the existence and progress of our world, various elements of empire have been developed. Some of them have swiftly accomplished their destiny and departed for ever; while others have held a perpetual sovereignty. Ever since the human race started from the gates of Eden on its journey to the mount of God, the dominion of the material world has diminished, and mind has claimed a nobler and more extensive supremacy.

To view clearly the proud pre-eminence of Palestine in her elements of rule, we will compare her with some preceding nations. Standing upon the banks of the Nile, we behold the hoary relics of Egyptian splendor and desolation. There the priesthood held the supremacy, the hierarchy was above the throne of the king, and royalty bowed before sacerdotal authority. At the altar were delivered the revelations of science and the oracles of the stars. We discover among them no sublime exertions for the elevation of humanity—no research for the lofty destinies of the soul. Yet futurity had a mystic control over them, and immortal light flashed dimly upon even their tomb. Prompted by their blind theory of the future, they built monuments, which offer an abode for sunlight longer than any structure human genius has since erected; and from the same cause their burial places were often more elaborate than the habitations of the living.

Venerate we will her architectural magnificence—admire we will the morning light of her science, as its rising radiance tinged with its glowing lustre the olive groves of the Athenian Academy and the

Roman Capitol, then, onward in its march, cast its dying glories upon the shores of Europe; but we mourn as we behold her bowing in blind adoration at the altar of superstition. The empire of Egypt will remain eternal as her pyramids, pre-eminent as her unrivaled architecture, and ultimate in its consequence as the destiny of the soul.

Royalty was the prevailing element in Assyria. Approaching this land of conquest, we see the people trembling beneath the sceptre. There the priest bent to regal authority. There, also, in vain do we look for the exalted action that has directed national ability in the lands where Christianity has flung its disclosing light on the solemn realities of the future. It is said,

"They had no poet, and they died."

They had nothing that was propitious to the birth of poetry. No inspiration bent its angel-wing over their spirit, to lead it to the region of the beautiful. Babylon and Assyria have fallen—fallen into so deep an oblivion, that the strong light of the present only strikes a few solitary, upheaved fragments of the wide wreck of her ruin! They went down to the tomb, leaving no high memorial—no noble contribution to the sovereignty of the past. Still hangs over them the dim heaven of their astrology, with here and there a lone, faint star of intelligence.

We delight to come to the Holy Land. With adoration and awe we tread upon the sacred soil of Palestine. Hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer, signalized with immediate intercourse with the eternal throne, it stands as the birth-place of elements of empire beyond any other land. To it belongs Calvary, with the terrible tragedy of the crucifixion, and the glorious consummation of the world's redemption. When Christ came from the sepulchre, then, for the first time, the glories of immortal life and the solemn destinies of the future rushed upon the world. Then philosophy, that before had wandered in gloom, was led by the Son of God to the regions of light; and it has ever since found the Star of Bethlehem its most sure guide to the birth-place of truth. All the revelations of science and earthly wisdom will ever prove that "philosophy the best which, after its thousand voyages of discovery, anchors at last upon the solemn shores of religion." How sublime is the empire of Palestine!—in its dominion over the soul of the Christian—in renovation and restoration of the depraved elements of humanity to divine beauty—in the exaltation and direction it has given to nations, and the elevated promptings with which it has sent the soul onward to grand achievement: all these bespeak a prouder empire than ever existed ere the angels replaced upon the brow of the Redeemer his coronal, blooming with the fresh garlands of Calvary. The mighty crusades for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre testify to the high control of this heaven-beloved land.

Year after year the devoted pilgrim visited this place of his superstitious adoration. At length the oppression of the Mussulmen aroused the indignation of Europe, and the armies from the east and the west join in the grand crusade. The banks of the Danube and its mountain lands are whitened by the bones of the fallen faithful. The embattled hosts at length arrive upon the shores of Palestine. They send up a strong invocation from Mount Olivet to the God of battles. And at last the flag of the red cross waved in conquest above the walls of Jerusalem. The gaining of the tomb of Christ was not the only triumph of the crusades; they led to results of a loftier nature—they joined nations in a closer brotherhood—they enlarged the borders of the social system, and unfolded new resources—they emancipated thought, and gave the spirit of personal independence to man.

The genius of the crusades has started some of the noblest of the songs of poetry. Ariosto swept the lyre of chivalry in such wild and rapturous music, that its melody yet lingers upon the ear of posterity. Jerusalem Delivered, was the sacred theme that inspired the soul of Tasso, who led from out the Holy Sepulchre the beauties of his immortal epic, which will never be entombed.

Painting has loved to stand, with her brush, upon the shores of the Mediterranean, to sketch the hallowed scenes of Palestine. Raphael there found the perfect image of beauty in the arms of the mother of Jesus, and the sacred wildness of St. John in the wilderness of Judea; while the splendors of the transfiguration flashed upon his canvas from Mount Tabor.

Thus Palestine, with her visitations from the Most High, and the cross of Christ, has elements of rule mightier than any other land, and more intimately blended with the glories of Omnipotence and the empire of Jehovah.

POWER OF MEMORY.

—
BY A BEGINNER.
—

THERE is something surpassingly singular in the power of memory. Most people find it difficult to retain facts the most essential to be remembered; while others hold with a firm grasp every thing they see, or hear, or read about. An Italian gentleman, named by Dr. Rush, in the beginning of an illness spoke English; in the middle of it French; but, on the day of his death, could speak only the Italian. A clergyman once told Dr. Rush, that some of his parishioners, born in Germany and Sweden, spoke only their native dialects when dying, though they had not used them before for twenty years, and had apparently forgotten them. We have many other accounts of the power of memory equally wonderful.

THE GOVERNMENT OF TASTE.

—
BY EDWARD B. STEVENS, M. D.
—

THE earnest spirit of this age looks only to utility. To that standard every thing is brought, whether it pertain to science, or letters, or philanthropy. And he who would reach the public ear must have much of temerity, indeed, who heeds not the breathings of that spirit. And yet strangely mingling with the principle alluded to is another, springing from the inner man, and growing out of his social nature and his affections. Everywhere starting into life is seen his love for the elegant; and, true to the teachings of nature, man continually yields to what he conceives to be the government of taste.

The traveler, the scholar, the man of leisure, and the amateur in fine arts, each indulges in his particular fancy. One, in the calm quiet of his study, follows the fond imaginings of olden poets, and dreams with them of Titans, of Trojan battle-fields, and the cares of the "Pius Æneas." One wanders in the silent forums of ancient orators, and is himself borne away with the eloquence that, centuries gone by, captivated the vast assemblages of agitated listeners; or, lost in the ruins of old deserted cities, admires their statues and their pictures—their crumbling columns and their massy towers. Some choose rather to forget the elegance of ancient ages—its arts and its refinement—its heroes and its triumphal processions, and look only to the present—to that which is above, about, and now, as the vast sources from which their enjoyment proceeds. The man of sweat, too, has his fond region of the ideal. His is the beautiful in nature, as, day by day, he watches the green shoot of his early planted seed, or, later, silently admires the golden tints of a ripening harvest.

Here is not a suitable place to enter into any strict analysis of what is understood by the word *taste*; and whether it partake especially of mere sense, or of mere reason, or if it be made up of both—what are its sources, and what is its character: all these are left to the nicer disquisitions of the critic. For our purpose, and for the present, it will be sufficient if we consider *taste* as being the power of appreciating, of enjoying, of *loving* the beautiful. The possession of such a faculty as this—which, indeed, I fancy, is, in some degree, one of the universal gifts of a kind heavenly Father—almost necessarily supposes a corresponding internal desire of creating all external objects in accordance with its principles. It is this feeling in man to which we wish partly to shape our present thoughts—to call the attention—to think and speak for a little while, about what we may style, conveniently enough, domestic taste.

This world, in which we live, is a field, in which it is expected there shall be no idlers—in which the great Creator intends that all shall labor. To work

is emphatically the destiny of man; but then he may meet this destiny manfully, with cheerfulness and a merry heart, or he may toil through the cloudy vale of his earthly existence in sorrow and in gloom. There are those who never, in all their lives, have planted a shrub—have watered a flower, or trained a vine—never, in a word, have loved to think of any living thing as indebted to them for its existence. No good book finds its way into their hands; and they care naught for the harmony of sweet sounds; they love nothing but that which becomes gold, or contributes to a brutish sensuality. Such have taste, indeed; but, despite the old motto, in which “tastes are not to be disputed,” we fancy theirs is not a true taste—not that which is suggested by nature. Much of the character of human life depends upon immediately surrounding circumstances—those objects with which we hold daily intercourse—which we continually see, and hear, and mingle with—these stamp their influence upon the individual, for much of good or evil, for ever—an influence as unseen as the subtil electric fluid, and not less certain. It is no slight matter, then, that these objects partake of the agreeable—the beautiful in nature and art. With such a thought all the numberless little circumstances that constitute the pleasures of home would oftener be arranged from the dictates of a true, a delicate, and a cultivated taste. These refinements, too, are as innocent in their character, as gratifying and soothing in their influence; for if they in fact spring from a true and genuine taste, they are in accord with nature; and in the small space we occupy, we do but imitate, in a humble way, the beauties lavished through the trackless space of a boundless universe. They are innocent, and pure, too, because, in their effects, they cultivate all the good qualities of the head and heart. Surrounded by the associations of a pure taste, man breathes a better and a kindlier atmosphere, while the even tenor of his way tells of a nature bettered, and a soul exalted. It is the desolate, the unattractive, and gloomy that sadden, and sour, and vitiate the heart of man. Shady walks, gorgeous forests, the rich flowers of summer, the smiles of a cheerful hearth-stone, are those which soothe the troubled mind, soften down the rugged asperities of life, and gladden and purify the affections.

SOMETHING MARVELOUS.

DR. ASHCROFT tells an anecdote of a child, which will surprise many of our readers. The child underwent the operation of trepanning, while in a state of profound stupor. His skull had been badly fractured. “After his recovery, he retained no recollection either of the operation or the accident; yet, at the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave his mother an exact description of the operation, of the persons present, their dress, and many other minute particulars.”

THE FUNERAL.

BY REV. E. C. BENSON.

“Earth’s highest station ends in ‘here he lies,’
And ‘dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”

IN the evening of a long sultry day in August, having just completed the arduous labors of a *day of itinerant* life, as I was about to partake of the evening repast, and commit my wearied frame to the embraces of “tired nature’s sweet restorer,” a messenger arrived to summons me to the bedside of one who was closing his earthly pilgrimage. The distance to his residence was more than thirty miles, and the sun was already sinking below the horizon; yet I immediately set out on the journey. The atmosphere was cool and bracing—we were fanned by the winds which swept from the great prairies of the west. But with the setting of the sun the clouds began to rise in the distance. They continued to collect and increase, until the whole heavens were darkened, and all was shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Slowly we wended our way through the dark, deep, dense forests that intervened between us and the distant village where lay the dying man. As the darkness excluded external objects from the view, our thoughts turned within, to reflect upon the frailty of human life, and the final destiny of man. And very naturally did my thoughts revert to the history of him who was then reclining upon his dying couch. He is an aged pilgrim, far from the place of his birth and the home of his childhood. His cup has been strangely mingled. He has passed through diversified scenes—has enjoyed the sunshine of prosperity, and endured the chilling blasts of adversity. He has enjoyed some health, but suffered much affliction—his sufferings are about to terminate—in an obscure dwelling his end is approaching—the day is closing, the sun declining, and the night of death coming. But is he prepared for the solemn and eventful change? For thirty-five years he has been a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the vigor of manhood he sought and found the priceless pearl. Long has his name been enrolled with the ransomed of the Lord, and doubtless he is fully prepared for the land of the blest. While these and similar reflections occupied my mind, we neared the residence. Day was dawning in the east. We approached the cottage; all was silent as the grave; the taper was burning; kind neighbors were sitting around; the death shroud was preparing. There lay the aged servant of God: his silvered locks, and furrowed cheeks, and withered flesh, all gave evidence that *time*, and *care*, and *disease* had made their indelible impress upon him. But all was over—the vital spark had fled—his blood-bought spirit, dislodged from the cumbrous clay, had winged its mystic flight back to God. The emotions of my soul, at that moment, are indescribable; for

he was *my father*. A gush of tears gave temporary relief.

On the following morning we followed his lifeless remains, in solemn procession, to the city of the dead, an endeared place. O, what interest clusters around the spot of earth where sleep our friends! We linger around the hallowed place; and, while we reflect upon the night of the grave, by faith we anticipate the glories of the resurrection morn. Our friends shall rise again. Though

"An angel's hand can't snatch them from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine them there."

They shall come forth, blooming in immortal youth, and clothed with the habiliments of the skies.

ST. PAUL—A SCRAP.

BY REV. N. VANSANT.

THERE is scarcely a doctrine within the whole compass of Christianity, which did not occupy the mind and employ the pen of the great apostle of the Gentiles. In reading his epistles, you are delightfully led, in your contemplations, from Adam's transgression to the obedience of Christ—from the deep depravity of human nature to the all-cleansing virtue of Jesus' blood—from the bitterness of repentance to the full joys of pardoned sin—and from thence your willing thoughts are conducted amid the rich and ever-flowing consolations of Gospel holiness. With all the moving eloquence which a plenary inspiration could awake, he tells "the story of the manger, the garden, and the cross," but does not leave you there. He guides your feet across the wilderness of life; and then, with noiseless tread, he bears you up to Nebo's lofty brow, and, in contrast with "the sufferings of this present time," he presents to your astonished and enraptured vision "the glory that shall be revealed in us." With the ideas of labor and suffering he always associates those of rest and reward. Do we at one time see him in "bonds" for Christ? He would have his brethren understand that they "have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel." Do we, at another time, behold him pressed down with numerous infirmities and afflictions? He rejoices in them; for, says he, "when I am weak then am I strong." And, to put the finishing touch upon the already unrivaled picture—to exhibit to the utmost perfection the shadows of time on the one hand and the lights of eternity on the other, he breaks forth in the following most elegant and soothing strain, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

EARLY RISING.

BY B. M. GUNUNG.

If people knew the real enjoyment, and considered the actual advantages of *early rising*, they would not lie dreaming till a late hour of the day—they would "be up and doing," seeing, thinking, and enjoying. Morning is the loveliest part of the day. The birds know this, and their sweetest songs are caroled forth in the earlier hours. It seems they catch the loveliness of morning beauties, and show a liveliness which those beauties inspire. The birds which sing liveliest sing in the morning, while those of more pensive tones warble in the evening, as if they were weary, and considered it time to retire.

The morning should be loved, for it is lovely; it should be enjoyed, because of the enjoyment it yields; it should be improved on account of the advantages it affords. The retiring darkness, the gradual dawn, the coming light, (voiceless, yet always cheering,) the beautiful blushes of the orient sky, the purity of the morning star, and the smiling forth of the rising sun—these are all too lovely not to be admired, too rich not to be enjoyed, too valuable not to be improved.

When the early day-beam shines on the crystal dew-drop, not only that but all nature looks gayest. Then the leaves show their deepest green—flowers their richest colors, and they then emit their sweetest fragrance; then the air is purest, the thoughts most active, the mind most clear, and ready to drink in the loveliness that glows in the smiling face of morning. Far more can be accomplished in the former than in the latter part of the day, especially in labors of the mind; for then the body is refreshed, the mind is vigorous, thought is active, reason is unburdened; and such a state of feeling will always prompt one to activity. Besides, the constant habit of early rising is highly beneficial to health. This has been attested in all ages, and the practice recommended by the ablest physicians that have lived.

In the country, in the village, or in the city, we always observe those children who retire and rise at an early hour, to have blooming countenances, sparkling eyes, and healthy bodies; and this state of health continues with them through life, their other habits being equal. Such children grow up to be healthy persons, of some use in society, capable of labor—capable of thought and study—capable of enduring hardships and the useful purposes of life. We seldom find them wasting with consumption, borne down by a little fatigue, overcome by a little labor, or tottering, under a premature decrepitude, to a grave scarcely ready to receive them. Whereas, multitudes of children, and young people generally, who are accustomed to sit up till a very late hour, and then to rise three hours later than they should,

become puny, feeble, pale, and hollow-eyed, with a kind of deathly look, subject to attacks of cold and a variety of diseases from the slightest exposure. Such are multitudes of the rising generation, who live totally regardless of their health, and die much sooner than it is the will of their Maker that they should. They counteract the designs of an all-wise Providence, turn a great part of the night into day and the day into night, change health into sickness, good constitutions into weakly frames, force themselves to leave undone most of the great business of life, and compel their friends to drop tears of grief on their early graves.

Aside from the custom of society, why would it not be just as proper for people to retire two hours before sunset, as to sleep two hours after sunrise? Would it not be just as consistent? The God of nature designed the day for labor, and the night for rest and sleep; consequently, if we follow the dictates of nature, we should not spend any of our daylight moments in bed. As soon as the day has dawned, people should be up and be engaged in some useful employment. This would be perfectly natural. Would they be "too sleepy?" Then retire earlier. It is easily done.

Thousands there are who find no time for prayer, or reading their Bibles; yet those very persons find time to sit up and chat till a very late hour in the evening; and then, as a sure consequence, they must "make up for it" by spending three hours of the best part of the day in morning dreams.

Far different were the habits of the ancients. The sages of antiquity were remarkable for their temperate habits, and especially for early rising. The patriarchs hailed the early dawn of day with a hearty welcome, and then commenced their labors with devotional exercises. The Savior of mankind was accustomed to rise early; and, at times, a "great while before day," he was in close communion with the Father. So with most persons who have been remarkable for great strength and activity—for usefulness and longevity. They reaped the benefits of rising with the morning star, in obedience to the dictates of nature and the teachings of nature's God.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUNG LADY, ON
LEAVING THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

BY ISAAC JULIAN.

'Tis hard to sever all the ties
Which bind us to our childhood's home—
Its thousand heartfelt sympathies,
In strange and distant climes to roam—
To leave the old familiar hearth,
By Love, and Truth, and Peace endear'd,
For some untrodden spot of earth,
By not one kind remembrance cheer'd.

Yet such is mortal life below,
Where'er our restless footsteps range—
A mingled scene of joy and woe—
A labyrinth of fearful change!
I speak the words of sober truth,
Though sad th' ungrateful tale I tell;
And happy they, who, in their youth,
Shall treasure up the lesson well.

But not to bow us in the dust
Are gath'ring ills and sorrows given;
They kindle up our languid trust,
And point us to the distant heaven.
As gold by fire is purified,
Even so adversity's fierce flame
Purges the soul of sin and pride,
Pure as the source from whence it came.

My young fair friend, may earthly ill
But rarely o'er thy pathway come!
May that chief joy be given thee still—
A world of love and peace at home!
But if misfortunes press thee round,
O faint not in the weary way,
And nobler will thy life be found,
Than folly's longest, happiest day!

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven."

I HAVE no resting-place on earth,
On which to fix my love;
But, O, my heart is yearning for
The promised rest above.
'Tis true, this earth is passing fair,
O'er which I sadly roam;
But yet it hath no charms for me,
For heaven is my home.

A pilgrim long I've wandered here;
But, with a steadfast eye,
I see a rest reserved for me,
At God's right hand on high.
Then all the joys of earth in vain
Shall tempt my feet to roam,
To seek a dwelling-place below,
Since heaven is my home.

O, were this earth as fair as when
Primeval Eden smiled,
I would not by its glowing charms
To dwell here be beguiled;
But I would seek a brighter world,
Where God has bid me come:
Then seek no more to bind me here,
For heaven is my home.

IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. E. W. ALLEN.

"In his blest life
I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his great ascent the proof supreme
Of immortality."

MIND is destined to live for ever. The body will die, but the soul will live. One, after a few years on earth, at most, goes to the dust from whence it came; the other returns to God who gave it, and enters an eternal state of happiness or woe.

The mind has amazing capacities for improvement. This is clearly seen in what mind has accomplished during the few years of its earthly existence. How numerous and multiplied its inventions for the ornament and benefit of society! How astonishing has been its progress in the knowledge of the arts and sciences—in exploring the secrets of the kingdoms of nature! It has found its way into the bowels of the earth; it has wandered among the stars, and calculated their laws, velocity, and dimensions; it has followed the comets in their erratic course; it has taken into its contemplation the numerous systems in the regions of boundless space; and has expatiated amid the scenes of sublimity and beauty in the spirit land. Contemplate for a moment the achievements of a single mind. Take that of the immortal Newton. How diversified and extensive its range of thought! How ready to penetrate the mysteries of science! How valuable its demonstrations to the human race! It weighed the masses of distant planets, determined their size and motions, the times of their revolutions, and their distances from the globe on which we live, and ascertained the laws producing their diversified phenomena.

"He, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil,
Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide-working through this universal frame.
All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he, by the blended power
Of gravitation and projection, saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite, and every star
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
—at his approach,
Blazed into suns, the living centre each
Of a harmonious system."

Had that mind continued its ordinary progress in knowledge for a century longer, what would it have achieved! How vast must have been its acquisitions! Had a thousand years been allowed it on earth for the exercise of its capacious powers, who could comprehend its vast stores of knowledge! Who can tell what that mind, during that space of time, might become!—what intellectual attainments it might acquire! From what was ascertained of its capa-

bilities, during its brief earthly stay, it is perfectly reasonable to suppose, that it might not only have continued its rapid progress in knowledge for a thousand years, but that that progress may be continued through an unceasing duration. Must mind, susceptible of such improvement, be shut up in its exercise, to the narrow limits of this short life, and that life, to a great extent, made up of laborious employments for supplying the necessities of our physical natures? It cannot be!

"Say, can a soul possessed
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?"

Such a sentiment is preposterous. It ill accords with the views we have been taught from the Scriptures to entertain of the wisdom of the Creator. It is too absurd to be cherished, for a moment, by any reflecting mind.

During the present life, the mind, in all its efforts for acquisitions in knowledge, is greatly embarrassed. Such is its connection with the physical organization, that its powers cannot be fully called into action. The diseases and infirmities of an enfeebled constitution, the time necessarily consumed in the performance of various duties essential to the health, comfort, and even existence of the body, the circumstances in which it is often the lot of man to be placed, the numerous cares and hardships to which many are subjected, are serious impediments to intellectual pursuits. Such is the weakness, often, of the corporeal frame, that the mind must remain comparatively inactive, or the body must sink into the tomb. Richard Watson, that intellectual giant, was, during a considerable portion of the time devoted to his public career, unable for great intellectual efforts, in consequence of a diseased body. The same may be said of hundreds of the greatest minds of earth. Can we reasonably suppose that mind, after struggling for knowledge a few years, under such disabilities, will then cease to be? and cease, too, without having had an opportunity of developing its capabilities? Must it be cast off from existence, and sink into eternal annihilation, at the moment when its capacities were just beginning to expand, when its desires were the most ardent, and when scenes of immensity and eternity were just opening to its view? If such a supposition could be admitted, man would be the most inexplicable phenomenon in the universe—his existence an unfathomable mystery; and there could be no conceivable mode of reconciling his condition and destination with the wisdom, rectitude, and benevolence of the Creator.

It is well known that a large proportion of the human race die in infancy—die before the noble powers of intellect have scarcely commenced their development. They appeared for a few days in this world of sorrow, and then passed away. Some of

the brightest intellects of earth stopped here but just long enough to be seen—seen just as they began to unfold their mighty energies—to be loved and admired; and then, as if too good for this world of sin, passed to the regions of unclouded light. Had they remained here for a few years, they would have shone with peculiar brightness in the galaxy of mind. But has their light been extinguished for ever? Are those noble powers never to find time for expansion and improvement? The only safe conclusion seems to be, that they have only been removed to a more friendly climate; that they are transplanted in a soil more congenial to their growth and maturity, and where their highest bliss and improvement in knowledge will be perpetuated for ever.

The mind desires immortality. This desire is to be found among all nations, ranks, and conditions of men. If we visit the thrones of princes, the palaces of the great, the mansions of statesmen, or the abodes of poverty, we find the desire for future existence the same: from which we conclude, that this desire is implanted in the human soul by the great Creator. The poet very properly inquires,

"Whence springs this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?"

The actions and achievements of mind evidently mark its desire for immortality. Why those towering pyramids, enduring monuments, triumphal arches, lofty columns, splendid temples, and mausoleums? Do they not evince a strong desire for the perpetuity of fame?—that reputation might live beyond the tomb? The celebrations of orators, poets, and historians, to secure from oblivion the deeds of the great and renowned, go to establish the same truth. Man desires to be known when the body sleeps in death. This desire has often led to heroic and Christian action. The Christian, "desiring a better country," has rejoiced amid "cruel mockings, scourging, bonds, and imprisonments;" he has even triumphed on the rack, and in flames, being assured that death would introduce him to "an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory."

The desire for future possession and enjoyment, so natural to man, cannot be gratified in the present life. Possess what we may, something more is desired—something that earth cannot furnish. The mind, restless and unsatisfied, in its present enjoyments, takes hold in its desires on eternal realities.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blessed.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in the life to come."

But the Bible throws a superior light on man's future destiny. In this light all doubts and misgivings in reference to his future existence vanish, and in it

"life and immortality" are clearly seen. The patriarchs and prophets lived and died in the belief of the soul's immortality. Moses "endured as seeing Him who is invisible; for he had respect unto the recompense of reward." For this reward he may well have renounced all the splendor and glory of Egypt. These appeared as nothing when compared with the glories of the heavenly throne and the crown of life. Abraham believed this doctrine; and when he "gave up the ghost, he was gathered to his people." Job suffered patiently, in hope of a "glorious immortality." "I know," says he, "that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and, after I shall awake, though this body shall be destroyed, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The language of the Psalmist is equally in point: "My flesh shall rest in hope; for thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave." "Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." The patriarchs, it is said, "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on earth," and that "they declared plainly that they sought a better country, that is, a heavenly;" and that they rejoiced in hope of obtaining a "better resurrection." The New Testament saints were, if possible, still clearer in their views of the subject. Paul could say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Peter declares that he had been "begotten unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for the faithful. John was peculiarly favored with revelations of the future world. He saw "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, which stood before the throne, clothed in white robes, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to our God, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

But we need not multiply passages farther. The above are all-sufficient for our purpose. They clearly teach that man will live beyond the tomb; that, though the body will return to the dust, the soul will become an inhabitant of the spirit world; and that, if prepared "by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," it will unite in the chorus of the celestial choir: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power. Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

The doctrine of the soul's immortality is of great

practical importance. It should lead to a *proper estimation of the value of time*. How exceedingly precious does time appear when viewed in the light of eternity! Every moment, thus seen, appears more precious than diamonds. Their value cannot be properly estimated by the gold and silver of earth. If we are to exist for ever, how important that that existence should be a happy one! When we consider that, in securing such an existence, much depends on the proper use of time, it invests time with an untold importance. The blessings, too, that others may experience by our properly improving the time committed to our hands, clothes it with great value. To bless others is one of the great ends of our existence; and that much of our time should be directed to this work is a clearly acknowledged truth. If we can polish one gem for our Master's crown, how vastly important that such a result should be secured! The poet very appropriately says:

"I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Savior known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love."

A belief of this doctrine should lead to a *proper attention to the intellectual faculties*. These were given us by the great Creator for the most exalted purposes. They are to be exercised on objects the most grand and glorious. If we are to spend eternity in contemplating the perfections of Deity, the splendor and glory of his works, as exhibited in nature, providence, and grace—especially in contemplating the stupendous scheme of human redemption, how important that we enter upon such contemplations with the mental powers in their highest state of development and improvement!

It should lead to a *proper estimate of the real value of earthly things*. Our secular pursuits, boasted treasures, splendid possessions, sublimary honors, and highest earthly enjoyments—all the dazzling objects of time which so often interest and fascinate the multitude, will soon pass away. None of them can be carried with us beyond the tomb. On every object of earth decay and dissolution are inscribed. Of how little value are all these, when compared with those eternal realities with which we shall be familiar in the regions of immortality!

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!"

It should lead us to *place our affections on heavenly things*. If all earthly possessions are of so short duration, shall we love them?—shall we place our affections on them? Rather "set your affections on things above," "where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." These things are worthy our pursuit and possession: they will endure for ever—they will shine with transcendent splendor, when all the

pageantry and shadows of time shall have been forgotten.

It should lead us to *cheerful submission under all the dispensations of Providence*. Are afflictions and sufferings our lot? Remember, that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" and that "the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed." Are crosses to be our portion? Bear them patiently; for the "recompense" will soon be given.

"Sigh not, Christian, though thy crosses
Far exceed what others bear;
Heaven will reimburse thy losses—
All thy injuries repair.
Beauteous robes will soon be tender'd,
For the anguish here sustained;
More than double will be render'd—
More than Paradise regain'd."

It should lead us to *solemn reflection, and to a constant preparation for the scenes of eternity*. If the doctrine contended for in this paper be true, we shall all soon meet the decisions of the last day. How solemn the thought! This should ever be borne in mind in all the transactions of the present life. We shall all stand before the great tribunal. The Judge will there decide our destiny for eternity. O, to prepare for that day should be the great business of life!

"To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
Ye dead, the Judge is come:
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

"O may we thus be found,
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we all insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!"

THE SAFE COURSE.

It is related of the pious Mr. Romaine, a clergyman of the Church of England, that being once in gay and thoughtless company, he was invited by them to take part in a game at cards. He drew up to the table, with the rest; and, just as they were about to commence, he said, "You will please allow me, my friends, to ask the blessing of God on what we are going to do, as I make it a rule to engage in nothing on which I cannot ask the Divine blessing." The remark had its designed effect, and the cards were at once abandoned. Let every professing Christian act on this sublime and holy principle, and the Church will be a hundred fold more efficient and influential than it has ever yet been.

MORAL INTEGRITY;
OR, THE BASIS OF HUMAN IMPROVEMENT.

BY REV. J. N. TIFFANY.

WHEN man came from the hands of his Creator, pure and untainted with crime, he was in a state of innocence, and perfectly free from all the degenerating influences of sin. Had he remained in this state of purity, he might have continued to advance toward perfection, in the innumerable ages of eternity. Labor and pain would have been strangers to him; and improvement, without toil, would have been his constant companion. But, being in a state of probation, through the weakness of another, he fell into wretchedness and woe, subject to sin and death. The amount of evil brought upon the human family, through this fall, or sin, has not been calculated by man: we only know that it is great, and that we are naturally inclined to do evil. Who can take only a superficial view of the human race, and not perceive the wretchedness in which man is whelmed? Yet, although wretchedness literally covers the land and violence is abroad, let us not forget those generous and philanthropic spirits, whose influence has been felt in elevating man's condition, and forwarding human improvement; neither let us forget, that benevolent societies are still in existence, whose object is the same, to elevate man from wretchedness and woe. Notwithstanding these are great auxiliaries in the suppression of crime, and the promotion of improvement, yet we are astonished when we consider what an abundance of sin and degradation exists even in a republic such as ours. But why should we be astonished, since our congressmen and legislators countenance such abominations? I answer, freemen should act from principle, and not, as in despotisms, be compelled to think and act as others. And we are still more astonished when we hear that some of our national deputies degrade themselves, by vile and improper conduct, like the wild barbarian, challenging each other to set themselves up as a mark to shoot at.

Although the work of renovation has begun, yet we see that much ignorance, prejudice, and superstition remains to be extirpated. And by what means shall these evils be exterminated. I answer, *moral integrity is the only sure basis of all human improvement.* By moral integrity, we mean that state, or purity of mind, in which all the faculties and susceptibilities are held in sweet obedience to the dictates of the moral nature; while truth, from what source soever it may flow, is sought after and received with pleasure. All that precedes this is founded on the pressure of circumstances, and will cease when that pressure subsides.

That moral integrity is the basis of human improvement, I shall endeavor to show. Man is created with certain susceptibilities, which, when affected by external objects, prompt him to action.

He is, also, endowed with reason, which directs him in the choice of action, which is approved or disapproved by a certain faculty of his nature, called conscience, or the moral sense. Now, the will may side with reason and the moral sense against any evil propensity of man's nature; or, on the contrary, it may join with some propensity in opposition to reason and the moral sense. In the former case, when the will is united with reason and conscience against any evil inclination, the work of reformation and improvement commences, and not till then. Reason points out the course of man's action, while conscience dictates the justice or injustice of such an action. Thus, he might advance in improvement, nearer and nearer the point of human perfection. But when the will connects itself with any evil propensity, in opposition to reason and the moral sense, degeneracy and the work of destruction begin to show their atrocious forms. The soft voice of reason is drowned, and the gentle monitions of conscience are hushed. At first, the mind, perceiving its wretchedness, and struggling to be free, required some remedy to relieve its misery; but the will, with an iron grasp, clung to its adopted propensity. The true cause of the mind's wretchedness being discovered by the light of truth, and this increasing its distress, men strive to shun the light, as by so doing they suppose it the most sure remedy of comforting a polluted mind. It is true, by avoiding the light, the mind becomes less susceptible of pain; yet, on this account, we are not to conclude that the mind is in a more healthful state; for we shall find the contrary to be true, that the longer the mind is restrained from beholding the light of truth, the more despicable and abandoned will be its condition; and that the more an individual submits to the commission of crime, the more blunt will be his moral sense, until, as biography proves, he would lose nearly all moral sensibility. His conscience would become seared as with a hot iron. Having advanced thus far in crime and pollution, he sneers at reformation, and rushes headlong to destruction.

An example, to illustrate this, may be drawn from nature. In sailing near the coast of Norway, in the North sea, while the crew are on their guard, and the captain sees that every one is in his place, all are safe; but, should they become negligent, and the captain disregard his duty, the vessel, imperceptibly drawn into the current of the Maelstrom, at length becomes unmanageable, and is finally dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. Precisely in a similar condition is man. While he keeps the baser passions of his nature in subjection, he is advancing in improvement; but, should he permit them to overcome him, and be subject to their degenerating influence, he loses command of himself, and is ruined by their corrupting power.

While man continues in this immoral condition, he cannot advance a step in improvement. He must

throw off or restrain these evil passions, or his course will be constantly tending downward. Man's moral powers become weakened by yielding to any indulgence which acts in opposition to them. While this indulgence continues, his mind cannot be said to be in a healthy state; when it is removed, improvement commences. But while man continues in an immoral state, his condition is not improved by turning from one evil propensity to another; for he will not surrender one evil inclination for another, which has not a more powerful influence over him. Hence, if this be true, while in an immoral state, man's condition is only rendered worse by surrendering one evil passion for the gratification of another. It differs not whether a man destroys himself by leaping from a lofty eminence, or shooting himself through the head—the crime of suicide is the same. It may now be asked, how can we determine a person's true condition? I answer, in the same manner that a physician determines the physical condition of his patient, which is determined by the obstinacy of the cause; that is, diminishing the vital powers, and not the form: so, also, by the persistence of any evil propensity, do we determine man's moral condition, and not by its form. Hence, it follows, one man's condition is no better than another's, how widely soever their propensities may differ in form, provided their degree of subjection be the same. The man who is a slave to sensuality is no worse than he who is a slave to honor, if they are subject to their propensities in the same degree, although the one may be despised and the other esteemed among men. The man who turns from an old to a fashionable sin, is ranked with him who ceases to commit one crime to perpetrate a more atrocious deed. He who, for the sake of pleasure or renown, debilitates his natural faculties, ranks with him who does the same in greedily imbibing the waters of bitterness, causing wretchedness and dishonor. Hence, we see, unless man founds his success on *moral integrity*, his labor will profit nothing. But there can be no success, in this matter, without improvement. Therefore, we are compelled to come to the conclusion, that *moral integrity is the basis of human improvement*.

He who would effectually and successfully teach others to advance in improvement, must himself be acquainted with their difficulties, and the manner of overcoming them. Now he that knows his own difficulties, and the great secret of overcoming them, is such a man. He is a man of moral integrity; for his very character implies one who surmounts all difficulties that lie in his way to improvement, and who is ever ready to search after truth, whencesoever it may flow. Such a man is not satisfied merely with being a member of a respectable association; but he looks still further, and lays deeper plans for improvement.

Were men of this character to associate together, and their number gradually to increase, who could

not descry the dawn of that bright day, when ignorance, prejudice, and superstition would have lost their abode in the earth, when darkness would fly back to its original habitation, and when the knowledge of the great I AM would cover the earth as the waters the channels of the sea, and when every land would resound with Elysian strains, accompanied with the approving smiles of the Prince of peace?

IMPORTANCE OF FAITH.

—
BY JOHN SCARLETT
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THE exercise of faith or unbelief, in the present world, involves the entire value of life and immortality to man. And although faith is not an injunction of that law, written on tables of stone, which came by Moses, it is nevertheless a just requirement of that law, of "grace and truth," which came by Jesus Christ. Every human being, while in a state of probationary accountability, is bound, by tremendous considerations, to "have faith in God." There is, in the word of God, more importance attached to faith than to any other particular duty devolving on man. Faith is placed as a leader before the whole train of heavenly virtues. Although love is the essence of its character, and may have the longest life, yet, without faith's exercise, love could not reach its purifying process in the heart. The Christian sometimes reproves himself for his little love, and want of feeling; but the rebuke of Jesus is, "O ye of little faith! why do ye doubt?" Without faith, man must remain separated from God, in an awful sense, by an insuperable barrier. To be on friendly terms with God, implies our faith in him. Will not man believe the supreme God, who has been pleased to condescend to speak in a convincing language, from heaven, to the human race? How solemn are the circumstances connected with the Divine communications! Is not the binding power of an obligation equal to the dignity of the authority that makes the demand? Has not God accompanied his written word by his eternal Spirit, through the mediation of his Son?—made impressions on the human conscience which no adverse power has ever been able to counterfeit or efface? Is it not right, then, in God, to be displeased with unbelief? As it was not possible for the "cup" to pass, undrained, from the lips of Jesus, so now, in order to be saved, we must not think it possible, without believing on him. As it was just in God to honor his law by the vicarious death of his Son, so now his justice equally appears in justifying such only as believe in Jesus.

But what is it to believe, savingly, in God? It is to act, with the whole heart, according to Divine direction, in the inspired volume, and by the dictates

of the Holy Spirit. When Peter, looking to Christ, by help from him, trusted in his word, the liquid surface of the sea became a solid pavement to his feet. When he doubted, he began to sink. Faith, if we possess any, immediately departs from us whenever our heart's strongest desire deviates from a parallel with the line of spiritual attraction.

Faith is simply taking God at his word—an unre-served reliance on his power—a glad reception of his needed grace, through atoning blood. Its pre-requi-sites are serious consideration, inquiry, decision, and godly sincerity concerning spiritual things. Its in-herent properties are credence, trust, and courage, in the use of the truths of the Bible. The objects toward which it inclines the heart are God, in the unity of his essence, the trinity of his persons, his revealed plans, counsels and laws, his promises and threatenings. Its foundation is CHRIST. It is through him, joining our conscious weakness to Di-vine strength, in denying self, and forcing back the dictates of the natural heart, until the dominion of sin is broken up. It is the mutual blending of the human with the Divine agency, in holy co-operation, in doing that work, which, without such reciprocal alliance, could never be accomplished.

In such exercise of living faith, there is hon-est, holy thinking: not in wild reveries of fan-ey; but in sober, uninterrupted calmness of the "right mind." Like the artist, absorbed in burning thought, with intense gaze upon the canvas before him, drawing, with pencillings of genius, the living picture already imaged in his mind—blending, in inconceivable softness, the lights and shades of rose and lily tints—surrounding it with an atmos-phere sunny and warm, until, starting from the back-ground, in moving life and beauty, it seems to meet his pencil half way. Genius kindles a fire of its own; but faith has an ever-living theme! It is, indeed, the outbreathing flame of the spirit's own kindling! Its light is destined to illumine, with Gospel glory, this world, wherever it shall be occu-pied as the residence of man!

And this, then, is the Christian faith—
To give the heart and mind's control
To Christ, by breathing that live breath
Which made man first "a living soul."

It is in his atoning blood
To find for sin a perfect cure—
To bathe in the all-cleansing flood
Until the entire man is pure.

It is to mount on wings of fire,
With mind, and heart, and soul above—
To move by one intense desire
In doing work of "perfect love."

Faith offers to man the only means of securing to him all the valuable qualities of his life and being, in this and in the coming world. And is it really so? Will man be worth nothing to himself, though pos-sessed of an immortal nature, if faith is neglected by him? Tremendous truth, it is even so! This can

easily be shown by three distinctly connected prop-ositions, namely:

That the entire value of existence to man is in proportion to the true amount of his happiness.

That the true amount of his happiness is in proportion to the purity of his heart. And,

That the purity of his heart is effected by faith in God.

The argument stands thus. That faith purifies; and purity affords capacity and enjoyment of hap-piness; and happiness stamps the value on human existence.

The above links of truth are interlocked into each other. They form a chain that cannot be broken. They have stood the test of experience through all ages, and shall remain the same until faith, as now connected with salvation, shall be superseded by perfect knowledge in the heavenly world.

DIVINE DELIVERANCE IN EXTREME AFFLICTION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It is too common among Christians to complain of afflictions, and some, at least professedly so, say, that they would rather die than live, if this would deliver them from affliction. "Ah, my afflictions! when shall I be rid of them? None are so afflicted as I am: I am weary of my life—let me die." Is it not wrong for a believer, or any other one who is necessarily under the omniscient eye of the great Ru-ler of the universe, thus to think, or thus to speak? Does He not care for us? Is his mercy clean gone? Will he be gracious no more? Why complain, if "we must, through much tribulation, enter into the king-dom of God?" And if God "doth not afflict will-ingly, nor grieve the children of men," is it right to complain? Should we not take care, lest we forget the exhortation, "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him?" &c. Has a ship ever yet been lanch-ed, for sea-faring purposes, which has not en-counter-ed adversity from winds and waves? The traveler may leave his own hearth in the sunshine of the morning, but, ere the day ends, he may have to endure adversities. This is particularly true of the Christian traveler; still adversity shall be made con-ducive to his ultimate felicity. This may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true. See that novice standing observing the mariner heaving rock and sand into his beautiful ship. He thinks it is the greatest foolishness to load the vessel with such material, not aware that the ship needs ballast. So of many flippant, but fragile ones of this world: affliction, with them, is all wrong; they wither under it, not aware of its design. To them, it is the arrow of deadly poison; to the pious, it is the arrow of Telephus, in classic narrative, that carries with it a balm for every wound it may inflict.

The truly pious have a divine Deliverer, who says to them, "Fear not, for I am with thee," &c. They have his bow of promise and light of assurance, that he will lead them to fountains of living water; and in their troubles he will be to them

As "love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb."

In *extreme* affliction, the Christian is assured the Lord will deliver, as he has never forsaken those who have trusted in him. Noah had his peculiar afflictions; nevertheless, while driven to and fro on the world of waters, in his solitary ark, he trusted in the Lord, and he was delivered.

Abraham, the father of the faithful, as he migrated from place to place, and as his days passed away, his sorrows appeared to accumulate, down to the trying moment on Mount Moriah, when, according to the Divine precept, he had prepared his only and dearest son for sacrifice. In this hour of his inexpressible affliction, the holy One received his *will* for the *deed*, and thus delivered him. Here was one of the most favored sons of Heaven greatly tried; but he stood fast, and like the lonely obelisk which marked the spot where anciently stood an Egyptian temple sacred to the sun, a temple that held a mirror drawn to a point which reflected splendors far and wide over the whole building. So of Abraham: he stood amid the night of affliction unflinchingly, and was delivered.

We see the wandering Hagar and her lad, in the wilderness of Beersheba. When the "water was spent in the bottle, she cast the child under one of the shrubs, and went and sat her down over against him, a good way off; . . . for she said, let me not see the death of the child, . . . and lifted up her voice and wept. And the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."

"Young Ishmael cried, and God, from heaven,
Looked down upon his grief;
Cool waters to the sands were given—
He drank, and found relief."

Here was a desolate woman in the desert, with her dear son about to perish from thirst; but, in the hour of her deep distress, the angel of mercy is nigh to direct her eye to the well of water; but, remember, not till "the water was spent in the bottle."

Lot was grieved in spirit at the increasing wickedness of Sodom; but his hour for deliverance came suddenly. The sun had arisen, as usual; but the moment for the Divine vengeance had arrived. Lot runs—the heavens emit the thunder and lightning around him—his wife, for distrust, is stricken; but, in obeying the Divine command, he is delivered from this sudden and amazing affliction.

The patriarch, Jacob, when returning from Padan-

Aram, after several years of exile, knowing that his brother was offended at him, and was coming to meet him with a force of four hundred men, apparently in a hostile manner, feared him; but, in his characteristic prudence, he divided his people and flocks "into two bands," that if one were smitten, the other might escape. What was better, he had recourse to prayer: he believed all things depended on God. He sent all that he had over the brook Jabbok, and was himself "left alone." Thus retired, he was visited by a mysterious personage, with whom he wrestled "until the breaking of the day," and as a prince, he had "power with God and with men." And thus, in the extremity of affliction, he was gloriously delivered.

Joseph, the son of the patriarch Jacob, was sold by his brethren; then resold as a slave; then thrown into the "dungeon," hopeless and friendless; and when he could sink no lower, his great Deliverer comes, and suddenly raises him to be "lord over Egypt."

The Israelites, in Egyptian bondage, were tortured more and more by the subtil enemies; they must make brick without straw; but this is not hard enough: their male children must be slain. As the time of their deliverance draws nigh, their burdens are increased, and their privileges curtailed. God hears their cry, and counts their tears, and delivers them by his almighty power.

Look, again, in the days of King Ahasuerus, when the treacherous Haman, "the Jews' enemy," sought to destroy them "in every province;" but on that "night could not the King sleep;" he called for the book of records of the chronicles, and, through a mysterious providence, the Lord made a way for their escape. Though the decree for their destruction was written in the name of the King, and sealed with his ring, still they were delivered.

The deliverance of the people of the Lord, in extreme affliction, has been manifested in the whole history of the judges of Israel; in the narrow escapes of David; in the siege of Samaria; in the case of the widow and her son of Zarephthah; in the case of Hezekiah, and Jerusalem from the besieging Assyrians; Daniel from the lion's den; the three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace; and Jonah from the "vasty deep."

In the New Testament Scriptures, we have examples on all hands. What a glorious display of Divine power was exhibited toward the daughter of Jairus, and the son of the widow of Nain, who had been the captives of death! See Jesus at the grave of Lazarus. The beloved sisters are in distress—their brother and protector is dead. The Savior comes, but comes too late: Lazarus has been in the grave four days. "Jesus wept." He comes to the grave with the sisters, and the disciples who loved him. Here are incredulous Jews; there stands a self-righteous Pharisee, who says, with the impudence of

a Pagan, "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Jesus saith, "Take away the stone." There the cold, damp body appears: all is silent. Jesus cried with a loud voice, "*Lazarus, come forth!*"—and he that was dead came forth—"loose him and let him go." Here is a deliverance in extreme affliction.

Thus, my reader, it would be easy to multiply examples of affliction, not only borne with characteristic patience, but resulting in the best good of those afflicted. May not your own afflictions be of the same nature? May they not procure you similar triumphs? Be not, then, desponding. Trust, in all your trials, to the care of Him who has numbered the hairs of your head, and knows all your goings.

MARY'S CHOICE.

BY REV. JAMES E. WILSON.

"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE X, 42.

SHE stoop'd before the holy throne,
And claimed its mercy all her own;
And low at Jesus' feet abas'd,
The purest happiness embraced:
Well chosen was that better part—
So utter'd He who reads the heart.

She chose a *name*, whose spotless fame
Throughout eternity's the same—
Current and bless'd where God is known,
And brightest, mid the brightest shone.
Let earth's proud titles vanish, all,
When Jesus by *his* name would call.

She chose a *Lord*, whose every word
With rapt'rous joy she always heard—
The welcome Master of her soul,
While endless ages onward roll.
She lov'd, obeyed, and died in him,
And rose to sit with cherubim.

She chose a *home*, whose princely dome
Rises sublime o'er Jordan's foam—
Its holy strains of melody
Sweep onward through eternity:
And all around, and all above,
Are cheerful songs of grateful love.

Thrice happy choice! so wisely done,
As claim'd the praise of God's own Son:
When death shall come, and earth recede,
'Twill well supply each coming need;
And long as stands the throne on high,
No one shall take from thee thy joy.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

BY AMANDA WESTON.

THE summer shower! The summer shower!
'Tis lightly falling on grass and flower;
On yonder misty hill-tops, far away—
In the meadows, on the fresh mown hay—
On the leafy boughs of the orchard tree,
Where the robin is warbling in his glee,
As if he felt the refreshing power—
The cooling drops of the summer shower.

And now 'tis falling on the shining leaves
The woodbine twines around the cottage eaves;
It is falling on the flowers that spring
'Neath the vines that o'er them their shadows fling:
It is falling, too, on the roof-tree gray,
Where the moss has clung for many a day;
And roof-tree, and vine, and timid flower,
Seem to welcome, all, the summer shower.

And it I welcome too—it bears to me
A whisper low of mournful melody—
A murmur, like unto the farewell tone
Of a voice long since from earth's music gone:
Yet I love it—I love it; for it brings
Beauty and joy to all living things:
Song to the robin—green leaves to the bower—
And light to the sky—the summer shower.

THE HEAVENLY VICTOR.

BY G. BARBOOK.

WHEN the Son of God arose,
All the bars of death he broke:
Captive led our mortal foes:
Many saints, which slept, awoke.
With what triumph did they rise,
By the King of glory led!
With what joy ascend the skies,
There to reign with him, their Head!

Hail the morn that saw him rise!
Hail the triumphs of his reign!
Terror's king, with mournful cries,
Weeps the loss of all his train.
Tell us, *monster*, where's thy sting?
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
Lo, he cries, on rapid wing,
Ask the *Victor* o'er the grave.

Fell despair, with raven wing,
Broods no more around the tomb:
Saints, called forth by heaven's own King,
In immortal youth shall bloom—
Strike with seraphs' harps of gold—
Choicest anthems sweetly sing:
Still the love can ne'er be told
Of their glorious, conquering King.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1847.

INEQUALITIES OF LIFE.

It is the declaration of a philosopher, of a people, of an age, that all men are created free and equal. This maxim is the corner-stone of the mightiest republic which the world has seen. It was laid in the beginning of a new dispensation, while the earth that received it was tremulous with commotion. But the storms of a revolution, and the subsequent agitations of a second conflict, disturbed not its quiet. The band of patriots, who performed the solemn rites of its deposition, secured it by their earliest and latest benedictions. It now lies deeply imbedded in our soil, and is the rock on which the temple of our independence has its basis. The gratitude, the prayers, and the faith of the freest and happiest people on the globe, next to the benison and protection of a watchful Providence, constitute the pledge of its perpetual repose.

The doctrine of this declaration is the genius of the age. It is the soul and centre of its action and success. It is no longer confined to the country which it first enfranchised. In every part of Christendom it has become the common sentiment of mankind. Though humble in its pretensions, it is working miracles in the world. Europe barely sustains its noiseless but irresistible energy. It is arming her masses with a power which her ancient battle-fields never witnessed. It is conferring a dignity upon her citizens which the majesty of the sceptre cannot rival. It has done more to elevate the lower classes of English population, than all the charters of British boast and blazon. For Ireland it is working out a destiny. The continent is opening to its influence. By its impulse the autocrat of the Russias has pronounced the doom of serfdom in his dominions. Asia has recently been receiving first lessons in its principles, and has returned the early homage of a pupil to her republican benefactors. Omnipresent in its being, and resistless in its dictates, it has erected the ensigns of authority on the shores of insulted and injured Africa, pronouncing peace upon her borders, and liberty to her sons and daughters.

But, however valid and secure be the guaranty of our political equality, however inalienable the civil rights conferred and confirmed upon us by nature and the social compact, no fact is more apparent, more real, or more worthy of examination, than the universal inequality in the condition of individuals. From the earliest dawn of civilization, in every age and country, it has been the theme of history, poetry, philosophy, and legislation. So far as we have been instructed by the records of antiquity, of barbarous and classic nations, no people have lived unconscious of the evil, or without occasional efforts to remove it. The annals of some republics are little more than the successive fortunes of this subject. Blot from Roman story, as drawn up by the graphic muse of Tacitus or Livy, every event and feature connected with this topic, and the history of that illustrious commonwealth would be lost for the want of matter. But for this question it would have had no history to be written. Nay, such is the uniformity of our nature, such the identity of civil and political relations in every region, the progressive civilization of the race, in all its varied and eventful struggles, begins with a perception of this evil. The low make efforts

because they see others higher—the high, at least those known as benefactors, toil and strive, because they unwillingly see others lower. Some may aspire without making such comparisons; but the number of this generous class is certainly inconsiderable. Taking human society as it is, endowing it with no fictitious excellence, clothing it with no borrowed lustre, the complicated movements of the world can be explained by these simple motives. The golden age of lofty aspiration to positive attainments will arrive, when man ceases to be selfish—when the good enjoyed by one excites not the ambition or cupidity of another. Till that period shall come, the philosopher will regard the inequality of mankind as a mainspring of human action. In all the relations of the present life, we are more occupied in removing evils than in acquiring good. Poverty, ignorance, guilt, obscurity, oppression, are the experienced ills which arouse the energies of man after wealth, knowledge, virtue, fame, and freedom.

To appreciate the causes of the unequal condition in the human family, is only to understand the varied physical and intellectual structure of its different members, and to comprehend the general principles and operation of the providence of God. Let any man recall the experience and observation of his life, and compare the results with the state of society around him, and he cannot fail to acknowledge the manifest variety in the capacities of men for good and for evil. This one is strong and able; that is weak and feeble. Some are, by constitution, vigorous and healthy; others are born the heirs of disease and sorrow. A few would seem to be sent to us as models of bodily perfection; they are the paragons of every excellence of form and bearing; their person is commanding in its aspect, dignified in its attitudes, exquisite in its action. With the smallest share of intellect, they wield an influence and enjoy rewards above their merit; and when equally conspicuous for physical and mental properties, there is a species of sublimity in their very being. Wherever they appear they are received with pleasure; they throw around them the splendor of their own existence; and, lest death should suddenly deprive the world of its cherished ornaments, artists busy themselves in repeating their features by the fictions of color, or perpetuating them in the solid and enduring mimicry of marble. Other men are ushered into life under opposite circumstances. The mark of insurmountable degradation is fixed upon their bodies. They are ugly, out of shape, deformed, or monstrous. Their career is fated to be obscure and wretched. Though endowed with respectable or even magnificent qualities of soul, they are only tolerated in the prouder circles of the world, and are everywhere beheld with uneasiness or pity. Too frequently men fly at their approach; they are deserted by all more fortunate than themselves. Losing all confidence in the humanity of their species, they retire from observation, become misanthropes by necessity, and both live and die as the chosen and hapless anchorites of the race. Between these extremes what varieties appear!

We differ, also, in our natural temperaments. One produces habitual dullness, apathy, and inaction. Another excites to bodily, while it has little or no influence upon mental, activity. A third qualifies its possessor for great physical endurance. A fourth attenuates and enfeebles the body, but repairs the injury by imparting sensibility, acuteness, versatility, and oftentimes unusual

strength and vigor to the mind. These temperaments are also combined in an endless variety of proportions, and produce corresponding discrepancies in the character and condition of individuals. As the three cardinal colors, by different combinations, produce the countless diversity of tints exhibited in nature, so the four animal temperaments, by mixture and intermixture, occasion and increase the innumerable modifications of human character. Besides, the amount of organic life is probably as various as our external appearance. There are certainly some strange facts on this subject. Some men, apparently well formed and healthy, are nevertheless short-lived; their animal fires seem to burn with an exhausting vigor, and their bodies are soon superannuated and feeble. Others, more delicately constructed, possess in their constitution the elements of longevity. Never robust and hearty, but even in the tenor of their being, they outlive all expectation, and sometimes become the wonder of their age. From these two causes alone, temperament and the principle of life, great differences in the condition of men will occur.

The sensual powers, also, are various. Neither sight, nor hearing, nor smelling, nor touching, nor tasting, is precisely the same in different individuals. The hand of one man is naturally mechanical; the eye of another is delighted with colors, and possesses great power in managing their combinations; the soul of a third is concentrated, is absorbed in the sweet ravishment of sound, and to him there is nothing in the world but discord and harmony; a fourth could wish that the earth were one garden of flowers, impregnating the atmosphere with the odor of its lilies and roses; a fifth exults in the fertility of the soil, expatiates on the spoils of the husbandman and drover, and is never more happy than when sitting with Epicurus at the feast—and he admires the idolatry of Bacchus more than the religion of all other gods. The experience of all ages demonstrates that personal characteristics are not transferable. It would be as impossible in attempt, as lamentable in execution, to shape every spirit by a common standard. Plato, the prince of philosophers, if the extant sketches of his early years are to be relied on, would have made an indifferent artist, and was, by his own experience and confession, incapable of becoming a good poet. The Macedonian conqueror frequently observed, that, if he were not Alexander, he would be Diogenes; showing that his philosophy would have been as contemptible as his military genius was lofty and magnificent. Cromwell, the right arm of the English commonwealth, could never make a decent statement of his enterprises in the presence of his obedient Parliament; and Pope, whose poetry has become the common property of the age, confessed his utter inability to address so few as twelve of his most intimate friends on the most easy and familiar topic. Who can believe, that the Protector could ever have composed and delivered the masterly productions of Burke? or that the translator of the *Iliad* could, under any training, have rivaled our own Patrick Henry, and melted his thousand auditors, and these his friends and neighbors, at his first public effort? You might as well think of transforming an idiot to a Zeno, or an ourang to a Newton. It is said, also, that the vital organs in men are vastly unequal in capacity and strength, and the fact has given rise to many of the most popular idioms of speech. If this be so, who will presume that the friends of Byron conveyed a common treasure from Greece to Newstead Abbey? or that the

blood of the lion-hearted Richard gushed not from a nobler organ than was possessed by the meanest dastard that fawned and cowered at his feet? So long as our bodies differ so widely in structure, temperament, organization, and powers, there will be varieties of human character beyond all art to alter or amend.

There is equal diversity in the mental endowments of mankind. There are fundamental distinctions in human character based upon the intellectual, moral, and voluntary capacities of the soul. There are three corresponding orders of weakness and strength. This general classification is also subdivided into numerous specific mental properties, which, in the innumerable specimens of humanity in the world, are combined in an infinite variety of proportions. Children of common parents, educated upon the same principles, and surrounded by the same scenes and circumstances, frequently manifest as much contrariety and opposition of intellectual, moral, and voluntary energy, as can be found among persons born and bred at the widest extremities of the globe. Fools and philosophers have often proceeded from under the same parental roof. Seldom do we witness even two distinguished sons or daughters of the same parentage. Recall the names of our living statesmen, poets, orators, divines, and scholars. Many of them have brothers and a numerous retinue of relatives; but who knows them? And why are they all in obscurity? Why have not some of them been successful in struggling into notice? Refer this question to the all-wise Creator, and it may be answered. Repeat the great names of history, those now embalmed in perpetual honor. How often, my reader, do you find two belonging to the same family? Or, if this occasionally happen, how unlike are they in every quality of the soul! Some will contend for seeming exceptions. They will refer to some prominent examples in our own country. It is true, and the truth is our boast, that we have two Everetts, each the ornament of his native land. But how unlike are these gentlemen in every respect—in taste, in feeling, in principles, in politics, in every thing! We have all rejoiced and wept over the juvenile precocity and untimely fate of the two sister poets of the Hudson; but what reader has not felt the difference in their genius, style, and temper! Every example in our history, and in the history of every other people, would manifest similar discrepancies. So abhorrent is all sameness to the designs of nature, that, even where an approach to uniformity is affected, she suddenly turns aside from the feat, and preserves the general harmony of her plan: like a skillful charioteer in the games, who, to astonish or amuse the spectators, runs his wheel as near as possible to some precipice without passing the verge.

The observation of every day furnishes irresistible proof of the natural difference in the mental and moral attributes of men. Some, though born in a cabin, and nursed in poverty, are able to become rich by calculation, where others could not live by incessant toil and industry. Others, whose cradle was of down—whose food was taken from vessels of silver—whose maturity was acquired by delicate sports on carpets of Saxoa and under canopies of silk, would be incapable of preserving their existence on the most fertile plantations of a tropical clime. In most individuals we discover a strong secret bias to certain modes of mental activity; and in some it is an invincible, irrepressible passion. The passion constitutes their character and creates their

destiny. Henry Kirke White was born to be a poet. This was his mission, which, however, was thwarted by the very peculiarity of his genius. The heat of his imagination consumed the alembic which contained it. Mozart was by nature a musician. In other matters he felt little or no interest; but, from his childhood, indeed from his cradle, when the strains of a viol or the voice of an organ touched his ear, he would start from his slumbers, and, though as yet incapable of speech, with his intense look and glowing aspect, would seem, in the language of Byron's misanthrope, to say:

"O that I were the soul of that sweet sound!"

The attention of Ferguson was directed, by his instinct, to the stars. Rittenhouse constructed, in the dreams of his boyhood, the models of telescopes and orreries. The American Prometheus, when flying his kite and enjoying the sports of his equals, caught the first idea of stealing the fires of heaven, and conducting them peacefully and triumphantly to earth. Napoleon was a general at school, and subdued his provinces, crossed his Lodis, reduced his kingdoms, and conquered the world, in the early mockery of war. But life is full of such examples; and to cite all the instances in proof of the original and constitutional differences in the mental powers of mankind, would not only subvert the proper order and style of this article, but constitute little less than the biographical history of the race. Nor is it in the power of philosophy or of common sense to deny, that all these radical, original, inalienable, indestructible, and irrepressible tendencies of soul will produce corresponding and uncontrollable diversities in the individual condition and happiness of man.

What, then, is the influence of Providence in shaping the fortunes and fixing the destinies of mankind? We all profess to be Christians. We maintain the doctrine that the universal fabric of creation is governed by an overruling Mind; that the affairs of men, not less than the operations of nature, are objects of his care; and that the administration of his law is general, special, and personal, including in its range all matter, mind, and men. The great Stratford bard, whose verse is, in general, the pure bullion of truth coined into words, has given poetic expression and currency to our faith—

"There's a Divinity

That shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

But what is its precise influence upon private and individual life? Does it counteract or increase the diversity of condition in the world? Look out upon society as it is. One man is born the heir of a cabin, another of a crown. The first inherits the habits of a peasant, the second of a prince. Vice and virtue, by parental and honorable example, are oftentimes as hereditary as our estates. Not only wealth and station, but character and reputation, alliances and friendships, enmities and feuds, rights and wrongs, and all other accidents of our being, descend through successive generations. Opinions, political and religious, literary, philosophical, and moral, are propagated in the same manner. Why is one man born and educated a Christian, another a Turk? Why must Socrates die for his opinions, while thousands flourish and are admired without any? Examine the daily occurrences of life. You will see successful industry planting her gardens and building her palaces by the side of drudgery and toil, living, or rather dying, in dirt and a dungeon. Our children will be happy in the possession of civil liberty and the Chris-

tian religion, while millions of Pagans will, in the same generations, know nothing of the blessings of freedom, nor more of the hopes of immortality and the spiritual life. I have seen numerous proofs of the truth of what I am saying. One was perhaps the son of a mechanic or a farmer, who, having no ambition or encouragement to aspire, himself smoothed the wood and turned the globe that subsequently cofined and covered his remains. I have also seen another, the son of one of our presidents, who, by the impulse of his genius and the advantages of his situation, was spurred to follow on in the footsteps of his father, until he equaled him in fortune and surpassed him in fame. I am aware it is said, that the blessings of this world are quite accurately balanced; that what is wanting in body is made up in mind; that the rich have their sorrows, and the poor their enjoyments and consolations; and that no one has ever been so unhappy as to make him willing to exchange identities and places with the most favored of the few. Much of what is thus spoken is true; and it demonstrates the wisdom and beneficence of that good Being, who had the benevolence and skill so to temper our natures, as to produce in us, though surrounded by the most evident inequalities, resignation to our lot. It by no means proves, that it is as fortunate to be born in the coal mines of Newcastle, or on the snows of Siberia, as among the green hills of New England, or in the rich valleys of the west. It does prove, however, that nature and providence are but the counterparts of revelation; that the unity and harmony of the great plan are universally and carefully preserved; that He, who enjoins contentment in his word, has provided for it faithfully and fully in his works. The language of an apostle expresses both the doctrine and consolation of philosophy, and reason is in another instance allied to revelation by a common tie: "*There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord.*"

If, now, in the second place, it is desirable to know, whether a full and final remedy can be found for this inequality in the condition of individuals, let reason and facts make the reply. Do not its causes exist in nature? Are they not inherent in the very being of man? And, if so, need time be wasted in demonstrating our inability to reconstruct the constitution of the race? Can the unborn child dictate the shape, size, and color of its body? Can the transmission of weakness and disease, of health and vigor, of poverty and wealth, of fortune and misfortune, be regulated or remedied at will? Can a man, before his birth, choose for himself his animal temperament, his mental and physical qualities, and the circumstances by which he is to be surrounded in life? Or can he totally reverse them after he is born? As well might the leopard change his spots!

The voice of history is equally positive upon this point. By many, through the lapse of successive ages, the instincts of humanity were relied on to effect the desired object. Indeed, HUMANITY, by degrees, became the word, in all civilized countries, by which that power was designated to which all classes looked for relief. Man, his worst enemy, found his only friend in himself. The natural world being stubborn, providence yielding no counterpoise, mankind refusing to charge imperfection upon the splendid creation of which they formed a part, human nature was pronounced self-creative, self-satisfying, self-sufficient; and humanity became the perfecter of itself. It was supposed to possess

all the properties required for a finished and faultless production; the only want being a general reciprocity of offices among the different forces of our nature. Every defect was said to have its corresponding remedy in the constitution of man, and a proper education and employment of our faculties would produce in us the sought for balance of powers; as if every necessary ingredient had been thrown into the crucible, but the fused elements needed a little jostling, to make them enter into each other, and form the perfect compound desired and demanded by the race. These beautiful speculations, fit only to relieve the barrenness of Pagan study, or to furnish the fictions of its poetical admirers, never passed beyond the pages of their classic inventors.

Another theory took its origin from Plato, who, in his Republic, conceives society to be constructed as a perfect animal, possessing all the elements necessary to a blameless existence. The object of that great work is to show in what manner the deficiencies of one part can be supplied by the superabundant virtue of another. The positive evils mingled in the social compact are foreign to its nature; and the sole duty of general legislation is to banish or destroy them. Inequality was to be removed by the equal education of every individual. To realize this ideal, the philosopher exerted every energy of his mighty intellect, and employed every influence which his exalted character had given him; but his quick-sighted countrymen, though lavish of their admiration, so far as the intrinsic excellence of his great system of metaphysics was concerned, unanimously rejected the practicability of his social plan. Disappointed at home, and confident of the feasibility of his schemes, he abandoned his native city, and placed his life and liberty three times in peril, to demonstrate in Sicily the substance of his dreams. After a long career of mental labor, a repeated and protracted voluntary exile from the cherished place of his abode, and the exhaustion of every resource of his fertile and capacious mind, he left behind him a regret, that such magnificent powers of thought should have been so much wasted on attempts doomed to be unsuccessful by the laws of nature and of man. Although his system of philosophy is by far the best now extant—in fact, the only one true in itself, and satisfying to the lofty aspirations of the soul—it was utterly nullified and depressed by its author in being overtasked. His disciples in every age, ever less profound than himself in the theory of his speculations, have been more wise in their practical application; and while thousands have pursued him through all the details of his more safe and sober undertakings, few, if any, have ever been so captivated as to follow their adventurous Titan to the skies.

Antiquity has not been surpassed in the success of these favorite schemes by more recent times. The Utopia of Sir Thomas Moore takes the lead of all modern works on the subject of radical reform. The imaginary island, supposed, by the ingenious writer, to have been discovered by a companion of the famous Amerigo Vespucci, was peopled by his fancy with a race of beings, who had reached the utmost perfection in their social institutions. The highest equality of rights was enjoyed by every individual. All religions were alike acceptable to the Supreme Being; nor was any man to be persecuted for his opinions. Luxury of every character was unknown. The greatest simplicity of manners was united to a singular sweetness of disposition. Indeed, the most wonderful invention was

exhausted in giving color to the theory of the writer, who believed that the evils of society could all be remedied, by rejecting certain principles of association from which the abuses of bad governments were derived. Though the author was perfectly serious in his work, and directed his speculations against the vices of his day with a most sanguine energy, his age received his production as the offspring of a good heart, rather than of a sound and sober understanding; and, subsequently, during the revolutions of more than three centuries, like the Republic of his predecessor, it has probably never produced the conviction in a single mind, that the inequalities in the condition of mankind can be remedied by any reconstruction of the social world.

Not satisfied by the uniform failure of all similar attempts, the poet Shelley and his young companions undertook to produce an equality of fortune amongst men, by leveling the rich and the great to the condition of the poor; but a few years of experience ripened their understandings and satisfied their judgment, that, as there would then be extremes in poverty, the evil would only be aggravated by the remedies applied. The celebrated agrarian strife was, a few years since, exhumed from the ashes of plebeian Rome; but Thomas Skidmore and his associates lived to see and confess the chimerical character of their designs. The vagaries of Fourier are rivaled or copied by the Unitarians of Roxbury; and Brook Farm is destined to be the scene of another failure to join fiction and philosophy in a common cause. While wandering about the premises of this establishment, three or four years since, I was specially struck with the vague grandeur of the plan; and though it had not the luxuries of the Castle of Indolence, I saw neither work nor workman on the place. A few cheap tenements, in the midst of parks of primeval turf, surrounded by a few awkward and barren attempts at horticultural economy, displayed the poverty and unproductiveness of the concern. When sitting at the public table, and witnessing the lawless behavior and turbulent habits of the young commoners, it occurred to the friend who accompanied me, that their liberty did not seem to be sanctioned by much order or law; but when I looked upon the noble head and thoughtful countenance of the Father of the School, and recollected the frequent exhibitions which Mr. Ripley had furnished of his genius, I heaved an involuntary sigh over the evident prostitution of his powers. As our carriage wheeled from the gate, a last, lingering look was like parting with a diseased and failing friend, whose gradual but certain decay darkens the prospect of being visited again.

The neighboring town of New Harmony reminds us of another scene in the monotonous drama. It is the same old comedy of exploded errors. For many years past, the good people of this region had rejoiced and laughed over the ridiculous bursting of this bubble; they had expected no farther interference with their customs and laws from this source; but not many months ago the English papers gave us notice, that the hero of New Harmony was

"Once more upon the waters!"

But his career is beneath the serious associations of the day. If a man were determined to demonstrate his insanity, and could so far realize the reigning transcendentalism of the age as to choose every thing for himself, he would do best to be born in Scotland, where most people are remarkable for common sense; he

would there enjoy the benefit of education, and become an enthusiast in spite of it; next he would emigrate to this country, the last place in the world for fanciful speculations to flourish; instead of fixing his abode in some of our populous cities, where follies can live and grow rich, if they have the power to amuse, he would take up his residence in a wild forest, and expect to make the trees dance and the rivers flow in obedience to his muse. After getting pretty thoroughly discouraged with the stubbornness of our western timber, he ought to return to his native country, dream away quite a number of fruitless years, and when his own children had forgotten or renounced the vagaries of his early life, he should once more start into being, and traverse the wild ocean, to convince a nation of farmers, merchants, and mechanics, that all the ills of life spring from three little errors, and that these errors can be annihilated by the President and his Cabinet! If all this would not prove insanity upon a person of ordinary capacities, he must pass for a wise man in spite of every thing in his power.

If the fictions of philosophy, and the buoyant elasticity of veteran fanaticism, have uniformly failed in the achievement, what is to be expected of new forms of government and better theories of legislation, in the removal of all inequality from the world? Nothing, my reader, positively nothing! According to Montesquieu, human government has but three forms: the despotic, the monarchical, and the republican. The first two, so far from removing or discouraging all civil and social distinctions, are based expressly upon them. The king, in all countries, is the first of the noblemen; the existence of hereditary privileges is the sole support of his authority; and the order is replenished from the commons only to preserve it from decay, and to hold the affection by flattering the ambition of the people. Thus, monarchy, whether despotic or limited, lives upon the inequality of individuals; and it has nothing to fear so long as the distinctions of birth and fortune are maintained. Nor is it the doctrine of republicanism, that the *condition* of all men must be alike. It has reference only to civil rights. Its boast and glory have ever been, that it leaves the individual free to seek his own fortune in his own way. It protects him in that freedom; and this protection is the end, the object, the perfection of a republican government. In a word, the distinguishing characteristic of a republic is, that it lets the citizen alone, and obliges all other citizens and powers to do the same. So far from interfering in the private concerns of the people, such interference is justly regarded, in all free countries, as that very tyranny against which it was the object of their constitution to provide.

The watchword of many political and other misguided zealots is legislation. This is the grand panacea to cure all evils. But what is legislation? Is it any thing more, particularly in a republic, than carrying out in detail the designs of a constitution? If, then, it forms no part of such designs to interfere with private conditions; if the very spirit and letter of a people's great covenant forbid such a stretch of power; or if, as in despotisms and monarchies, the ruling idea of society is to perpetuate distinctions, what is to be expected from legislation in any country, and particularly in our own, in the work of equalizing the fortunes of mankind? Whenever the citizens of this nation generally forget, that our confederacy is a social compact, formed for specified objects; that, as in all other associations, they

have no right to ask for that which was evidently not included nor intended in the original agreement between the parties, then, and not till then, shall we witness the dissolution and ruin of our glorious fraternity, and liberty shall weep over the treachery or folly of her children.

Finally, there have always been a few in every age, who look with an enthusiastic faith to the promises of the Gospel, as the certain remedy of all social inequalities. It is not wrong to expect indescribable blessings from Christianity. It truly softens our hearts, corrects our habits, humbles our pride, and furnishes us with correct principles of action. It is undeniably republican in its influence. The Christian of wealth regards himself as no better than the poorest peasant of the land. Could our religion exert its entire energy upon the world, the age of tyranny and oppression would be passed; princes and magistrates would behold a brother in every individual of the race; the family of man would become one great brotherhood, in which right, and justice, and truth, and virtue, and benevolence, and peace, and prosperity, would form the verdant wreath of unfading beauty on the brow of each and all. But, would there be no differences in our condition? Would not the causes of inequality, inherent in our very nature, yet remain? Would not the laws of matter and of mind, of production and inheritance, of increase and decay, abide? Would the providence of God be blotted out or expunged? Indeed, could the millennium now begin—could we rise on to-morrow's morn, and behold around us the insignia of the blessed reign, we have not the slightest proof that all distinctions would be removed. It is true, in the most beautiful language we are told, under the figure of the pacified inhabitants of the forest, that, in that age, the wildest passions will be tamed, and the most savage characters subdued; but the messenger of God by no means promises to make us all lions, nor all lambs. We are only to live in concord, whatever be our character and circumstances; we are to be so submissive to the natural and moral laws of our being, as scarcely to need authority to secure obedience—that any person, a little child, may lead us! Nay, we are expressly informed by revelation, that comparisons are to exist in the future world; the tribes of the redeemed Israel are to know their judges; and the angels of light are said to differ amongst themselves, as one star differs from another star in glory. Shall we in this life attempt to excel the arrangements and economy of heaven?

What, then, does Christianity accomplish? Do we degrade it by these views of its character and office? It does a greater work than to level human conditions. It teaches us, that having food and raiment, therewith to be content; that happiness does not depend on worldly distinctions; that the laborer in his cottage may be as truly great and happy, as the prince in his palace of marble or granite. While it closes our eyes on the pride of wealth and station, it opens to our vision the internal treasures and resources of the soul. It shows us the depth of our natures, the boundless regions in it to be occupied and improved, and the consequences of a right direction and judicious employment of our powers. It speaks of virtue. It tells us of the rewards of piety, which, like the waters of the ocean, are alike vast and free to us all. It enlarges upon the dignity of an immortal spirit, engaged in its legitimate work—exterminating the seeds and elements of sin; struggling against the voice of temptation in the world; maintaining

its position, despite the storms of adversity and the blandishments of fortune. It points to a better and a brighter world, where, though inequalities are yet to exist, the soul will be satisfied with its own fullness of joy. Thus, we are relieved of our present cares. We envy no longer the man of luxury and ease. We are content to live and labor, submissive to the dispensations of God, and happy in the good he has given us to enjoy. Nay, we exult in our position; we rejoice that Providence has not laid upon us burdens which we feel poorly prepared to sustain. If any of us are positively distinguished for the humility of our station, we glory in the opportunity of exhibiting to the world the small value we award to the gifts in its power. We seem to be better qualified by the hardness of our fortunes to illustrate to our fellow-beings the true source of enjoyment. In our orphanage, we demonstrate the care of Omnipotence far better, than if surrounded by supporters and friends. Like Israel in the desert, we are nourished by invisible agencies, and our last succor is always from the skies. The first and governing feeling of our hearts carries us far above the fictitious distinctions of the world. To us, God is all. His truth is our food. In him are our well-springs. He is the beginning and end of our aspirations and thoughts; and in a perfect ecstasy of delight, though poverty and misfortune may have drawn a cloud upon our immediate prospects, do we lose sight of time and sense, of high and low, of great and small, and even of ourselves, when with sincerity and true piety we can say,

"HIM FIRST, HIM LAST, HIM MIDDY, AND WITHOUT END!"

Such, my reader, is the general prospect of radical reform. Society is based on principles as changeless as the ordinances of heaven. The laws of association are not, as many suppose, artificial, but natural. They are not subject to general legislation and individual caprice. They are recorded among the most powerful propensities and passions of the soul. Society is the natural growth of these elements of our being. It was not instituted by convention; but it grew up of necessity. Families, neighborhoods, communities, states, and nations, are the products of humanity, which, in all its operations, is obedient to its own fixed modes of action. The future history of man, in spite of all reform, can be expressed in few words. In obedience to our instincts, mankind will always marry and be given in marriage; parents will continue to love their offspring, and labor to lay up for them the means of future competence; kindred will ever cherish for each other a peculiar feeling, and promote, to some extent, their mutual welfare; countrymen, on whatever soil, will eternally maintain a kind of partiality for their fellows, and glory in their domestic institutions; the demands of nature and the love of order will institute governments, varied in character by the intelligence of the governed; the calls of hunger, and the other conditions of existence, will create business of every grade and order; business, in its turn, will multiply and compound the relations and dependencies of life, and perpetuate the wonderful complexity of the social system. Nothing new will ever be discovered, by which the general frame-work of society shall be changed. There will ever be a difference between the babe in his cradle and the boy at his books. The boy himself will always be inferior to the man who made the book. Men, in their best estate, will for ever be varied by degrees of wisdom, learning, talent, virtue, and of every conceivable quality of the

head and heart. Crime, so long as it lasts, will add unnatural and painful distinctions to the designed and beautiful varieties of life; and, when crime is destroyed by the triumph of Christianity in the earth, the great thoroughfares will be only cleared, up which the earth-born sons of glory will hasten to their destinies with differences of fervor, of energy, and of speed. Jesus of Nazareth began the only reform worth a moment's thought; and he is the only true reformer, who, by precept or example, preaches Christ and him crucified to the erring children of men.

How puerile, then, are the attempts of our vociferous boasters of reform! How perfectly insignificant is their ceaseless cant about the reorganization of society, the reconstruction of the principles of association, and the discovery of new and surprising modes of human happiness! How little do they appreciate the task they have undertaken! Let them first try their skill and power on some other department of God's work. Let them practice for a time on the lower orders of the animal world, and regulate their instincts and passions. Let them direct the seasons in their succession, and control the powers of vegetation. Nay, let them lay their hand upon the ocean, and bid it cease its rolling. Let them stand in the track of the whirlwind, and dispute its passage. Let them annihilate the force which binds the universe together, destroy the balance of the heavenly bodies, and let loose those ponderous globes against each other in a wild tumult of uncentred worlds, and then bid them revolve again in other orbits and about other poles. When—when shall these vain efforts cease! When shall the race of man see its proper good, and pursue its real ends! Go, benevolent reader, scatter the light of God's word in your future path. Dispel these fitful vagaries of the fevered brain. Promote the progress of civilization on the only foundation which Heaven has laid for its triumph. Usher in the day, when, over all the earth, the reign of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, by destroying sin, shall have cured the evil and perfected the good of the human heart. Be assured, the universal love inculcated by revelation will smooth every asperity and fill every vacuum in the soul; nor can the natural, harmonious, and beautiful varieties of the present state disturb the peace or excite the jealousy of men, when, in every breast, *God shall be all in all.*

COLUMBIA.

MOST beautifully has Bryant, the first of American poets, rebuked the pride of Europe, and avenged the insulted character of the Anglo-Americans:

"They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring like thine oaks from hill and glen.
What cordial welcomes greet the guest,
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams.
There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed;
A shelter for the hunted head—
For the starved laborer, toil and bread:
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds."

THE POET AND THE PRIEST.

AN anecdote is related of the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu, which shows up his character in a very ungrateful light. When Corneille, the Shakespeare of France, published the first edition of his *Cid*, it was immediately popular, in every part of Europe, and was rapidly translated into all the European languages, and even into the languages of Slavonia and Turkey. Richelieu, a most ambitious man, sent for the poor poet, and offered him any sum of money, if he would permit the applicant to be considered the author of the play. Corneille, holding his fame beyond all price, refused, and thereby drew down upon his head the indignation of the baffled priest. But the cause of Richelieu's conduct was made known, and, to satisfy the fury of the populace, he was forced to settle on the poet a handsome pension, and make an escape from his unpleasant position as best he could. Fame is the birth-right of genius, or the product of industry and perseverance, which wealth itself cannot buy.

A PHILOSOPHER'S REPORTEE.

A WEALTHY but very ignorant nobleman, it is said, being once at the same table with the philosopher, Descartes, and seeing him eat of two or three nice dishes with evident relish, "How!" said the nobleman, "do philosophers meddle with dainties?" "Why not?" promptly replied Descartes; "is it to be imagined, that the wise God created good things for dunces only?" The conversation was suddenly cut short.

WORTH OF TIME.

It is said by Dr. Franklin, that time is money; and so it is. But I do not relish this pecuniary view of time, so well as that of the great bard of Avon. The poet, in the character of Valentine, utters a regret over the waste of precious moments in the early part of life:

"Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection."

THE SONG OF BIRDS.

THOMSON, the poet of the Seasons, makes the whole universe look lovely, putting a face of beauty and an aspect of benevolence on every part of it. The very birds, he thinks, are full of kindness:

"Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love."

How beautiful are such contemplations, filling the soul with confidence in the goodness of the great Creator!

WEALTH OF PERU.

It is stated by Mr. Prescott, the great historian of America, that, in the early part of the conquest of Peru, the gallant conquerors found the precious metals so plenty, that they shod their horses with silver! And, now, Spain, the recipient of this vast treasure, is the poorest kingdom in Europe, and tottering to its fall. Truly is virtue, and not riches, the strength of a country, not less than of an individual.

LIVING GRACE.

DURING the Papal persecutions in Scotland, a minister that had been marked for the flames, was asked, by a friend, if he had grace to die with? He replied, he thanked the Lord he had grace to *live* with; and that relieved him from all anxiety about the future.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

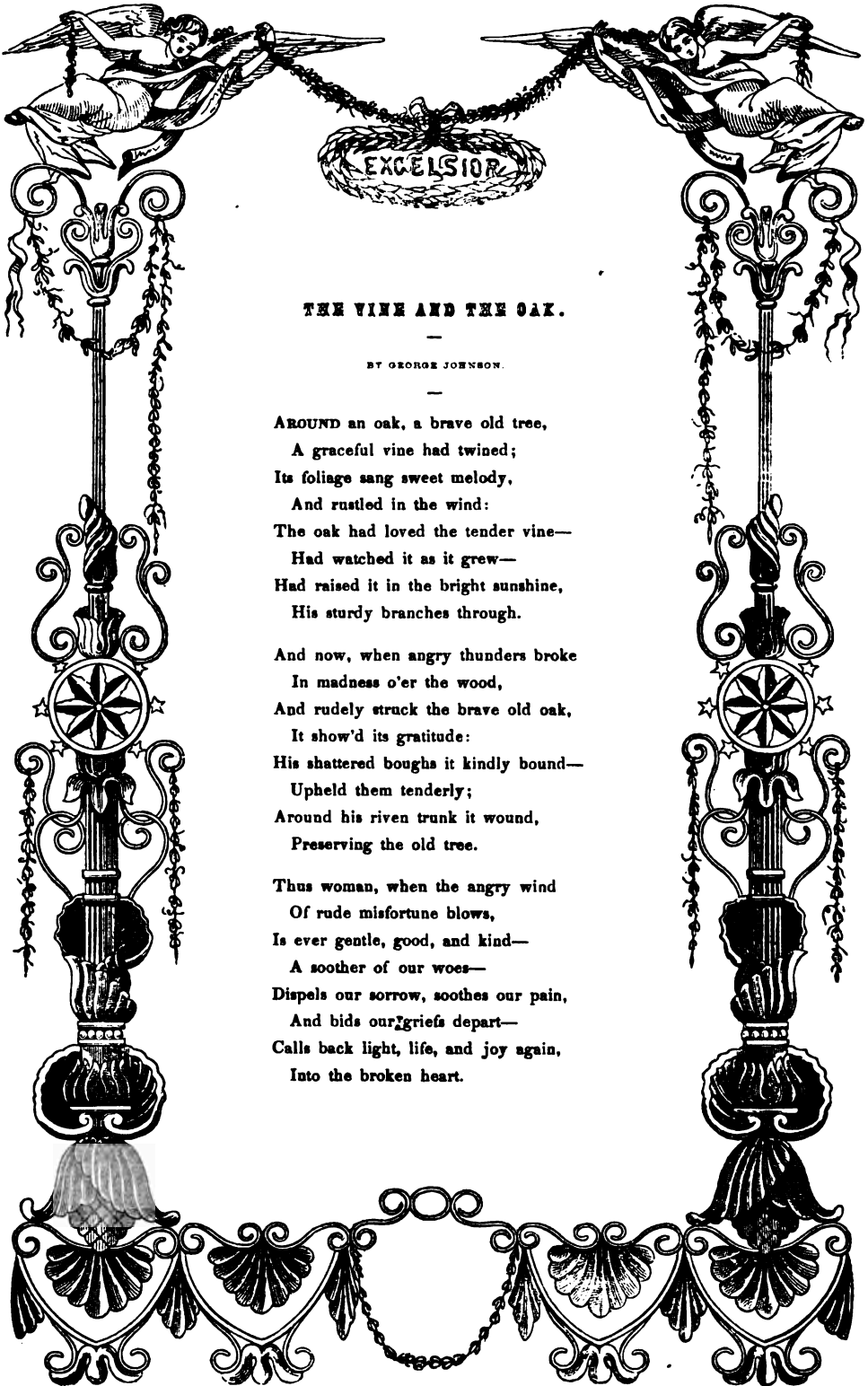
HERE we are, good reader, at the opening of another month, with a long list of contributions from many a classic pen, which, we trust, will give you more than common pleasure in the perusal.

Several of our correspondents have made requests, which, were it possible, we would gladly comply with, but which we are compelled to waive for the want of sufficient opportunity. One wishes us, after reading his composition, to send him a letter of criticisms on it, that he may profit by our private opinion of his manner of composition. This, really, is more than we can do; nor do we think our criticisms would be of any great use to him.

A young lady desires us to give her a list of authors which she should read to qualify her to become a writer. We have answered her communication, but have no great faith, after all, in any set of books for this purpose. Good sound sense, careful thinking, an interest in your subject, and a warm wish to benefit those for whom you write, are the best guarantees for a happy style of composition. He who writes for show, or to make an exhibition of his powers, or merely to display a subject without reference to the intellectual or moral improvement of his reader, will not write well, if he reads all the books ever written.

Another person has written us three letters, he says, to inquire the reason why we have not published his article. We have received but one of his letters; but his question can be answered in a brief explanation. Accompanying his article there was a note, addressed to the Editor, in which he complains of us for having made a slight alteration in his piece, and peremptorily denying us that privilege with his future contributions. He commands us to "publish his articles exactly as he writes them, or not at all." Now that writer ought to know, that no editor of any character in the nation will receive contributions on such conditions; and we frankly confess to him, that, on such terms, we could not admit the very first writers of the language to our columns. We intend to give the utmost latitude to our contributors, consistent with our personal obligations to the public; but a person, who trammels an editor with the above stringent rule of publication, has no reason to expect admittance to his pages.

For the last fifteen years we have been writing occasionally for a great variety of periodical publications, and it would be a wonder if some of our contributions had not been rejected; but never yet have we troubled an editor to render us a reason for not giving publicity to our pieces. It was enough for us to know, that, because of their length, or the peculiarity of their topics, or some other inappropriateness by us unnoticed while writing, the articles were not suiting. Nearly all our contributors are in the habit of sending us their excellent communications with a note, to the following effect, appended: "Do as you like, publish or not publish, burn or print it at pleasure;" and one of our ablest correspondents, second to no one as a writer, and first in authority among us, really humbled us by the extent of his confidence in our editorial privilege. "Do not publish any thing I write," he says, "out of respect to my position. You are the best judge of what suits your pages, and I am glad to see you exercise your editorial right with so much discretion." But we close by saying, that never had an editor so generous and indulgent a class of able correspondents.



THE VINE AND THE OAK.

—
BY GEORGE JOHNSON.
—

AROUND an oak, a brave old tree,
A graceful vine had twined;
Its foliage sang sweet melody,
And rustled in the wind:
The oak had loved the tender vine—
Had watched it as it grew—
Had raised it in the bright sunshine,
His sturdy branches through.

And now, when angry thunders broke
In madness o'er the wood,
And rudely struck the brave old oak,
It show'd its gratitude:
His shattered boughs it kindly bound—
Upheld them tenderly;
Around his riven trunk it wound,
Preserving the old tree.

Thus woman, when the angry wind
Of rude misfortune blows,
Is ever gentle, good, and kind—
A soother of our woes—
Dispels our sorrow, soothes our pain,
And bids our griefs depart—
Calls back light, life, and joy again,
Into the broken heart.



Painted by A. J. C. Brown

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Mountain Railway

Express for the London & North Western Railway

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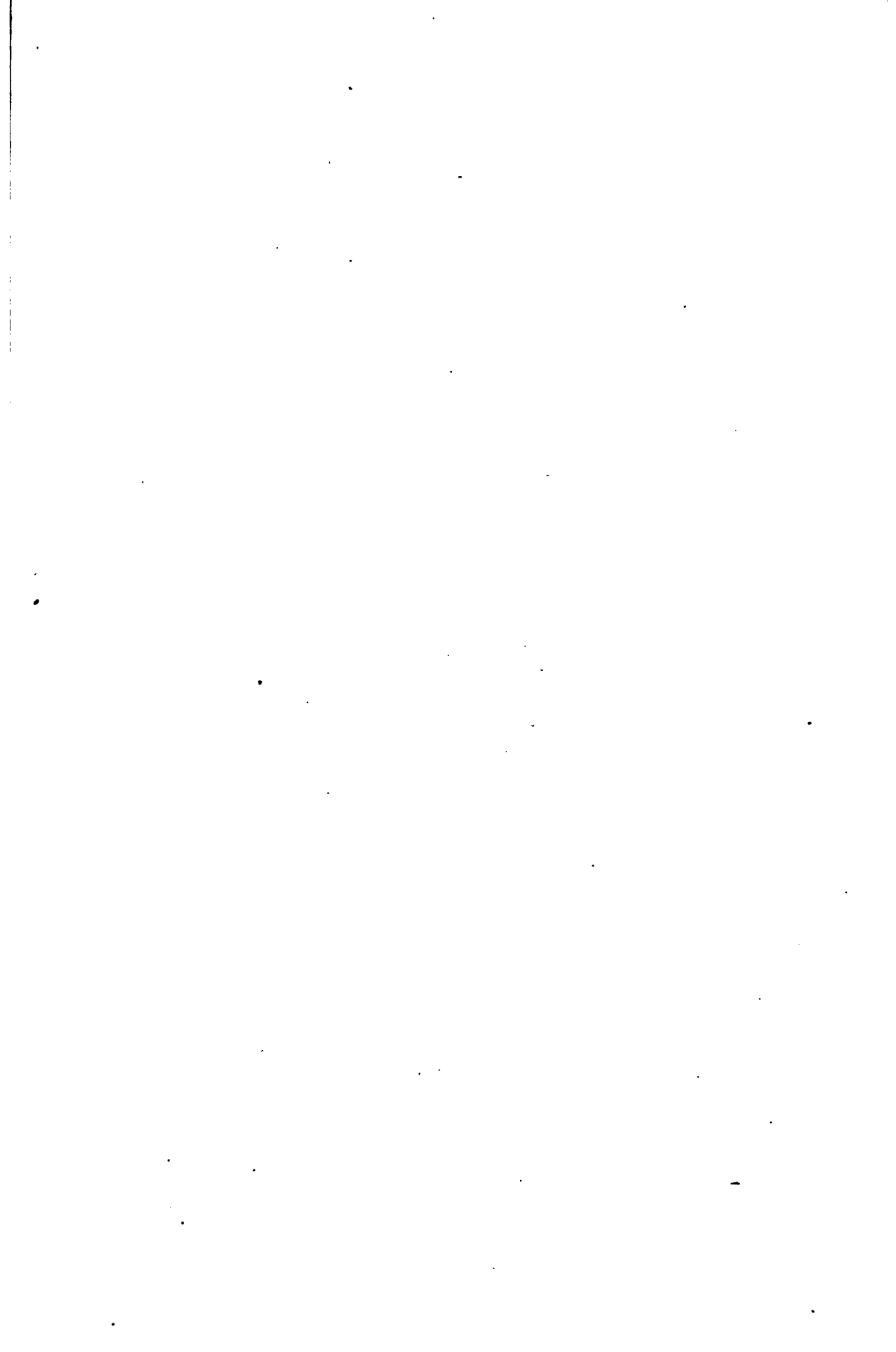
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gloomy mountain heights around; and
then God spake with Moses: 'And all the people re-
moved and stood afar off, and trembled when they

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as we write, lies a fine walking stick,
cut from Mount Sinai, and presented by Dr. Durbin
to our friend Dr. Elliott. It is quite a curiosity in
the Doctor's cabinet.



THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

MOUNT SINAI.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

—
"Hither, of old, the Almighty came;
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind;
Before him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind;
At his approach the mountains reel'd
Like vessels to and fro;
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulfs below."
—

MOUNT SINAI, a name familiar to all our readers, stands on a kind of peninsula, formed by the two arms of the Red Sea: one extending north, called the Gulf of Kolsom; the other extending east, called the Gulf of Elan. The Arabs call it Tor, by way of eminence; and sometimes Gebel Mousa, or Mount of Moses; yet it is exceedingly doubtful whether their Gebel Mousa is the real Sinai of the Old Testament or not. Modern travelers, among whom we may mention Drs. Olin, Robinson, and Durbin, think that Horeb answers to a group of mountains in the vicinity, and Sinai to a particular summit of this group. The distance of Sinai from Cairo is estimated at two hundred and sixty miles, or a journey of ten days.

The effect which the first sight of Mount Sinai produced upon Dr. Durbin and his company is thus described by that interesting traveler: "Not a word was spoken by Moslem or Christian; but slowly and silently we advanced into the still expanding plain, our eyes immovably fixed on the frowning precipices of the stern and desolate mountain, whose two riven and rugged summits rose some twelve or fifteen hundred feet above us. We were doubtless on the plain where Israel encamped at the giving of the law, and that grand and gloomy height before us was Sinai, on which God descended in fire, and the whole mountain was enveloped in smoke, and shook under the tread of the Almighty, while his presence was proclaimed by the long, loud peals of repeated thunder, above which the blast of the trumpet was heard waxing louder and louder, and reverberating amid the stern and gloomy mountain heights around; and then God spake with Moses: 'And all the people removed and stood afar off, and trembled when they

saw the thunderings, and lightnings, and thick darkness where God was, and said unto Moses, Speak thou with us; but let not God speak with us, lest we die.' We all seemed to ourselves to be present at this terrible scene, and would have marched directly up to the Mount of God, had not our guide, Tualeb, recalled us to ourselves again, by pointing to the convent far up in the deep ravine between Horeb and Gebel Deir."

The convent, which occupies a somewhat conspicuous place in our engraving, is called the convent of St. Catherine, and lies in a very narrow valley, a prolongation of Wady er-Rahah. The eastern mountain, however, approaches to within sixty feet of the walls, while the building itself stands partly on the base of the western. The edifice is an irregular quadrangle, of some two hundred and thirty feet in breadth, and two hundred and sixty in length. Its walls are of granite, and are flanked by towers. The entrance to the building is a small window, about thirty feet from the ground. The great door has been walled up for a long time. There is a garden, however, which is appropriated to ladies, and which affords egress to the inmates of the building by day.

The reader who has a copy of Dr. Durbin's "Observations in the East" will observe a difference in the plate there and the one given here. In explanation of this, it may be said, that the drawings were by different artists, and taken at different points. Both are correct; but we are inclined to the opinion that Mr. Catherwood, who accompanied Mr. Stephens in his travels, has furnished us with a very fair picture of Sinai as it *now* is. The convent, rocks, ravine, and travelers, are depicted with great naturalness and beauty; and whatever may have been the aspect of the mountain in the days when God spoke unto the Israelites by his servant Moses, it is savoring nothing of presumption, to say that the reader has before him a just representation of Sinai as it stands at the present day.

Before us, as we write, lies a fine walking stick, cut from Mount Sinai; and presented by Dr. Durbin to our friend Dr. Elliott. It is quite a curiosity in the Doctor's cabinet.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GREAT MAN.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

Among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the granite hills of New Hampshire, is yet echoed the name of Wilbur Fisk, one of the greatest and one of the best men that Providence ever sent to bless this fallen world. In looking over my pile of old letters, that blessed name appears before me; and I desire to give my reader some personal recollections of the man. I shall confine myself to personal recollections. I suppose that the life of this good man has been published; but I have never yet seen a copy. And, besides this, personal recollections, mellowed and softened by time, are much more interesting than borrowed and compiled accounts. Writers of books of travel often err in mixing up history and statistics in their narratives. What we want of a writer of travels is personal incident and sketches of scenery. For history we will read books of history, and for statistics we will go to the geography and the almanac. Nor do we desire writers of travels, or history, or biography, to sermonize or moralize. Give us the facts, and we will form our own opinions and draw our own morals.

I well remember the first time I ever heard of Fisk. It was some twenty-five years, or more, ago. The territory of the eastern states, now forming six conferences, was then all included in one—the New England conference. Our circuit was away up among the mountains, at the head waters of the great rivers of the east—the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and the Androscoggin. Our preacher had to go some three hundred miles to attend conference. On his return, the neighbors, from their mountain fastnesses and their secluded valleys, came together at the house of a good old father, who had entertained the preacher from time immemorial, to hear an account of his journey, and of matters and things at conference. What other descriptions and matters of news the preacher gave us, at that time, I know not, for my whole soul was absorbed by his enthusiastic account of a young man, of whom we had never heard before, but whom we could not forget after such a description. Our interest and our sympathy were greatly excited by his report of the address of Fisk to the conference. It seemed that, after finishing his education at college, he had entered the ministry, devoted heart and soul to the work, but that, after traveling but a year or two, his health had failed, and he was obliged to desist from preaching. It was the report of his address to the conference, on taking his leave of them with failing health, but a burning desire to be useful to the Church, without any hope of ever again being able to do effective service, which so deeply affected our hearts.

How much depends on first impressions! My

first impressions of Fisk, only from a description of his person and manner, and a report of a speech, gave me so high an opinion of the man, that when, years afterward, I met him, I could not have seen a fault in him, had he been ever so imperfect. On the other hand, so unfavorable have been, sometimes, my impressions of certain men, from the unfair description given of them, that, on personal acquaintance, I have found it difficult to appreciate virtues which they really possessed.

I first met Fisk some seventeen years ago. On my way to New York, during one of my vacations at the academy of which I had charge, I stopped to attend the examination at the Wilbraham Academy. I arrived at Wilbraham one day, after a fatiguing ride of a hundred miles by stage, for railroads were not then; and being a stranger in the place, I put up at the hotel, intending, after awhile, to call over and present a letter of introduction, which a mutual friend had given me, to Fisk. Before making myself known, I walked out to mix with the crowd attending the examination. I looked about the hall in the Academy among the teachers and visitors, to see if I could pick out the great and good man, of which I had heard so much. But I saw no one so distinguished from his brethren, as to enable me to say, *that is he*. My attention was, however, soon directed to a man of a youthful appearance, though gray hairs were sprinkled over his temples, and his brow was marked by wrinkles, not of age, but of care, and thought, and disease. His form was manly, though but of medium size. He was very plainly dressed, and unostentatious in every way. His countenance wore a mild, philanthropic, and heavenly expression. His eye beamed with benevolence and intelligence. He seemed very attentive to an old gentleman and an old lady, both of decrepid form and white locks, who were present at his side. Circumstances soon satisfied me that I saw before me Fisk, and his aged father and mother, who had come down from their Green Mountain home to visit their distinguished son.

At a convenient time, I presented my letter of introduction, and our acquaintance, then commenced, ripened into intimacy and friendship. I was with him much for the year following, and occasional correspondence was kept up until his lamented death.

The reputation of Fisk, as a popular and eloquent preacher, was very great. And it was all deserved. I have never heard one who excelled him, if one who equaled him. He would arise in the pulpit, and commence his discourse, calm, clear, and dignified, but without pretense or show of labored introduction. Often, in the early part of his discourse, he would be interrupted by that frequent cough, the sure harbinger of the disease which at last destroyed him; but, as he proceeded, his voice would become clear and distinct. There was a peculiar music in

his voice. Its key was plaintive. His dignified, and chaste, and polished periods rolled out in sounds mellow and sweet as the Orphean lyre. His subjects were usually such as take deep hold on the human heart. He would lay out his subject before you, and proceed to discuss point after point, in a manner clear and concise. As he proceeded, his eye would kindle up with emotion, his manner become energetic, and his voice more melodious, and more powerful. But he never stormed, nor spoke so loud as to strain or break his voice, or even produce a harsh or discordant tone. As you listened to him, your heart would begin to swell, and swell, until it would seem that you must choke. Then your eyes would become a fountain of tears, and perhaps you would sob aloud.

Reader, did you ever listen to the song of the May Queen, as performed by some skillful, sweet, and powerful musician? If you ever did, you may judge a little how you would feel under a sermon of Fisk; for such as is the effect of that splendid piece of music, when well executed, was the effect of the preaching of Fisk.

The last time I ever heard him was at Cazenovia, N. Y., some fourteen years ago. His subject was the words of Jesus to the dying man, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." How clearly did he exhibit the evidences of a future life, and how vividly describe the scenes of heaven and of hell! The immense multitude of people, listening to the tones of that eloquent voice, was moved by feelings of intense excitement. Tears and audible sobs gave evidence that the deep fountains of the human heart were broken up. But the discourses of Fisk were distinguished, not only for moving the passions, but also for acting on the intellect of the hearer. He dealt frequently in sound logic and powerful argument. Especially was this the case, when he had occasion, as he often had, and as every Methodist preacher in New England yet has, to advocate the distinctive doctrines of Methodism, against the old and the new antagonist creeds so prevalent in that country. The people of New England have always been more tenacious of principles than of practices. The Methodist community regard the doctrines of much more importance than the usages of the Church. They have indeed embraced Methodism for love of its doctrines, which appear to them both reasonable and Scriptural, and to which they are strongly attached. The preacher, therefore, whenever he boldly and powerfully advocates the Wesleyan theology, finds a listening audience. In the time of Fisk there was frequent controversy between Methodism and Calvinism, and some of his most popular, powerful, and eloquent discourses were preached at quarterly meetings and camp meetings on controversial subjects. Whenever he directed his clear and concentrative mind to any of these questions in theology, he would throw a flood

of light around the whole subject, and leave his hearers so well informed and so thoroughly convinced of the point at issue, that they would be troubled no longer by doubtful disputations.

Fisk was endowed with a wonderful insight of human nature. He could read men and things, even at a great distance. He understood the motives of human action, and the appliances necessary to move both individuals and the masses. But his power over the masses was greater than over individuals. He was too pure minded, too generous, too magnanimous, too much imbued with universal philanthropy, to suit the purposes of such as accomplish their plans of personal and mutual ambition by scheming and political management. He, therefore, was not remarkable for gathering about him cliques of personal friends, on whose influence he might rely for promotion. But his strength lay in the hearts of the people. His election to the Presidency of the Wesleyan University was a triumph of the popular voice, which came up from every valley, and down from every mountain of New England. At the first meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors, held for the election of the Faculty, there was much opposition to the appointment of Fisk to the Presidency. There were three parties opposed to his election. A part of the Board of Trustees not being members of our Church, and knowing little about us, did not think Fisk man enough for the place. They even doubted whether the Methodist Church had any man qualified for the station, though they thought Judge M'Lean might do. Another party of the Board feared, for some reason, the popular influence of Fisk, and wished to stave off the election. To accomplish this, they nominated Dr. Adam Clarke for President. A third party felt reluctant to lose the services of Fisk at the Wilbraham Academy, of which he was Principal. But the popular voice demanded the election of Fisk; and, after much scheming, and consultation, all opposition was withdrawn, and he was elected by common consent.

Not long afterward, a member of the Board took Fisk one side to read him a lecture, and give him some advice. He reminded him, that the position he now occupied was one of much dignity, and the reputation of the University must be affected by his own reputation. He therefore advised him to preach but seldom, and when he did preach, to make a great effort. He thought it best for him to decline preaching on common occasions, and in unimportant places, and to reserve himself for great occasions, and for places where he could produce a sensation. "Sir," said Fisk, "sooner than follow such advice as you give me, I would give up my commission, and not preach at all; but, so long as I hold my commission to preach the Gospel, I shall preach it, whenever and wherever I find souls to be saved."

In his domestic and social intercourse, Fisk was a model of a good man. Always pleasant, always

amiable, always cheerful, he threw a charm over all within his influence. However reserved he might sometimes appear abroad, the moment you entered his social circle, or he entered yours, you would breathe an atmosphere of freedom and confidence. He was a constant and true friend. Place yourself unreserved in his hands, and you never need fear, lest your interest or your feelings should be compromised to promote his personal interest, or what he might deem the public interest.

The early death of such a man could but be deeply deplored. His comprehensive mind embraced all the enterprises of the Church, and of philanthropic humanity. He entered heartily into the details of all judicious projects of education and reform; and such was his standing and influence in the Church, as to secure the success of the enterprises in which he might engage. But he passed away from intercourse with human society, while yet he was in the very prime of manhood. Others have been found to fill the place left vacant by his death, as they had been found to fill other places left vacant by his successive removals from one station to another. And so it will be, reader, when you and I are gone. Our removal from earth will cause little more sensation, than our removal from the home of childhood to that of mature life. Life itself is but a succession of changes from one known state to another equally known. And death is only a change from a state known to one unknown. Our reluctance to change our place, or our state in life, arises from the necessity which that change imposes, of disengaging ourselves from local and temporary interests, endeared to us by habit and association. Yet the change is no sooner made, than new interests arise, new ties spring up, new associations are formed, and the former things are no longer regretted. The man would hardly be the child again, though manhood suffer sorrows, of which childhood never dreamed. There are ties binding us to earth—tender associations which throw a charm over life—enterprises in which all our energies are enlisted, and we know not how to give them up. Yet the spirit land may afford us new associations, and new enterprises, calling forth all the energies of the redeemed and disencumbered soul.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

MANY a marriage begins like the rosy morn, and ends like the snow-wreath. And why, it may be asked, is this? Because the married pair neglect to be as pleasing to each other after marriage as before. They forget that marriage has its to-morrow as well as its to-day. The storm is often preceded by the little cloud. Wedded unhappiness begins in trifles; and the life of the bitterest sorrow too often has its origin in some thoughtless word or insignificant expression, which none ever thought possible of causing dissatisfaction or unhappiness.

RELIGIOUS POETS.

—
BY LEWELLIN.
—

THE present age is distinguished by at least one poet, whose purity of sentiment and fervor of purpose are not surpassed by those of Cowper, and that poet is James Montgomery, of Sheffield, England. Mr. Montgomery won his reputation amid the hottest competition. The firmament was all on fire with the blaze of Crabbe, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, and Wordsworth. But he was not to be discouraged in his efforts. He toiled assiduously, and, as the result of his toils, he now enjoys a fame whose compass and solidity forbid all thought of its decay.

We often read his poems; and never can we take up a copy of his works without feeling that, for all we read, we are a better man than we were before. We become actuated by higher and holier aspirations, and feel that of man's duties on earth the first is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever. Some of Mr. Montgomery's minor pieces are inimitably beautiful. His stanzas on Religion are an example. We give the closing lines:

"Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the grave appears
The gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain—
Rise when the host of heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!"

Mr. Montgomery is still living, beloved for his piety, and admired for his genius, calmly awaiting the hour when his Redeemer shall welcome him home. May we so live, that when life's short day with us is done, we too may reign in that bright world where

"All for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords!"

MORALS AND LITERATURE.

Lord Byron is prince of the Satanic school of poetry. In no productions of modern times is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature so distinctly seen as in his. His character produced his poems, and there can be no doubt his poems will produce such a character as himself. His heroes speak a language supplied rather by consciousness than imagination. He was himself miserable; and his writings breathe forth, in tones of agonized sensibility, the state of his own heart. He was a misanthrope; and his Manfred, like a ruined castle, is mantled in the deep gloom and shade of desolation and sorrow.

CONSCIENCE.

BY PROSER.

Or all the disputes in which philosophers ever involved themselves, it seems to me that one of the most absurd is that which relates to the existence of a natural conscience. Before the time of Bacon, it was customary to examine all kinds of questions purely on principle, without condescending to the vulgar, mechanical process of experiment. For example, there was once a great discussion upon this proposition: Take a vessel containing water and weigh it; then put in a fish, no matter of what size; the weight will remain exactly as before. Many arguments were advanced on both sides. The dispute waxed warm, and continued long. At length, when ingenuity was exhausted, and the question still unsettled, it occurred to some one, of a more practical turn than the rest, to get a pair of scales, and try the experiment; when, lo! it turned out that the proposition was untrue. The weight *was* increased exactly as much as the fish weighed when out of the water.

In like manner, those who reason abstractly about conscience would soon become satisfied, if they would observe what is passing within themselves. As surely as there is a heart in the breast, and a brain in the head, there is a conscience somewhere. No man can tell where it lies, or define its nature; but who among us has not felt it thrilling along his nerves, or shooting, like an ice-bolt, through his heart, or sending the warm blood bounding and tingling through every vein in his body? Sometimes it has been a glow of delightful approbation, and too often, alas! the scorpion sting of remorse. These sensations are *spontaneous*: we feel them before we can begin to reason about consequences. Our senses may deceive us, and we may reason ourselves into false conclusions; but an enlightened conscience seldom errs, and it pronounces its decision before sophistry has mustered its arguments.

Such being the nature of this faculty, should we not cherish and cultivate it as our safest counselor, as our truest guide, as the most precious gift which God has bestowed upon us?

As the compass to the mariner on the ocean, so is conscience to us in the voyage of life, enabling us to keep on our course in spite of darkness and tempest, and pointing ever to the haven of rest and safety. Yet, whilst the limbs and muscles of youth are developed by gymnastic exercises, and the mind trained in schools and colleges, how often is the conscience allowed to grow up in utter neglect! Perhaps some may suppose that it needs no culture; that it will flourish in the midst of neglect, and continue to work truly, though its indications are never heeded. Such, at least, would seem to be the opinions of those who maintain that the sins of men are expiated in

this life. According to this creed, the more the conscience is wounded the more sensitive it becomes; and it punishes the same transgression more severely in the hoary-headed sinner than in the inexperienced youth. It is to this fatal error that I wish to direct the reader's attention.

If this creed, which is held by a certain class of community, were true, then it would seem that virtue and happiness, guilt and misery should be inseparable among men. If our accounts are to be finally balanced in this life, then every good deed should bring its prompt reward, and every evil deed its speedy punishment. Self-satisfaction and happiness would then be conclusive proofs of virtue, whilst self-abasement and suffering would be infallible marks of guilt. But observation teaches us a different lesson. We see the best of men suffering from a consciousness of their own imperfections, and the worst of men exulting over their successful villainies.

On the supposition we are considering, conscience must be considered as a hostile influence, whose only office is to scourge us for our sins; whilst, in truth, it is a friendly monitor, which warns to save, and chastises to reform us. But, although it is our best friend and our most faithful guide, its devotion may be wearied out, and its vigilance lulled to sleep.

Most persons, it is true, suffer more or less for their misdeeds; but this only proves that few have attained that dreadful peace which is built on the ruins of conscience. But that state of desolate repose will be reached at last by the persevering criminal. Thenceforth he may pursue his career of guilt unmolested until death shall summon him to the bar of judgment. It is a dreadful consideration, reader, that this fatal victory over conscience may be gained; that when you have been flattering yourself that you were growing more enlightened, and emancipating yourself from superstitious fears, you were perhaps only weakening this vital principle of your moral nature.

If these reflections be just, the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments is apparent. Those who deny that there is such a state, unless they be obstinate Atheists, admit that we are under a moral and a just government, but contend that rewards and punishments are dispensed in this life according to our deserving; and, as happiness and misery depend merely on the state of the conscience, it is, in fact, according to them, the final dispenser of justice. But, in fact, conscience troubles the hardened criminal less than the casual transgressor; and, therefore, if there be no retribution after death, the surest way to escape punishment would be by a bold and reckless career of crime, to silence the voice of conscience as soon as possible. He who cultivates his moral nature, in, it would follow, only cherishing a serpent to sting him. All justice and morality would thus be excluded from the government of the

world. But even the Atheist believes that the principle of order which he worships would prevent such a moral chaos as this. The only escape from the difficulty is through the admission, that the inequalities of this life will be made up in the next, by the apportionment of an infallible Judge.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERSILL.

WE have reason to believe, when one of the sons of apostate Adam is introduced into the Church militant, be he "barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free," it heightens the joy of heaven. Whether it be a diminutive Esquimaux, amid the everlasting snows and frosts of the north, or a sable son of Africa, on the burning plains of the south, "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." As one after another becomes "an heir of God," and "a joint heir with Jesus Christ"—lives faithfully, fights valiantly, endures manfully, and "so has an entrance administered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," God furnishes him with his robe, and palm, and crown, and mansion. And though a nation be born in a day, he is at no loss to provide for them. He is not obliged, in consequence of additions to his family, either to lessen the portions of his other children, or, by pains-taking industry, acquire more property. Those happy spirits, "in blissful regions high," who already inhabit the city of God, will be none the poorer because God is bringing other sons to glory. Increasing their number multiplies and heightens their joy. As other individuals are introduced into their happy community, they feel the richer, love their Savior the better, his heaven the more. As other members are received into the family of the first-born in heaven, their ideas of the Divine munificence are enlarged. Acquaintance with the history of their new friends, not only interests and instructs, but affords them fresh proofs of his mercy and his grace. When sons and daughters are born of the Spirit in the Church militant, angels rejoice. When "they die in Jesus," they are carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. Though an "innumerable company, which no man can number, from every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue," will find their way to that better Canaan, there will be crowns, and palms, and robes, and mansions for all—"enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore."

"I see a countless, happy throng,
In the blissful regions high—
White robes, gold crowns, and lofty song,
With harps in harmony.
Faith cheers the hearts of God's humble poor:
Poor though I be, whenever
I think of yonder heavenly rest,
I feel I am blest for ever."

TEARS.

BY MARGARET.

THE sentiment has obtained somewhat extensively, that tears are unworthy a courageous disposition, and evince peculiar weakness and imbecility of mind. If this be true, however, we are at a loss to determine whether Homer has been faithful in his delineation of the Grecian hero, Achilles, who, it seems, with all his valor, occasionally gave way to tears. Thus, in the case of his loss of his love, Briseis, the poet tells us he went weeping along the shores of the salt sea, and would not be comforted, because of his misfortune. Æneas, too, who was likewise a great hero and warrior, gave vent to the most immoderate grief, when he beheld, in the temple of Carthage, a picture of his friends sacrificing their lives in behalf of their country.

Other examples might be given of great men and heroes weeping; but they are unnecessary. There is one example, however, which we should never forget: it is that of the Redeemer of mankind. See him standing over Jerusalem, exclaiming, in the tenderness of his heart, and with tears streaming from his eyes, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, and killest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee under my wings as the hen doth her brood, but ye would not!" See him yet again at the tomb of Lazarus. How compassionate, how sympathizing, how ready to mingle his tears with the tears of the mourners there assembled!

No! tears are not a sign of weakness. There is a sacredness in them—there is beauty and divinity connected with them. Speak, then, no ill of tears, but know that others, better and mightier than yourself, have wept, and wept in strains of the deepest sorrow.

"No radiant pearl, which created fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks,
For others' woe, down virtue's manly cheeks."

THE FAILINGS OF GENIUS.

THE elegance and fine sympathy which pervade the writings of Goldsmith are proverbial. From them it would seem that their author lived in perpetual sunshine, and that he had the smile of love perpetually on his brow, and the milk of human kindness ever in his heart. Yet how different! Ill-fated Oliver! he was always in a jealous and irritable mood when in society—always whining and complaining. When, on a certain occasion, a lampoon appeared in a newspaper, on "Oliver Goldsmith, Esq., M. D., et cetera," his rage was unbounded. He promised and attempted to give the editor a sound flogging, but failed in the attempt, and in lieu thereof was soundly flogged himself.

THINGS THAT LAST FOR EVER.

—
BY FLORIO.
—

"Words are the only things that last for ever," said William Hazlitt, a late English author. Some may be inclined to pronounce the saying a splendid paradox, destitute of every particle of truth, and made by him only to elicit praise for his having conjured up something singular and extravagant. But, seriously, the expression, whether singular or otherwise, is literally true. All the works of man tend to ruin. Temples, palaces, cities, amphitheatres, and pyramids crumble silently to dust. They may stand the storm of ages, and seem to speak themselves eternal; but the restless tooth of time is working at their boasted magnificence and strength, and soon no vestige of their greatness will remain. An earthquake may swallow up the pyramids of Egypt, and leave the sand of the desert as desolate as the sand upon the beach of the ocean shore.

Look over the past, and see what of it we have, save the words in which its history is recorded. Its grandeur is lost, and nothing but a few moldering ruins tell us what it once was. But the words of the past still have a voice. They speak to us, and they will speak to all posterity. They have maintained existence and dominion amid all the ruins of time, and will live in all ages to come, asserting that dominion in tones which cannot be mistaken, and which no vicissitudes of this world can impair or destroy. What a lesson to writers and authors is here presented, to be few and well-chosen in their words, and how fearfully careful should they be to write none "which, dying, they would wish to blot!"

NEATNESS.

—
BY CRITICUS.
—

ACCORDING to Lord Bacon, a well-dressed man is a perpetual letter of recommendation; by which I suppose he means, that such a one will always have a sure passport through the realms of civility and all good society. The orator who makes a judicious exordium, will be very likely to secure the attention of his auditory; while he who gives an awkward, bungling introductory, will be almost certain to excite the disgust of those who hear him. So with the individual who is introduced into good company. If well and neatly attired, he will secure the respect of those present; but if slovenly dressed, no favorable augur will be made respecting his character and personal habits.

A sloven certainly is no very amiable character. To see one's hair uncombed, or dangling about in a confused manner—to have a shoe on slipshod, with a hole in the stocking just large enough to show half

the heel—to have "dirty fingers, and marvelous foul linen," may suit that tribe of beings who aver that a wilderness of hair and a slouched hat are demonstrative of a well-stored brain, and that genius always trudges about in unbuckled shoes; but such things will not suit us. We make allowance, of course, for men of business, and would not insist that a smith from his shop, or a farmer from the field, should look as tidy as the clerk at the counter, or the young lady in the drawing-room. These we know how to pardon; but to see any one, especially a young lady, who has nothing to do but to keep herself trim, we say, to see such a one, at any time, ill and slovenly dressed, is argument sufficient for us that she loves leisure, and will make the poor fellow keenly smart who is so unfortunate as to be her partner for life.

THE LOVE OF APPROBATION.

—
BY AN ELDERLY MAN.
—

"*Magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi, qui turpi socrinis honestum
Non patre præclare, sed vita et pectore puro.*"

HORACE.

A few days ago, Mr. Editor, I was turning over the leaves of a new book, being a collection of the satires of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Martial, recently presented to me by a German friend. While thus carelessly engaged, my eye happened to fall on the lines of Horace which I have set as a motto to this piece. The bard, it seems, expresses satisfaction, that he had given pleasure to one who reflected distinction upon virtue, not by his honorable birth, but by his life and pure heart. This satisfaction, sir, is precisely that reward which, I suppose, is sought for by the sentiment called love of approbation, when under proper regulation. The mere love of praise, without regard to the source or occasion of it, is the perversion of this sentiment; but to desire the approval of good men is worthy the character of the most pure and unassuming. I do not wish to write an essay on the subject, but heartily to recommend it to your youthful readers.

DEATH OF GROTIUS.

ALMOST every one has heard of Grotius. He was one of the most learned men the world ever saw. Yet, with all his learning, he is said to have exclaimed, when dying, "Alas! I have spent all my life in doing nothing." To a young friend, who attended him in his last moments, and who asked of the philosopher to give him one short direction how to lead his life, he only said, "Be serious!" What a comment to youth to be sober-minded, and to so live, that when the summons of death is heard, they will have nothing to do but to arise and depart!

THE GREAT CHANGE.

BY ORGATIDE.

DEATH is the universal doom. The flower of the valley springs up, blooms for awhile in variegated beauty, but perishes as soon as the gray livery of autumn is thrown over the face of nature. The oak of the forest, through whose branches the winds of heaven have whistled for centuries, and which, at all times and seasons, has been the retreat alike of bird and beast, is at last prostrated by the resistless tornado. Man himself, whom God has distinguished above all the works of his hand, and who stands proud lord of creation's realms, has within him the seeds of death, and finally yields to that stroke which severs him from friends and life, and consigns him to the quiet of oblivion.

We look around. Everywhere we are admonished of our mortality—the monuments of the grave stand on every hand. We gaze; we sigh; we look around; "we sink, lamenting or lamented, all the same." How true, yet beautiful the language of the inspired writer: "Man, that is born of woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease, though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet, through the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" What emblems of human life and human frailty have we here, and what a mournful lesson of the uncertainty of life is taught us too!

"Years following years steal something every day:
At last they steal us from ourselves away."

Let death and reflections upon death have their due weight upon our characters and minds. We cannot be too soon nor too well prepared to render our account to the Judge of all the earth. We cannot dwell too much on heaven and hell, God and eternity. We are spared, it is true. We are neither dead nor in the world of despair; yet we know not how soon we may be called away: the angel may be on his way to execute his solemn commission, and already death may have marked us for his victims.

But while we all must die, blessed be God, we have a rock of defense and safety. Our Redeemer, though once offered for our sins, will never be offered again: he will die no more. His years know no change; his love has no end; his mercy is from everlasting to everlasting; his ear is ever open to our cry. Still, then, let us supplicate his throne; still let us seek his guidance; and still let us pray that prayer of earnest, agonizing faith,

"O Thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;

Who didst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear."

"GATHERINGS OF THE WEST."

BY MRS. H. O. GAVITT.

AH! treasures from the far-famed west:

And what are they, pray tell?

What has the west in brilliants rare,
That will with eastern gems compare,
Where precious jewels dwell?

The treasures of the east were sung
On harps, in days of old;
But now, alas! each harp and lyre
Vibrates to poesy's genial fire,
And sings of western gold.

What treasures hast thou gathered,
Thou gleaner of the west?
Ah! here's a jewel from that realm:
'Twas found beneath the hallowed elm,
Which shades a cherub's rest.

Choice gems, and jewels far more rare,
Than found in precious mines,
Are gathered near that sacred tree,
To sparkle with their brilliancy,
In pure sweet classic lines.

And here are diamonds bright, to deck
And radiate thy page;
Historic gems of ancient lore—
A theme the erudite adore,
And master pens engage.

And here's a crystal, pure and bright,
The value of the soul;
O, that its sacred rays may win
Bright jewels from the realms of sin,
To love's divine control!

Here gentle hands have twined a wreath
Of aromatic flowers,
Emitting from each fragrant part
A charm to fascinate the heart,
And cheer life's passing hours.

Then gather on your precious store,
Sweet gatherer of the west;
In gathering thou dost scatter still;
The precious gems thy pages fill
Are numbered with the best.

HOPE.

FAIR hope, thou only star whose beams
Benignant cheer the waste of life,
Still guide my footsteps here, and bring
At last to endless life in heaven.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

Among my correspondents of olden time, was a lady, whose last letter was written twenty years ago this very day. I first became acquainted with her while I was teaching a small school in the interior of New England. I well remember the day I first passed her dwelling. A funeral procession was forming at the door, and there was borne over the threshold a little child, arrayed in its beauty and loveliness for the grave, followed by the father and mother, and a whole family of little brothers and sisters. I was but a youth—a mere boy, among strangers, friendless and alone—trying to acquire, by teaching school, the means of paying my own expenses for a few weeks at the academy. The lady, the mother of the lost child, a few days after my arrival, invited me to her house. Of course, I went; for I felt greatly the need of sympathy and kindness. Indeed, few know how much the young man, especially the student, away from home, pines for a mother's affection and a sister's love. I found her surrounded by wealth and friends, and a large family of lovely children. On entering her house, I was received with a welcome so hearty as to make me feel at once perfectly at home, and to win my most implicit confidence. I felt that I was captivated; for such a woman could wield over me an influence irresistible. And how judiciously did she use that influence. She became to me all that a mother could be. She was a woman of much intelligence, of excellent taste, of generous sympathies, of philanthropic liberality, and of deep religious feeling. After my engagement at school-keeping was out, and I returned to my studies, she became my weekly correspondent. Her letters would form a good sized volume, and are worthy of being read, and reread again and again. From no means, in the whole course of my intellectual, moral, and religious training, did I receive more aid than from her letters.

I have heard much, and read much of female influence; but in no way might an intelligent, accomplished, and pious lady, exert a greater influence over an individual, and, through him, over society, than by such a correspondence as that good woman condescended to hold with a poor boy. Young men, at college, are usually thrown together in masses, out of the range of family organization, and deprived of the humanizing influences of judicious female society. In such circumstances, they are liable to contract habits of mind and of conduct unfitting them for society. They sometimes become rough and uncouth in manner, morose in temper, and indifferent in their religious feelings. Under such circumstances, a weekly correspondence with an intelligent and interesting lady, supplies the place of home in a

youth's heart. He sits down to read the letter, with subdued spirit and softened heart. His habits of thought become polished, his sentiments refined, his principles of virtue strengthened, and his whole nature humanized. Especially is the influence of such a correspondence felt with the most beneficial results on one who has neither mother nor sisters; but whose heart is as homeless as Noah's dove.

For some two years was this correspondence regularly kept up; and I had, also, an opportunity, during vacation, of spending, once or twice a year, a day or two in the family. During one of my visits, it was twenty summers ago, I saw on the cheek of my gentle one, whom I had learned to look on as a guardian angel, unmistakable indications of the approach of the destroyer of the beauty and the bloom of New England—consumption. She seemed unconscious of danger, nor were her family at all apprehensive of any thing in her condition of health requiring attention. She had taken cold, and was troubled with a slight cough. But I had learned to watch the approach of that pale spectre, that had already summoned away from my side many a loved one.

A few weeks were sufficient to develop the disease in its most fatal form; that form, under which the patient, without pain and in cheerful spirits, gradually, but surely, descends to the grave. She soon saw the inevitable result, and calmly, as the child would repose in its cradle, she resigned herself to death. To us, in health, how strange seems the composure with which the Christian goes to the grave. To die—to leave this beautiful world—to go from our home to return no more—to leave our children and all on earth we love—who, in health, can think of this with composure? But God, in mercy to the human race, sends on us disease, whose great design seems to be to reconcile us to death. The afflictions of earth become thus blessings. This good woman looked on her journey to the spirit world, with as much composure as she would on the journey of a day to visit some friend. She only felt interested to provide for the education of her children. In my last interview with her, she expressed a hope, which she said she had long indulged, that, when I had finished my studies in college, my circumstances in life might admit of my superintending the education of her children, the eldest of whom was then but about sixteen.

Thus died, when scarce her youth had passed away, one of the loveliest beings I ever saw. We buried her, in a spot selected by herself, beneath a vigorous old apple tree, in the orchard. Two of her younger children soon followed her, and the others came to maturity.

Many years after her death, perhaps twelve or more, I stood again, on a fine autumn evening, beside her grave. It was one of those seasons peculiarly fruitful in reflections. The landscape about

me was one on which I would gladly look again. I stood on a lofty green hill, covered with orchard and meadow, and flocks and herds. On the north were the grand range of White mountains; on the south lay, spread out in the far distance, the broad and ever green plains of Brunswick; on the east appeared, just in the horizon, the blue hills of the Kennebec, among which lay, embowered, my own cottage home, in which my children were then at play. And I was standing by the grave of one who had been my friend, when friends I needed, and who had been sleeping there for twelve years. But to me it was a consolation, which I can never describe, that, during that twelve years, each and all of her children had found, in succession, a home in my family, while pursuing their studies at school. My heart still beats quick at the memory of that estimable woman. Connected with her by no ties of family or kindred, my heart was won by kindness, by goodness, by virtue. I looked on her, while living, as an exemplification and a personification of goodness, of virtue, and of religion. Her own children knew her not as did I; for they were too young to appreciate her worth, or estimate their own loss. And when she was gone from earth, I still continued to think of her as some guardian angel, commissioned by Providence to watch over me for good. And now, eight years more have passed away, and in that time her honored husband has been laid to sleep by her side, and my early friends have fallen all around me,

"Like leaves in wintry weather;"

yet still her memory is cherished in my heart, as if it were but yesterday I had left her at her own fireside. Her children are scattered far from each other, and from me. Her daughters are well educated, pious, happily settled in life, and some of them occupy important positions in the Church. From one of them, who is said greatly to resemble her mother, I have lately received a letter, from which I am inclined to present the reader the following extract:

"Years, long years, many years have passed away, since last we met. Yet, of those years, not a day has passed, when I have not thought of you, the friend and teacher of my childhood, the dear friend and correspondent of my sainted mother, and father, kind and honored, who both now sleep their last sleep, quietly side by side, in that cherished inclosure, a few yards from the place where I am now writing, at that same, dear old homestead, once so precious by their presence, now so lonely, so desolate. I cannot describe the tender associations connected with the memory of your name. Last summer, I came across two numbers of the Ladies' Repository. I borrowed them, and read, and re-read, and wept, and read again, and lived over the past. I immediately determined to take the work. Do come and see us. Come, and make old friends so glad. You will find change—change stamped on

all around; but the deep affection of the heart is, I trust, yet fresh and green as ever."

"All changed but the deep affection of the heart!" Alas, it is even so! And I have sometimes thought even human love, in its purest form, might change; but perhaps not. Affection, founded on goodness, on gratitude, and on congeniality of spirit, may survive all the changes of time; but will it survive the changes from time to eternity? Does that good woman, whose memory has brought on my soul such sweet influences every day for twenty years, yet regard, in her heavenly home, the child of earth, whom she once loved with all a mother's love? It often happens, in our intercourse with human society, that affection, pure and fervent, arises from similarity of pursuits and of tastes. The vicissitudes of life separate us for years. We meet, after long absence, and expect a renewal of former joys; but, to our disappointment, one or both may seem changed. We have no longer the same mutual desires, and similar tastes, we once had. How will it be when friends on earth, separated long by death, meet in heaven? Will the loved and the lost, who were all the world to us, and to whom we were all the world, meet us in the spirit world, with the same love they bore us in this life? Reader, these inquiries may not interest you; but me they do interest—they come home to my heart. I cannot answer them; yet time, or rather eternity, will reveal all.

HOLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY JOHN PROG, JR.

HOLINESS is our highest destiny. It is the element by which man will make his nearest approach to the Deity: it is the perfection of moral beauty, the ultimate design of intelligence, and the ceaseless consummation of eternity. All holy impressions are deathless. Every visitation they have made to our spirit here, is recorded on high, and through our endless being will their memory come to us, bringing the joyous recollections of our fulfillment of their purpose, or will speak tidings bitter with anguish, should we be banished to the never-peaceful solitudes below.

All nature sends out the invocation for our holiness, by every thing that proclaims the might and love of God—by every star, in its pilgrimage of light—by the beauty and fragrance of every flower—by the "thunder song" of every cataract—by every formation of our bodies, declaring the work of an omnipotent Hand—by every element and faculty of our nature, whose design is beyond organic pleasure—by every thing in man's constitution, that leads him, through the gates of death, to nobler or more awful regions—and by every thought that soars above the mutable, and stands upon the

mount of immortality, musing upon the Eternal, and trembling amid the emblems of almighty power: all these call upon us to adore their Author, and to be holy in his presence:

"These, when creation made its wonders known,
Were sent to mortals, that their mingling powers
Might lead and lure us to ethereal bowers."

But, should we neglect every impress of nature that publisheth that it hath the mission to make man holy—were the beauties of earth all voiceless, and the glories of heaven all silent, what an impressive dialect comes from the throne of God! What hallowed disclosures fall upon the vision, as revelation draws aside the veil that encircles the august Tribunal above! When the great question was started, who shall be man's redeemer? then the choral song of heaven ceased—there was a solemn pause—an awful silence! The love of Jehovah trembled! The flames of hell commenced to flash upon the brow of man, as he stood upon the verge of eternal ruin! Just then came the tidings of redemption!

Do not all the manifestations of the Divine condescension and mercy implore, in the most moving supplication, for the holiness of our hearts? Does not Jesus, forsaking the adoration of the hosts above—his solitary pilgrimage of love below, and his tears, which, robed in starlight, commingled with Kedron's waves, claim it? Did not the last, loud voice of Jesus, on the cross, and the last drop of his blood, that dashed upon the rocks of Calvary, cry out, let the earth be holy? And while now He bows by the throne, pressing back the sword of Divine vengeance, and praying for the sinner, even while he is reveling in His blood on earth, does he not evince a depth of compassion sufficient to allure us? There, amid the glories of heaven, he pleads the cause of rebellious man—there, amid the anthems of glory, he bows

"Silent, alone, amid a heaven of song."

And if holy impressions are eternal, and all that is holy shall be holy still, what a sublime and inviting invocation for our love comes from every thing that will contribute to our endless felicity! For every idea that has been devoted to God, ere it entered the sanctuary of the heart—all the inspiration of nature that has been pure and lofty—every oracle of beauty Heaven has revealed and sanctioned—every undisclosed mystery that will be essential to the future blessedness of the pure in heart—every loved object that in consecration has been led to the altar of God, will be translated to the land of undying beauty and love; for

"The truest spell that heaven can give to lure—
The sweetest prospect mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below."

And if our alliances and friendships shall bear the impress of holiness, they shall be perpetual, and all the sweet communions and loved associations of our youth shall live for ever.

LOVE OF FAME—AMBITION.

—
BY J. M. DIXON.

"When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the Phoenix from her fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes and expires."

—
TAKING the world in its universality, there is, probably, no sentiment which operates more strongly upon the human mind than the love of fame. This sentiment is not confined to any particular sphere of action—man, everywhere, acknowledges its influence, and the world is its theatre of operation. In every organization of society, the affluent and the powerful, the poor and the ignoble, are governed, more or less, by its acknowledged supremacy. The African, the Asiatic, the European, and the American, are equally subject to the controlling influence of this feeling. It exists a monarch, whose age is coeval with time, and the boundaries of whose dominion embrace all the nations of the earth.

The love of fame, when temperately cultivated, has been productive of beneficial results. To this sentiment may be attributed, in no small degree, the classic productions of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Young; and all the trophies of human intellect may refer, in part, their origin to a temperate love of applause. This feeling accompanies the poet, in his flights; the philosopher, in his musings; the astronomer, in his survey of the heavens; the statesman, in the discharge of his duty; and the scholar, in the acquisition of knowledge. Without the aid of its fructifying powers, and independent of the solid inducements to action which necessarily flow from the cultivation of the Christian virtues, the whole mass of mind would be almost as inert and motionless as inanimate matter. It requires a commanding stimulus to rouse the dormant energies of intellect—a stimulus, which will impel the mind not only to a sense of its inherent value, but to an active development of its conscious superiority. An incentive, in the form of dollars and cents and stated annuities, may elicit, to some extent, the powers of genius; but, in the absence of a stronger inducement, a languid sluggishness will surround all the creations of mind. Could gold have inspired the sublime musings of Milton, the lofty conceptions of Dryden, the mellifluous sweetness of Pope, the deep pathos of Gray, the gorgeous imagery of Thomson, or the melancholy grandeur of Byron? Nay, verily: an unquenchable desire for the world's approbation formed the basis of their inspiration; and, apart from this consideration, their biographers would have been saved the task of recording their intellectual labors, and their memories, imperishable as time itself, would have accompanied those countless millions,

whose names are now, in the strong language of Churchill,

"Only remembered by the thing forgot."

The name of Newton, from the sublime discoveries of that philosopher, is now inheriting a posthumous immortality; but if the love of fame had not exercised its regular influence upon his mind, in all probability, his deep researches into the order and economy of the material universe, would never have received even an embryo existence. In the absence of a powerful impetus to thought and action, the earth would have revolved upon its axis, the planets performed their usual revolutions, the fixed stars shed abroad their accustomed radiance, and man might have gazed for ever on star, and planet, and unnumbered worlds, without comprehending, or hardly desiring to comprehend, their arrangement, formation, or relative positions. In a word, aside from Christian motive, and religious obligation, if we examine the productions of genius, the offspring of intellectual superiority, we will discover, that a love of present fame, and a thirst for future notoriety, have co-operated, in almost every instance, to develop the energies of mind. And were it not for the combined efficacy of these impellent powers, the arts, sciences, and literature, would recede into the gloom and darkness of that barbarism, from which they have been fortunately rescued.

But we must reverse the picture. An *inordinate* love of fame, in its application to unholy purposes, degenerates into criminal ambition. There is no material distinction existing between the two sentiments: they equally demand the exercise of the foulest passions of the human heart. Virtue, when impelled by the ultraist beyond the sphere of its legitimate operation, resolves itself into a vice

"Of so frightful men,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

The most revolting exhibitions of human depravity, have originated from the deep and deadly struggles of the warrior for fame and extended sway. The imagination, piercing through the gloom which enshrouds the far ages of antiquity, beholds the Macedonian conqueror, emerging from his little peninsula, and gathering his invincible hosts to battle. Like a blazing comet, in its eccentric course, we behold him at the Granicus, at Issus, and Arbela; and again we hear his victorious tread amid the ruins of a throneless empire. Tyre is laid waste by the desolating ravages of the warrior-king; and the banner of conquest is unfurled amid the sandy plains of Hindostan. Enthroned upon the bones of the fallen dead, with his garments reeking with the blood of countless victims, while the wrecks of kingdom and empire lie scattered around, the warrior's ambition is not yet extinguished. He contemplates the transmission of his name to future generations, as the conqueror of the whole earth; and, to effect this, he must pursue his sanguinary career, until the

universe be filled with the fame of his unprecedented triumphs, and until the boundaries of the straitened earth oppose an invincible obstacle to his victorious progress. Again, from the dim obscurity of the past, a host of sable heroes stalk before my imagination. Crownless and sceptreless, they stand before me, divested of all their original terrors. Their boundless desires for fame have been extinguished in the grave; their shouts of exultant triumph, over their fallen enemies, have ceased to vibrate upon the ear; and the heavy tramp of the chafed war-horse is heard no more.

"Greece had her monarchs—Rome was high in fame;
But Greece is throneless—Rome is but a name."

Fame was the watchword of Cæsar, the whispering fiend of Tamerlane, the prompting demon of Ghengis Khan, and the worshiped deity of Napoleon. To gratify his quenchless passion for present and posthumous renown, if his power had been coextensive with the limitless aspirations of his ambition, the "child of destiny," like the prince of the power of the air, would have struggled for sway and kingdom with the Eternal, or converted the universe into a boundless battle-field, and weaved the pall of annihilated empires. But the sword of victory has fallen from his nerveless grasp—the banner of glory is trailing in the dust—the laurels of triumph have faded from his brow—the fire of ambition has fled from his eye and his heart, and his name descends to us, from the embattled fields of Dantzig and Ansterlitz, from the disastrous invasion of Russia, the sanguinary plain of Waterloo, and even from the far isle of Helena, surrounded with every shade of shame and unexaggerated guilt. That name has entered upon the possession of its natural inheritance—an immortality of disgrace, dishonor, and infamy; and, as the world progresses in civilization, refinement, and Christian enlightenment, the character of the warrior, who, in pursuit of fame, "conquest, and extended rule," fiercely plunged into an ocean of human blood, will develop deeper and deeper shades of crime, and gather accumulating blackness for ever.

But we turn from the contemplation of the earth-born hero, and hail a Conqueror, at whose approach the petty tyrants of the world, divested of the lustre of adventitious accompaniments, "shall flee afar off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind." Is this Prince incited to action from a love of fame? The earth is full of his glory. Does he make his advent to establish a political sovereignty over kingdom and empire? The world is already his; and every orb that floats, in liquid light, along the immeasurable expanse of the heavens, and even the realms of "chaos and old night," that extend their dominion through the boundless solitudes of unpeopled space, are his, by the respective rights of creation and unlimited sovereignty.

Already the standard of his triumph is waving victoriously over the almost impregnable fortresses of heathendom, and the battlements of Mohammedanism and Paganism are falling into shapeless and undistinguished ruin. The armies of ignorance and superstition, unable to support the unequal conflict, are retreating before that light, the effulgence of which is destined to fill the world, and the long, loud shout of emancipated millions is rising toward heaven. "All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when" this Conqueror "lifteth up an ensign on the mountains; and when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye;" for he it is from whose "mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he beareth the impress of the fierceness and wrath of almighty God; and he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

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WILBUR FISK, D. D.  
—

BY G. F. DISBOROW, A. M.  
—

"Cui Puder, et Justitiam soror,  
*Incorrupta Fides, audaxque Veritas*  
*Quando ulum inveniet parem?"*

HORACE.

"A skillful workman he  
In God's great moral vineyard."  
"O, who can speak his praise! great humble man!"

POLLOX.  
—

EVERY traveler to that most beautiful region, Middletown, on the Connecticut river, must have noticed the rural cemetery of the Wesleyan University. It lies upon the summit of a gentle hill, and directly in the rear of the college—one of those favored spots over which the sun, both winter and summer, casts his earliest and his latest golden rays. This is the retired place, selected by Dr. Fisk himself, for the ashes of the dead, and here repose his own beloved remains.

"WILBUR FISK, S. T. D.,  
First President of the Wesleyan University;  
Born August 31, 1792,  
Died February 22, 1839,"

is the simple epitaph, upon the tabature of the finest white marble obelisk, that is seen by the visitor to this silent mansion.

I have often visited the ground, and never, in my pilgrimages there, without peculiar hallowing and profitable reflections. It was in August, of the present season, when I again journeyed to the college cemetery. A week of gentle and sunny rain had just passed over the scenery, and brought all its loveliness into life. The whole glen and hill were filled with a mingled spirit of pleasure and of

pensiveness, and the beautiful lines of President Wentworth, unbidden, came to mind:

"Beneath yon obelisk though Fisk may lie,  
The Fisk of memory shall never die."

The memory of Fisk will not be forgotten. How many thousands die, and pass away like leaves of autumn, or the blossoms of spring, and society neither feel nor regret the loss! But the Church and the world lament the loss of a Fisk, as for one who lived the life of benevolence, learning, and piety. Well do I remember him! The head had an indescribable beauty about it; the upper part seemed to belong to an angel—I mean, it was so beautiful. Wherever he was called, in the providence of God, he was received as a burning and shining light. Eminently did the candle of the Lord shine upon his head, and the secret of God was upon his tabernacle. *When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him.* How often have we listened to those gracious words, that fell from his lips! And the hearts of his intimate friends still burn within them at their recollection.

Seldom was a person better qualified to sustain the character of a minister of Jesus Christ, than Wilbur Fisk. An entire consecration of his united powers to this great work, he esteemed the richest oblation he could offer to the Father of mercies. Having put on the whole armor of God, from the helmet of salvation to the sandals of peace, all was entire, and he appeared in the complete Christian panoply. Calm, serene, and collected, he generally commenced his theme, and, as he advanced, he poured forth a continuous stream of eloquence, as if flowing from some inspired source—inexhaustible, convincing, and sublime. His tones were musically modulated, except when interrupted, at times, by his short, spasmodic cough. Often, during the delivery of his brilliant sentences, a breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage he addressed. His fluency was proverbial, and his command of language unrivaled. He spoke as in the presence of God, like one having Divine authority; and there was an energy in his preaching that was irresistible. His subjects, gesture, the tone of his voice, his countenance, all conspired to fix the attention and to affect the heart. To hear him without admiration was impossible, and without profit, almost impossible. Whenever he was announced, multitudes flocked to attend his ministry, and from among them many a goodly jewel will be collected, to form his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord. While so many preachers strive to charm their hearers with "the studied ornaments of artificial eloquence," his chief care was, in simplicity and godly sincerity, to declare the truth as it is in Jesus.

Next to his powerful polemic discourses, the crowning glory of his sermons, probably, was his descriptions of the beatific joys of the eternal



world; and these he portrayed with an eloquence almost angelic. At such moments, he seemed like one inspired, his face beaming as if reflecting the light of the heavenly state, whose living streams and celestial fields he was describing. He never hesitated, such was the abundance of his ideas; and so pure were his oral compositions, that they were seldom improved by the more elaborate corrections of the pen.

Dr. Fisk was no idler in the Lord's vineyard. He denied himself, took up his cross, and trod in the footsteps of his Master; and so admirably did he copy the character of his Lord, that all men took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus. He went about doing good, in every possible way, and wherever he came, he seemed like some superior being, whose employment was to bless the children of men. In the family circle, he was welcomed as the joyful ambassador of the Redeemer; and his prayers and benedictions were received with reverence and gratitude, by parents and their children. I confidently trust they will follow me and my house through life, exciting us to walk worthy of that Christian friendship and regard with which I was honored by this eminent servant of the Most High.

In him were united intellectual powers seldom combined in the same person, and never but in minds of the first order. These were always devoted to acts of Christian benevolence, and consecrated to the benefit of his fellow-men. To no cause were his abilities more devoted or sanctified, than to the missionary and Bible cause. On such occasions he spoke with a fervency of zeal and a divine pathos, seldom witnessed or equaled. Well do we remember the impression which his first appearance made on the platform of the American Bible Society. He rose last of all the speakers, and, collected, simple, and impressive, without effort, he commanded the entire attention of the vast audience, by the beauty of his language, force of thought, and dignity of his manner. From that hour, he took a foremost rank among those who were celebrated for sacred eloquence. And, while living, he became one of the main-springs of every exertion and every institution connected with the Church, a blessing to our country, and to the world. What an illustrious example does Dr. Fisk present for our imitation—calling upon us "to follow him as he followed Christ!" Heaven grant that we may catch a spark of that flame which shone with such distinguished lustre in the spirit and labors of this faithful man of God!

Every part of his useful and blameless life, not hidden from us by modest privacy, is a precious and bright portion of our Church history. Public duties, often arduous and delicate, were required at his hands; but to every service, his courage and intellect were found fully equal. He became an orator of the first order, a powerful debater, and a most able polemic. He had attained a ripe scholarship, a

power of the most glowing and vivid description, a rare felicity of illustration, and a style perspicuous, combining strength with elegance. His intellect was penetrating, and his greatest attainments were, probably, in moral philosophy. Hence the deference that was paid to his views in morals and religion. As an instructor, his abilities were extraordinary, seldom failing clearly to represent the truth upon the minds of his pupils. In conversational debate, where had he a rival? I know not one—always thoughtful, calm, and ready, in the most critical moments of controversy. He was eminent, too, for his moderation, his knowledge of human character, and for wise counsel.

In his addresses to the Deity, Dr. Fisk presented nothing studied, artificial, or superfluous; and while offering them, there was a solemnity in his manner, which not only edified, but quickened and exalted the soul. As the Spirit gave him utterance, so he made his requests known unto God. We well recollect moments of supplication, and so will you, Mr. Editor, when he appeared to be carried away, far beyond the limits of ordinary devotion, and, pouring forth the mighty prayer, his face has appeared as the face of an angel. None, except those who often united with him in this holy service, can conceive the manner in which he performed the duty. Always fervent, his prayer was filled with gratitude, humility, adoration, and love; and, like King Hezekiah, he spread the various wants of the people at the feet of their common Lord.

Dr. Fisk filled the office of president of the Wesleyan University, with the greatest honor to himself and usefulness to the institution, until the period when it pleased the Almighty to call him into the world of spirits. His untiring interest in life, and at his dying hour, for the welfare of that seminary, is a part of his history. Hence his labors were abundantly successful. The University has now become the seat of science, knowledge, and religion, and, to a certain extent, another "school of the prophets," and the *alma mater* already of hundreds, her favored sons, who now occupy useful and honorable posts in our beloved land.\* If Fisk needs any lasting monument to his memory, point to the Wesleyan University, and its hallowed halls.

Long a sufferer, as he approached the valley of death, his hopes of the heavenly world were bright and glorious. His last hours were employed in taking an affectionate leave of his friends and family. Nor did the writer hesitate to undertake a journey of more than one hundred miles, in the

\* The Wesleyan University, during fourteen years of its existence, has graduated no less than three hundred and thirty students. Nearly one hundred are ministers of the Gospel, about the same number professors or teachers in literary institutions, many are lawyers and physicians, three presidents of colleges, one a missionary to China, and four or five are editors, among whom is Mr. Tefft, of our Ladies' Repository.

depth of winter, to see his departing friend, and to obtain his dying blessings. Not long after this interview, the silver cord was loosened, which gave to the soul that freedom he had so long and so ardently desired. The physician had been in attendance night and day; but there was no hope. His *first* care was his beloved wife, and Martha, their adopted daughter; *then* the University, and *last* his brethren in the ministry. These remembrances attended to, he prepared himself to die, and was greatly honored of God at this trying moment. His intellect remained unclouded, and he lay patiently awaiting the final summons, and breathing faint prayers for himself and the cause in which he died.

"There is my house and portion fair;  
My treasure and my friends are there."

"From this chair to the throne," "Yes, glorious hope"—with such ejaculations passed away his noble and holy spirit. His warfare accomplished, every trace of past agony had disappeared; the beautiful brow was unwrinkled, and his own peculiar smile seemed to be lingering about the lips, as if they were already touched with the harmony of the celestial choirs!

### THE CHILD OF GENIUS.

BY REV. J. DIXON.

CHILD of genius, welcome to my home—welcome to my heart! Though the dwelling place of thy mind is in pure, ethereal regions, where the offspring of fancy bask in unclouded light and beauty, and glow with almost seraphic ardor; yet thy body, perhaps wan, fragile, and emaciated, seems bending over the tomb, saying to corruption, "Thou art my father," and to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister." The scoff of ignorance has wantonly assailed thee; the unfeeling votaries of mammon have derided thee; and, perhaps, the heartless critic has martyred the keen susceptibilities of thy soul. But, amid all thy discouragements, let thy motto be, "*Onward and higher.*"

A new era has burst upon the world; the slumberings of many generations appear to have been awakened by a mental earthquake, the oscillations of which are felt from the centre to the circumference of the globe. The time imperiously calls upon genius to array itself in the habiliments of light and truth, and go on from "conquering to conquest." The temple of science, polluted with a light and licentious literature, must be expurgated; the priests that minister at the altar of infamy must feel the scorching blast of public opinion; and genius, purified, should preside in the halls of science, and deeply imbue the spirit of legislative assemblies. Under such circumstances, child of genius, welcome to my home—welcome to my heart!

### YOUTHFUL WIT.

BY A YOUNGSTER.

I HAVE never seen, Mr. Editor, any article in your excellent periodical written by a little boy; nor do I know that you would encourage me, a mere strippling, to undertake the labors of the pen. But, turning over this morning an eastern newspaper, I found an anecdote which pleased me greatly, and gave me as much profit, I trust, as delight. The anecdote is of a learned Philadelphia doctor, who, to recruit his health, made a tour through the eastern states. The story is told by a Boston editor, which, that you may have proof of its authenticity, I will give you in his own words:

"On returning to Boston," says the editor of this visiting stranger, "the cars were detained at Braintree, as is usual, for another train. Finding at this stop that many of the passengers made a plunge at a certain yellow cake and dark looking drink, the doctor was induced by curiosity, and a little prompted by hunger, to enter the shantee restaurat, and taste the diet bread, which he found not unpalatable, and, after a little hesitation, to drink a tumbler of something, which, under the name of root beer, he thought, from the taste, to be a compound decoction of senna and gentian. On entering the cars he missed his ticket, which he had placed in front of his hat to meet the constant call of the conductor at the frequent stopping places. He once more returned to the refectory, in search of it, as he remembered removing his castor there to wipe his brow, and commenced looking for the lost card. Not finding it, he addressed a group of boys, from eight to eleven years of age, saying, 'Boys, I have lost my ticket; will you help me find it?' The lads looked at one another a little queerly, and engaged in the search; but as they did not appear very anxious to find it, the doctor, in order to quicken their zeal, said, 'Boys, that ticket cost me a dollar; if any one of you will find it, I will give him a quarter.' Even this did not make them very earnest in the search, and the stranger was about giving up the point, when one of the younger of the urchins stepped up to him, saying, 'Sir, will you give me ninepence if I tell you where it is?' 'Certainly I will,' said he; 'why, I offered you twice as much to find it.' 'Well, then, sir,' answered the boy, 'it is in the *back* of your hat.' The gentleman was glad to give the young rogue the full quarter, and escape the deafening shout of the waggish group; and returned to the city, having added this information to his fund of knowledge—that the pious blood of the Pilgrims still circulates in the veins of some of their descendants; and that the somewhat equivocal shrewdness which he had before seen in the Yankee pedlar, was a commodity at the north as common as the boys in the streets."

## MEMORY.

BY A. HILL.

## AMONG the works of God

There's nothing lost. Even thought itself is *real*,  
And hath an *entity*, and liveth on;  
And, once begotten, it can never die.  
Matter displaces matter, and a change  
Comes quickly over the material world.  
So thought gives birth to thought, and changes oft,  
Yet it must always live.

## It hath its birth

In the elaborate workings of the mind,  
And is a child of immortality.  
And *Memory* is twin-child with *Thought*—her high  
And holy parentage the same.

## The pain

That waits on *Vice*, when it hath wrought its work—  
The peace and joy that *virtuous* deeds attend,  
Give strongest confirmation of this truth.  
Else, what is guilt? and whence its fearful power?  
There is no guilt where memory liveth not.

O, wondrous power! and strange as wonderful:  
Nor seen, nor known, yet felt alike by all:  
The sweeping tide of feeling bends to thee,  
As forests bend to the impetuous gale,  
Or ocean's mighty mass of waters heave  
Their crested billows to the driving storm.  
The strong man feels thee, and his bracing limbs,  
So like a statue, tremble as a reed,  
While his girt loins give way, and his pale face  
And blanched features show how dreadful is  
Thy power.

Thou comest to the man of crime,  
And his stout heart, ice-like, and hard as rock  
Of adamant, quails at thy faintest touch,  
As though he were an infant in thy grasp.

The felon, in his cell, whose startling eye  
Looks with the fierceness of a demon's glare,  
Feels thy invisible impress, and straightway  
His rigid frame relaxes, and his eye  
Is moistened with a tear.

## And yet, how strange!

The timid one has courage, and the faint  
Refreshment, when thou comest unto them.  
Thy breath, which plays across their spirits, is  
A cordial that awakes them to new life.  
Ah yes, it is the very breath of God—  
It is the germ of immortality!

Thou art a light, which, like a beacon, shines  
For ever on the dismal shores of time—  
A link, forged by the Deity himself,  
Uniting past and future into one.

Thou startest up from the fast fading track  
Of past existence, where the fearful wreck

Of moral greatness in sad ruin lies,  
And comest like a gloomy, spectral thing—  
A haggard ghost of murdered privilege,  
And time misspent.

## Thou holdest thy dread court

Upon the tomb of buried hopes—of gifts  
Perverted long—of blessings much abused—  
And long neglected opportunity.  
And there thy presence is, O, dreadful thought!  
The deep damnation of the sinful soul.

There's no escape from thee: as well might man  
Attempt to flee the presence of his God.  
Wherever thought the human soul hath moved,  
Thy throne is built—thou reignest there, and must  
For ever reign. And while upon the track—  
The shining track of *Virtue*, thou dost shed  
The soft and holy radiance of heaven,  
Thy lightnings flash, in dreadful fury, o'er  
The dark and fearful pilgrimage of crime.

They call thee by a gentle name; but what,  
O, what, art thou? Thou can'st not be of earth?  
Thou wast with Deity ere man was born;  
And started with him in his strange career,  
And thou wilt his companion be for aye.

Strangest of all strange contradictions thou—  
"To *Vice* confusion, but to *Virtue* peace."

Thou art allied to man's eternal fate—  
To all his hopes and fears, his bliss or pain—  
To all the glories that will wreath his brow—  
To all the horrors that may crush his soul.  
Thou wilt attend the summons of that day,  
When God shall judge the world, and trumpet up  
Ten thousand recollections to the soul.  
And thy dread sanction to his final doom,  
Will be to man a blessing or a curse.

Thy mighty power brings back our fleeting years,  
Calls youth and manhood up, from time's deep grave,  
Holds back the sable pall, and brightly spreads  
A burning recollection over all.  
No lightning current, o'er the trembling wire,  
Courses more speedily its fiery track,  
Than thou in man each quivering, nervous cord.

A look—a word—some trivial note of song—  
A rustling leaf—or merest incident,  
Emits a spark, which kindles up a blaze,  
That lights the darkness of forgotten time.

## AN EPITAPH.

BY BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
As much beauty as could die:  
Which in life did harbor give  
To more virtue than deth live.

THE PROPER SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY PROFESSOR E. W. MERRILL.

THERE is a sentiment advanced by the Genevan philosopher, Rousseau, that "the glory of woman lies in being unknown." The history and suffrage of modern times have made many noble exceptions to *this*, as to numerous other sayings of that paradoxical writer. In dissenting from the above sentiment, we would not have woman usurp any of the prerogatives of the boasted lord of creation; but would attempt to show that her proper sphere is, at least, as far from that of a vassal as of a ruler.

Notwithstanding the sentiments crushing to her influence, that have prevailed, more or less, from time immemorial, almost every age has recorded the history of some splendid representatives of her glory and worth. The martial lyre of Homer had been sending its thrilling tones down the course of centuries, exciting men to war and deeds of valor, when Sappho, the Lesbian poetess, and the "Tenth Muse" of "lovely Greece," seized her harp, raised its soft strains, and sung the counterpart to the human passions.

It was well said, by a judicious writer, that "the whole voice of antiquity, has declared that the poetry of Sappho was unrivaled in grace and sweetness. This decision has been confirmed by posterity."

We mention this distinguished poetess, rather to show the antiquity of female celebrity, than as a starting point from which to trace a long line of famous females, which would be an easy task, would the limits of this article permit. It may, however, be simply inquired, why the divine Disposer of all blessings and events had bestowed the many, varied, and splendid talents upon such females as Sappho, Sevigne, Roland, Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, Hemans, Lady Montague, Barbauld, Edgeworth, Sedgwick, Madame de Stael, More, Sigourney, Willard, &c., if he had not designed them to be employed for some useful and important purpose? Why have endowments been bestowed upon woman, that frequently rival and outshine, in brilliancy, those of the other sex, if their influence is never to be felt beyond the limits of their own firesides?

It seems to me, that too illiberal views are commonly taken by those who discuss this subject. No doubt the influence and happiness of woman are generally to be found in the tranquility of the domestic circle; but why confine them there? We can easily call to mind circumstances under which it is not only proper, but necessary, for those of the sterner sex to perform tasks and duties which usually devolve upon females. Why shall not this be repaid by the use of those gifts and qualifications which it would be impious to suppose lavished in vain. The writer is sensible that some limitations

are here necessary; for while avoiding the Scylla of a too circumscribed sphere, on the one hand, for her influence, we would not sail into Charybdis, on the other, by making accessible to her all the enterprises of man.

There are, undoubtedly, many moral and intellectual, as well as physical achievements, incumbent upon man, for which woman is not responsible, or adapted. And in the numerous recorded instances where she has seized the reins of government, and taken part in civil and military affairs, we instinctively feel that she is beyond her appropriate sphere of action—that she has tarnished, rather than added brilliancy to the glory of her sex. The Æolian strains that come softly swelling upon the ear from the harps of Hemans and Sigourney, charm and delight us, and inspire loftier sentiments of their sex. Indeed, Hannah More, successfully contending with her pen against the convulsive shocks of the French revolution, presents a sublime and glorious spectacle; but the clangor of war that comes booming from the battle-field of the "Maid of Orleans," shocks and disgusts us. But we are admonished to be "brief."

Woman was never designed to engage publicly in the arena of strife, and the bustle of business. She may, and should, combat the errors and vices of the world; but her influence should go out from her retirement, and, more commonly, in the lives and characters of those with whom she associates. But we must leave our subject in *medio*, recommending to the reader the perusal of Lady Montague's letter on "Female Education," to her daughter, the Countess of Bute.

THE IMPRESS OF DEITY.

A REAPSBODY.

BY ROMEO.

THE universe is full of God. Earth, air, and seas, are breathing with his spirit—the whole system of created things is veiled and mantled with his presence. The deepest, wildest throb, that quivers through our frames, should be that created from a just conception of his glories. There is something more than imagery in the works of creation. Nature hath a soul, as well as features. "From earth's magnetic zone, to the bindweed round a hawthorn," there is a spirit presence—an eloquence, which should strike deep responsive tones in the human heart. Next to the volume of inspiration, nature should be man's guiding creed. But to view her works aright, the soul of man must be awakened within him, and then, *to such a one*, the mute, still air, is music slumbering on her lyre.

It is not the mythological fabulist, or the romantic soliloquist, that we would hold forth to the world as a model worthy of imitation. But it is the hidden

spring of association, that we would present to the thinking, feeling mind—the real embodied in the ideal—the type of Omnipotence—a phonetic language—a universal literature, written in the imperishable characters of the Godhead! It was this principle, in corrupt and vitiated minds, or in its misapplication, that peopled the territories of Rome with their imaginary genii. It was neither the “form of Ida, nor the height of Olympus”—the wrath of the Tiber, or the more beneficent genius of the Nile, that placed them high in their local and respective influence, or that awed to silence the minds of men; but it was the fiction and allegory, the species of wild fanaticism, that was thrown around them.

It is not the principle of writing sonnets to the moon, of sighing in cadences over the purling stream, or falling leaf, or of soliloquizing about Castalian dews in every fountain, that we would inculcate. Such a species of sentimentalism, which for awhile passed current for genuine sublimity, in nature and in mind, has passed away; for which of our modern authors would commence a poem with, “Descend, ye Nine,” or “Apollo, aid my lyre?” But it is nature’s language we would repeat, and unfold the inspiring diction of Jehovah, which has been too long suppressed. People but our fountains and our rivers, our plains and our forests, with the “Elohim of Abraham,” the “Jehovah of Moses,” filling immensity with his omnipresence, and then let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge, and our world of mind would not as likely perish in its flames.

But, from these small tributaries, who may trace out the fountain of existence, or what mind may range through creation’s vast domains to its farthest extreme, and there, on the perilous verge of God’s creation, stand and mark the limits of the mighty whole? Reason fails to draw the line; but Derrv unavails the system. His impress marks the very hedges which line our pathway to the tomb—it is stamped upon every handbreadth of his material creation—it is manifest in the whirling eddies on the moaning flood, in the mighty voice of the mountain torrent, and in the deepening gloom which enshrouds the tenant of the tomb.

The sheeted Alps, with snow and ice flashing in the noonday sun, like a “type of the celestial city,” or when the fleecy clouds, like a cohort of angels, brush their summits with their wings, reflect from their awful presence the image of Him who sank their pillars deep in the lap of earth, and raised their summits high in ether, as though their tops had floated into the everlasting, while

“Jehovah! Jehovah! crashes the ice,  
Avalanche thunders roll it in the cleft downward.”

When the mind attempts to scan those mighty ice creations, those Alpine gorges verging on chaos, lost, it grasps in vain for a resting-place—a spot

from which human reason may diverge, and take a survey of infinity. The self-existent spirit of Deity, as exhibited in the works of nature, is here most clearly manifest. In the language of another, “It would seem that some such path had been trod by Dante, when first he gathered some dim conception of the fantastic circles of his nine hills;” for it would be easy to people those regions with spirits, thrilling in thick-ribbed ice, and with ghosts, fiend-like, chained to splintering rocks, uttering their woful howlings in their dismal caverns.

Old ocean, too, unavails His presence when the raging billows chase each other over its hollow depths, when the storm-god vents his fearful rage, or when the imagination, attempting to delve its waves and locate its foundation, having wandered far down its watery depths, wearied returns from fruitless search for its lowest home.

The spirit monitors of Deity through the thoroughfares of life. His impress is seen in the streak of splendor, the golden, quivering radiance, which emanating from the summer’s setting sun, illuminates the world. It is seen in the dripping dew-drop on the waving grass—in each circumstance of sight or sound that peoples the air with visionary life. The heavens, those towers begirt with battlements, upon whose restless front stand stars, like sentinels upon the watch-tower of heaven, proclaim the wonders of His might. A voice, down from yon rolling planets, those “islands of the blest,” which, in their course, fill yonder infinite with radiant life and beauty, tells the tale of his creative power.

Our fancy loves to trace out the resemblance between the drapery of nature and the folds of unclouded glory which veil the face of the Infinite. It is Deity, a mightier power than man’s, that moves amid the waters and groves, and, through this vast creation, proves an omnipresent Soul. It is Deity, when man, subdued by woe, watching the falling leaves, to each a moral gives, and dictates to his wounded heart the seraphic symphony of *peace within the grave*.

These, then, are the minstrelsy of heaven—nature’s living, breathing harmony, which, falling upon the harp-strings of the soul, shall breathe forth a swelling melody in time, after which eternity shall catch the glowing numbers, and upon her trembling chords, in thrilling cadence, chant the mighty chorus of the song!

#### POWER OF ABSTRACTION.

A MODERN astronomer, it is said, passed a whole night without changing his position, being intent on observing a phenomenon of the sky. On being accosted, by some member of his family, in the morning, he only said, “It must be thus; I will go to bed before it is late.” He had gazed the whole night without knowing it.

## MELVILLE B. COX.

BY J. LA GRAMON M'KOWN.

"Go, child of heaven,  
Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,  
And to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,  
And power on earth, to plead the cause of heaven."

THE man of war, whose deeds of glory are stamped upon the historian's page, whose are earth's laurels, and the praise that kings bestow, is not the subject of my story.

He lives in song: not in the soft, breathing strains of the ancient poets, but in the wild, hallowed anthems of the choir of heaven. Although his ashes lie screened by the twining mangrove upon a distant shore, and over them the pensive olive bends her branches, through which the winds of heaven chant his funeral dirge, still he lives enthroned in the hearts of those who knew him. And while the morning dew, like gems, sparkles in the rising sun, or when the evening twilight throws her melancholy shades over the face of nature, does the once spell-bound worshiper of wood and stone drop the sympathetic tear upon his grave.

Great was Hannibal, who caused the mistress of the world to tremble, on account of the extent of his victories, like a sapling of the forest before the wintry blast; or that modern hero,

"Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;  
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones."

But greater by far are the characters of those who are engaged in achieving a victory over the empire of darkness; among the foremost of which stands the name of Melville B. Cox. Should I compare him to those more ancient worthies, who established military commonwealths, and taught man to glory most in spilling human blood, I ask, in what would the comparison consist? Let the shades of those who fell at Pharsalia, Carthage, and Rome, answer. Their glory was the vain applause of an excited populace, mingled with the sighs of wives widowed, and the tears of children orphaned—his was in sighing with those who sighed, and in weeping with those who wept. The laurels they won were at the expense of slaughtered hecatombs of human flesh and blood, woven with empurpled flowers plucked from the field of carnage, and watered by human gore—his was a diadem, the purchase of a Redeemer's blood, studded with gems, the souls his prayers had won. Their reception, from the field of conquest, was, "Welcome! welcome, legion conqueror"—his, when the standard of the cross fell from his nerveless hand, when his contest with the world and sin ceased, and as he entered upon the boundaries of a stainless empire, was, "Enter! enter into the joys of thy Lord."

As a son of New England, he was bold and enterprising. Being destitute of a mere ample

means of education, a district school was his *alma mater*. From the peculiar bent of his mind, it was natural for him to indulge in bright anticipations of the future. No corrupt system of selfish designs, no unanctified schemes to solicit and obtain the applause of men, reduced him to the common level of mortals. But, with a mind characteristic of the man—with an understanding animated by ardor and enlightened by influence divine, his ambition was *Liberia*, and the crowning of his brightest hopes, the salvation of her inhabitants. His virtues were the offspring of an ardent, self-sacrificing heart, tempered, however, by the experience of the past, mingled with the *Marah* waters of adversity. Having traveled ten years, as an itinerant, in his native land, he received that which lay nearest his heart, an appointment as a missionary to Liberia. He now began to realize the brightest hopes of his earthly existence. To him, Liberia was a choice field of labor, from which he hoped to gather many of the souls of her inhabitants, as precious sheaves into his Master's garner. His soul was there; and he already saw the dews of Zion resting upon Africa.

As he returned to his home, ere he left for the land of his adoption, his bosom swelled with thrilling emotions. The leaves above, and trees around him, breathed the low, sweet sighs of childhood; the little rills made music, and the singing of the birds chimed merrily with the sports of by-gone days. The feelings aroused in such a mind by this brief interview, and by the sight of every familiar object of childhood, connected with the thought that he must leave them, and that, perhaps, for ever, cannot readily be conceived. His stay was short: the time came for his departure. The scenes of early days, the endearing associations that clustered around him, and the love of an only sister, drew still closer the chords that bound him to his home, while his heart's best affections clung around his aged mother, as the entwined ivy clings to its support. Yet he felt that he must leave them—leave her who, in infancy, had watched beside him until the last pale star in the heavens had faded into the light of day—leave her who had pressed his lips when burning fever parched them; yet the mourning of Africa, bereft of her children, loudly called for his departure. The hour of parting came. And here, as we approach this Gethsemane of a mother's soul, taking her last farewell of an affectionate and only son, let him who cannot feel, nor shed one tear of sympathy at such a scene, remember it is holy ground, the region of tears, nor let him dare to penetrate the veil. His mother went forth to breathe the parting words. She grasped his agitated hand: a sudden trembling shook her frame: she fell upon his pale face: a burst of anguish—a mother's deep, strong, deathless love—fell from her lips, in accents wild;

"And the meek tears of woman flowed  
Fast o'er each burning word,"

as she exclaimed, "O! my son! my son! how can I give thee up!" But he, turning his eyes toward the land of his adoption, replied, "O! Africa! Africa! how can I give thee up!" Holy devotion! Philanthropy personified! Let such characters stand forth in all their native, immortal dignity. Having grasped the hand that had so often been extended to him in the hour of adversity, and gazed upon his home for the last time, he bade a long adieu. His mountain home seemed sad at his departure—the winds of heaven, as they sighed through the branches of the lofty oak and towering pine, and the gently murmuring rivulet, seemed, though tremblingly, to murmur farewell. Ere the echo of farewell had died upon the breeze, he visited the graves of his wife and child. Here the fountain of feeling moved afresh: his mind lingered upon the past in painful pity. While mourning over their graves, burning tears were wrung from his manhood as he exclaimed,

"And is this gush of tears the last  
I o'er thy grave may shed?"

Fondly I gazed upon the meteors, glittering until their brightness was eclipsed by the vapor, death; but soon shall the Sun of righteousness arise and burst the bands of death, and then shall thy true beauties shine. And who will doubt but that, in his expiring moments upon a distant shore, the faces of the shining ones who beckoned him away to the hills of immortality, were blended with the eyes of those blest spirits over whom he wept? No doubt, but that, while in calm reflection, as the ship in which he sailed weighed anchor for the sea, he felt the shades of the departed hovered near, to cheer his lonely voyage.

When he landed, it was not the pompous array of a Columbus, in rich and splendid dress, with sword in hand, and the display of royal standards; but, armed with the sword of the Spirit, he planted firmly the invisible standard of the cross of Christ. He unfurled to Africa's gloomy vision, the broad folds of His banner who clothes himself in light, and walks upon the winds. He relied not upon the number or bravery of troops, but trusting in the merit of his cause, having arrayed himself under the bright banner of hope, he went forth alone, to sure success and final victory.

Scipio, one of Rome's noblest, choicest spirits, having subdued all Spain, and conquered Hannibal, himself the lion of the Carthaginians, returned to the arms of his countrymen, and one of Rome's most brilliant triumphs, and the name of the nation vanquished, was conferred upon him as the reward of his victories. So Melville B. Cox, having planted the standard of the cross upon the dark, benighted shores of Liberia, gained a victory over death and the grave, and returned to the outstretched arms of his Savior, to enjoy a more brilliant triumph—that of a spirit redeemed. Scipio's was celebrated at Rome—his was celebrated in heaven.

Upon Liberia's shores, where the broad leaves of the sycamore make their moan at noon, or where, like the lulling rain-drops, the shade of the olive screened him from Africa's burning sun, he laid him down to die. While the Christian natives gathered around, to see their teacher die, all was silent. Silence hitherto was noisy, to the stillness of that hour. Nothing was heard, save the anxious throbbing of each heart, and the half stifled sob. Reviving a little, ere life's current had ceased ebbing, he exclaimed, "Though a thousand fall, Africa must be redeemed!" Where shall we find another spirit like his? His dust has made those shores a shrine, where the shade of his departed spirit takes its circuit round, and where is heard, in murmurs low, the echo of those dying words, "Though a thousand fall, Africa must be redeemed!"

## THE SOUL.

BY A PSYCHOLOGIST.

I HAVE found nothing, in the little classical reading which I have, from time to time, picked up, in which the spirit of ancient allegory is more beautifully illustrated, than the story told of Psyche, or the soul, by that instructive and amusing writer, Apuleius. When properly explained, there seems to be a deep meaning in this allegory, capable of being turned, by a contemplative person, to very good account. If the reader, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, can acquire a satisfactory solution of it in all its parts, he will have a specimen of the very fanciful manner in which the classic Greeks were accustomed to portray the most important mysteries of their philosophy and faith. It will not do, of course, to furnish the reader with the key to this solution, as he would then lose a part of the relish naturally pertaining to such fictions. It will be enough to say, to my younger readers, that Psyche means the soul, and Cupid stands for the principle of love; and the little legend itself, if read over two or three times with care, will explain the manner in which the soul is made immortal, according to the Greeks, by being united firmly to the great principle of love:

"Psyche," says the old classic writer, "whose two elder sisters were of moderate beauty, was so lovely, that she was taken for Venus herself, and men dared only to adore her as a goddess, not to love her. This excited the jealousy of Venus, who, to revenge herself, ordered Cupid to inspire her with love for some contemptible wretch. But Cupid fell in love with her himself. Meanwhile, her father, desiring to see his daughter married, consulted the oracle of Apollo, which commanded that Psyche should be conveyed, with funeral rites, to the summit of a mountain, and there be left; for she was

destined to be the bride of a destructive monster, in the form of a dragon, feared by gods and men. With sorrow was the oracle obeyed, and Psyche was left alone on the desert rock, when suddenly Zephyr hovers around her, gently raises, and transports her to a beautiful palace of the god of love. Perfect happiness would have been the lot of Psyche, if, obedient to the warning of her lover, she had never been curious to know him better. But by the artifices of her jealous sisters, whom she had admitted to visit her, contrary to the commands of Cupid, she was persuaded that he was a monster, and curiosity triumphed. As he slept, she entered with a lamp to examine him, and discovered the most beautiful of the gods. In her joy and astonishment, she let a drop of the heated oil fall upon his shoulders. Cupid awoke, and, having reproached the astonished Psyche for her suspicions, fled. After having tried in vain to throw herself into a river, she wandered, inconsolable, to all the temples, seeking everywhere her beloved, till she came to the temple of Venus. Here began her severest sufferings. Venus kept her near her person, treated her as a slave, and imposed upon her the severest and most trying tasks. Psyche would have sunk under the burden, had not Cupid, who still tenderly loved her, secretly assisted her in her labors. But in the last dangerous task imposed upon her, to descend to the realm of shadows, and bring away Proserpine's box of cosmetics, she almost perished. She succeeded, indeed, in the adventure; but, having opened the box, a deadly vapor issued from it, and she sunk lifeless to the earth. Cupid now appeared, and the touch of his arrow restored her to life. Venus was finally reconciled; by Jupiter's command Psyche became immortal, and was for ever united with her beloved. Her marriage was celebrated with great festivities, but her envious sisters threw themselves from a precipice."

Vailed under this allegory, the thoughtful reader will be able to recognize one of the most beautiful representations ever given by classic pens, of the way to happiness and eternal life. Though the Christian, more adequately informed, requires no such images of a truth so perfectly revealed in the book of God, he will be pleased to compare the opinion of enlightened antiquity, of old Greece itself, on such a sublime and captivating theme.

#### FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

MR. HALLECK is a native of Connecticut. His best known poems are "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," and "Fanny." His poetry is characterized for the richness and melody of its numbers. He is the author of the beautiful lines written in memory of Dr. Drake, beginning with:

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."

#### "CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

BY REV. N. F. CHARLOT.

THERE are many proverbial sayings in use at the present, that were evidently never derived from either the proverbs of Solomon, the precepts of One greater than Solomon, or the deductions of right reason—among which is this one, "Charity begins at home." How frequently is this proverb used, especially by many professors of religion, who ought to be, on all occasions, most careful to know what sentiments are couched in the words used by them!

If any one would satisfy himself of the entire confidence that many entertain in the correctness of the proverb, let him call on his neighbor, and present the claims of the Bible cause—its publication and distribution; and more chances than one for it, he receives for his trouble, and for the cause he advocates, the encouraging reply, "*Charity begins at HOME.*"

Let him go to a member of the same religious family to which he himself belongs, and ask for a pittance for the support of the Sabbath school, already, perhaps, beginning to decline for the want of a suitable library, and he hears the same conclusive argument in favor of not doing any thing, on that occasion, and for that purpose: "*Charity begins at HOME.*"

Let him go to the same or another individual, and press upon his attention the heaven-born enterprise of evangelizing the nations of the earth—of sending the Gospel to every creature, both in our own and other countries; and let him urge the claims of this cause of God and man upon him with an apostolic argument—"freely ye have received, freely give"—and the whole is briefly, and, as is supposed, conclusively answered, with the popular maxim, "*Charity begins at HOME.*"

Let him go to a member of the same congregation, and, it may be, to a member of the same Church to which he belongs, carrying with him a subscription paper, for the support of the stated preaching of the Gospel in the congregation; and if any thing is added to the subscription list, it is marked, perhaps, in the column set apart for cents. The place of dollars is blank, and accompanied, for the special satisfaction of the solicitor and minister, with the pious apology for not doing more, "*Charity begins at HOME.*"

This proverb has obtained for itself thus much of credit, not because there is any truth in it, but because it seems to contain an apology for not doing any thing for others so long as self is wanting of any thing for its gratification. The truth on this subject is this: duty begins at home, although it does not stay there, and charity goes abroad, not to be idle, however, but to do good. A man's duty at home is plainly taught in these words of the apostle, "But



if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Now, is there any thing like charity in a man's providing for the temporal and spiritual wants of his own family?

Paul describes the proper sphere for the exercise of charity, in another place, thus: "As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto *all men*, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

"Charity begins at home" is the legitimate offspring of selfishness, and its influence, where it is permitted to have any, goes to strengthen that unsanctified principle of our depraved natures. No, instead of pleading, so frequently, in the midst of abundance at home, the "beginning of charity at home," in relation to the temporal and spiritual wants of others, we ought to act

"Like a faithful steward in a house  
Of public alms: what freely he received,  
He freely gave, distributing to all  
The helpless the last mite beyond his own  
Temperate support, and reckoning still the gift  
But justice, due to want."

#### WHAT IS POETRY?

—  
BY ORISFUS.  
—

WE have been asked this question so often that we have finally concluded to answer it by quoting a dozen lines from an old English poet. They are from the pen of Collins, and were written in memory of those who fell in the rebellion of 1745:

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
With all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Here we have something beside mere rhyme. The stanzas have fire and pathos in them; and there is nothing left us to desire, except it be a continuation of the strain, or rather a repetition of a strain which can never tire the ear. The imagery is of the most delicate and exquisite character—Spring decking the turfy sod; Fancy's feet treading upon the flowers there; fairy hands ringing the knell; unseen forms singing the dirge of the glorious dead; "but," to quote the language of Montgomery, "above all, and never to be surpassed in picturesque and imaginative beauty, Honor, as an old and broken soldier, coming on far pilgrimage, to visit the shrine where his companions in arms are laid to rest; and Freedom, in whose cause they fought and bled—leaving

the mountains and fields, the hamlets and unwall'd cities of England delivered by their valor—hastening to the spot, and dwelling, but only for a little while, 'a weeping hermit there.' The sentiment, too, is profound: 'How sleep the brave!' not how sweetly, soundly, happily! for all these are included in the simple apostrophe, 'How sleep the brave!' Then in that lovely line,

'By all their country's wishes blest,'

is implied every circumstance of loss and lamentation, of solemnity at the interment, and posthumous homage to their memory, by the three-fold personages of the scene—living, shadowy, and preternatural beings. As for thought, he who can hear this little dirge 'sung' as it is by the 'unseen form' of the author himself, who cannot die in it, without having thoughts as thick as motes that people the sunbeams, thronging through his mind, must have a brain as impervious to the former as the umbrage of a South American forest to the latter. There are in it associations of war, peace, glory, suffering, life, death, immortality, which might furnish food for a midsummer day's meditation, and a midwinter night's dream afterward, could June and December be made to meet in a poet's reverie."

We have thus given one answer to the question, "What is poetry?" How far correct, or how satisfactory it may be, we do not pretend to affirm. It may be of some service, possibly, to that class of literary scribblers who daily daub foolscap with crooked marks and lines, and

"Who fagot their notions as they fall,  
And if they rhyme and rattle, all is well."

Should such unfortunate victims of the *cacæthes scribendi* be in the least benefited by our remarks, our object will be attained, and our pen not be resumed on a theme alike difficult and disagreeable to one who pays no homage at the altar of the Nine.

#### INCONSISTENCIES OF INFIDELS.

It is a singular fact in the history of infidelity, that while its abettors have been themselves dissolute and licentious, they have always admired virtue in others. We have a striking exemplification of this in the case of the celebrated English infidel, Collins, who, on being asked by Lord Barrington how it was, that, though he had no religion himself, he took special care to have his servants attend regularly at church, replied, "I do it that they may not rob and murder me." Bolingbroke made equal concessions in favor of Christianity, declaring, to a friend, that there was nothing in the world so well adapted to the promotion of the peace of mankind as it. Jesus Christ, according to Thomas Paine, was an amiable and virtuous man, and his morality was above all reproach, and of the most benevolent kind. How melancholy and yet how true the saying of Dr. Young,

"How disbelief affirms what it denies!"

## AUTUMN.

—  
BY AN AUTHOR.  
—

The leaves around me falling  
Are preaching of decay;  
The hollow winds are calling,  
'Come, pilgrim, come away.'

SPRING came with her flowers, her laughing rills,  
and smiling plains, and with them passed away.

Summer followed—summer, with her early morning twilight, her deep-hushed sultriness of noon, and tranquil decline of evening—and summer too is gone.

Autumn is here. The harvests have been gathered in. The fields are now bare and desolate; the skies, once mild and sunny, have assumed a dark, tempestuous aspect; the flowers, that, bending with morning dew, opened their leaves to the genial rays of the sun, or shed their fragrance upon the breeze, are broken in their stems, crushed in their bloom, and lie scattered, lifeless, upon the ground; the woodland umbrage has disappeared, while the blast sweeps remorselessly through the leafless branches.

Such is the world around us, such its changes, and such its condition. And while thus viewing it, we are led to ask whether there is any analogy between our condition and its condition. Ages since, the prophet Isaiah, as he was addressing his fellow-countrymen, remarked unto them, "We all do fade as a leaf;" and the remark is equally true and applicable in our day.

A leaf in autumn, all withered and sere, clinging with a single thread, and liable every moment to be carried from its parent tree by the passing wind, is indeed a frail object; yet not less frail is man. In infancy, how helpless, how utterly incapable of assisting himself, of administering to his slightest want, is man, the type of all frailty and weakness! If not fed, he must starve; if not supplied with drink, he must die of thirst; if not clothed, he must perish through cold.

In manhood's prime, how like the withered leaf, torn and driven by the wind! When he imagines himself strong and immovable—when he exalts himself as a god, how impotent and contemptible does he become! Is he on the sea, the storm defies, and the winds and waves drive him at their will. Is he on the land, the monuments of his greatness yield to the destroying touch of time.

Durability belongs not to the works of man. Whatever in them is excellent, or magnificent, or beautiful, is transitory; in a few months or years their glory is extinguished.

They fade, and on the heaving tide,  
Rolling its stormy waves afar,  
Are borne the wrecks of human pride,  
The broken wrecks of fortune's war.

In age man is like the withered leaf. How dim his sight, how feeble his step, how palsied his frame,

how sunken his eye, and how like death his very existence! The duration of a leaf is short—as short as it is frail in its texture; and such, too, is the life of man.

A leaf when withered becomes disunited from its stem. Death is such a disunion—the separation of the soul from the body. Every man living must undergo this change. And when amid the autumn woods, it were well for us to consider the falling of the leaves as premonishing us of the separation that must soon take place between our bodies and our souls. We should be reminded that we belong to another world—a spiritual and eternal.

If we are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God—if we are seeking our chief enjoyment in the poor and perishable things of the present world, we are unprepared for that which is to come. Happiness that lasts while life lasts is not happiness: it may have the semblance, but it has not the substance of happiness. True happiness is perpetual happiness: it is a happiness which arises from doing the will of God.

"In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;  
The world has false but fleeting charms:  
Its distant joys show big in our esteem;  
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;  
In our embrace the visions die,  
And when we grasp the airy forms,  
We lose the pleasing dream."

A life spent in the service of God is a life of happiness: a life spent in contravening his will is a life of essential misery. If we are not doing God's will we are doing our own. If we are doing our own, we are sowing to the flesh, and we shall of the flesh reap corruption; but if we are doing the will of our Father in heaven, we are sowing to the Spirit, and shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

When the leaf withers it is parted from its sister leaves. When death comes man is separated from his fellow-man. His hopes are often blasted in the bud, and his fondly-cherished expectations never realized. Sorrow and disappointment meet him on all hands. Just when he has laid the plan of a long and happy life—when he has chosen his friends, and is beginning to enjoy that little circle in which he would desire to live for ever, an unexpected stroke ends his schemes, and quiets his spirit in the repose of the grave.

The ever-passing events of this world proclaim that man's abiding place is not here. He is journeying to the tomb. How often is his pathway darkened by the clouds of adversity! How often is he called to weep over the loved and lost, and feel soon that he must go hence!

In vain the icy hand we fold,  
In vain the breast with tears we steep;  
The heart that shar'd each pang is cold,  
The vacant eye no more can weep.

"We must all die and be as water spilt on the ground," said the woman of Tekoah.

"It is appointed unto man once to die; and after death the judgment." No one possessed of his senses can for a moment question the truth of the proposition announced in these words. Denial of it would be denial of our being. Revelation, experience, and observation, all conspire to force the unwelcome declaration upon our heart; and, however much we may strive to evade its power, the decree still is, *Thou must die*.

There is not a spot where human footsteps tread, that does not, in the fleeting history of its inmates, give the lesson of their mortality. Is it the household? Death enters, and spares neither the bright nor the beautiful—neither the young nor the fair. Is it the Church? They who promised much, whose lives were those of piety and usefulness, are first called away, and others left to fill the void. Is it the village? Every year, every month, yea, every week, we hear of some one of our friends and kindred whose pilgrimage is finished, whose race is run, and whose names are destined, ere long, to fade from the remembrance of all living.

Yet men live as though they were to live here for ever. They carry on their designs, and are so intent in their projects, that death would seldom seem to intrude itself upon their thoughts. The stream of time still hurries onward,

"Resistless in its mighty flood;"

but where are the inhabitants of its banks? We have towns and cities—we have works of genius and art; but where are the founders of the former, or the designers of the latter?

"Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Where is the glowing cheek, the open brow, the eagle eye of youth? where their busy hands, their burning hearts, their melting voices? and where are the "old familiar faces?" Alas! that manly brow has moldered since to dust; that freshened cheek is cold and pallid now, that eagle eye is quelled; those hands, those hearts, those voices have ceased to melt, to move, to breathe, or burn. GONE—GONE—THEY ALL ARE GONE.

### BREEZE OF THE PRAIRIES.

—  
BY ISAAC JULIAN.  
—

BREEZE of the prairies! whither dost thou roam?  
Whence doth thy swift, exhaustless current come?  
Pouring life and beauty out o'er the grassy plain,  
Spreading health and gladness o'er nature's wide domain,

Giving gentle kisses to the groves and leafy bowers,  
Freighted with perfume from shining beds of flowers,  
Scattering far the breath of pestilence away,  
Giving life and pleasure to triumph o'er decay.

Breeze of the prairies! how I bless thee now,  
While thy cooling influence plays around my brow!

Full, free, and constant is thy mighty pow'r,  
In winter's dreary reign, or summer's sultry hour;  
Boundless scenes of beauty spread on ev'ry side,  
Constantly rejoicing in thy exhaustless tide;  
Nature's balmy treasures all to thee are given,  
Gather'd from ten thousand spots beneath the circling heaven.

Breeze of the prairies! could the bustling throng,  
Who daily pour the city's streets along,  
But feel one draught of thy enlivening breath,  
They'd own their present life were verging unto death.

How many a cheek would glow with health more bright!

How many an eye resume its brilliant light!  
How many a mind, to gloomy thoughts a prey,  
Revive at nature's touch, serenely gay!

Breeze of the prairies! undefiled and free,  
Thou art an emblem fit of liberty.  
Such may'st thou be, throughout all time to come,  
On thy broad plains, my own green western home!  
Where late the free-born Indian press'd the sod,  
Owning no master but our common God,  
Be it ours to make the sentiment our own,  
And cry, *We know no king but God alone!*  
While Mississippi pours his turbid tide,  
So long, fair land! be this thy dearest pride;  
And truth impartial shall record thy name,  
If last, the brightest on the roll of fame!

### THE DEATH OF COKE.

—  
BY MOLIA.  
—

THE bell tolled far on the broad, blue sea,  
As the pennon stream'd out midway up the mast;  
And they gather'd around at its solemn sound,  
To gaze on the dead, whose sorrows were past.

O, the one who lies where the fair blue skies  
And the summer sun ne'er again shall cheer him,  
Had a heart as mild as a little child,  
That to his weeping friends shall long endear him.

For he that has died was a warrior tri'd,  
A faithful leader in the blood-stain'd throng,  
And his every thought with such love was fraught,  
That his words were sweet as an angel's song.

A tomb and sweet flowers, if the lov'd were ours,  
Should rise where the dead is calmly sleeping;  
But his restings there are as bright and fair  
As though friends all night their watch were keeping.

The voice has grown still, the warrior is chill,  
And the sportive waves speed on above him;  
But his swelling song still echoes along,  
In the hearts of those who fondly love him.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

THE LIFE OF JESUS.

Νοῦν μὴ ἐν ψυχῇ, ψυχῇ δ' ἐν σώματι ἀργῇ.  
 Ἡμῖας ἐκκατάστας πατὴρ ἀδελφεὶ τοῖς δού τοι.—ORPHCUS.

THE title of this piece conveys to my mind a meaning, which I have not seen expressed, so far as I now remember, by any writer; and, I confess, I sit down to the task of drawing it out, as well as I shall be able, with no ordinary pleasure. Amidst the noise and bustle of the world, surrounded by every variety of its sin and wickedness, it is a source of the purest satisfaction to be able to find one character absolutely unsullied by its contact. If, also, the life of Jesus is the pattern after which we are to model our own conduct, it is the duty and interest of every individual to acquire a true conception of it in all its features. Having written on many topics, some literary, some moral, and some religious, each adapted to a different class of readers, I now take my pen with a pleasing consciousness, that my present subject will commend itself to all classes.

And yet the life of Jesus, considered after the ordinary acceptance of the words, might not be so attractive to every person; for, without second thought, the reader would be led by them to expect a mere repetition of the well-known incidents of his earthly residence. But these facts of his history are not the life of Jesus. They are only the outward manifestations of that life. The life itself is an internal work, employing all his faculties, physical, mental, and spiritual. The visible acts performed by Jesus were only occasional, interrupted by successive periods of withdrawal from public observation. His life, however, was constant, continuous, and progressive.

The theologian, in treating of the life of Jesus, feels bound to regard it in its divine and human aspects. The Christian philosopher, on the contrary, though embracing the same distinction, and aiming at a common object, may follow another division of his subject. Without ever losing sight of the acknowledged divinity of Jesus, he may contemplate his physical, mental, and spiritual life, without reference to theology, and show in what sense it is yet to be realized, in its threefold bearings, by the world around us.

History, in its rich details of the life of Jesus, has uttered not a word in relation to his person. It would seem that a watchful Providence had guarded and kept this silence. Nor is it to be lamented, though many an artist, many a gay dreamer, many a man of speculative fancy, has lamented it. But these artists, these thoughtless dreamers, these poetic speculators, are the very men, against whom was devised this caution. It was intended, that the life of Jesus, and not his person, should be our model. Had the historian given us, with descriptive detail, his form and features, his image, drawn and colored by the pencil, or carved in transparent marble, or pictured in words to the adoring fancy, would have become our idol.

Enough, however, has been revealed, to give us a satisfactory conception of the physical life of Jesus. We have every reason to believe, that, as a man, he was a perfect being. With every single faculty and organ as it should be, there reigned between them a

harmony of action of the utmost beauty and perfection. The temperaments, also, we must suppose, were in him most nicely balanced. The laws of life and health were implicitly regarded. His appetites and instincts, founded on the physical organization, though fully developed, maintained a quiet submission to the superior powers of his nature. His senses, alive to the impressions for which they were respectively created, were pure and unperverted. Every function of his body, we are bound to believe, was in a perfectly healthy operation. Having never transgressed the laws of his physical existence, he must have possessed his natural strength and vigor. With these advantages of person, his general aspect, whose features have not been given us, must have been marked by the highest degree of dignified and manly beauty. The natural result, also, of such a combination of personal qualities, could have been nothing less than the most pure and unruffled pleasure. In a word, health, strength, beauty, and pleasure, the four great indices of a perfect animal organization, as laid down by the almost unerring genius of Lord Bacon, were the natural endowments of the physical life of Jesus, who, though submitting to the weaknesses incident to our being, possessed the infirmities of human nature only in its highest perfection, and exhibited in his person that full and harmonious development of every bodily function, which is now so universally sought after, and almost as generally despaired of, as the first and leading object of a complete education.

The mental life of every intellectual being, though consisting entirely of the operations of the soul, is based directly on the structure and functions of the body. It is the life of the soul dependent on sensation. It is that activity of the faculties resulting from its habitual contact with a material organization. The senses, receiving numerous impressions from the world of matter, convey them instantly to the soul, which, thus set in motion, perceives, reflects, reasons, and resolves, living on the influences given to it from without.

Jesus, by taking upon himself our nature, lived and honored this kind of life. Possessing so faultless a physical organization, his mental life was most beautiful and perfect. His body, all harmonious in itself, was in perfect subordination to the soul, not only constituting for it a means of communication with the material world, but rendering to it the most faithful testimonies of external nature, and sending through each avenue incessant streams of joy. Within, all was order and delight. The inferior powers, which, in mankind at large, usurp superiority, and work such discord in the mind, in him were each subordinate to the faculty standing next above them in dignity and command. Sensation was the servant of perception; perception was subject to reflection; reflection preceded and served the higher faculty of reason; and reason itself submitted to the supreme authority of conscience, which, in Jesus only of all the race of man, was the perfect rescript of the eternal law of right. The heart, with all its affections, emotions, and desires, though feelingly alive to every surrounding object, was completely balanced in its activity, consummately discriminative of moral qualities, eschewing what is evil, and instinctively pursuing the good, the beautiful, and the true. The will, also, the great executive of the mind, fully and fairly informed by the sensitive, perceptive, reflective, and rational faculties, sustained by a deep and abiding consciousness of right,

warned to action by the love of doing good, constrained by the heaven-born desire to work the death of sin, diverted by no passion, but impelled by every exalted motive, possessed a purity and an energy of resolve above the reach and almost beyond the conception of the truest and best of men.

The third order or degree of life, that of the soul acting independent of the body, was superlatively illustrious in the history of Jesus. He lived, while here in the flesh, a spiritual life, which, so far from seeking aid of our physical or even our intellectual faculties, requires a suspension of all sensual and worldly thought, soars above the fleeting phenomena of the material and mental world, and draws its support from a contemplative trust in those eternal truths, which neither sense nor science could reveal. Pained, almost continually, by the ignorance, the superstition, and the wickedness of men, in the very midst of his arduous and sublime work of removing these evils from the world, he was accustomed to retire from the busy marts of his native land, and from the company of his nearest and almost his only friends, and spend long seasons in the silent enjoyment of the spiritual life. To his disciples, who, on a certain occasion, pressed him to take bread, he replied, that he had meat to eat which they knew not of; for, though they had been his daily companions, they had not then learned the nature of this most exalted activity and happiness of the soul. Few men fully understand it now. Christianity, which is the science of the spiritual life, is studied in almost every light, but the one in which its true glory might be seen; and the Bible, the great interpreter of this life, by more than half the Christian world, has been banished from the sight of men, and by the remainder too generally lowered, debased, and misapplied.

But life, whatever be its degree or kind, must have its nourishment; and its real character may be always clearly illustrated by the nature of its support. The physical life, not only of Jesus, but of mankind in general, must be sustained by the products of the material universe. By this manner of existence, we stand connected, not only to the earth, but to all those heavenly bodies, which, by their heat, light, and gravitation, give to our planet its motions, its seasons, and its vegetative powers. Appetite, which, in Jesus, was the same as in other men, is the connecting link between the living body and this vast system of support.

The food of the mental life is knowledge, which, in an endless variety of forms, is impressed on every thing we hear, smell, taste, touch, or see. There is, in this way of speaking, a sort of intellectuality in matter, to which we have universal access through the medium of sense.

The spiritual life, being above all dependence on the body, and consequently independent of that material fabric, by which the body is supported and the mind furnished, receives no succors from either appetite or sense, but draws its aliment directly from the spiritual or ideal world. Devotion, or the exercise of the religious sentiment, is the means which introduces the soul to this real though invisible theatre of life. The religious sentiment is the bond itself which binds us to this supernal sphere. While we are engaged in deep spiritual contemplation, in worship, or in prayer, the Spirit of the Highest, which rules supreme throughout this empyreal world, passing by appetite and sense, holds converse with the soul direct, impresses it with the

forms of everlasting and universal truth, and feeds it with more than ambrosial delights.

In each of these three modes of life, Jesus, the pattern of them all, enjoyed a depth and perfection of experience peculiar to himself. As a physical being, while partaking of the meats and drinks of this world, with greater clearness than we can conceive, he referred them all to their final source. True, they were the products of the visible universe, but the universe was the work of God. In his mental life, to whatever form of intelligence he turned his eye, he saw in it but the impress of the eternal Mind. Laying off the influence of time and sense, and entering more emphatically into the spiritual state, he then enjoyed the unmixed and unclouded splendor of celestial light. Divine himself, every thing around him was divine; for every object that met him, in either of the three states of life, was but a medium through which he looked to God.

But the life of Jesus is the representative of our own. Our own is but the defaced and fallen image of himself. To restore our nature is only to return to him. Christianity, as a system of operations, is the means of reinstating us, so far as it can now be done, into the full vigor of this threefold life. Being universal in its nature, and unbounded in its aim, it proposes to raise the individual, the nations of the world, and the world itself, to this triple glory of the state of man. Characterized, as it ever is, by the utmost decision and energy, it does not commence its work with the lowest of the three styles of life, and pass slowly and methodically upward to the last; but, seizing the strong-hold first, works immediate redemption in the more vital part, and trusts the full achievement of its task to the lapse of time.

The individual, then, is the first to be restored, and his restoration begins with his spiritual state. Before any thing can be adequately effected for a man, he must be born again. The soul, which is the centre of all life, must first of all be saved. The kingdom of God and his righteousness must first be sought; for philosophy itself, when properly informed, peremptorily affirms, that the disease of humanity is incurable, until this great work is done.

Next, the mind, deranged and distorted in the majority of men, gradually yields to the regenerating power of the spiritual life. The same divine influence which saves the soul, will, in the end, if allowed to act, descend into the region of the intellectual faculties, and restore them to their natural and healthy state. A man never perceives so clearly, reflects so well, or reasons with such precision, as when his soul is saved from the power of sin, and his redeemed spirit is in the full enjoyment of its peculiar life. The proper order of the faculties is then regained. Science is no longer lost in sense; to the reason lust is no longer law; and the passions, calmed by a voice supreme, disturb no more the quiet of the mind. History, so far as I have read it, furnishes no example of a person, whose intellectual powers were perfectly balanced and in all ways right, in whom there was not a decided manifestation of the life of faith. He who has traveled most largely through the classic world, and read attentively the immortal works of both Greece and Rome, has felt this fact at every step. Those very men, he finds, whose genius has scarcely been equaled by their fame, wanted the true poise of well-balanced minds, and, for the lack of this redeeming virtue, fell into the lowest superstitions

of their age; while, on the other hand, the remainder of the Pagan world has hardly furnished us a specimen of any sort of thinker or reasoner at all. Nothing is more certain, either of philosophy or of fact, than the unqualified necessity, to the attainment of a well-ordered intellectual course, of first securing the indwelling, transforming, and guiding influence of this highest style of life.

When the spiritual and mental faculties are gained, it is not so difficult a task to give them the ascendancy over the physical life; for, whatever were the habits of a man in his depraved and fallen state, every evil practice will be eschewed, so soon as his soul is purified and saved; and the discontinuance of bad conduct, at every stage of a man's career, is emphatically the first step to his restoration to the happiness, beauty, strength, and health of body, by lust or license lost. Experience, also, has completely shown, that no agency known to man, if the power of the Christian religion is set aside, is adequate to redeem even the physical life of a fallen man. Habit, that iron-hearted despot, binds such shackles on us all, as human resolution can seldom, if ever, break; while some have made vice so much their custom, have so interwoven it into the very texture of their daily course, that they have scarcely a wish to lead a better life, nor the energy to undertake it if desired. Sinking into ruin by a slow but sure descent, they would universally fall into the lowest depths of misery and despair, were there no arm to save them stronger than their own. But, when the arm of power is revealed, and extends to the sinking victim of vice a hand, it raises not only his spiritual and mental faculties to their proper state, but the poor, frail, bruised, and broken body to a degree of purity and bliss. Every Christian nation has now its thousands, who, once the diseased and dying wretches of every form of sin, have become the patterns of the physical, no less than of the spiritual and mental, life.

In this same way, my reader, nations, as well as individuals, are yet to be redeemed. If you would civilize and save a nation, then, first of all, Christianity must be preached, and the spiritual life must be held up to view. Nothing must be allowed to precede this work. Until this is done, every effort will be made in vain. The arts of industry, the attempts of government, and the science of the schools will fail, until Christianity, going before, opens them a way. Not one of the more enlightened empires of antiquity, from Babylon to Rome, could spread its peculiar civilization over the nations conquered by its arms; and modern history has most distinctly shown, that, without the Bible, without Christianity, without the cardinal elements of its faith, there is no agency on earth equal to the task of civilizing the smallest barbaric people in the world. Both France and England, as well as several other nations, have given to mankind their experience and convictions on this point; while the policy of every Roman pontiff, from Innocent the Third to the Pius of our day, has demonstrated, by his success, that Christianity, even when depraved, is stronger than any other weapon wielded in the cause of civilization and of man.

When the soul of a nation, if I may so say, is saved, or fairly on the road to a high spiritual life, the intellectual character may then be successfully undertaken and built up. Prior to this, however, it is impossible to do it with success. The philosophy of a people must be defective, where they are wrong in faith; and education,

the unerring index of the intellectual life, is always directly based on the philosophical opinions of those whom it represents. These are facts which every genuine philosopher understands. Without true religion, therefore, it is vain for any country to strive after an intellectual character in any sense perfect or complete. Could a nation of materialists, for example, who would deny the existence of every thing but matter, and consequently repudiate the belief of an immaterial part, undertake to foster and build up the intellectual or mental life? It would be a contradiction to the first principles of their faith. Would a nation of pantheists, who regard man only as a part of the universal divinity, in whom God is gradually developing himself from one day and generation to another, give themselves any farther trouble, than passively to submit to the divine agent operating from within? Men seldom make efforts with no end in view. Let their philosophy, however, convince them, that they are endowed with an intellectual nature, mainly depending on itself for cultivation, and they will naturally take some pains to educate and improve it. Should their religion, also, be true enough to inform them respecting the proper order of the mental faculties, and the necessity of producing a certain harmony in their action, their efforts will then be philosophical, and be crowned at last with the triumph of success. A nation, therefore, with true religion—and none is true but the religion of the cross—possesses the only certain foundation for the superstructure of a perfect mental life.

But the physical character of a people is equally dependent on their faith. If the health and strength of an individual, together with the symmetry and happiness of his bodily organization, are made or marred by his personal habits, a religion enjoining the utmost purity of life can be nothing less than the highest benefactor to the animal part of man. Individuals diseased by vice, with bodies emaciated or bloated by excess, are not prevented from mixing their corrupt blood with that of the more temperate and healthy of mankind. Their infirmities, the fruit of their bad morals, in this way mingle with the common mass. Those, indeed, who keep themselves pure and strong, behold their offspring, in their matrimonial alliances, reaping the harvest of other men's sins. In this manner, in spite of the exertions and virtues of the few, man's blood becomes corrupt, and gradually degenerates in proportion to the number of the vicious and the vile. Thus far in the history of mankind, the mixing of the races has preserved the human family from rapid and irretrievable decay. But this practice has nearly spent its force. They are now almost completely mixed; and we have much less, hereafter, to anticipate from this source. But virtue, the natural product of religion, is an eternal power. The more it is employed, in this great work of purifying the race, the greater will be its force. Multiplying its conquests continually, and receiving new accessions from day to day, like a noble river swelling in its course, it will gradually augment its volume as it flows along. A lively fancy, perceiving the parentage of virtue, might pronounce Christianity the very goddess of the stream.

But the threefold life of Jesus, so necessary to individuals and to nations, is no less applicable to the general brotherhood of men. We are born of one blood, and possess a common nature; and the religion adapted to one person, or to one nation, will meet the demands

equally of all. There are relations, also, between the several countries of the globe, which constitute the basis of a threefold life of the world, in nearly all respects similar to that already twice illustrated and applied. However we may be severed by rivers, and seas, and mountain ranges, as a great family of nations we are one and inseparable. In this sense, and not as a certain philosopher has thought, the world has a soul, a mind, and, I may add, a body too; and the life of each has its peculiar province, from which it derives its necessary support. Nations, in this great individuality of the race, are the same as individuals in a nation. If, therefore, the world is to be regenerated on this universal scale, the work of reform is to be strictly national. In this enterprise all countries have a common interest. One people, like one person, may attain to a high spiritual, or mental, or physical perfection; but it cannot sever itself from the contact of other people. That very religion, also, which embraces the internal and inferior destinies of single states, and goes down to the condition of the humblest individual on the globe, is great enough to grasp the grand international principles by which the world is governed as a whole.

The physical life of the world, supported by commerce, whatever presidents and princes may think of it, comes directly under the jurisdiction of Christianity; for the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," will yet be found to be the fundamental maxim of the laws of trade. The world's mental life, sustained by the liberty of thought, will reach its utmost vigor only when the Bible shall have spread over all the earth the doctrine of the absolute equality, in the sight of God, of every individual of the race. The spiritual life of humanity, founded on the relations of the human family to Him who created and redeemed us all, now almost without a being, will have fairly begun its glorious career, when the inhabitants of all lands shall learn, what only Christianity has taught, that men are not their own, but the property of the one eternal God, and were created to serve him, now and for ever, in spirit and in truth.

In this way, my reader, the threefold life of Jesus is to become, so far as our fallen nature will admit, the triple life of man. Not only individuals, but nations, and the world at large, may find the pattern of their physical, mental, and spiritual life in him. It is fundamentally wrong to suppose, that Jesus, who came to take away the sin of the world, deals with individuals only, and has no concern in the principles by which states, and the destinies of humanity itself, are swayed. The longer I live, and the more I dwell on this standing theme, the higher are my conceptions of the Christian plan, and the less are my expectations of every human project of reform. I am strongly inclined to think, that, in the religion of the Bible, in the life of Jesus, we might find every reform of which the world has need. The only society, or association, it seems to me, capable of accomplishing any lasting good, in bringing back humanity to its lost estate, is that ordained by Jesus himself to propagate those universal and eternal principles, which formed the groundwork of his own glorious life. I shall be willing, therefore, whenever the age gets ready for such a step, to bid a final farewell to every voluntary association of reform entered into by mankind, and trust to the Church of Jesus, guarded and guided by the living God, for the ultimate and perfect redemption of the world.

Nor have I less confidence in the life of Jesus for the progress of the human race. It is certainly to make a progress. It has a glorious destiny to achieve. But that which sets it right can keep it so; nor have we any chance to be bewildered by a guide, who, traveling on the very road we take, himself always keeps the lead, and never goes astray.

It is not to be wondered at, then, my reader, that the early disciples of Jesus, so soon as they learned the true character of his life, should, with singular enthusiasm, abandon every other leader, and follow the footsteps of their persecuted Lord. They saw in him what their age did not behold. They saw in him the embodiment of all those universal principles, which, when fully developed and adopted by all men, would constitute the salvation, the progress, in a word, the complete civilization of mankind.

But I must close this sketch. It is my profoundest wish, that my reader, by frequent and patient contemplation, may be able to see more and more of excellency, of import, and of regenerating power, in the threefold life which Jesus lived. For myself, I am willing to look to no inferior leader, to follow a no less pure example, and to utter no other name. Here is my hand, reader. Join me in the promise if you will.

#### CONQUERING ONE'S SELF.

SOME people have a sad way of making themselves miserable. Every little circumstance, not in itself exactly adapted to their foolish and preconceived views, has a tendency invariably to destroy their balance of mind. Hence, they are constantly giving way to anger, and constantly making themselves like one whom Solomon, in one little monosyllable, denominates a fool. Such individuals, were they disposed, might learn a profitable lesson from an old king of Syria, whose name was Antigonus, and who repeatedly heard some of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent. This he endured with commendable forbearance for some time, not caring particularly to exercise his power in punishing their insults and contumely. At length, however, they became unusually boisterous in their insolence; and the king, without any trepidation of voice, drew aside the curtain of his tent, and observed, "Gentlemen, please remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."

Here we have a good demonstration of the truth, that he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. There is a truth in the Bible which all time and experience confirm, and which man may never hope to invalidate. It is folly, then, to act in opposition to its teachings, and hope to be happy. Remember this. Remember, too, that he who is slow to wrath is of great understanding; while he who is of a hasty spirit exalteth folly. Guard your lips; keep your heart, and learn that he is greatest who is least disposed to indulge an angry temper.

#### TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

LET youth beware of the first false step. The beginning of a matter may appear trivial, but its end may be ruinous. When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced, in matters where all should be plain and open as the day, reputation and character are gone, and gone for ever. There is then no retrieving the matter. On the other hand, where an individual is known for his strict adherence to veracity, his success in life is certain. He will meet with none of those difficulties which are

constantly vexing and obstructing the course of one addicted to falsehood. Petrarch, the Italian poet, is an illustrious example. He maintained the most rigid observance of truth through all his life. A quarrel once took place in the household where he lived, which became so violent as to cause recourse to arms to quell it. The governor of the house wished to know the cause of the affair, and for this purpose assembled all his people, and compelled them, by a most solemn oath, to declare the truth. All submitted to the determination without exception. Petrarch advanced in turn to take the oath, when the governor closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." Imitate the example of the great Italian. Abhor and forsake lying. Let candor be your watchword, and truth the guiding star of your existence.

#### KNOWLEDGE AND HAPPINESS.

THAT an individual, destitute of intellectual culture, may possess a certain degree of happiness, must be admitted by all. The peasant in his cottage is happy. The Indian in his native wilds is happy. The islander in the far-off sea is happy. But the happiness of these individuals is of the lowest character and the most limited extent. Education opens new scenes of pleasure to its possessor. It furnishes objects upon which reason can employ itself, unfolds views where contemplation may love to muse and dwell, and presents fields through which imagination, on its airy wing, may ever rove.

The sources of intellectual pleasure are always with us. Their streams, once flowing, are flowing for ever. Let life be what it may to us; let friends, and wealth, and power depart, still knowledge continues with us, to cheer and gladden our heart. Would you, then, increase your happiness, and add to the number and character of your pleasures, increase your intellectual capacities. Cultivate your mind. Extend the sphere of your knowledge. Drink deep at the Pierian spring, and let no opportunity pass, by which you can add to the treasures of your intellect and heart.

#### CONTENTMENT.

THE great secret of happiness is a contented mind. No matter where in the wide world you may be, if possessed of a cheerful spirit, you cannot fail to have happiness. To the unrepining heart all things are fair. To the peevish heart every thing is unlovely. Beware, then, of indulging a fretful spirit. Take the world as you find it, and live in your sphere as Heaven would have you. If dwelling in the city or the village, learn to be satisfied. On every hand you will behold enough to delight and to improve. If dwelling in the country, be satisfied and be happy. You have here enough, too, for all your wants and wishes.

"The fountain's fall, the river's flow;  
The woody valleys, warm and low;  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky;  
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower,  
The waving woods, the fields and farm,  
All wish to give to thee a charm."

#### GRIEF AND GLADNESS.

LIFE is not all sunshine. Clouds and storms are continually arising, and none need hope to perform the journey of life without meeting them in his pathway.

Vain is the thought that man shall live and enjoy life without sorrow.

"See where rosy pleasure leads,  
See a kindred grief pursue,  
Behind the steps that mis'ry treads,  
Approaching comfort's view.  
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
Chastia'd by sable tints of woe,  
And blended form, with artful strife,  
The strength and harmony of life."

We all have our trials here, and it is well we should have them. A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Fair skies and perpetual sunlight will not prepare any one for the sterner duties of life. Let the reader who is bowed down and afflicted, think of this, and never for one moment yield to a desponding spirit. Morning follows night. Bitter is often changed to sweet. Sorrow gives place to joy; and he who holds on, through life, "the even tenor" of his way, will find all things working together for his good.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

"THE path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day." This is one of the finest illustrations of the progress of the Christian ever penned by man in any age or time. You have watched the slow approach of dawn. You have seen, at first, in the gray east, the dim and distant glimmering of light struggling to rise above the horizon. Then followed a light clearer and stronger, illuming mountain height and ocean isle; and at last the sun himself, in full majesty, arose and bathed the world with his myriad beams. You have witnessed all, and in the ecstasy of your soul have acknowledged the grandeur of the scene, and felt your own insignificance and littleness.

It is thus with the Christian character. At first it is scarcely perceived—dimmed and clouded by the mists of infirmity and sin. It shines faintly and feebly on the world, and gives but little sign of its ever arising and dispelling the darkness around; but gradually it peers above the barrier that obscured its brightness, bursts every surrounding cloud, and, having reached its highest heaven, and passed into another sphere, "it shines as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever."

#### SAMUEL JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON had two dialects; one was pure English, the other Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to his hostess, Mrs. Thrale, are a specimen of the former; his *Journey to the Hebrides* is a specimen of the latter. "When we were taken up stairs," he observes, in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." The same event is thus stated in his *Journey*: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man as black as a Cyclops from the forge."

#### PUNCTUALITY.

"I GIVE it," said the late Dr. Fisk, "as my deliberate and solemn conviction, that the individual who is habitually tardy in meeting an appointment, will never be respected or successful in life." There is some severity in the remark; but we endorse it as a truth sustained and corroborated by all the observation which, in our short life, we have been able to make, and which the experience of none can possibly invalidate.



## NOTICES.

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. No. XXVII. Harper & Brothers: New York.**—This work is rapidly passing through the press. It is really a standard production, and increases in interest as it comes nearer to our own times. It has already obtained a popularity in this country, and will probably acquire more. Swormstedt & Mitchell.

**LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, and the Court of France in the Sixteenth Century. By Miss Pardoe. Illustrated and Embellished. Harper & Brothers: New York.**—The age of Louis the Fourteenth was the Augustan age of France. It gave birth to her ablest generals, her profoundest statesmen, her wisest sages, and her greatest men. It was the age in which history, philosophy, poetry, and all the arts, acquired in France their highest life. French civilization, beginning in the eighth century, culminated in the sixteenth, and has ever since continued to decline. We have not read this work of Miss Pardoe; but her subject, certainly, is an attractive one, and will invite many readers to her pages. Sold by Swormstedt & Mitchell.

**THE WESTERN LANCET, and Medical Library. Edited by L. M. Lawson, M. D.**—This is an able work, and should be extensively patronized by the profession for which it is designed. We esteem it more highly than any other of its class, which makes its appearance at our desk. It will hereafter be published in Cincinnati, its editor having resigned his situation at Transylvania, and accepted a professorship in the Medical College of this state. May success follow him wherever he may go!

**THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT AND YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND. William C. Brown, Editor and Publisher. Boston.**—This is a sterling work, and loses no good quality by its age. It is now in its eleventh volume. Its editor is one of the most indefatigable of men. His personal qualifications fit him eminently for such a work as he is monthly giving forth. The contributors, also, to his work, or at least some of them, write remarkably well. But we are sorry he cannot afford to keep all those able pens, who have written for him in other days. Some writers, possessing some fame, and getting good pay from the trashy but more popular periodicals of the day, began their career with my old friend Brown. They ought to remember him, as often, at least, as once a quarter, for the hand of encouragement held out to them in their hour of need.

**SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH. Louisville.**—We have read this document, with here and there a skip, entirely through. It speaks well. It breathes a determined spirit. It promises much good. We hope the cause it advocates will perform all it promises to do.

**FIFTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE. Cincinnati, Ohio. 1847.**—This is a noble institution, an honor to the city, to the state, and to the whole west. It owes its present standing mainly to its efficient Board of Trustees, who seem to be determined that no institution shall excel it in any way at all. It has, also, a large and experienced Faculty, who devote a great deal of time and care to their important work. The Principal, Rev. P. B. Wilber, has consecrated all his talents to it, and thinks of nothing else. His lady, highly

educated and accomplished, exerts a peculiar influence over the numerous pupils under her daily charge. The other teachers, with whom we have no special acquaintance, are said to possess all the needful qualifications for their important work. There must be somewhere a powerful attractive influence in this school, or it would not be so constantly overrunning with patronage from year to year. The late agent, Rev. William Young, has served the institution faithfully, and exerted his fine talents with unexpected success. Long may this female college live to bless the daughters of our fair and happy land!

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE** continues to reach us regularly; and it is certainly the best thing of its class extant. It gathers its gems from every quarter, and scatters them with a liberal hand. Its only defect is the want of space. It is impossible, in so few pages, to fill up the grand idea of such a work. Short articles are not always best. As a general thing, we have found, in our own acquaintance with the best periodicals of this country, and of Europe, too, that the lengthy pieces generally excel. A great subject cannot be dispatched in a single breath; and, in this age, nothing but a great subject can be rendered interesting to the better class of minds. But the Living Age does well, and even better than any other publication of its kind.

**CATALOGUE OF THE CORPORATION, FACULTY, AND STUDENTS, OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE HIGH SCHOOL, at Springfield, Ohio. 1846-7.**—This is a good seminary of learning, ably conducted by Rev. S. Howard, a gentleman of fine classical and general attainments, and possessed of a noble spirit. He is assisted by Professor E. Dial, who, as we know by personal acquaintance, possesses a well-trained mind, a liberal education, fine manners, and a resolution, as a scholar, not to be overcome. Under such management, the seminary must succeed.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER, for September,** is on our table. It is to us interesting chiefly for containing an article by Professor Lewis, styled Classical Criticisms, a most pungent reply of that gentleman to an attack made on him in a former number of the Knickerbocker, written, as Professor Lewis thinks, by Charles Astor Bristed. We would advise our classical friends to get the number, and read this article. It is a biter.

**VAN COURT'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR** visits us regularly, and is we think one of the very best and safest detectors in the country. A financier of our acquaintance, a man learned in the literature of banks, affirms that it never fails. If that be so, every body ought to have it. Philadelphia, J. Van Court.

**GUNDRY AND BACON'S COMMERCIAL INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio. 1847.**—We have received the annual Catalogue of this flourishing institution, which is generally regarded one of the best of its kind in the United States. Not long since we had the pleasure of visiting it in person, and looking in upon the large concourse of students hard at work in preparation for a business life. The instruction, in this institution, is very comprehensive, so far as the home business is concerned; and a suggestion, which we recently had the temerity to make to Mr. Gundry, of introducing the study of the languages and commercial affairs of foreign nations, was received with commendation. It is enough to say, that we think this institution, so far as the west is concerned, without a rival.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE November number of the Repository, good readers, we now suppose to have been safely deposited in your hands. The mails sometimes fail us, and they may occasionally disappoint you. The Repository is always punctually mailed to every subscriber at the proper time; and we have not heard of a single failure for the present year. Every thing seems to go on smoothly in its appointed course.

The contributions for this number furnish a very great variety of matter. The manner, also, happens to be as various as the matter. We make it a point, in every number, to give variety, and such a variety as will harmonize with itself. We intend, so far as possible, that every number shall have specimens of literary, religious, scientific, philosophical, and miscellaneous topics, so interspersed as to divert while they improve the mind.

One more issue will complete the present volume. Perhaps it is time to say something of the next. We are not prepared, however, to say much at present. We will throw out the single hint, that, so far as lies in us, the next volume shall far excel the present. We commenced this work as an apprentice. The past has been a schoolmaster. We think we now see precisely what such a periodical should be, and, by the help of our able contributors, we intend to make it decidedly better than it has been. We know it can be, and so it shall be, done. The embellishments which, by great pains, we have just procured for the coming year, are really far superior to those used in the preceding volumes of this work. Much time, and pains, and money have been expended in procuring these splendid prints; but they will richly repay our patrons for all the efforts and sacrifices they have cost. A large increase, of course, to our subscription list is expected in order to make up for this large outlay of expense. Now, then, if our readers wish to see our efforts patronized, and the trashy and corrupt publications of the day superseded, let them do their best in recommending the Repository to their friends. And if they wish to have, after taking the Repository so long, if we are not mistaken, *the best volume ever issued of the work*, let them continue their own subscriptions another year; for, we repeat, we have made such an acquisition of plates, embellishments, and contributors, that but little will be left to our own literary exertions to make it decidedly excel. But those who subscribe shall see.

The article, in this number, by Mr. Disosway, on the character of Wilbur Fisk, will be read with great interest. Another, on the same subject, by Professor Larabee, we had laid over for the next month; but, afterward, thinking that the reader might prefer to have both articles together, we concluded to present them both, though we had given to the printer Professor L.'s usual Miscellanea for the month. As he has not appeared in the Repository for several numbers, our readers may not be unwilling to find more than his regular share in this. We have done this the more willingly, because no contributor can complain, as we have actually just put the last scrap of prose contribution into the printer's hands.

Speaking of communications reminds us of an idea conceived a long time ago. For our next volume we wish to enlist our old itinerants, the veterans still lingering on the shores of time, to give us reminiscences of their early days. Some of them, it is true, may think

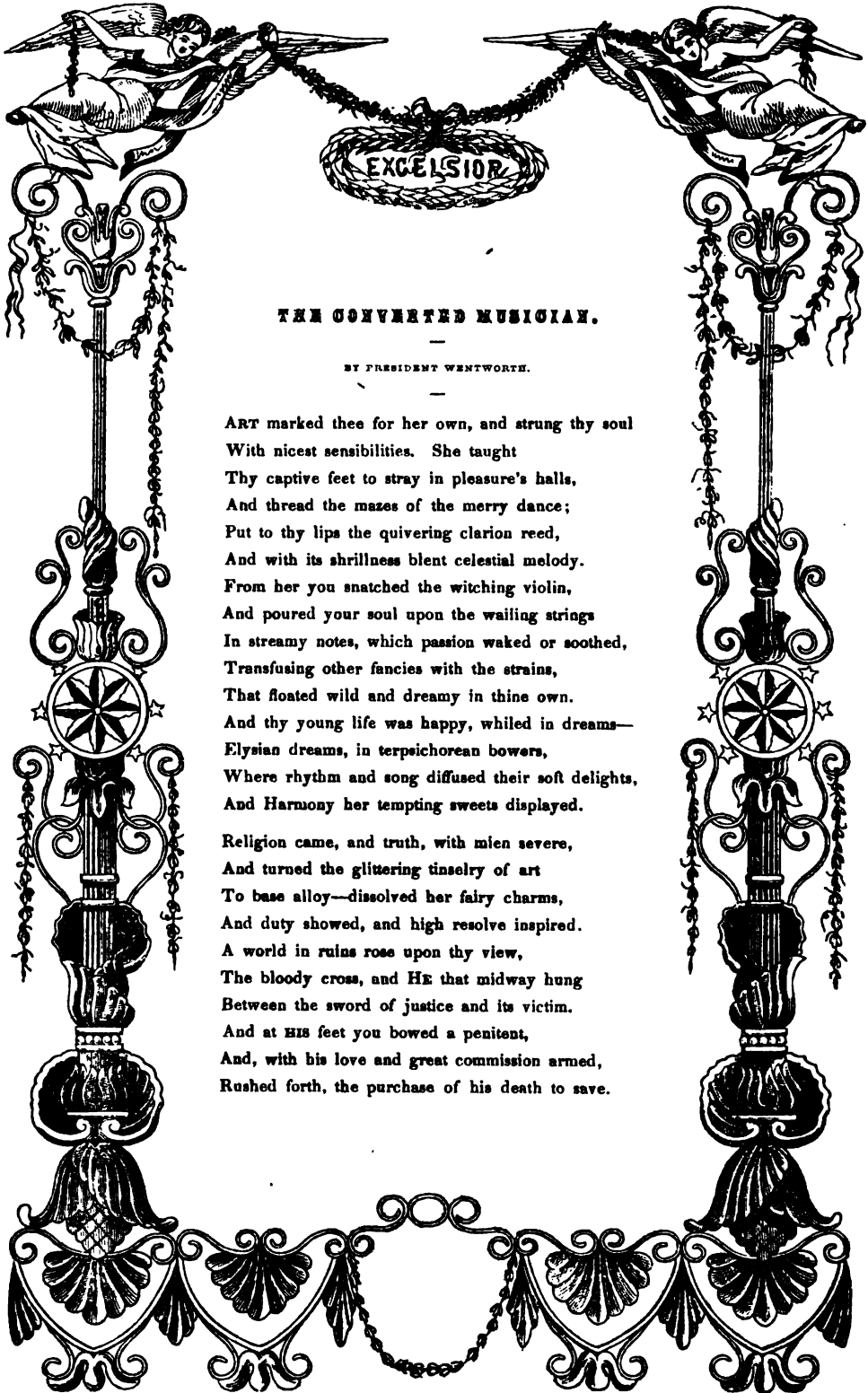
that their great age would partially if not wholly disqualify them for the task; but we will take the liberty to suggest, that most of them have grandsons or granddaughters, and all of them have young and well-educated friends, whose nimble fingers would run over a page with no ordinary delight, if employed to copy any of those touching scenes, or wonderful escapes, or glorious successes, which they have so often heard from the lips of trembling age. Fathers, permit us to call upon you, through these columns, for these your recollections, which, if you do not see them written down, will soon be buried in your graves. If you do not yet see precisely what we want, we can explain ourself in a single line: give us just those incidents, stories, anecdotes, and scenes, which you like to tell of your early days. Your children, and your grandchildren, and the rising young, would be delighted to read, each month, some thrilling thing of this nature from your pens. We trust our call will not be in vain.

Some of our younger men, in their frequent communications, have desired to know precisely what sort of communications please us best. It would be very hard to tell. Such is the variety of interesting topics, that a good subject, well written out, can hardly come amiss. The Repository is now read as much by gentlemen as by ladies, and it is the only strictly literary publication of the Church. All literary subjects, which have a practical bearing and a good moral, will be welcome at any time. We wish, also, a good supply of religious articles, composed in an elevated tone, not in the style of sermons, but essays like those of Addison and Johnson. In a word, those topics on which the mind dwells oftenest, and with the most satisfaction, are, in general, those on which any one can write best. They will always prove the most successful in the reading world. When a person is obliged to hunt round for a subject, and, when he finds one, takes no delight in it, it is pretty certain he will not write attractively, whatever pains he takes. The best way, then, for a young writer, is always to have some writing topic on his hands. Let him read, and think, and talk about it with his friends. When he begins to feel ripe on it, and gets warm whenever it comes into his mind, he is then prepared to write, and he should then take up his pen. The act of writing will farther clear up and perfect the theme.

We trust our poets will not be idle for the coming year. They have given us many fine pieces for the present volume. May they be even more bountiful for the year to come!

Although we anticipate a large addition of new contributors for the coming year, including several of the best writers of the day, we here invite all our old friends to continue sending us by every post. By making the communications shorter, and consequently more spirited and pithy, we hope to condense a larger amount of matter into the same compass, and thus to give room for a larger list of articles each month. No one, therefore, who has written for us heretofore, need think of ceasing to write because we promise a large addition of new names.

Now, then, we leave our many friends for another month, hoping they will use their best influence faithfully for the increase of our subscription list, by recommending the Repository, so far as they can conscientiously do it, to their personal friends. We trust our agents, also, will be wide awake.

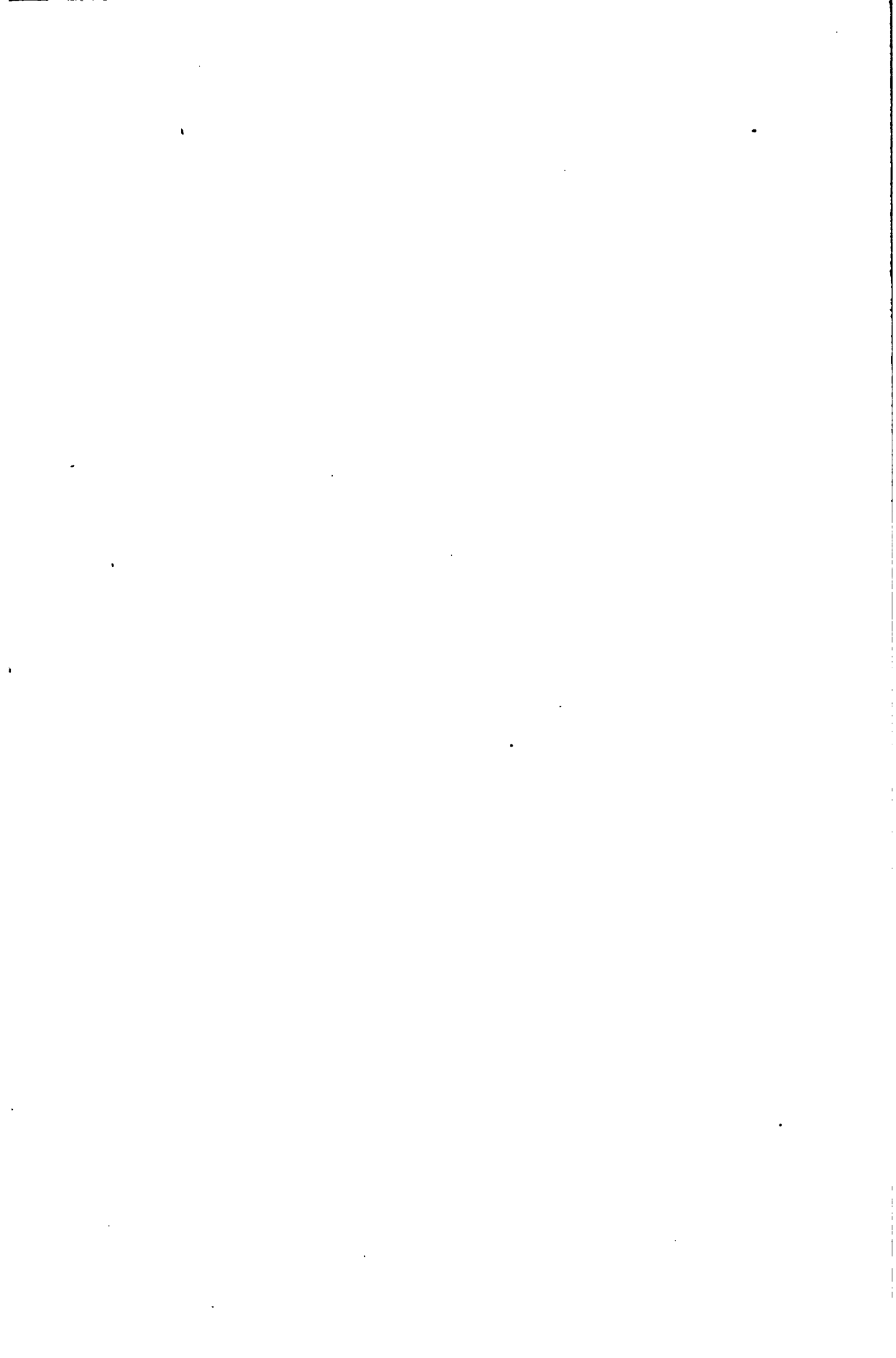


### THE CONVERTED MUSICIAN.

—  
BY PRESIDENT WENTWORTH.  
—

ART marked thee for her own, and strung thy soul  
With nicest sensibilities. She taught  
Thy captive feet to stray in pleasure's halls,  
And thread the mazes of the merry dance;  
Put to thy lips the quivering clarion reed,  
And with its shrillness blent celestial melody.  
From her you snatched the witching violin,  
And poured your soul upon the wailing strings  
In streamy notes, which passion waked or soothed,  
Transfusing other fancies with the strains,  
That floated wild and dreamy in thine own.  
And thy young life was happy, whiled in dreams—  
Elysian dreams, in terpsichorean bowers,  
Where rhythm and song diffused their soft delights,  
And Harmony her tempting sweets displayed.

Religion came, and truth, with mien severe,  
And turned the glittering tinsel of art  
To base alloy—dissolved her fairy charms,  
And duty showed, and high resolve inspired.  
A world in ruins rose upon thy view,  
The bloody cross, and HE that midway hung  
Between the sword of justice and its victim.  
And at HIS feet you bowed a penitent,  
And, with his love and great commission armed,  
Rushed forth, the purchase of his death to save.





A. H. Payne, del.

*Water Garden at the Palace of the Sultan*

1854

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{ faith and love, ...



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THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1847.

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

In the engraving for December, the reader has a scene of rare beauty. It is the famous Fountain near Cassel, in the north of Germany.

The city of Cassel lies on the river Fulda, and has about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. It is noted as the residence of the elector of Hesse Cassel, and for its numerous public buildings, libraries, and collections of works of art. The gallery of paintings, in particular, is spoken of by travelers as containing several master-pieces. During the brief reign of Jerome Bonaparte, who was king of Westphalia, the city was ornamented and much improved.

But Cassel is no great place, after all; nor has it any interest to me, except for its associations with our Revolutionary war. The reader will remember, that, during our great struggle for liberty, the inhuman King of England subsidized the elector of Hesse; and, from that hour, the name of *Hessians* became a terror to the land. Not knowing our language, and fighting only for pay, they neither knew when to give quarter, nor felt the slightest stirrings of compassion amidst the most awful brutalities of the field. The British monarch well knew, that his own subjects, meeting their brothers and kinsmen fighting in defense of their families and homes, might occasionally be smitten with compunctions not likely to add any vigor or ferocity to their arms. These Hessians, therefore, barbarians to our language and blood, in their wholesale slaughters, could best support the rage and revenge of the rabid George; and their prince, the elector, tithing their soldier's pay, could retire to his castle near this splendid spring, and bask in sloth and sunshine, without a scruple to disturb his repose.

But for this the Fountain is not at fault. Its waters are pure and clean. The blood of our countrymen stains not the stream. Nor is yon lofty castle, on the distant heights, with its lovely cascade on either side, to be charged with cruel deeds. If the earth were to answer for the crimes of man, there is not a brook, nor a clod, nor a fragment of a rock, nor a sand on the shore of the sea, which would not be overwhelmed with guilt.

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Nor is it certain, that the elector himself, while enjoying, in this retreat, the Fountain and the breeze, was at all troubled by a conscience ill at ease. He had done nothing new or strange. It was the practice of all Europe to fight battles with mercenary troops; and, at that time, war was not only a science, but a trade. With a mind at rest, and with his pockets full of British gold, he could retire often from the cares of state, and bury himself in the pleasures of this gorgeous retreat. In the morning, he could take his lady and his staff, and walk down to the small tower at the foot of that little knob, and then ramble across the current to the farther bank, giving his children full play at his sides, and his maids of honour a chance to gabble with the geese so gayly floating on the bosom of the stream. In the afternoon, when the sun began to decline, he could assemble all his household on the other bank, under the tall trees' shade, and eat dainties from rude tables laid in the old rural style, and toast his northern favorites on the wines of the south, and talk Phœbus himself to sleep in detailing the business and battles of the world. But at night, my friend, when the sharp wind began to blow, and the white frost to creep, and the fagots to crackle on the royal hearth, then that old castle, high up above all eyes and ears, was the place for routs and revelry, such as modern times but seldom see. There were then music and merriment in those baronial halls. There the light foot, in its light slipper, winged and wild, tripped in the mazy dance, exhibiting the "poetry of motion" in its highest flights. The loud laugh, and the piquant joke, and the ringing cheer, kept that old pile drowned in a tumultuous joy, till the latest watch of night, or the russet break of dawn.

But, now, they sleep—they sleep, no more to wake, till another morning come. But the castle, and the tower, and the cascades, and the bluff hills steeped with tall trees, are yet there. There, too, is the glorious Fountain, spouting its shaft of crystal water far up above tree, and tower, and hill. Let it spout on, gentle reader. I have other scenes to show you. My contributors have done their duty. Their thoughts, their style, their pictures of faith and fancy, invite you. Come away.



## W O M A N .

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"Our moral life, our influence is not gone,  
When the material bonds around us break;  
In other minds our spirit still lives on;  
Though dead, we speak."

AGAIN we invite our young friends to listen to words once eloquent in living tones, and still the abiding echo of sentiments and feelings once warmly uttered. The motto of our article contains a glorious truth; and, as we ponder awhile the character of Mrs. SARAH L. SMITH, late missionary to Palestine, we may imbibe much of her spirit, imitate much of her example, and, by exerting much of her influence, may, in our turn, have for our epitaph that which will rob Death even of his earthly power:

"In other minds our spirit still lives on,  
Though dead, we speak."

In reviewing the life of Mrs. Shuck, missionary to China, who left her native land at the early age of eighteen, to accompany the husband, to whom she was united, to a foreign shore, and whom after years proved to be a devoted, pious missionary, we hazarded a remark, which, perhaps, requires a little explanation. It was, that we did not deem the manifestation which she was enabled to give, the highest form of missionary principle.

We have the most exalted opinion of the strength of woman's affection. Its depth none but the God who created it can fathom. Within the extent of life it hath no boundaries. Death only—her own, or that of the objects to whom she is clinging—can create a barrier to that active, self-sacrificing affection, which leads her "to do or dare" all that the wishes or the necessities of the object of her love demands.

The history of almost all countries abounds with illustrations of this fact. The exceptions exist only where man in his cruelty has so crushed her beneath the level of the beasts that perish, that intellect is totally darkened, and the native spring of warm affections sealed by the iron hand of utter despotism. Even where infanticide prevails, we mark the principle in perverted action. When a missionary reasoned with a heathen mother upon the cruelty which had just consigned a female infant to the tomb, "Should I spare her to suffer all that I have suffered?" was the bitter reply of her desolated heart. In Christian lands, where woman is free to feel and act, we see the principle beautifully developed. In the sunny calm of domestic quiet, when she is the centre of happiness and love—in the season of protracted illness and agonizing bereavement, when the strong man is shaken, or is utterly bowed, then she who, in sunshine's hour, was but the vine clinging around the stately oak, becomes, amid the darkness and the storm, a shield to protect him from the

fierceness of the tempest, or a prop to prevent his entire prostration to the earth.

Clinging with all intensity to "her childhood's home, the home of riper years," loving father, mother, sister, brother, with an affection that seems not to admit of increase, she still, at the bidding of another, turns from them all (it may be with many tears, but with cheerful resolution) to a far distant land, to meet trials, privations, and loneliness, to which she had previously been an entire stranger. Of this we have daily proof in our western emigrations, and learn that woman's love, without the addition of Christian principle, can nerve her to do or suffer any thing for and with one who has secured it in its purity and strength.

Therefore, we argue that the fact of a woman leaving country and kindred, to accompany her husband to a foreign shore, proves nothing as to the existence of a missionary principle; yea, though she be a Christian woman, it does not prove that "the love of Christ constraineth" her. If, in the quietude of her paternal home, she has not been willing "to do good unto all men, as she had opportunity"—if she has not agonized, in feeling and in prayer, for the benighted heathen, and been constrained, at sometime, to offer herself up to God, to labor or suffer *wherever* he should appoint, whether at home or abroad, then the true missionary spirit does not exist, and a willingness to depart for a foreign land does not create it. Sympathy with her husband, and the view of the dying heathen, may, under God's blessing, awaken it, and generally does; but we are writing for those who are not yet called to depart; and we are influenced by two considerations in thus defining our position.

The first is, that the world feel all the force of this argument, and we may as well admit it; the other is, that the young are apt to dwell much more upon future position than upon present privileges. We close our exordium with a quotation from Mrs. Smith, ere we enter into the analysis of her character. She says, when writing from Syria, "You need not wait to get upon missionary ground before becoming an accepted missionary with God. Ere I left my father's house, I was convinced of the truth, and am now confirmed in it, that, within the walls of her own dwelling, a young female may cultivate and exhibit all the qualifications of a devoted missionary. As a daughter, sister, &c., she may be so humble, faithful, obliging, and self-denying—may acquire such self-control, that, even should she die before entering upon a wider sphere, she would merit the commendation, 'She hath done what she could.' Therefore, be not impatient or uneasy while you are providentially detained amid everyday duties within a narrow circle, but whatever your hand findeth to do there, do it, at the same time cherishing the determination to assume greater responsibilities and more self-denial whenever God shall give the opportunity."

Miss Huntingdon, afterward Mrs. Smith, was (we rejoice to write it) an American by birth—a native of the city of Norwich, Connecticut—one of the brightest stars in that New England galaxy, whose splendor is unsurpassed in the moral firmament. She was by nature of buoyant temperament, and cheerful disposition—self-willed and passionate to a great degree, but with the counteracting power of warm and deep affections. She possessed a superior mind, great soundness of judgment, and refinement of taste. She enjoyed the advantages of a good education, and, through the mercy of God, experienced religion when about eighteen years of age. There is scarcely a point of Miss H.'s character on which we would not like to dwell; but the design of our article confines us almost exclusively to one view—the formation of her missionary character. Her first Christian efforts were made in the Sabbath school; for, although she had been a teacher previous to her conversion, she, of course, turned to it again with new views and feelings. Here she seems to have labored faithfully through all her subsequent course. The next we mark is her efforts to influence those who had previously been her most intimate friends. "Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed." This she most fully realized at the outset of her Christian course; and as separation, to her affectionate nature, was agonizing to anticipate, she spared no arguments or entreaties to induce them to enter into the same blessed path. The next we notice is her fraternal feelings. These were most strongly marked, and most beautifully developed. Her only sister was older, and soon married; therefore, that union was in a measure interrupted; and Miss H. seems to have turned, with concentrated interest and affection, to her brothers, two of whom were younger than herself. For them she wept, and prayed, and agonized—with them she pleaded, in personal intercourse and epistolary correspondence, with an importunity that took no denial. Her letters are beautiful specimens of intense anxiety, warm affection, and Christian faithfulness. And when, in answer to such faithful effort, her brothers, one after the other, were won to the cross of Christ, language seemed powerless to express her gratitude and joy. The depth of her feelings may be shown by an extract from a letter, written to her youngest brother, when she had reason to fear he was somewhat declining in religious feeling. It was felt on the reception of his: "My anguish of body and mind were unequalled by any thing I ever before endured—not even by the view which, in my early experience, I had of the opposition of my own heart; for then my ideas of God's holiness and requirements were more limited than I trust they now are. Dear brother, I hope you may never be left to the depths of such sorrow, unless they be necessary for your humiliation. I groaned in my spirit, and could find no relief. After the most intense struggle, to no purpose,

I was convinced I should never become composed alone; and I requested mamma to come up stairs and pray with me, which she did." Through the whole of his collegiate course she ceased not to warn, to encourage, and to plead for him. She writes, "Since I first began to pray for you, it has been my earnest petition, that you might be an 'ambassador for Christ,' until you requested that I would not ask any thing definitely for you. The last time, however, I approached a throne of grace, previous to the arrival of your letter, I did once more, in submission, supplicate that you might preach the Gospel. That letter received this answer: 'Your good letter, my beloved brother, I may truly say, afforded me more pleasure than any previous one which I ever received from you or any other person. The expression in your last, "I have, with the assistance of God, determined to devote myself to the Gospel ministry," preceded as it was by earnest desires after holiness, was indeed like sweet music to my soul. You have been borne upon my feeble prayers with more energy and constancy than any other dear ones, from the peculiar temptations of your constitution and temperament," &c. Miss H.'s correspondence with this brother was rich in various other counsel, adapted to his case, like those from which we have already quoted. Among the subjects were the following: The importance of decision of Christian character; activity and efficiency in the service of Christ; commitment of his way to God in faith; Christian influence upon others. That brother died ere he became a preacher of the Gospel. That sister nursed him through a protracted illness, and witnessed his triumphant exit to the land of rest. But, though her earthly hopes were blighted, how sweet were the remembrances of the past! Those hours of mutual prayer, those seasons of sacred, intimate intercourse, those letters so replete with affection and counsel, how they came with sweet and soothing influence, calming tumultuous grief, and awakening deep thanksgiving, that she had been instrumental in leading that darling brother home to God, yea, up to the everlasting throne. Does the eye of one glance over these pages, whose young Christian heart has oftentimes mourned over a contracted field of action? Is that one a sister? Has she brothers, particularly younger brothers, whom she may influence and direct, for whom she may make home the sweetest spot on earth, and gently, yet surely, make an impress on his molding character, of all that is pure in her own affection, lofty in her own intellect, or sanctified in her own ambition? If she has, let her not deem her field of usefulness contracted. Her own sphere may continue quiet and unobserved; but she may live to see the brother whom she has swayed, go forth to sway the million. The intellect she has trained, (comparatively,) and the heart she has molded to almost woman's tenderness, may flash light into a myriad beathen minds, or, with sympathetic

power, pour consolation into bleeding human hearts. And that brother, from his lofty eminence of intellect and position, may trace (amid all the added influences of after years) the ocean fullness of thought and feeling, the steady stream of usefulness and influence, back to the first unsealing of that sister's hand, when the youthful fount gushed free, and the feeble rivulet received impulse and direction. This all may be; for many a sister has supplied the lack of a mother's care, or, by her close proximity in age and taste, has done far more than even the mother could accomplish. There is no feeling on earth more akin to the pure joys of heaven, than that which glows in a fond sister's heart, as she views a young brother advance in knowledge, and consecrate his talents to the cross of Christ. There is no envy that he has far outstripped her in the onward course of knowledge and of influence. She delights to clasp the hand and lean upon the arm whose tiny embrace, in childhood's hour, is still fresh in her remembrance, and drink fresh inspiration from the lips she taught to lisp the sacred words of "our Father." Let our young friends, then, survey anew their position, and regard it as the first exercise of missionary feeling.

Miss Huntingdon engaged in all the various plans of usefulness which, in this day, abound on every side. The monthly concert for prayer, the efforts to aid desolate districts, every thing connected with missionary effort, seems to have received her especial co-operation. When Greece was suffering, she worked for Greece; when a warehouse was opened for objects of benevolence, she was found industriously drawing, painting, and sewing for its benefit; when anniversaries were celebrated, either of home or foreign societies, she went to have her feelings aroused, or deepened, as the circumstances might require. It is delightful to trace, throughout her journal and letters, the rapid expansion of her love and zeal. From the first impulse of her Christian heart they widened and extended, as surely and rapidly as the ripples of the calm, pure lake, awakened by the descending pebble. Or, truer still, as the wave, receding from our western shore, meets and is absorbed by another, larger, fuller, stronger, which is again, and yet again, absorbed by still increasing volume, until expanded into the ocean fullness which embraces the entire world; so the first rising of her Christian love, which, in its incipient action, only watered the home circle of her affections, swelled until it reached the dying Mohegan in its life-giving influence; and, while lingering there, the missionary feeling, strengthened by increasing fullness of heavenly power, swept beyond the barriers of country and kindred to the land once trod by Jesus' feet, once stained with Jesus' blood, made desolate by Jesus' curse, and which yet (relying on Jesus' promise) is "to bud and blossom as the rose."

In 1823 she writes, "Mr. M. took some pains to

convince me that I ought to be a missionary; but I told him I never had thought that my calling." In 1826: "I have thought much recently on the subject of missions. I never felt it my duty to go myself to the heathen. But I do feel I ought to make every exertion with my hands (my all) in their behalf. How much we might do by devoting one hour each day to them!" In 1827: "At a recent Bible class, Mr. M. remarked upon the costly sacrifice which Mary offered to our Savior, in gratitude for the restoration of her brother Lazarus, as an example to those whom God has blessed in the conversion of their friends. It went to my heart. I am deficient in gratitude and devotedness." In 1829, after being permitted to rejoice in the conversion of her second brother, she says, "I feel now as if I should rejoice to be a missionary to the heathen. We owe a thank-offering." In 1831: "I should like to go to the Washington isles, mentioned by Mr. Stewart, where no missionary has ever been. But my path seems plainly marked out. Pray for me, dear brother, that I may have grace to subordinate every duty to those *filial* ones which are now so important." In the latter part of that year her mind had made such progress on the subject of missions, that she came to the conclusion expressed in the following extract: "Our annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society was very interesting. I then made the resolution that, whenever my dear parents want me no longer, if unsettled as I now am, I shall devote myself personally to a mission among the heathen. So you may consider me, henceforth, a *missionary in heart*, and, when circumstances favor, must be ready to resign me." But it was not only in reading missionary intelligence, and reflection upon it, that Miss H. was cherishing the spirit of missions. "As early as the year 1827, she had become interested in the condition and necessities of a remnant of the Mohegan Indians, living six miles from Norwich. In 1830, we find her concerned in the circulation of a subscription to build a church for them; and, with a circle of Christian females, among whom she met for prayer each week, making the case of the western tribes, threatened with dispersion, a subject of especial prayer." Here we shall awhile tarry, and contemplate her plans and success. She writes to a friend: "You inquire respecting my plans for Mohegan. Miss R., of Montville, and myself, have engaged to keep a weekly school for the Indian children, this winter, taking weeks alternately. We meet there on horseback to-morrow, to reconnoitre the ground, and expect to commence on Monday after Thanksgiving." Assigning to one of her brothers a reason for her engagement in this difficult and self-denying work, she remarks: "One special inducement to my plan arises from my sense of *God's mercy to my brothers*. I have virtually promised a thank-offering, and I am straitened till I find some way of presenting it. I resolved that, if

God heard me, and renewed the hearts of my brothers, I would devote myself wholly to him. When others have almost reproved me for self-denial, I have longed to tell them the secret impulse. But my own heart has accused me of broken vows, while others have said I was going too far." The details of her labors and method of spending her time, may be gathered from a letter commenced December 12th, and journalized under subsequent dates: "Seated in my little missionary parlor, which serves for parlor, bed-room, kitchen, school-room, and chapel, I have composed myself to the sweet employment of answering your good and long letter. I have a school of eighteen or twenty, including four adults—one man, two married women, and a 'squawsee.' They come at half-past nine, and stay until four, having a half an hour's intermission; and we carry on arithmetic, millinery, tailoring, &c., besides the ordinary avocations of a school. All these, with the government of untutored, untamed beings, nearly exhaust my powers during the day; and at evening I have work to fit and my profession to study. But I am quite satisfied. I came here for their benefit, and not to please myself. Our Sabbath school is nearly twice as large, embracing whites, and is kept up four hours of the Sabbath, besides an intermission. I leave home on Sunday morning, and return the next Sunday evening, and Miss R. does the same; so we are both here on the Sabbath. My circumstances and duties are altogether new; and I sometimes think myself in a dream. Will you pray for God's Spirit to visit our school and this vicinity." Not satisfied with laboring for the present supply of the spiritual wants of this people, Miss H. conceived the plan of seeking aid from the legislature of Connecticut, and also from the government of the United States. A petition to the former was drawn by her, and, with accompanying signatures, was presented at the session in May, 1841. The object of the petition was to obtain the aid of the state to give them Christian instruction and a school. This application failed, however. In prosecution of the object on which her heart was set, she addressed a letter to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War, to which department of the general government belongs the superintendence of Indian affairs. She also addressed a letter to her kinsman, the Hon. Jabez W. Huntington, then a representative in Congress from Connecticut, requesting such aid as it might be in his power to afford. The result of this effort was successful in obtaining an appropriation of five hundred dollars toward erecting buildings, and four hundred dollars for the support of a teacher. The first sum was employed in building a house for the teacher, and the latter has been annually appropriated to his support. The church was built wholly with funds obtained in Norwich, through the efforts of Miss H. and her first coadjutor in this enterprise.

She therefore writes most cheerfully to a friend: "It is just *one year* since we commenced our labors in that kitchen, under embarrassments which your memory will recall. Now they have a chapel, a stated ministry, and the means for its support. Now, my dear friend, why should we not come before God, and implore that gift which, of all others, he is most pleased to bestow, the Holy Spirit, without which every other blessing will become a curse?" After these arrangements were made, through her instrumentality, she writes, "My week-day duties at Mohegan have ceased; but my Sabbaths are spent with them, and will be through the summer. The Sabbath school increases in number and interest, and we are so happy as to obtain three pious teachers upon the ground, which, with two others, and a superintendent from Norwich, will give it some importance."

It is proper here to remark, that Miss H.'s interest in this object knew no decrease, in the midst of her foreign missionary labors. Writing, in Syria, to her first associate in labor among the Mohegans, she says: "Miss Williams and myself often talk of Mohegan; and we have received many interesting letters from Mr. G. I shall not forget the scenes in old Lucy's kitchen, and beneath the haystack, in which you and I mingled. I trust we shall talk of them in heaven."\*

With one or two reflections, we now close our contemplations of Miss Huntingdon as a *home* missionary. In the natural world, repression generally precedes the period of great expansion. Man's wisdom has taught him to augment the power of the quiet stream, by erecting a dam at any given point. The concentration of the power increases the velocity of the wheel, or multiplies the instruments of action. Even thus in the world of thought and feeling—even thus does God oftentimes work in his spiritual arrangements, through the instrumentality of his chosen agents. The climax of Christian experience is abidingly to feel, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done;" and it requires much teaching ere the soul learns to relinquish not only what is wrong, but what is right—to lose all definite wishes to be

\* It may gratify the reader to know the present state of that little mission. The following extract from a letter recently received (this was in 1839) from Rev. Anson Gleason, the pastor and teacher stationed at Mohegan, answers inquiry on this point. After giving an account of the organization of the Church, he observes: "Since then, from time to time, others have been hopefully converted and united to our little fold, till upward of forty have been enrolled, thirteen of whom are natives. Our members, generally, are spiritual and active, both natives and whites, and live in much harmony and good feeling. Thus, dear brother, you see that the precious seed your sister sowed in tears, here in this hard soil, has come up, and yielded a glorious harvest. The little school she left is very prosperous. There are now twenty native children who attend school, and are making good progress in useful studies. One little Indian girl is making rapid progress in the Latin Reader."

or to act in any chosen sphere, and to acquire that "wise passiveness" which leaves the time, the mode, the degree, entirely to God's wisdom and arrangement. Reaching this point of perfect faith in God, a door is opened, through which the soul enters into "a large place" of spiritual enjoyment, or (if the restriction has been of an outward providential character) into a widened sphere of Christian action. Miss H. knew this experience. She writes: "I have been hedged up of late, and my circle of duties continually narrowing, until my field is circumscribed by the walls of my Father's house; and even here my labors are more limited and less important than you might suppose," &c. And again, to her father, in connection with the missionary desires then expressed: "During my illness, last summer, my hopes received a check; and fearing that my constitution was injured, I almost relinquished the expectations I had indulged. I was cast into the valley of humiliation, too, where I felt that God regarded me as he did his servant David, when he accepted the desire which prompted him to build a temple to his honor, but chose another thus to perpetuate his glory. The sudden death of my brother had a tendency to deepen my humility, if, through grace, I may give it that appellation; and this winter I have had such exercises as I never knew before. I have sought to concentrate my feelings and desires within the narrow but not unimportant circle of home engagements. In retracing my past views, which led me to ask for an assimilation with prophets, apostles, and martyrs, I feared that the incense had been touched with unhallowed fire. I determined to devote myself exclusively to the performance of filial and other relative duties, and in honor to prefer all others to myself; and this I wished to do without arrogating to myself any merit, as though it were a condescension. I have felt myself under a cloud, but I have not lost my anchor; and my whole spirit was more like that of a little child, than any thing which I had ever before experienced. I was willing to relinquish the cherished object of my heart, the missionary cause, and to be or to do whatever God required, small as it might appear." Here, then, she stood, a missionary in feeling and in action, when she became acquainted with the Rev. Eli Smith, who had been a missionary in western Asia (Palestine) for six or seven years, and was then on a visit to his native land.

#### TEA.

THE use of tea in China is said to be more ancient than their own history. It is found in every house, from the hut of the peasant to the palace of the king. All the people, young and old, are said to drink it three times a day, and men of property use it as a constant beverage in the place of wine or water. And, strange to say, Dr. Liebig, the great chemist, thinks tea not only harmless, but even nutritious.

#### NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD.

BY JOHN O. WINNER.

It must be so! I feel it in the depths of my heart! The Hand that made us is divine. A thought to the contrary is treason against one's own nature, and would send the feelings that come welling up from the soul back to their abodes with reluctant but tumultuous haste.

The doctrine that the universe is the work of a good and all-wise God, few have the hardihood to deny. And no wonder. If they should, the very stones would cry out against them; for is not every lineament of Nature's speaking face impressed with the finger of Divinity?

But, contemplating nature in connection with the Deity, there is one thought that seizes upon the mind, and for a time absorbs the whole soul of him who looks from "nature up to nature's God:" it is his benevolence—his *love*. And how pleasing is the reflection, how it elevates, and, at the same time, melts and subdues the heart!

The apostle John says, "God is love." We open our eyes to the glorious light of day, and nature, grand, beautiful, and sublime nature, is spread out before our astonished gaze. The soul drinks in the loveliness of the scene. Stretching far away almost to the limits of vision, is the beautifully variegated and exquisitely picturesque landscape, at whose extremity some lofty mountain, one of nature's noblemen, rears his head in solemn grandeur to the clouds, as if to hold communion with the skies. Taking our station upon one of his rocky ribs, what a sight bursts upon our already enraptured vision!—the illimitable plain, diversified with hill and dale, and dotted over with woodlands, all teeming with life, and vocal with song. And, while some majestic river courses his devious way to the eternity of waters, his progress is marked by the foaming cataract, amid the spray of whose waters the dancing sunlight displays to the admiring beholder the miniature likeness of the seal of Jehovah's second promise to man. All around seems full of life and animation—flowing streams, rippling rills, and babbling brooks—the rustling of the leaves, the waving of the forest trees, and even the but half restrained summer's blast, increases its grandeur, and harmonizes with the scene. The effect is irresistible. The rapt soul of the beholder is almost dumb with admiration, and can only murmur, how lovely is nature! and, O, the God of nature, he *must be love*!

But the wisdom of God, how it dazzles and confounds the wisest of his creatures! When we consider the heavens the work of his fingers, the moon and the stars he has ordained, there is a vastness, a sublimity of grandeur connected with the thought, which seems to paralyze the soul at the very onset. We turn our gaze upward, and behold the broad expanse, and Phoebus riding in splendor the circle

of the heavens. He sinks behind the western hills; but his departure reveals a still more, though less brightly glorious sight, for the moon, with her glittering host, takes up the wondering tale, and we feel to say, with the poet,

"In every star Thy wisdom shines."

How heartless must he be, whose soul does not thrill in admiration of nature, and throb in *adoration* of nature's God! But if the external and visible creation is so lovely, and declarative of the wisdom of the Creator, when we consider its internal regulations and laws, the motion of the heavenly bodies, and the direction of that motion, the harmony of which constitutes the "music of the spheres," we involuntarily exclaim, "O, the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" And every step we take, but reveals to our wonder-stricken soul new glimpses of the hidden and infinite wisdom of Him, who "spake and it came forth, who commanded, and it stood fast."

### THE STEP-MOTHER'S REWARD.

BY MARIA JANE AGARD.

EDITH was seated alone in her chamber, putting the last trimming upon a fine white lawn dress, when a sudden tap at her door startled her, and before she could hurry away the garment from exposure, her friend Agnes entered. "I see," said Agnes gayly, "you are making the wedding dress, and were going to hide it from me, but I know all about it. How can you marry that dull, prosy, old widower, with two children, too? You are getting yourself into business, I assure you. You, who are only twenty-four, and can get the best match in all the country, marry a widower, to bring up his children!"

"And what better motive could I have, than to do good to Mr. Danforth's poor children?" replied Edith. "He is neither *dull* nor *prosy*, but a man of talent, very agreeable, and only ten years my senior in age. We respect and esteem each other, and what more is necessary? Beside, I have not blindly followed my own inclinations in this matter, but have diligently sought the Divine direction; and I believe it is a providential circumstance, that I am to marry Mr. Danforth." And she *did* marry him.

Mr. D. had been twice a widower, and Edith felt that it was a responsible station for one of her age. She undertook the performance of her duties with fear and trembling. Ellen Danforth was seven years of age, and had once known the partial treatment of a step-mother. Maurice was four, and had been the pet of his injudicious mother. Ellen was a lovely girl, of great natural buoyancy of spirits; but they had been crushed; and those who knew her, thought they saw the buddings of an uncommon intellect. Hitherto she had been kept from books, although

books were already her delight, lest, in her mental endowments, she should outgrow her brother. She had been taught to think she was like nobody else—that she was a very *strange* child; and over this she would often weep in secret.

Her father was a man of business, and had little time to study her character; and, seeing her but little, he did not fully understand her, although she would sometimes steal to his side, and timidly inquire, "Papa, do you think I am like my mamma, my *own* mamma, that is in heaven?" And she *was* strange, for she was gifted; and the quick eye of partial love saw it, and thought it necessary to retard her progress as much as possible. Perhaps Maurice might outshine her yet—he already made her his slave. But this unwise mother was taken away, and Edith more than filled her place. The little girl soon began to find that, from being constantly shut up in a gloomy nursery, with nothing to amuse her but her own silent thoughts, her new mother frequently led her forth to the lawn, with her little brother, and bided them be merry.

Always cheerful and communicative, Edith soon drew the thoughtful Ellen out of her silent solitude, and won her confidence. For hours they would sit, mother and daughter, under the shade of a spreading elm, and hold such converse as the gifted, alone, can hold. Many and strange were the questions born in the soul of the musing child; but Edith answered them all. When Midnight spread his sable wing over the beautiful earth, would she rise from her couch, to commune with the silent moon and stars; or, when the clouds, like a pall, shut these out from her physical vision, she would seem to hold intercourse with the damp breeze laden with the rich perfume of summer's verdure; or steal away, like a spirit, to her mother's chamber, to ask some question concerning the mysteries of our being. "Did we not come from heaven, mamma? It seems just as though that was my home, where I must have lived before I came to this strange world. Did not my *thinking part* come from heaven?" Thus would the eager child question her "new, dear mamma," as she was wont to call her; and she was filled with gratitude, that she had at last found one willing to answer her many queries.

On one occasion, she heard her father reading a fine poem, apparently quite above the comprehension of a child of seven years; but she listened, and was delighted, as she whispered to Edith, "Listen, that is just like my thoughts in the still, dark night, when I am alone; and are they not beautiful thoughts?" From that time *poetry* formed a part of her education.

Daily were the children led through a regular course of study by their excellent mother; and at its close were they taught to review the day, examine their hearts, confess their sins, and offer up their prayers to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." This wise instruction,

accompanied by a mother's prayers, was not without its happy results, for both these lovely children showed, ere they arrived at adult age, that they had "Christ put on."

At seventeen, Maurice, with much regret, left his mother's instructions, *fitted by her* for the university. And when, in after years, she heard him preach the everlasting Gospel, with power and effect, she lifted her heart in thankfulness to God, that he had enabled her to perform her duties as a mother to his honor and glory.

Here, indeed, is an example for mothers. She seemed to emulate that of Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, and, like theirs, the talents of her son shone with the lustre she had lent. But her success in intellectual and religious instruction was equalled only by her skill in domestic employments. Like Miss Elizabeth Carter, she was an adept in many sciences; yet her intellectual pursuits never interfered with her domestic economy. Hers was a well-ordered house. How many of us are like her? At the early age of ten, Ellen was accustomed to feel responsible for the performance of some of the household duties. These increased as she grew in years and ability; and, at the age of eighteen, Edith deemed her not only a good housekeeper, and an excellent manager of financial concerns, but an accomplished, educated, and talented woman, and a humble Christian. And Edith was not alone in her opinion. It had not its foundation in the partial pride of a happy mother; but all who knew the daughter were of one mind; and the world acknowledged the merit of her poetical productions. And Edith had, humanly speaking, done it all. But she took no honor to herself—she constantly thanked the Author of wisdom that he had given her ability to instruct, and that he had graciously kept the feet of her adopted ones from the paths of error and destruction.

Are there not many mothers who are *capable* of educating their children at home, thus keeping them from the too often contaminating influence of strangers? Ellen is still before the public, to delight and instruct the reader of taste. She occupies a station in the literary world scarcely second to the wisest and best.

And what would Ellen say of step-mothers? What do people generally say of them? Their character, it seems to me, is not sufficiently understood. O, their place is a holy one! tread not the ground carelessly. Their duties are many and arduous. Speak not lightly of their performances. Their enemies are numerous and watchful. Increase not the number or vigilance of their foes; but rather pray that guidance from above be theirs. The step-mother, if she performs her duty, is a *gem* in the casket of human souls. She occupies a lofty eminence, attained by few; for to those not of herself she proclaims "truths that wake to perish never."

## REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

—  
AT VIVENZO.

—  
"As some fierce comet, of tremendous size,  
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,  
So he through *shining constellations* took  
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top  
Of fame's dread mountain sat."—POLLOCK.

—  
JOHN SUMMERFIELD was one of those extraordinary messengers of Heaven that occasionally appear in the religious world, dazzling the eye, and exciting universal attention, amazement, and admiration. His early life presents nothing remarkably memorable. It is simply a narrative of the kind dealings of an *all-wise* Providence with a youth of precocious mind, graceful manners, variable habits, extreme sensibility, and diligent in his studies, fond of oratory, loved by his friends, and exciting the attention of observing strangers, till nineteen years had passed over his head. Then he was Scripturally converted from the error of his ways, and the Almighty at once thrust him out, with his finely-tempered and shining sickle, into the harvest-field of the world. He became transformed; and, grasping that sickle with quenchless zeal, went on reaping that which he had not sowed. Practice made him a skillful workman, and discipline made him strong; and soon outstripping all his collaborators, they stretched their dizzy eyes to discover him in the distance. In the burning sun and scorching atmosphere, and streaming with perspiration, with an eye upturned to heaven, and a prayer trembling upon his lips, he dashed on and on, leaving his well-bound sheaves as proof of his Heaven-directed skill.

Summerfield, like Patrick Henry, shone from the time of his first appearance as a public speaker. His voice was charming, his illustrations were felicitous, his descriptions sublime, his paintings of the choicest coloring, and all his conceptions truthful. This, of itself, gave him a superior command over the thousands who listened to his voice; but when we add to this, that he spoke with a soul deeply imbued with the love of God, and a lively sense of the peril of immortal souls, on the holiest and most inspiring themes which can engage the mind of men or angels, it is no wonder that he seemed to stand on an altitude above that ordinarily reached by ministers of the glorious Gospel, and tinged with the reflected radiance of the Majesty on high.

A being of such exaltation as the King of all the earth is represented to be in his holy word, who will bend down from his throne to pluck a sinner from the raging fire, has, certainly, a just claim upon that creature for all the powers of his ransomed soul. This truth Summerfield acknowledged. Hence, a consciousness of his own indebtedness to God for redeeming mercy, entered into all his operations, and appears to have been the moving spring of all his

labors. This likewise led him to diligent study of the Scriptures, and deep personal piety.

It was his peculiar gift to water the seed of life, and nourish the plant of grace in the soul of his hearer; and hence his ministrations were generally as the gentle rain upon the new-mown grass, unaccompanied by the grumbling of the distant thunder, or the gleam of the far-off lightning. He melted down the sinner's opposition, and thawed away the icebergs of cold indifference around his heart, by the spirit of a burning love. Sometimes, it is true, his message was like the thunder's peal in a clear sky, at the midnight hour, making one start as from a dreamy trance, and look around with a bewildering glance, as if wishing and yet dreading a succession. When he did tip his eloquent tongue with the terrible, it was sufficient to make one quail and shiver with dread, at the awful realities that he brought to view. In his sermon on, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone," we have a specimen of this kind. After describing what spiritual idolatry is, he comes to the command of God, "Let him alone." He then exhibits God as ceasing to chasten—the angels, as they hear the touching command, giving a last look, and uttering, "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!"—Christ as ceasing to plead his cause—the Holy Spirit as giving up his strivings, and the poor outcast of heaven wandering as a blank in creation. Then, as if breathing a deeper inspiration, he launches forth again; and you see the sinner surrounded with infernal spirits—you almost hear the clinking of their hammers, as they rivet his fetters—you see him chained, and hear their wild, demoniac laugh, as, with his smoking pen, Satan writes his name in the book of everlasting death. You then see him tread God's earth, a walking spectre, with a petrified conscience, and regardless of divine things, till the hour of death, when devils throng his gloomy room, and, the moment life's sands run out, see them fly away, dragging with them his shrinking spirit. Then, again, you see the judgment-seat, and the books opened—winged seraphs flying through the flaming heavens—fiends grasping their prey—Satan clutching the now conscience-tortured idolater, and thundering out the words once uttered by God, "'Let him alone,' he is mine!" and, spurned from the throne, you see the man who might have pealed the high praises of redeeming love for ever, hurled down the craggy steep to the caverns of the damned.

It was not the depth of his reasoning, the Herculean powers of his mind, or the astonishing loftiness of his thoughts, that made him the "admired of all the admirers," but rather that sweet, captivating manner, which unconsciously took the soul away in a kind of delicious delirium, that became so intense that the heart seemed drunk, and stood still, to look around for something on which to lean for support. In some of his strains, he rose like a brilliant rocket, that, sweeping through its circuit in the air, comes

down again to earth a shower of variegated beauties. Perhaps the next salutation would be as a near and unexpected discharge of artillery, making the ears tingle, and leaving you, for a moment, struggling with the stench of the powder, and blinded with the smoke, which only rolled away to exhibit him like a fully accoutred soldier, mounted on a fiery steed, dashing away with loaded carbine aimed at the heart of some foe to God.

It was a feast to hear him read his hymns. I met with a gentleman, recently, in the city of New York, who had frequently heard him preach, and who related that he was particularly fond of that hymn containing the verses:

"If so poor a worm as I  
May to thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive;  
Claim me for thy service, claim  
All I have, and all I am.  
Take my soul and body's powers;  
Take my memory, mind, and will;  
All my goods, and all my hours;  
All I know, and all I feel;  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my heart, but make it new."

These verses he would read with astonishing peculiarity of accent and feeling.

Counting his life not dear unto himself in the proclamation of Gospel truth, and in the salvation of sinners, he exerted every energy of body and mind to the utmost of his ability. He swept through the compass of created things with a rush that made one tremble to behold. His fragile constitution and nervous temperament, brought him, at times, to a considerable extent, under the government of his fiery feelings and glowing love, when delivering his messages of peace; and, excited with his subject, and carried away by the intensity of his burning thoughts, he was forgetful of self, and reckless of precious life. He, indeed, "went with the speed of a chariot wheel down hill, till the axle catches fire." There was, undoubtedly, something in the nature of his case that made the responsibilities doubly pressing. The immense multitudes that he addressed, the undivided attention that was given him, and the masterly control which he, for the time being, exerted over them, gave him to see, that impressions which he was then fixing, would, perhaps, in numerous cases, mold the soul's character for ever, and induced him to expend his own life with almost censurable prodigality, to procure the salvation of the soul of his hearer. He uttered his urgent exhortations with these feelings, and buried the missiles of his warnings as if he were feeling the heated atmosphere of hell on one hand, and gazing at the dazzling glories of heaven on the other. He urged men to escape the wrath to come, as though he heard, with open ear, the loud chorus of wails, and groans, and deathless shrieks, that eternally flit, like the



storm-bird of the ocean, over the restless billows of endless death, and at the same time heard the lofty anthems of redeeming love, that sound from the harps and quiver on the spirit lips of the countless millions surrounding the throne of the adorable Lamb. Yet there was no rhapsody—nothing but what was regular. All was well-arranged—all chaste. He allowed not his feelings to obtain the ascendancy of his judgment.

I would like, Mr. Editor, to speak of Summerfield in another light, in which his amiable character deserves the highest encomiums—as a friend. There was in his friendship a disinterestedness, a loftiness, a purity, which rendered it truly valuable. But I dare not. He sleeps—sleeps sweetly in his coffin shroud. His works of love, his ardent toils, his abundant labors, are now before the throne; and when the clangor of the judgment trump shall awake the sleeping dead, may we, with him, each have it said, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant!”

#### SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY J. W. ROBERTS

FAIR reader, it is seldom we have met and conversed together; and, now that I take my pen to address you, I feel all the inconveniences of being a stranger. I know not but I may be an unwelcome, as I am an unbidden, guest. Perhaps my presence (intrusion, if you please to call it such) will cause a shadow, instead of a smile, to pass over your face. Be this as it may, wishing to make your acquaintance, I commend myself and productions to your good graces, and ask your indulgence, while perusing the few sketches from life that may fall under your notice from the pen of your humble servant. Confident that you will extend to me that charity which “hopeth all things,” and “thinketh no evil,” I now offer you one of my imperfect sketches.

##### THE VISITOR.

I was sitting in my room, one afternoon, fatigued by the labors of the day, having been, for many hours, engaged in severe and continued mental toil, which had greatly exhausted my strength, and prostrated my energies; and, altogether, I was unfit to finish the work before me—the self-imposed task for the day. Perceiving, as no doubt, when similarly circumstanced, my readers have often done, the impossibility of making any considerable progress in what I had to do, while, from over taxation, in that particular way, the mind refused to put forth the necessary efforts, I placed myself in as comfortable a position as possible, and concluded to make a “virtue of necessity,” and take a little repose. I soon found that weary nature sought rest from her labors, and that I was in near “companionship with

Morpheus.” After a pretty considerable attempt at resistance, I gave over the struggle, and was soon in a half-waking sleep—just that *between* state, where the fancies thicken into dreams, and shapeless visions and grotesque forms crowd on the imagination. As consciousness was about giving way, the “visitor” was announced. Half out of humor at being interrupted at such a time, I received the call with as much grace and good-will as I could command, and gave a welcome and kind greeting to my friend; for these visits are not unfrequent, and I never fail to receive benefit and instruction from them. At first, on this occasion, I did not give that attention to the discourse its merits deserved—hardly more than enough not to seem rude; but a bold remark engaged my attention. I was aroused, interested, and became all attention from that moment. Every symptom of *ennui* disappeared like the swift passing away of a shadow; and I became all absorbed in the gifted and edifying converse.

My companion’s ideas were clothed in the most elegant language, yet simple and plain. At times, however, carried off with the subject, we were transported into the regions of majesty and grandeur; and then every word was a prototype of sublimity. No attempt at display was made—no ostentation marked the even flow of eloquence; and inimitable beauty wove its garland around the composition.

The visitor gave evidence of having taken deep draughts at every accessible fountain of knowledge, and of having drank at every stream of intelligence. The wonders of heaven, so far as revealed by the researches of astronomy, were as familiar things. Our system’s measurements, from its sunny centre to the farthest off planet, were well known. The numberless worlds that glitter in the far-out blue depths of space, where naked “eye hath not seen,” were spoken of in the calm dignity of philosophy, the bold eloquence of the orator, and the refined numbers of the poet; but everywhere with that elevation of thought which a survey of the mighty universe, in all its magnitude, is calculated to inspire.

Turning from these, I was led through the mazes of the past. The dim ages of by-gone time passed in review before me. I beheld the rise and fall of empires, and held converse with the wise men of old. Egypt, where civilization first dawned, I beheld as in a mirror darkly; for clouds and mists were gathered over the scene. The sun of science had arisen, but the fogs of ignorance and superstition shut out the light, and the people were bowing down to images, to beasts, and to reptiles, worshipping them as gods; and, though vast temples were in the borders of this land, adorned with costly decorations, none were dedicated to the living God. Unworthy of the position she occupied, the palm fell from her hand, and was caught up by Greece; and this people and country came up encircled in a halo of brightness,

shedding lustre on mankind, and radiating light over the world. Here language, from its rude and barbarous state, grew up into refinement and beauty. The orator poured forth the smooth tide of eloquence, holding the vast multitude in breathless silence, or leading them at his will. The poet stood there, having on his brow the crown of immortality, and around his temples the wreath of fame. The painter took his brush, and beneath his magic touch the white canvas glowed with life and beauty. The laureled sculptor "moved upon" the solid marble with his chisel, and it came forth, in form and shape, a perfect image of the human form, so like the living, that it seemed to lack but breath to give it life. But, amid all the light of Greece, superstition, like a pestilential scourge, held dominion, and the people bowed to dumb idols of their own making. Corruption found way into her literature, virtue was lost sight of, dissipation ensued, weakness followed, and Greece fell. Rome, the mighty, despoiled her of her glory, swallowed up her literature, took away her decorations, and made her a province. But Rome was destined to the same fate. She became great, extended her dominion almost over the known world, and, having conquered many nations, was at length conquered in turn; not by an enlightened people, but by the wild inhabitants of a wild region, who buried her literature in the dust, and blotted out her treasures of knowledge. Then followed the "dark ages." For a long time "darkness covered the nations, and gross darkness the people." But light again dawned. Italy shook herself from the fetters of night, and awoke to meet the day that was dawning on a benighted world. Light began to radiate over Europe. Spain overshadowed Italy, and France eclipsed the glory of Spain; and now Germany has taken the crown from France. England is about to supersede Germany. But another people are ready to carry off the palm from England almost as soon as she waves it in proud triumph.

I heard my friend talk thus; and, though familiar with much that was said as I was with my school books, yet the new light, and the connection given to every thing, gave fresh interest to the subject; and the refined manner and eloquence of address clothed the whole with a charm that fastened on the mind with irresistible powers of fascination.

We now lunched out into a field I had never so particularly surveyed. Before me arose a new race of men, composed of the best blood of all the best races that had preceded them, from the days of Noah down to the present time. I saw them collecting together in a new world, planting a new nation on the firm basis of equal rights and the immovable principles of liberty, founded on the rock of eternal truth, with the Bible of Jehovah for their text-book, their charter, and guide. Rapid was their progress. The unbroken wilderness, with its wild inhabitants, disappeared before them. Strengthening, expanding,

increasing, they marched onward and upward to the "shining hill of fame," on whose topmost heights they were to pause, bearing the triumphant tokens of superiority, and waving the palm of supremacy over all others in every department of science, and literature, and art. Before them opened the glorious pathway of progression, and their destiny was to walk in it.

With this new race, in the list of the obscure and unknown, I found my own name recorded. Hurried on with the vast multitude, too busily engaged in worldly pursuits and the accumulation of wealth, to regard their high standing, as a people, I was urging my passage up the bright way that led us onward to the temple of beauty, visible in the distant perspective, whither we were hastening.

In my active fancy, as the sublime truth came home to me, from the eloquent lips of my companion, I seemed to *feel* the motion of the revolving cycle that bore me onward in the flight of time to the high destiny of my race. A little effort of the imagination, and I stood on the dazzling height before me. Around me, but in the rear, stood those who had preceded us. Their garlands were fresh as ever; not a flower was withered—not a leaf was withered. *They had not gone back, but we had moved onward.* The smoke of error was fast disappearing from the world. The dark shadows of superstition were being illuminated by the sunlight of revelation. False systems and false doctrines were scattered to the winds by the irresistible power of truth. The rainbow of peace was extending its bright circle round our entire globe, and men called each other by the fraternal name of brother. Such was my vision.

But turning again to my companion, now holding the lyre, I was delighted with "concord of sweet sounds." Every touch of the instrument brought forth harmony. Sometimes a masterly effort roused the energies of the soul, and stirred up the latent music within. At other times, as the experienced fingers "swept the cords," the thrilling strains bore off thought's current on the fleet wings of fancy. Then, again, the soft, plaintive notes touched the deeper feelings of the heart, and moved the sympathetic tear. And then a mournful strain, the breathing forth of some sad soul, bereft of friends, and left to weep, perchance would cause a sigh, perchance a prayer, to rise in their behalf. In all I felt the inspired sentiments of true poetry, and the presence of the Muses. Each burning line was traced by the hand of genius; and the bold thoughts and bright imagery frequently towered up into the realms of true sublimity, beyond the utmost reach, the highest flight of common mind.

But, laying down the lyre, we again moved in the world. The progress of mankind, as revealed in the pages of history, was pointed out. Their advancement to a higher and yet higher state of perfection was made manifest. The Bible was shown to be the

great corner-stone of civilization—the great source of light to a benighted world. The attempts of would-be wise men to overthrow this “strong-hold” of science, and bulwark of Christianity, were considered, and the fallacy of such a course made plain. On the divine origin of the Scriptures the visitor was eloquent, indeed. Truly convincing and powerful were the reasons adduced on this point. I listened with reverential awe when Sinai was painted before me, clothed, in the majesty of its solitude, with the clouds of heaven, in which the great Eternal, hid from the multitude, appeared to his servant Moses, and, amid lightnings, and thunders, and a mighty trembling of the solid earth, gave him the tables of stone, on which the law was written by his own finger. No, when the Israelitish host, struck with terror, cries out, “Let not God talk with us,” it was no work of a diseased fancy—it was not the wild imaginings of a monomaniac—it was no conjurer’s trick, that caused them to “fear and tremble.” So, when the Savior expired on the cross, and the sun was clothed in darkness, the earth rocked with earthquakes, and the temple’s vail rent in twain, the centurion spoke but the truth, when he said, “Truly this man was the Son of God.” Thus discoursed my friend.

But I have wandered. Instead of giving the conversation of the one time, I have given that of many. Often has my heart been cheered, and my mind refreshed, by the visits of this friend. Often have my feelings been raised into intellectual ecstasy. Often has my soul been carried away with the elevated tone of thought, that rose and expanded in the dignity of true excellence, beautifying and adorning the subject under contemplation. Often have I been made better by the piety and goodness that were breathed forth. And I have taken many sweet draughts of knowledge at the same fountain.

Gentle reader, would you like to know who this friend is, that I so much prize? You may all enjoy the benefits of an acquaintance; and, when once familiar, I am very sure no slight cause will induce you to forego the pleasure of such society. And you need not do this. It is in *your power* to continue friendly relations. This friend will never forsake you unless treated with indifference, or something worse. At every fresh meeting your attachment will increase; and you will hail the next appearance with increased delight. This ever-welcome visitor is the *Ladies’ Repository*.

#### FLATTERY.

THE flatterer is a deceiver. He seeks our ruin rather than our good. Hence the remark of Montaigne, “I visit the company of those who find fault with me more than those who flatter me; for though the former may insinuate that I am a fool, the latter, if I take not heed, will make me one.”

#### SCENE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. E. O. GARDINER.

THE setting sun’s deep crimson glow  
Of beauty threw its radiant tinge  
O’er all the forest. Calm and slow  
It sank, until it seemed to fringe  
The horizon. Brightly, but still,  
The silver stars came out, the bird  
His evening song began to trill,  
And Nature, through the day unheard,  
Now bid her softest music swell  
O’er grove and mountain, plain and dell.  
Alone, in modest beauty, stood  
The mission house. The tall, thick wood,  
That grew so closely round,  
Extended far on either hand,  
And o’er its desert, pathless land,  
Was often heard the sound  
Of Indian warhoop, loud and shrill,  
Wild echoing from hill to hill.  
But on that tranquil eve  
There rose no fears to hush;  
Day’s monarch seemed to leave,  
In that bright, farewell blush,  
Good promise that the coming morn  
Would tranquilly upon them dawn.  
The song of heartfelt praise  
Ascended up to heaven,  
The fervent prayer was said,  
The peaceful answer given;  
With hearts refreshed and truly blest,  
The missionaries sought for rest.  
The morning came; but where, O where  
Was that sweet forest home?  
Beneath its smoking ashes lay  
The missionaries’ tomb.  
At midnight, with his noiseless tread,  
The wily savage came;  
The martyrs’ fate may still be read—  
’Tis written there in flame.  
Comes there upon the blast  
The wail of mourning friends?  
Peace! for they rest, at last,  
In bliss that never ends.  
And has not God approved  
The cause of missions? Well  
They served the Lord they loved,  
And in his service fell.  
Then mourn not, friends: the spirit free,  
Safe in the bosom of its God,  
Is blest with immortality;  
And though beneath the crumbling sod,  
The ashes of the martyrs rest,  
Their spirits are among the blest.

“*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis  
Auri sacra fames?*”—VIRGIL.

## THE WOODS.

BY ISAAC JULIAN.

THE woods, the dark, wide-waving woods,  
 How beautiful they stand,  
 Spreading their leafy canopy  
 Out o'er this happy land!  
 They blossom forth in ev'ry vale;  
 They tower on ev'ry hill;  
 They cling to ev'ry precipice;  
 They shadow ev'ry rill;  
 They are scatter'd wide through ev'ry zone:  
 The palm, the mountain pine,  
 Give beauty to the icy pole,  
 Or shade the burning line.

Tell me not of your cities,  
 With their domes and mansions fair—  
 With their gilded spires and minarets,  
 Rising through lower air;  
 They are but scenes of human pomp—  
 Of human pow'r and pride:  
 The child of nature lothes their sight,  
 Who has ranged the forest wide.  
 Peace flies their noisy portals,  
 And virtue turns away,  
 To seek content and happiness  
 Amid the forest gay.

Tell me not of your prairies,  
 With their seas of verdure bright;  
 Though outspread in boundless beauty,  
 They are wearying to the sight;  
 They 'mind one of Sarmatian wastes,  
 Where men are born to chains—  
 Where vice and misery endure.  
 Talk not to me of plains!  
 The mountain goddess, *Liberty*,  
 Hath cross'd the ocean's foam,  
 And in *Columbia's forests*  
 Hath made her final home.

The woods, the wild, the pathless woods,  
 In ev'ry varying clime,  
 In ev'ry varying season's change,  
 They are lovely and sublime.  
 O, glorious are their leafy bowers  
 In the dews of early spring,  
 When streamlet's gush and wild-bird's note  
 Make the lone echoes ring!  
 And ever dear the checker'd shade,  
 In fervid summer's heat,  
 Where nature's own wild denizens  
 Find refuge and retreat.

And when the autumn's yellow boughs  
 Are swaying with the air,  
 'Tis sweet to tread the rustling leaves,  
 In sunset's ruddy glare;  
 And when the leafless limbs are toss'd

Against the wintry sky,  
 It is a solemn thing to see  
 Their naked majesty.  
 Ye ancient, towering forest trees,  
 Dear old familiar friends,  
 How sweet the charm, in mem'ry's hour,  
 Your lovely presence lends!

The wide, "the unpruned forest,"  
 First met my youthful eye;  
 I ranged its devious solitudes  
 In joyous infancy.  
 Yon spreading, glossy-leaved old beech,  
 Is dearer far to me,  
 Than aught that bears a human heart,  
 I ever hope to see;  
 For underneath its grateful shade  
 My bliss of life began,  
 And there would I be laid to sleep,  
 When vanishes life's span.

The woods, the tall, dark, hoary woods!  
 Long ages have pass'd by;  
 Yet over things of man's device  
 They've triumph'd gloriously:  
 They saw the red man's empire fade  
 From out their broad domain;  
 Nations and thrones have turn'd to dust;  
 Yet the dark woods remain:  
 They are all beautiful and bright—  
 All glorious and grand—  
 The living witnesses of Heav'n—  
 Planted by God's own hand.

## SONG.

BY MISS ALICE CARRY.

Thou, of ambitious heart,  
 Throned from content apart,  
 While with thy sweetest draught bitter drops blend,  
 Mine be the lowly cot,  
 Which the world envies not,  
 And for my minister, one gentle friend.

Far from the scorn of pride,  
 Calmly our lives would glide,  
 Till they were lost in eternity's sea;  
 Thine be the regal state,  
 Lofty and desolate:  
 Leave but the friend and the cabin for me.

I would have orchards there,  
 Fountains, and blossoms fair,  
 Flocks in the pastures, and vines by the door;  
 And thou may'st have the name  
 Linked with undying fame:  
 This be my portion—I ask for no more!

## THE MAN AND SOCIETY.

BY JOHN PROG, JR.

THE mind of man and society are strongly allied. To reveal precisely how far society unfolds and gives direction to individual mind, and to calculate all the impressions an individual makes upon his age, is beyond our limited ability. So inaudible to the external world are the voices that speak to the spirit, so invisible are the motives and impulses that move it, and, often, so unsearchable is the course in which thought communicates its power, and accomplishes its purposes, that it is vain for us to hope for a perfect disclosure of this subject. Still, there are some bright gleamings amid the gloom, some striking manifestations, that proclaim aloud the spirit's lofty mission.

We believe society is essential to the perfect development of man. We know not how a person, living in solitude, remote from all communion with kindred spirits, could attain to an elevation equal to that which the social system is designed to give him. In such an isolated being, some of the high faculties of his nature must remain inactive, or but partially called out. True, he might become acquainted with the Author of his being, and with his pure attributes. Bright, unseen spirits, might minister to him in holy converse from the abode of supreme Intelligence. Still, he would not accomplish the design of human fellowship, which design is, by our trials and conflicts, arising from our connection with an imperfect social system, to discipline every element of our nature that is to act in the nobler labors of the temple of God.

Yet the early periods of national existence bring ample confirmation of the truth, that, before social supremacy directed individual mind, there have been some of the highest demonstrations of the soul's original power. Homer arose at the twilight of civilization, in the morning of society, long before the day of beauty and glory dawned upon the city of Minerva. The faint stars of barbarian night were lingering around him, when, starting up under the control of no power, save the lofty inspiration of nature, and his own magnificent promptings, he uttered his rhapsodies. And in the highest advancement of the future the genius of song will ever love to return back to consult his oracles.

Thus Michael Angelo, with no strong lights and shades falling on his canvas from the past, originated the glories of Italian coloring. It was from its Arab home, its mountain dwelling, that we first received the high element of personal independence; the barbarian bequeathed this inheritance to our social institutions.

Often the soul has resisted every effort of society to change its course. In "proud precipitance" it has proceeded onward in the execution of some

original design, in the fulfillment of some cherished purpose. Petrarch exhibits the firm defiance of nature against the invasion of society. With a constitution of the most delicate sensibilities, he was made to adore the soft attributes of female grace. This veneration was too mighty to be disturbed by any enchantment. Here worshiped the father of modern literature, unmoved amid the honors of state, and the glory of a poet's coronation. And while Rome was encircling his brow with the blooming coronal, the royal minstrel bowed in more devoted loyalty before the enthroned beauty of woman.

"And he, the crowned of Rome, gifted and great,  
Stood in his glory, lone and desolate."

Frequently, society has made some severe variation in native genius, without leading captive the whole man. It has destroyed some features of peculiar promise, without crushing all the high endowments of nature. It has operated upon the soul till it has effected a partial transformation, yet leaving some of its primitive beauty and strength. Glowing and beautiful was the mind of the youthful Pascal, as, alone in his chamber, he exulted amid his revelations in geometry. For a time he mingled with society, delighting it by the brilliancy of his wit and his conquests in thought. Yet, while in the strength of manhood, the path of the age conducted him into the seclusion of the cloister, and saddened the joy of his existence, till he exclaimed, "I can approve only of those who seek in tears for happiness." Still, his melancholy, amid the lingering and impressive manifestations of a yet splendid soul, was like a cloud obstructing the glories of sunlight. While the spirit of the age has done much to lead to sublime theories and practical results—while the social compact has called forth the most splendid triumphs of mind, it has crushed the most lofty spirits. Either by shameful neglect or by deadly fascinations, it has rendered desolate the purest and sweetest dispositions that have ever visited our earth. The youthful Burns, while he dwelt in his woodland home, remote from the prevailing tendencies of society, felt naught but the pure joy of his being, and holy communion with the scenery of his native hills. And then

"He walked in glory and in joy,  
Following the plough upon the mountain's side."

But soon he forsakes his rustic dwelling, and goes beneath the fatal dominion of public life. Then the serene beauty of his former days faded away. He commenced his song to breathe a plaintive strain. And we behold him, with a broken spirit, wandering to the tomb, tuning his mournful lyre to the "melody of death."

But society has not maintained an unbroken dominion. Here and there some master intellect has appeared. He speaks! The work of ages trembles—down fall the institutions of the past, and above the desolation and fragments of ancient power waves the banner of truth and progress. Great revolutions

and transitions have been started, and also accomplished, by some solitary arm. Years ago, in one of the lone monasteries of Saxony, you might have found an individual, pondering over the pages of the Bible. He leaves his seclusion for the halls of science. There he delights an admiring audience with his lectures on philosophy. At length the deluded and degraded state of society comes to his consideration. With all the energy of his mighty intellect, he undertakes a reform. The desperate conflict is at length ended. The genius of the Reformation has conquered! Martin Luther has subdued the hierarchy of Rome!

Thus some single individual has controlled society, and society again has directed the man. What, then, is man's true relation to his age? To whose control should he submit? To secure a correct response to these questions, man must bid the promptings of depraved humanity and unholy ambition to cease, and listen to the oracles of heaven. There alone is unfolded the high design of existence—the grand mission of life; there alone we find the true relation of the mutable to the eternal; there alone the problem of human destiny is solved. And the voice of ages is now commencing to convince worldly philosophy, that it can never explain the mystery of our existence without the aid of Christianity.

#### HUMILITY.

Be humble. The ways of the proud are not the ways of God. The proud stumble at every step. They are ever learning, and never arriving at a knowledge of the truth. They seek for peace, and find none. They expect light, and receive darkness.

Would you, then, be saved from the doubts, the labors, and the perturbed spirit of the sensual and the proud, learn this first lesson in the school of Christ—sit lowly at his feet. Be less than the least, so you but win his smile. Then will Jesus guide your footsteps aright, and bring you to his glory.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,  
In deepest adoration bends;  
The weight of glory bows him down  
The most, when most his soul ascends:  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

#### AMERICAN POETRY.

A STRIKING characteristic of American poetry is its purity of moral sentiment. This is something which cannot be said in behalf of European poetry generally. True, Milton, Cowper, Young, Montgomery, and some others, have written very commendable devotional verse; yet, from the days of Shakespeare and Pope down to Shelley and Moore, we see a preponderance of profaneness and vulgarity. In this respect, then, it is more than possible that we have the advantage of our mother land.

#### A VISIT TO THE ESCULAPIAN SPRINGS.

BY REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

ON the second day of July last, in company with the Rev. William P. Strickland, I left the Queen City of the west, for the purpose of attending a temperance celebration at Ripley, Brown county, Ohio. We arrived there in good time, and on the day following enjoyed the pleasure of participating in the interesting exercises of the anniversary, which, we believe, passed off to the entire satisfaction of the thousands who were in attendance. Feeling somewhat indisposed, and a considerable degree of debility, from the protracted labors of the past winter and spring, I felt a strong desire to visit the Springs in Kentucky. We remained at Ripley until the "Sabbath was past," and then embarked on the first packet for the city of Maysville.

On our arrival there, I found a hearty reception and comfortable lodgment at the house of brother John Armstrong. At this quiet and pleasant "home of the itinerant," I met with our young friend and brother, the Rev. William F. Stewart, a member of our own conference, who was traveling on what is now called the Augusta circuit. I was indebted to his kindness for reaching the place of my destination at a much earlier period than I otherwise should have done.

The next morning after my arrival, he went out in the city, and borrowed a buggy from a good brother belonging to the Maysville station, and after dinner harnessed up his own "*well-trained*" animal, and conveyed me over the rugged hills in safety more than half the distance before sundown. We tarried for the night with a brother Pinkard, and early the next morning set out on our journey. We succeeded in crossing the high mountain without much difficulty, and arrived at the Springs by twelve o'clock. Here I had to part with my guide and agreeable companion, the *sweet-spirited Fletcher*, who was compelled to return home, in order to meet an engagement on a distant part of the circuit. May Heaven's best blessings ever attend him!

The Esculapian Springs are situated in a cove on the eastern side of the first range of mountains, in the southwestern part of Lewis county, Kentucky. The tract of land embracing them contains two hundred and fifty acres, the greater portion of which is not susceptible of cultivation. These Springs were first discovered by the western pioneers, at an early period in the settlement of Kentucky. When this western country was in a wilderness state, and the population sparse, the lords of the forest, the buffalo and deer, were the only regular annual visitors at the place now called Esculapia. But, after the cessation of Indian hostilities, they were resorted to occasionally by the hunters of Kentucky, who frequently encamped in the mountains, contiguous

to the Springs, for the purpose of securing the best game.

We were informed by an *old settler*, in the neighborhood, that the first rude cabin erected at the Springs, was the work of an Englishman, whose name was not remembered. He removed to this place for the purpose of regaining his health, which was fast declining. But, having previously destroyed his constitution, by the too free use of the "*ardent*," in despite of the healing virtues of Esculapia, he was unexpectedly hurried to his final account. He was buried in a deep recess of the mountain; and the last, quiet resting-place of the first tenant of the Sulphur Springs is unknown to this day.

Twenty-five years ago, a Mr. John C. Powland purchased the land, and removed to the Springs, and erected several small cabins, for the accommodation of visitors. But, for the want of more room, they had but few guests, except those who felt themselves able to endure the fatigue of crossing the rugged mountain foot-path, and encamping in the woods. Since that period, it has frequently changed owners; and many new and comfortable buildings and rural cottages have been erected, contiguous to the principal spring.

The present enterprising proprietor, Mr. Gould, is constantly engaged in making still more extended preparations, and has displayed much good taste in laying out the grounds, and beautifying them with ornamental shrubbery. Nature and art combined will soon render it a most delightful summer retreat. The waters are becoming much celebrated for their healthful properties and invigorating qualities. I deem it no more than justice to say, that the Chalybeate is not only the best, but the most copious stream of the kind of which I have ever drank. The scenery is wild and romantic, the stately chestnut, and tall, giant oak, covering the mountain summit. But, as I never could wield a graphic pen, and being well aware of the fact, that such descriptions, in order to gratify and amuse, must partake more of the *ideal* than the *real*, I will not now attempt to entertain my readers by giving

"To airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

I have at present a higher aim, a holier purpose, a more noble object in view, in writing this communication. It is simply to invite the attention of my fair readers to the benignant influence of our holy Christianity, as exemplified in the brief history of Mrs. MARGARET ROWSE, and confirmative of the declaration of our Lord, "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Soon after my arrival at the Springs, I was informed by Mrs. K. that a lady, occupying one of the western cottages, was very ill with consumption, and must soon die. She also informed me, that she was a former acquaintance of mine, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and desired to see

me as soon as I had leisure. After dinner, I embraced the opportunity of visiting her cottage. I have no language adequately to portray the deep emotions I felt when ushered into her presence. She was so changed by affliction and long confinement to a couch of pain, that, at first glance, I could scarcely discover one lineament left of the expressive features of the once lovely and much loved Margaret Silver, of North Bend.

When I met her last, the flush of health was upon her cheek, and the light of hope in her eye. But now how changed! pale, sunken, and emaciated, with nothing left to remind us of her former self, but the cheerful smile, affectionate look, and lustrous eye, which now seemed to glow with unearthly brightness. When I was seated, she spoke to me with deep emotion in the following manner: "Brother Gaddis, it is a long time since we last met. Several years have gone by; but O how glad I am to meet you here! Little, indeed, did I expect to see a minister before my death. Surely God has guided your footsteps to this pleasant retreat. Although I am perfectly happy, I have felt, for some time past, that it would be a great privilege to enjoy the conversation, and have the prayers of a Christian minister."

Having expressed my entire willingness not only to sympathize, but to pray with and for her, and to converse of a Savior's dying love, we fixed upon a suitable hour in the afternoon for such religious services as she desired; and then I took my departure. Before I describe our next interview, I will furnish the reader with the following brief history:

Miss Margaret Silver was born at North Bend, Ohio, in the year 1818, and, in 1845, was united in marriage to Mr. John B. Rowse, lithographer, of the city of Cincinnati; and was now the mother of a beautiful daughter, called Mary P., aged ten months. Since the time of her marriage to Mr. R., she had been a resident of the Queen City. Late last fall she took a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, inducing a troublesome cough, though not at first alarming. But early in the winter her disease assumed a chronic form, which baffled the best medical skill. She was confined mostly to her bed and room until spring. Her sufferings were very great; but she bore them all with uncomplaining patience.

Early in the spring, as soon as the weather became sufficiently warm, she was persuaded, by her physician and friends, to visit the Springs in Kentucky, hoping that a change of air would prove beneficial in restoring her health. She was accompanied, on this journey, by her widowed mother, and kind, affectionate husband, the former of whom remained with her during all the time of her last illness—the latter being obliged to return to the city, to attend to his business. They arrived at the Springs, May 27th, and Mrs. Rowse died, July 14, 1847.

Having furnished the reader with this short narrative, I will now proceed to relate the substance of our second interview. Five o'clock was the hour fixed upon; and, at the appointed time, with my Bible in my hand, I again entered the cottage of sister R., and was gratified to learn that her husband had just returned from the city. He received us courteously, and requested me to proceed with such religious exercises as she desired. I then read a portion of the holy Scriptures, and, after making a few brief comments upon the same, we united in prayer. O, that was an hour of sweet communion, never to be forgotten! "The Spirit itself helped our infirmities, and made intercession for us with groanings that could not be uttered." Our fellowship was with the skies, and we all felt that "we had a high Priest who could be touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and that he was able to "save unto the uttermost." When we arose from our knees, we commenced singing, as well as we could,

"Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er  
Of sublunary care,  
And life's dull vanities no more,  
This anxious breast ensnare.  
Courage, my soul, on God rely,  
Deliv'rance soon will come,  
A thousand ways has Providence,  
To bring believers home."

As we continued to sing, the happiness of sister Rowse appeared to be insupportable; but divine strength was soon joined to her weakness, and she commenced clapping her hands, and shouting aloud for joy. Her countenance beamed with angelic sweetness, as she continued for a long time to speak of the love of Jesus to her soul. Her triumphant shouts of victory attracted quite a number of the visitors to the door of her cottage. On seeing her husband deeply affected, she beckoned him to her bedside, and threw her right arm around his neck, and imprinted upon his cheek the expressive token of her *changeless love*. She then said, "O, my dear husband, weep not for me, I am going home. O happy day! O sweet Jesus! What a precious Savior! O what a happy day is this! sweetest and happiest of all my life. O, my dear husband, do not grieve for me. I am going home. Our separation will be short. I know you will prepare to meet me in heaven. O, I have missed you very much during your absence; but then Jesus was with me all the time. 'His presence makes my paradise.' He has upheld me by his right hand, and blest me wonderfully." She then shouted aloud for joy, repeating the words, "O, happy day! O, happy day!"

To her weeping mother, who was seated at the head of her bed, she said, "O, my dearest mother, weep not for me when I am gone. Tell all for me that *I am going home*, and to prepare to meet me in heaven." On seeing her sweet babe in the arms of its nurse, she said, "God bless my child! O, brother Gaddis, pray for my dear child, that it may

be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and meet me in heaven." Mr. Gould, the proprietor of the Springs, coming in at this moment, she exclaimed aloud, "Mr. Gould, happy day! happy day! O, Mr. Gould, live for God. Religion is the only thing in the world worth living or dying for. O, Mr. Gould, you have been very kind to me since I came here, and now we must soon part; but *live for God*, and we shall soon meet again. O, just think how kind the Savior has been to me since my affliction—how he has comforted and supported me since I have been here. O, happy day!" She continued in this ecstatic frame of mind for a long time, and praised the Lord until all her physical strength was exhausted, and then sunk into a quiet slumber, with her hands folded upon her breast.

The next morning I found her still alive, and in the possession of the same rapturous state of mind—blest with that "perfect love which casteth out all fear." Hers was a complete triumph over the powers of darkness. She talked of death, and the cold grave, and parting from her kind friends, with as much composure as if preparing for a pleasant journey. I learned again and again from her own lips, fast closing in death, that she had no fears, no doubts, or gloom, but a firm hold on Him who is "mighty to save, and strong to deliver," that bore her up in the swellings of Jordan. Never shall I forget the moments of spiritual communion with a spirit thus matured for glory. As she expressed her ardent desire for the salvation of her unconverted relatives, her own will seemed lost in the will of her heavenly Father. O how

"True and fervent are the prayers that breathe  
Forth from a lip that fades with coming death."

The morning of my departure, and a short time before her exit, I called in to bid her adieu. When I spoke of my departure, she requested me to pray once more. After prayer her cup of joy seemed full, and she commenced talking in "*strains as sweet as angels use*," of the love of her Lord in the redemption of the world. "O, how many days and nights of suffering I have had in this lovely cottage! but then they were days of rejoicing, too; for the Savior was with me all the time. O, what a sweet and happy place is this!" I then took her hand in mine, when she looked up and said, "O, happy day! I feel that I am constantly borne up on the pinions of angels. God bless you, brother Gaddis. Farewell! we shall soon meet again." Before bidding her a last farewell on earth, I said, "Sister Rowse, what shall I say to your old friends and former acquaintances, when I return to Cincinnati?" She smiled, and promptly replied, "TELL THEM I AM ALMOST HOME, AND PREPARED TO GO!"

An ancient philosopher said, "The pure soul leaves the body as the lightning flits from the cloud, shining brightest at the time of its *departure*." It was so with our beloved sister R.; for in this happy



state of mind she continued; and as "life's twilight" gently closed around her,

"The unrobing spirit cast  
Diviner glories to the last."

By her own request, her remains repose, for the present, in a beautiful grove on the southeast side of the mountain, opposite the White Sulphur Spring. Immediately after her burial, her bereaved husband returned to Cincinnati, and the widowed mother to her residence at North Bend, the latter taking with her little Mary, the beloved and only child of her deceased Margaret. It was now all that was left below around which the affections of her sorrow-stricken heart desired to cling. In this sweet and interesting child she could trace the image of its departed mother; and most fondly did she cherish the hope that its life might be spared, to beguile the gloom, and dissipate the accumulating sorrows of her soul. But, alas! she was doomed to an early disappointment—her fondest hopes were suddenly blasted; for in less than one short month the Savior called Mary to a happy reunion with her mother in the skies.

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care,  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there."

Her remains were interred in the family burying-ground at North Bend, to which beautiful place the remains of Mrs. Rowse will be removed the coming winter.

"They were lovely in their lives, and in death  
They were not divided."

Fancy, gentle reader, the ecstatic bliss of that sainted mother on such an unexpected meeting with her beloved child in the mansions above. Surely, methinks she exclaimed, as she repeatedly expressed herself before the spirit was freed from the body, "O, happy day! O, happy day! O, what a sweet and happy day is this!"

But fancy itself utterly fails to paint her rich inheritance at the "resurrection of the just," when

"The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap  
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,  
And beritor of heaven—a flower  
Washed by the blood of Jesus from the stain  
Of native guilt, e'en in its early bud."

Fair reader, my task is done, and the mournful, though pleasing story is ended. But as often as memory shall awaken the reminiscences of the past, I shall dwell with mingled emotions upon the scenes of madness and pleasure of my last visit to Esculapia.

I know not what effect this narrative will produce on the mind of the gay and thoughtless reader; but may I not hope that it may be the means of leading some one "to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?"

"May you die among your kindred!"  
was the affectionate farewell among the ancients; but

let me here say to the reader, if you seek the Savior and find him, whether you die among your friends, or in a land of strangers, your last hours will be cheered by the glorious hope of the Gospel of peace; and although you may be unknown to the *many*, and may soon be forgotten by the *few*, when your name shall be stricken from the roll of the living on earth, that name shall remain indelibly inscribed on the imperishable records of immortality, and you shall live in God's remembrance and favor for ever. O, think of the fleeting nature of earth-born happiness, and learn "to set your affections on things above." True happiness is not found below the skies:

"The toil is fruitless if you seek it here."

Turn, then, to the "living waters," and drink and thirst no more. Remember, "we all do fade as the leaf," and very soon our friends may fall around us like the leaves of the forest, and leave us to mourn their early doom.

Whenever memory shall awaken in your bosom the recollections of the past, and you shall think of the sweet little Mary, and the crushed hopes of her fond and doting grand-parent, may you then feel the force of the sentiments so inimitably expressed by the poet:

"Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky;  
Elate with hope, we deemed no tempest nigh,  
When, lo! a whirlwind's instantaneous gust  
Left all its beauties withering in the dust."

## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

It was the opinion of Pythagoras, that the planets, by their harmonious movements, and regular distances from each other, produced a music, which he called the music of the spheres. Maximus Tyrius speaks of this melody as being too transcendent for the frailty of man, and adds that it has an excellence which only ethereal beings can appreciate. But Shakspeare, after all, is the only man, who has properly expressed this beautiful conception:

"Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim.  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

The ancients pretend to say that the idea of this music originated with Orpheus, and that he was the only mortal who was ever permitted to hear it. Whether this be so or not, matters little; the idea is a beautiful one, and will continue to live and be admired, so long as thought and language exist among men. Modern astronomy, in fact, seems to have demonstrated something very much like it, in the distances and periods of the planets.

TYPE;  
OR, THE CONFLICT OF AGENCIES.

BY T. M. B.

"Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."—ST. JAMES.

Do you think, Mr. Editor, that thoughts are ever really *new*? I do not mean *original*; for that is original, which, arising in our own minds, has never been met with as the expression of another, though the same idea may have been uttered or expressed a thousand times before. But do you suppose that thoughts ever pass through our minds, which have never employed the attention of others? Are we ever placed in circumstances, which, in the lapse of six thousand years, have never occurred to any of the myriads who have preceded, or are coeval with us? How impossible to answer these questions! Can I form the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in a combination, which, among the millions of printed volumes, has never been arranged before? and, if so, reasoning from this lesser wonder, may we not arrive at the conclusion as probable, that thought, in its varieties, may exist in each individual, identical to himself alone? How truly may the poet say,

"O, what a miracle to man is man!"

and what a constant exemplification he is of omnipotent power! If the varied features, figure, and countenance of each individual of the family of man plainly shows his identity; and if this, as we are frequently taught, shadows forth the power of God, how much more does this skillful avoidance of similar combinations of thought and circumstances proclaim the vastness, the infinity of the eternal Mind! How often, in my childhood days, have I endeavored to find two forest leaves, two blades of grass, two heads of clover exactly similar, and, as often as I tried, been obliged to yield in total discomfiture! There was always some variety in length or breadth, in coloring or veining, in pointing or scalloping, that prevented perfect resemblance; and as I never realized the object of my search in the vegetable or animal kingdoms, so in my mature years have I vainly sought it in the moral, the intellectual, or the spiritual world. But to return to the main subject of my thoughts, of which these reflections are really collateral, though they *do* diverge rather widely from the point. I had been thinking on the subject of agencies; and as I was about to pen my thoughts, the question of *originality* occurred to me, its probability or improbability, and so forth; and hence the preamble to my article.

I had, as I have just remarked, been thinking on the *conflict of agencies*, and marked how God created instrumentalities, and how Satan (who cannot create) could subvert them to his purposes; and then, in many instances, I had traced how sovereign Power

had baffled or overruled his designs. In many cases, I almost saw the conflict. I viewed the advancing armies—the plain, selected for some expected advantage of artillery movements, obliged to be abandoned because the surrounding hills, or adjacent thickets, afforded good aim, or sufficient shelter for the opposing archers. I marked the sudden seizure of some piece of ordnance, which, turned against its former employers, almost decided the fate of the battle; and saw that the constant superintendence of controlling *mind* was necessary to change and arrange in accordance with the repelling or invading force. You must not deem me fanciful, Mr. Editor; and if I tell you the connection in my own mind, you will see why I entitle my rather desultory remarks the "Conflict of Agencies."

I was reading my Bible, where James says, in speaking of the tongue, "Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be." I closed the sacred volume; and, as I pondered, very serious thoughts presented themselves to my mind. In their original and primary meaning, as intended by the apostle, the words refer to speech alone; but how powerfully, in their secondary sense, are they descriptive of *printed* language! As in the text, the effects produced are personified by the instrument employed, so, in its accommodated sense, we may, by a similar personification, read, "With *type* bless we God, even the Father; and with *type* curse we men," &c.; and, with the inspired penman, I say, "My *brethren*, these things ought not so to be." Then my memory recurred to some feelings I had experienced a few weeks before, though thought had not dwelt on them in the intervening time. I had just then been reading the life of one of the most spiritual females with whom biography has made us acquainted. Lately published, it comes to us with all the interest with which one of our most practiced and successful writers can invest it, and clothed in all the beauty of mechanical execution which the present age so richly exhibits. I had read it with delight—with profit—had hung over its pages day by day, examining myself as I proceeded, and wondering to see the successive stages of my own experience so fully developed in the initial exercises of another. I closed the volumes with feelings of deep gratitude—gratitude to God, the author of all good—gratitude to this glorious witness of his saving, his sanctifying grace—gratitude to the esteemed compiler of this "Life and Experience;" and in its overflow the feeling was extending to the printer, the publisher, nay, even to the inanimate lead, when it was suddenly checked: "Herewith bless we God, even the Father; and herewith curse we men." A pause ensued; and then I involuntarily exclaimed, "O, never, never may the type sanctified in the production of this

book, be desecrated to the service of Sue, or Sand, or Bulwer!" I cannot express what a feeling of relief I experienced, as I remembered that the work was stereotyped, and that the mute, though speaking expletives of thought, would not be employed in the formation of words to aid in the embellishment of crime, or adapted to the nomenclature of vice. Does not a sense of propriety, the moral fitness of things, demand that they who print religious books, should not print any thing adverse to the interests of religion? Does not a contrary course seem like destroying with one hand the edifice rearing with the other?

How has the glorious art of printing, that which is indeed one of the best gifts of God to man, been seized upon by the arch enemy of souls, subverted from its original design, and rendered subservient to the advancement of the worst of purposes! Intended by God to spread the knowledge of his revealed will to earth's remotest bounds, Satan, unable to stay this current of divine love from flowing from centre to circumference, is endeavoring, but too successfully, to send the poisoned streams of polluted literature side by side with the healthful flow of godly knowledge. Alas, how many drink the turbid waters, whose lips have never touched the refreshing draught! Printing *will* accomplish its original, its legitimate purpose; and woe, woe is pronounced upon those who are arrayed against Omnipotence. God creates an agency for the accomplishment of his wise and gracious designs: Satan subverts that agency to the injury of man, and what ensues? The arsenal of God's providence but provides a heavier artillery, and the battering-ram is destroyed, and succeeded by the lightning of Heaven's invention. We can trace this in instances too numerous for quotation; but a few will suffice for proof, and may illustrate the position.

God created man for the manifestation of his glory. Adam fell through Satan's malice; and ere the ruined archangel, in conclave with his fiend compeers, had raised one pæan of rejoicing over his accursed victory, the glorious plan of redemption, through Christ Jesus, had swelled the highest notes in the anthems of eternal praise.

Woman was first in the transgression; but ere the wily tempter had recovered from the surprise of his own success, and found time to taunt his victim with the triumph he had gained, it was announced, in tones heard in heaven, earth, and hell, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." And often, in her after years of sorrow and fearfulness, may we suppose Adam to have addressed her in these words of one of the most gifted of her daughters:

"Rise, my beloved! if sin came by thee,  
And by sin, death, the ransom, righteousness,  
The heavenly life, and compensative rest,  
Shall come by means of thee. If woe by thee  
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth  
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve;  
Found acceptable to the world instead

Of others of that name, of whose bright steps  
Thy deed stript bare the hills."

God planted the vine in Eden for the use and gratification of man; and if, as many think, the fruit of the vine was the "apple," by which our first parents transgressed, we see how the devil subverted the original intention, and wielded it as an instrument of destruction to mankind. But the curse was inflicted; and thenceforward, like the reptile whose form the tempter had assumed, the passive agent of evil was condemned to trail its "tortuous length," nor ever again assume its erect position among the trees of the garden or the forest. Gnarled and knotted are its branches; yet does their bark produce the finest and the greatest quantity of that fluid,\* which enstamps the curse and the remedy upon the fair pages that scatter far and wide the tidings of "life and immortality brought to light."

From the time of Noah until the present, the juice of the grape has been one of the most prolific sources, one of the most powerful instrumentalities of evil; whereupon, God, as if in direct defiance of the devil, has seized this agency of hell's formation; and, from the hour when

"The soldier's spear pierced our Redeemer's side," has made it the ever-speaking symbol of that shed blood by which transgression is forgiven—the still-enduring memento of that sacrificial death by which atonement was made, and the redeemed and the Redeemer exalted to a height of glory otherwise unknown.

Now, in looking round upon this world, this battle-field of mind, where, fighting under their respective captains, the myriads of mankind are arrayed against each other, it does appear to me that type, and ink, and paper—that writing, and printing, and publishing, are of paramount importance—the most momentous in their results—the most fearful in their consequences; and the man who, under the present meridian light, willfully writes, or prints, or publishes "one line which, dying, he would wish to blot," must possess a temerity of purpose, a fearlessness of consequences, or embrace a theory of expiation, of which I can scarce form an idea. The conflict is waging hotter and hotter; side by side with the Church of God towers the temple of boldly-proclaimed infidelity; "Bible Houses" and "Book-Rooms" rise before us, but in close neighborhood are establishments for the novelist, the dramatist, and the sensualist. We send the tract distributor and the colporteur; but the agents of vice have seized similar weapons, and often, we fear, are more successful in their use. The pages devoted to the dissemination of religious intelligence gladden the hearts of God's faithful; but the teeming presses of the

\* In allusion to the *printer's ink*, prepared from the German or Frankfort black. This is procured from burnt vine twigs and wine lees, and is in highest reputation, as being more free from grittiness than the ivory black.

impious actually groan with the literature of hell, and seem to belch it forth to do its devastating work upon mankind. The trash too silly, though not too vicious, for the circulating libraries of Europe, is emptied *en masse* into Hindostan and Burmah, and the pitiable infidelities of China are transferred to us, and are now reprinted in the languages of the western world. Thus the wonderful agency of printing, without whose invention the Reformation by Luther might have remained as local as the English by Wicliffe, or the Bohemian by Huss, has been turned aside from its heavenward mission, and pressed into the service of the world and the devil.

That the cause of God will ultimately triumph, we are assured; but there is a veil between the present and the future, and we know not whether the victory is to be gained by the creation or development of a new and irresistible agency, or through redoubled exertion in the use of the present means.

"Our God unfolds, by slow degrees,  
The purport of his deep decrees;  
Sheds, hour by hour, a clearer light,  
In aid of our defective sight;  
But spreads at length before the soul  
A beautiful and perfect whole."

In the absence of knowledge, it is the duty of Christians to rise in their united strength, and, in the exercise of their arduous task, to push the battle to the gates, looking confidently unto Him whose strength is omnipotent, and who is mighty to prevail.

I congratulate you, Mr. Editor, as a Christian brother, upon the success and extension of the "Repository." It may contain some thoughts of little consequence—more important ones may be but feebly expressed; and the efforts of the immature are yet to gather strength by frequent exercise; but mingled with these contributions are the offerings of the brightest and holiest of our Church; and its publication, under the present supervision, is a sufficient guaranty, that, when we introduce it into our families, it contains no line that will stab the cause of religion, or force a sigh from the heart of its votaries. I congratulate you, sir, that the voice of your brethren has placed you in this responsible vocation; it is in perfect unison with your sacred calling; and often shall my prayer arise, that this periodical may prove an agency of unmingled good.

#### THE GARDEN AND THE CROSS.

BY REV. W. F. FARRINGTON.

HARK! whence that sound of woe, that pressing call  
For help? What captive groans in iron chains,  
Or welters in his blood, by murderous hand  
Let out? My eyes, my ears, my soul is fixed!  
Such bitter woe was never told before.  
Recovering fortitude, I mov'd along  
With eager step, and saw—the "Son of God!"

I paus'd, and heard him cry, "My Father, must  
I drink this cup—this bitter, bitter cup?  
How can I bear this ponderous load, which wrings  
From every opening pore great drops of blood?"  
His Father said, "My Son, it must be drunk,  
Or man can ne'er be sav'd." "Thy will be done,  
Not mine," the great Philanthropist exclaims.  
Celestial ministers from heaven come down  
To give support, and raise his sinking head.  
Meanwhile—but hark! the sound of feet I hear!  
What mean those torches? Lo! his friends have come!  
Ah, no! they are his foes: the *treacherous kiss*  
Betrays the Son of God to wicked men.  
Intent on all his Father's will, he yields  
To be arraign'd, examined, tried for life!  
O, what a court was that! how angels gaz'd,  
Astonished, from the portals of the sky,  
And marvel'd at the love he bore to man!  
How patient, how resign'd he waits to hear  
The "witness false" which dooms him to the cross!  
At length the fatal hour of time arrives,  
In which the Son of God expires for man.  
In that important hour, how much of life  
Was bought for man? Enough for each, for all  
Who shall obey the heaven-created call,  
"Come, heavy-laden sinner, come to me,  
My yoke embrace, my cause espouse, and rest  
In life, in death, and in the world above;"  
For in that hour of strife, he ask'd a world;  
'Twas granted, and the deed was signed in blood.

#### TO MY SLEEPING BABE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. WEALEY.

SLEEP on, sweet babe, thy mother's arm  
Is round thee thrown, to shield from harm.  
Thine infant form is now my care.  
May angels guard thee, is my prayer!  
What were thy dreams, my lovely child,  
Just then when joyously you smiled?  
Do visions bright around thee play?  
Do angel bands their forms display?  
Do heavenly raptures thrill thy frame—  
Seraphic joys thy visions claim?  
Or are thy dreams of earthly bliss—  
Thy pretty toy—a mother's kiss?  
Sure that bright smile comes from a breast,  
Which naught on earth has e'er depress'd;  
Where yet no evil passions rise—  
No wicked thought—no ill surmise.  
Thy life thus far is free from sin;  
With heaven and holy peace within:  
Angelic innocence is thine—  
Seraphic joys around thee shine.  
I would thou wast thus ever pure;  
That naught on earth would ever lure;  
That smiles of hope, and joy, and love,  
Would ever glad thee from above.

## THE ILLUSTRIOUS CONVERT.

BY MISS G. G. C.

ONE of the most sublime and perfect portraiture of character contained in the page of history, is that of the great champion of Christianity—the apostle Paul.

His birth-place was on classic ground—the beautiful city of Tarsus, renowned for its attainments in philosophy and science. With great propriety, then, might the apostle recur with patriotic pride to the place of his nativity, as “no mean city.”

The son of wealthy parents, he was sent to Jerusalem, the resort of talent in every profession, where, at the feet of the most eloquent and distinguished sage of his time, he imbibed that deep and thorough knowledge, of which he made the first practical use against one of the ablest defenders of the cause of Christianity. His fierce spirit mingled with the rest, in that burst of indignation against the holy martyr, who, standing fearlessly in their midst, rebuked, in the dignity of his spirit, the merciless persecutors of his fellow-Christians. As the words of inspiration fell from his lips, his soul burning with scorn at their mean cruelty, he boldly charges them and their fathers, from whom they proudly boasted their descent, as the authors of cruel persecution, and finally, as the climax of their malice and impiety, consigning to an ignominious death the Son of God. He heeds not the movements of his enraged auditors, but, with a courage and truthfulness worthy of his Master, brings home the accusation to their consciences with irresistible power. They hurry him from the tribunal to the place of execution; and Saul gazes with a calm smile of approbation on the blood of the first martyr to Christianity. The death of the apostle Stephen seems at once to have swept away every barrier, which had hitherto prevented the full flow of the tide of persecution; for the decided independence, and terrible enthusiasm of the character of Saul, found at once a channel in which to flow. Not content with the work of destruction he was performing at Jerusalem, he receives, at his particular request, from the high council of his nation, letters to the synagogue of Damascus.

He now forsakes his literary and religious pursuits in the renowned capital of his nation, to wend his wearisome way over trackless wastes, beneath the rays of a torrid sun, to a strange city. He comes, at length, within sight of the beautiful city of Damascus, with its rich domes and spires glittering in the sunbeams. As Saul and his companions gazed upon this scene of surpassing loveliness, he saw a light, more brilliant than the sun, flash from heaven, which struck him to the earth. While in this prostrate position, Saul alone distinguished, in those awful sounds, a heavenly voice, whose words, piercing his heart, transformed the bigoted persecutor and proud Pharisee to the “least of all the apostles.”

View the persecutor, now, as he enters Damascus. Those eyes, which had so often dwelt upon its historic glory, in the brilliant fancies of studious youth, were now blind to the not less brilliant splendors of the reality. Through the arches of those mighty gates, along the crowded streets, and amid the bustling multitudes, the herald of persecution was now led, speechless and amazed. The power of the Christian's God had sealed his physical sight, that his mental vision, being purified from the scales of prejudice and unrighteous zeal, might be better prepared to behold and appreciate the beauty and sublimity of those truths, which would be the theme of his meditations and discourse during his future life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several years elapse, during which he who had been the relentless persecutor, became the self-sacrificing Christian.

At the city of Athens, Paul waited for the arrival of his fellow-laborers. He occupies the interval in observations upon that “most glorious of all earthly seats in art and taste.” As the apostle wandered among the numerous works of art, so hallowed in the fond regard of the scholar, man of taste, and poet, the deep fountain of his heart was moved, that the noble spirit of this entire nation should be bowed beneath the yoke of idolatry. Wherever he turned, his eye rested on the altars and consecrated groves. Every stream and fountain had its own bright Naiad; on the plain appeared the majestic colonnades of the mighty temple of Jupiter and the Olympian gods; and, above all, from the high Acropolis, rose over the glorious city the noble Pantheon. These splendid testimonies of that innate spirit of devotion, which ever prompts the heart of man to the worship of some superior power, of whose existence he is ever conscious, excited in the soul of Paul other feelings than those of delight and admiration. His eye was not unsusceptible to the beauties of these works of art, with whose glories he had been long familiar; but over them all was spread a moral and spiritual gloom, that rendered all those rich and noble memories sad and mournful.

Under the impulse of these feelings, we find him standing before the court of the Areopagus, surrounded by a vast concourse of the curious and inquisitive Athenians. There, Paul utters, with boldness, the great revealed truths of Christianity. Never yet, from Athens' most distinguished orators, had been heard a discourse, which, for solemn beauty and lofty eloquence, exceeded these brief declarations of the apostle. Standing on the hill of Mars, encircled by the towers of Athens, the mighty Acropolis rising proudly in the west, and in the east the philosophic Academia, before him sat the most august and ancient court in the Grecian world, waiting for the announcement of his solemn commission, regarding the new deities which he was expected to propose as an addition to the Pantheon. The apostle raises his

eyes to the monuments of their worship, which rose on every side—the mighty temple of the Athenian Minerva—the splendid shrine of the Olympian Jove—the temple of Theseus, the deified ancient king of Attica, and to the new piles which the Grecian adulation had lately consecrated to the worship of her foreign conquerors—the deified Cæsars.

He commences his brief but eloquent discourse, in a tone of dignified politeness, alluding to their devout, yet misguided zeal, the evidences of which everywhere surrounded him. As he concluded, however, with declaring boldly that great fundamental truth of Christianity, the resurrection of the dead, contempt and scorn burst upon him from every part of the immense assembly, at the idea of any thing so utterly absurd.

On the immortality of the soul the most profound of their own philosophers had reasoned; but the notion of the restoration of life to the perished body, the recall to existence of the scattered dust which, for centuries, had ceased to retain the human form, all amounted to the wildest speculation. The proud Epicurean and Stoic turned contemptuously away from the uncivilized pretender, who would induce them to believe so great an improbability.

Never again did Paul appear at Athens, proclaiming those imperishable truths which were destined to withstand not only the contempt of the philosopher, and the revilings of the heathen, but to exalt the name of that despised Hebrew to a fame, before the light of which earth-born distinction must fade away into darkness.

Rome is the scene of splendor and festivity, and, at the same time, of unholy persecution and exquisite suffering.

Nero reigns—that prince of cruelty, who, at one moment, exalts a favorite to honor; at another, plots his downfall and death.

The emperor's bloody career is nearly at a close; and, as if having prescience of his early tragical death, he urges on the work of destruction, selecting, as the victims of his merciless cruelty and refined torture, a small band of unoffending Christians.

It is midnight. The royal palaces resound with revelry and mirth. The magnificent banquet table is crowded with princely and patrician guests—with royal parasites, whose fawning adulation and sycophancy have won for them high places in the emperor's favor. The brilliantly illuminated gardens reveal to the gaze of a multitude of spectators, the burning forms of the sacrificed Christians, whose death-fires are kindled, to minister to the amusement of atrocious Nero and his court.

But there is one retired apartment, at a short distance from this scene of pleasure, within the massive walls of which the sound of mirth and music reaches not. One sole occupant shares the dungeon

gloom. His body is manacled, and bowed to the earth with chains of massive iron; but his free, unfettered spirit, roams with unrestrained liberty. Its mighty inward workings are perceptible in the lofty and determined, as well as sweet and placid expression of his noble countenance. He has lost sight of the cruelties of Nero—he has forgotten his former sufferings, and feels not his present captivity and impending fate. His was not the lot to sink away in the exhaustion of decayed nature, or in the calmness of a quiet and peaceful dissolution: he is doomed to the martyr's death beneath the imperial eye. Yet the hand of violence falls not unexpectedly; and, in the midst of his Christian faith and holy courage, he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He turns from the scene of ignominious death, and, with kindling rapture, contemplating the crown of righteousness reached out to him, he exclaims: "I am ready to be offered up; the time of my departure is at hand!"

"The oppressor held  
His body bound, but knew not what a range  
His spirit took, unconscious of a chain;  
And that to bind him was a vain attempt,  
Whom Heaven approved."

## LOOK ALOFT.

BY VIVENDO.

WHEN comes the time to part,  
And speak the word farewell—  
When feels the throbbing heart  
Much more than words can tell,  
Then look aloft.

When o'er the lov'd one's couch  
Thy form shall sadly bend—  
When every sign shall vouch  
That life is at an end,  
Then look aloft.

When love no longer brings  
The confidence that's giv'n—  
When friendship's tender strings  
By treachery are riv'n,  
Then look aloft.

When storms around thee howl,  
And all is dark and drear—  
When thunders mutt'ring growl,  
And gone is every cheer,  
Then look aloft.

When sickness' fevered hand  
Is on thy temples press'd—  
When thou shalt join the band  
By tyrant death oppress'd,  
Then look aloft.

## GENIUS.

BY REV. B. M. GEMUNG.

In different individuals, genius has a different cast, or appears to be of a different nature; yet, wherever it exists, in whatever way it may lead its possessor to act, it is still the same in its real identity—it is unique originality, acting, or causing persons to act, in particular ways. It is well there is not to be found a person possessing a universal genius. Such a person would be the framer of a thousand schemes, but the finisher of none. He would be dabbling in every thing, and would accomplish nothing. The brief era of man's earthly existence is too limited for him to become a proficient in many arts—his time is too short for him to accomplish many works of magnitude. Wisely, therefore, has the Creator bestowed a diversity of gifts on the children of men.

Many persons possess no particular talent whatever; the ingenuity of some seems only capable of manœuvring in the midst of dollars and cents; the talents of one prompt him to deeds of valor, or to the construction of works of mechanism; while the genius of another pencils the outlines of literature, or arranges the frame-work of science that is to bless a nation with its worth.

The peculiar, native power of Cicero, enabled him to bind the spirits of the senate with a mental chain; and the ill-directed talents of Napoleon made Europe tremble at his frown, and bleed beneath his touch. It was the genius of Homer that struck the Grecian lyre, and the live music of Virgil's soul that breathed on the Roman harp, and rolled its flowing numbers down the tide of classic song. It was genius that led West to paint on canvas the deep sensations of the soul; it made Franklin the charioteer of the lightning, and Morse the *ELECTRIC PENMAN* of the present age. It still lives, and "operates unspent." It has woven our garments, planted our fields, built our cities, dug our canals, whitened our rivers, and girdled the ocean. It writes our literature, and sings our songs.

Superior genius is often perverted, and applied to *curse* instead of to *bless* mankind; yet it may be doubted whether, in its nature, it is averse to rules, or that it cannot dwell within the sphere of truth. If rules are unnatural, or contrary to truth, it breaks over their limitations. The field of truth is far more extensive than that of fiction; and hence, in the onward progress of the human mind, as each succeeding age develops its power, there is a wider range for the full play of genius, and that, too, in the very school of truth. Did close application, did steady thought, did scientific rules cripple the transcendent genius of Newton? Did he not search for facts? Did he not die exploring truths? When the earth seemed too limited for his school-room, he made the firmament his study, and waded through depths of

ether all glittering with worlds; yet ever did he tread upon the lines of truth, and was guided in his flight by the certainty of mathematical demonstration.

True genius sleeps not on a downy pillow, treads not on silken carpets, nor dwells, confined, in garrisoned towers. It rests as well in the storm as in the calm of even-tide—rides as safely on the lightning's wing as on the handiwork of art. The waters cannot quench its flame; for it was a spark of immortality that lighted up its fires. The floods cannot break in upon it; for it is safely harbored in the soul. Wealth seldom wakes its power, and never gives it birth. Once living, it can never die; and, if sanctified by divine truth, its course is onward—its tendency upward, to its native heaven.

## THE SUN.

BY P. J.

STUPENDOUS orb! transcendent visitor to man! from what clime hast thou strayed? Who were thy companions there? Hast thou a father? Or who hath begotten the dew of thy youth? Thou hast ever thy evening magnificence—thy noonday grandeur—thy morning freshness. The zephyrs of spring distil continually from thy lips. Thou hast always the beauty of summer; thy hands perpetually scatter the fruits of autumn; and the polar frosts, blended with the rich varieties of the seasons, hang their crystalline chains over thy youthful bosom. Thou art an ever-speaking monument of the great Jehovah. Thy fadeless light declareth his imperishable glory—thy fixed station the immutability of his decrees—thy regular visits his providential care of man. Upon the wheels of thine own apparent omnipotence thou dost travel swifter than the cannon's ball. "And who hath searched out thy way?" Swifter still fly thy orient beams, pervading, with a kind of ubiquity, thine almost boundless empire. Imagination tires while following thee in thy "little rounds," and reason sinks overpowered while but contemplating the vestments that skirt thy vast dominions. Had thine Author handed forth nothing else from the heavens, thou art enough to declare his ubiquity, the eternity of his existence, the omnipotence of his arm, and the overpowering majesty of his transcendent beatitudes. Thou dost but peep upon our earth, and Nox and Somnus, quitting their abodes, make their flight equal to the haste of thy coming. Ten thousand times ten thousand beings spring into activity. Drooping flowers lift their smiling faces, while thy soft hand gently wipes their tears away. Thy fair daughter, Aurora, seated in her "rose-colored chariot, by celestial horses" drawn, with the morning star beaming over her head, diffuses the most jasmin fragrance, and kindles the most elysian raptures.

## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1847.

## THE RULING PASSION.

NEVER, since the world was made, did a mortal so clearly demonstrate the power of a ruling passion, as did the Cardinal de Mazarin, the high priest and prime minister of Louis the Fourteenth. There is probably no instance on record, in which the force of a guilty habit, in the very face of death, is more strikingly displayed.

"In 1630," says Miss Pardoe, who has given his character to the life, "he had barely emerged from obscurity, and had, for all fortune, his diplomatic subtlety and his indomitable ambition; while, in 1661, he died possessed of a sum equal to two hundred millions of the money of the present day. He died unmourned even by his own family, every member of which he had raised to rank and opulence; for his avarice had counteracted the effect of his exertions. Each felt that he was striving rather to exalt himself through them, than to benefit their individual fortunes; while they resented the parsimony which, after decorating them with a rank requiring a corresponding expenditure, left them in a position that prevented their upholding it with dignity.

"In short, the avarice of Mazarin had passed into a proverb, and both friends and enemies were subjected to its withering effects. Every circumstance afforded him a pretext for augmenting his hoards; and his favorite axiom, whenever he was thwarted, of 'They sing, they shall pay for it,' was never once contradicted throughout his whole period of power.

"Mazarin felt no compunction in cheating at cards, which were, at that period, the ruling passion of the court, and, miser as he was, habitually risked the gain or loss of fifty thousand livres in a night; while, as a natural consequence, his temper ebbed and flowed with his fortune.

"Perhaps the most amusing anecdote connected with his avarice, multitudinous as they were, was an equivocal which occurred only a few days before he breathed his last, and within an hour after he had obtained the absolution which his confessor had, for a time, withheld. The Cardinal had just transmitted his will to Colbert, when some one scratched at the door, which having been interdicted, Bernouin, his confidential valet-de-chambre, dismissed the visitor.

"Who was there?" asked Mazarin, as his attendant returned to his bedside.

"It was M. de Tubeuf, the president of the chamber of accounts," replied Bernouin; "and I told him your Eminence could not be seen."

"Alas!" exclaimed the dying man, "what have you done? he owed me money; perhaps he came to pay it; call him back—call him back instantly."

"M. de Tubeuf was overtaken in the anteroom and introduced. Nor had the Cardinal deceived himself. He was, indeed, come to liquidate a heavy gambling debt, and Mazarin welcomed him with as bright a smile as though he had years of life before him, in which to profit by his good fortune, took the hundred pistoles which he had brought in his hand, and asked for his jewel-casket, which was placed upon the bed, when he deposited the coins in one of the compartments, and then began to examine with great interest the valuable gems which it contained.

"You must give me leave, M. de Tubeuf," he said, with emphasis, as he lifted a fine brilliant, and passed it rapidly across the light, 'to offer to Madame de Tubeuf—'

"The president of accounts, believing that the Cardinal, in acknowledgment of the heavy sums which he had from time to time gained at the card-table, on his account, since he had been too ill to act for himself, was about to present the precious gem which he then held in his trembling fingers, moved a pace or two nearer to the bed with a smile upon his lips.

"To offer to Madame de Tubeuf—' repeated the dying miser, still gazing upon the jewel—'to offer to Madame de Tubeuf—my very best compliments.' And, as he ceased speaking, he closed the casket, and made a sign that it should be removed.

"Nothing remained for the discomfited courtier but to make his bow and depart, with the mortification of feeling that he had been, for an instant, so far the dupe of his own wishes, as to believe, that while he was yet alive, Jules de Mazarin could make up his mind to give away any thing for which he had no prospect of receiving an equivalent."

## ROYAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

KINGS, who, it is said, can do no wrong, have, at least, done a great deal of harm. Their worst influence, perhaps, is that exerted by their courtly extravagance. While the subjects toil hard, and are at last but very scantily fed, their sovereigns are rolling in splendor and wealth. It was so with Louis the Fourteenth. His income, so immense, that, when hundreds of millions had been embezzled from it by his faithless ministers, he could not appreciate or even recognize the loss, was thrown away upon his costly vices, while his people were eating oat-meal bread to keep them from starvation. But the courtiers of such a monarch always imitate their head. Their example, in its turn, goes on descending from one rank to another, until the entire population of a country becomes corrupted by the impudence and profusion of the court. The kings of Persia, we are told by the Greek historians, used to appropriate the revenues of certain provinces to particular articles of dress; and, in this way, by a very common figure of speech, they received titles indicative of their relation to the wardrobe of the family of the king. One would be called, for instance, the King's Night-Cap; another, the Queen's Girdle; a third, the Prince's Slipper. The poor people of these provinces wrought hard, and paid their taxes, knowing that their money was thus squandered in luxury. Ruin, rebellion, or revolt, was the word always upon their lips. It was for this reason, that, in its greatest strength, the kingdom of Persia was found by the Greeks to be but a rope of sand. It fell to pieces at a touch. But the same cause always works the same results. The French, the English, and the American Revolutions were occasioned in the same way. The extravagance of the English court, prior to our Revolution, has been clearly exposed by American writers, and, occasionally, by the bards of the motherland. Thus John Taylor, the Water Poet, speaks indignantly of those, who, in his nervous language,

"Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,  
And spangled garters worth a copy-hold;  
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost;  
A gaudy cloak three manors' price almost;  
A beaver band and feather for the head,  
Prized at the Church's tithe—the poor man's bread."



## NOTICES.

**BROOKS' GREEK LESSONS.** *Sorin & Ball.* 1847.—This book we have examined with a good deal of care, as we do all works of its class, and especially those relating to the Greek language. We have found much real merit in this little volume. Embracing many of the improvements of former editors, it has some very valuable ones of its own. It is both analytical and syncretical in its method; but the synthesis is better than the analysis. The analysis of the verb, for example, is by no means perfect. The roots of words are not kept distinct from their prefixes and affixes; but this defect is by no means so great as in Professor Anthon's books. On the whole, Mr. Brooks' Lessons are as good as any now in use, and, in some respects, even better. We hope the book will have success.

**SPECIMEN OF A NEW EDITION OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, with a Clavis, by N. C. Brooks.** *Sorin & Ball.* 1847.—This work is by the same author as the one above, and will do much more to establish his reputation as a scholar. It is really a very excellent edition, unsurpassed, indeed, entirely unequalled, in our opinion, by any other now extant. The text is very carefully printed, and the notes are very able. There is a sort of running comparison kept up in them between the descriptions of the poet and the language of the Bible. This is a fine idea. The quotations from the English poets are, also, apposite and excellent. The illustrations, or pictorial embellishments, are very beautiful, and are from designs, we understand, furnished by the editor himself. We repeat, this is the best edition of Ovid now extant, and will, of itself, establish the reputation of Mr. Brooks on a rock. The enterprising publishers, also, have done themselves great credit by the very splendid manner in which this work is printed. We are almost certain it will have an abundant sale.

**HEMANS' READER FOR FEMALE SCHOOLS, containing extracts in Prose and Poetry, selected from the Writings of more than one hundred and thirty different Authors.** *W. B. Smith & Co. Cincinnati.*—The title of this work, as we have copied it, gives the reader a perfect description of its character, and needs no comment from our pen. It is printed on good paper, and in a very fair, clear type.

**THE SYSTEM OF AMERICAN UNIVERSALISM, exhibited and exposed in a Sermon.** *By Rev. M. Hill. Swormstedt & Mitchell.*—This is the ablest discourse we have ever read or heard preached on the subject of Universalism. It has run up to the fourth edition, and ought to be read carefully by every person interested in this important subject. Mr. Hill, whom we know well, and whose name has been dear to us for many years, is one of the very best controversial writers in this country. A package, containing a thousand copies of the Sermon, is now at the Book Room, ready for circulation. Let them be scattered all over this western country. We know of nothing, which, as a tract for general distribution, would do better service for the cause of evangelical religion.

**THE AMERICAN PULPIT. Original and Selected. Monthly.** *Rev. Jonathan D. Bridges, Editor.*—We have once before written a favorable notice of this work, which, however, it appears, on inquiry of the printer, was crowded out by other matter having precedence. The Pulpit has always been a work of high merit; but it is now more meritorious than ever. The

October number is the best thus far issued. It contains two excellent sermons, one from the pen of Rev. Dr. Bates, the other by Rev. Sidney Dean, both of which are equal to any of their predecessors. The editor of the Pulpit, as we know from personal acquaintance, is a man of sound mind, unusually strong intellectual abilities, extensive and correct learning, and thorough editorial accomplishments. In his hands the Pulpit will rapidly rise to the very highest character for every needful quality in such a work.

**AN ADDRESS, delivered before the Literary Societies of Randolph Macon College, June, 1847.** *By Charles F. Deems, Professor in the University of North Carolina.*—This is an able and eloquent production, abounding in evidences of the author's extensive and judicious reading, strong in sentiment, beautiful in style, and altogether vigorous and impressive.

**THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW,** for the last quarter, is one of the very best ever issued. It is wonderful how our enterprising ministers can forego the profit and pleasure of its regular visits. We should feel lost, so far as our current theological literature is concerned, without it. The likeness of the Rev. J. B. Finley, notwithstanding the criticisms passed upon it, is really not so bad as it has been represented. Although the ordinary expression of his face is not as stern as in the picture, we have seen him put it on for a moment. Not long since, in our own parlor, while relating an anecdote requiring a determined cast of countenance, he realized exactly, as we then thought, the peculiar look caught by the watchful artist. The occasion, however, passing with the moment, his features fell back again into their ordinary settled, good-natured, self-relying position. The editorial department of this number is more than usually entertaining; and the contributors have more than done their duty. They have done it ably.

**THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION, Natural and Revealed.** *By Bishop Butler, with an Analysis, Life, and Preface by the Editor of this periodical,* is in press at the time of this writing, but, before this number of our work is distributed, will be ready for the public. We think we may say, without self-adulation, that it will be the best edition of the great master-piece of Dr. Butler ever published. We have spent many months of hard labor on it, and have resolved to make it a specimen of what books should be. It is printed in the most beautiful manner, and is to be bound in fine muslin covers. We expect to see it in all our schools and colleges, and hope it may not fail to find its way into all our Christian families. We know of no work on a religious subject, except the Bible, which so perfectly meets the wants of the present generation. It is a perfect Gibraltar in religion.

**THE LITERARY REGISTER,** published at Philadelphia, by Rev. W. H. Gilder, is a most desirable literary periodical for all literary men. It has, thus far, given universal satisfaction. It has, certainly, more than realized our personal expectations.

**MINUTES OF THE MAINE CONFERENCE,** forwarded by our old and esteemed friend, Rev. C. W. Morse, is a model of what such minutes should be.

**THE HOME MAGAZINE AND FIRESIDE READER,** for November, an excellent work, and a good number.

**THE CHRISTIAN WREATH,** for October, good, like its predecessors.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE closing number of the year, reader, is now before you; and, for want of room, and for that cause only, it brings you but about six pages from the editorial pen. But our contributors have done their part so well, that you have neither lack nor loss, on our account, to mourn.

It would be easy, so far as the labor is concerned, to write all the matter for the work ourselves. It would be, indeed, much easier than the task we now perform; for it requires more time, more care, more hard work, to keep the run of a score or two of regular correspondents, to read all the irregular contributions sent to us, to correct, enlarge, abridge, or otherwise modify many articles full of matter but bad in orthography, or loose in style, than to compose an equal number of pages on our own account. Our readers, also, see only the articles which we print, and may imagine it not so hard a task, after all, to prepare the matter thus printed. They know not the bushels of rejected correspondence, which, whatever be the needful labor, we are compelled to read.

Nor would a person, inexperienced in the business, readily conceive the amount of matter which an editor of such a work is called upon to write. By a slight calculation, we are assured, that, to write and print an ordinary lecture or address every week, would not exceed the number of pages, which, as editor of the Repository, we have contributed during the year; and what person, what minister, what president or professor of a college, would be anxious to write and publish a pamphlet of sixteen ordinary pages every week! And yet, reader, the composition of our own articles is, really, not *one-third* of the labor we have this year performed.

It is known, perhaps, to many of our readers, that, added to our official relations to the Repository, we are the responsible editor of all the books of the general catalogue published at the Western Book Concern; and, it is well enough to add, that more has been done the past year, in the publication of new works, than in any two or three years before.

But, with even this increase of duties, we have had strength left to preach the blessed Gospel nearly every Sabbath, and to lecture regularly, when at home, during the greater part of the year, to a class of Sabbath school teachers and superintendents, four times a week.

But an editor, it may be said, should have more time than all these duties will allow, to read. That depends on the way in which he spends his time. Never, for the last twenty years, have we read as many pages in the same period, as in the year now drawing to a close. One thing, however, we ought to say, that we cannot accuse ourselves of having spent one hour, for the last year, in idleness.

But we expect, gentle reader, if we cannot be more industrious for the coming year, to be more successful. The past has been a schoolmaster. We just begin to feel acquainted with our business; and we repeat, what we said in our last issue, that we have formed the deliberate resolution, to spare no pains in making the next volume the best of the entire series. The Agents are with us in this resolution; and we will state a few points on which our readers may anticipate improvement.

1. The embellishments will be the best ever used in the Repository. We have had a first-rate New York artist at work for us nearly all the past year, on designs imported from London; and we can say, without exag-

geration, that his pictures are among the best we have ever seen. Four of the plates for the next year, at our own suggestion, will illustrate the four great events in the life of Wesley—his escape from the flames of Epworth, his visit to the shores of Georgia, a scene from middle life, and, to close with, his tomb. These will be splendid things, and would, of themselves, cost as much, at any book-store, as we ask for a year's subscription. We have, also, procured, at a large outlay of means, a series of almost unrivaled embellishments, illustrative of the scenery of the west. This series is entirely new and rare. Other fine embellishments will be scattered along, as the seasons call for, throughout the year. On the whole, so far as engravings are concerned, the Repository was never so admirably supplied.

2. The contributions will, for the next volume, be shorter, more carefully written, and better matured. They will, also, take a higher range of topics, imparting to the work a rank superior to that which it has thus far maintained. We have invited to our columns several of the first writers in the country, some of whom have very cordially responded to our call. The old favorites, on the other hand, of our numerous readers, will continue to write for us. Essays, scenes, sketches, literary and religious disquisitions, and articles of every character,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

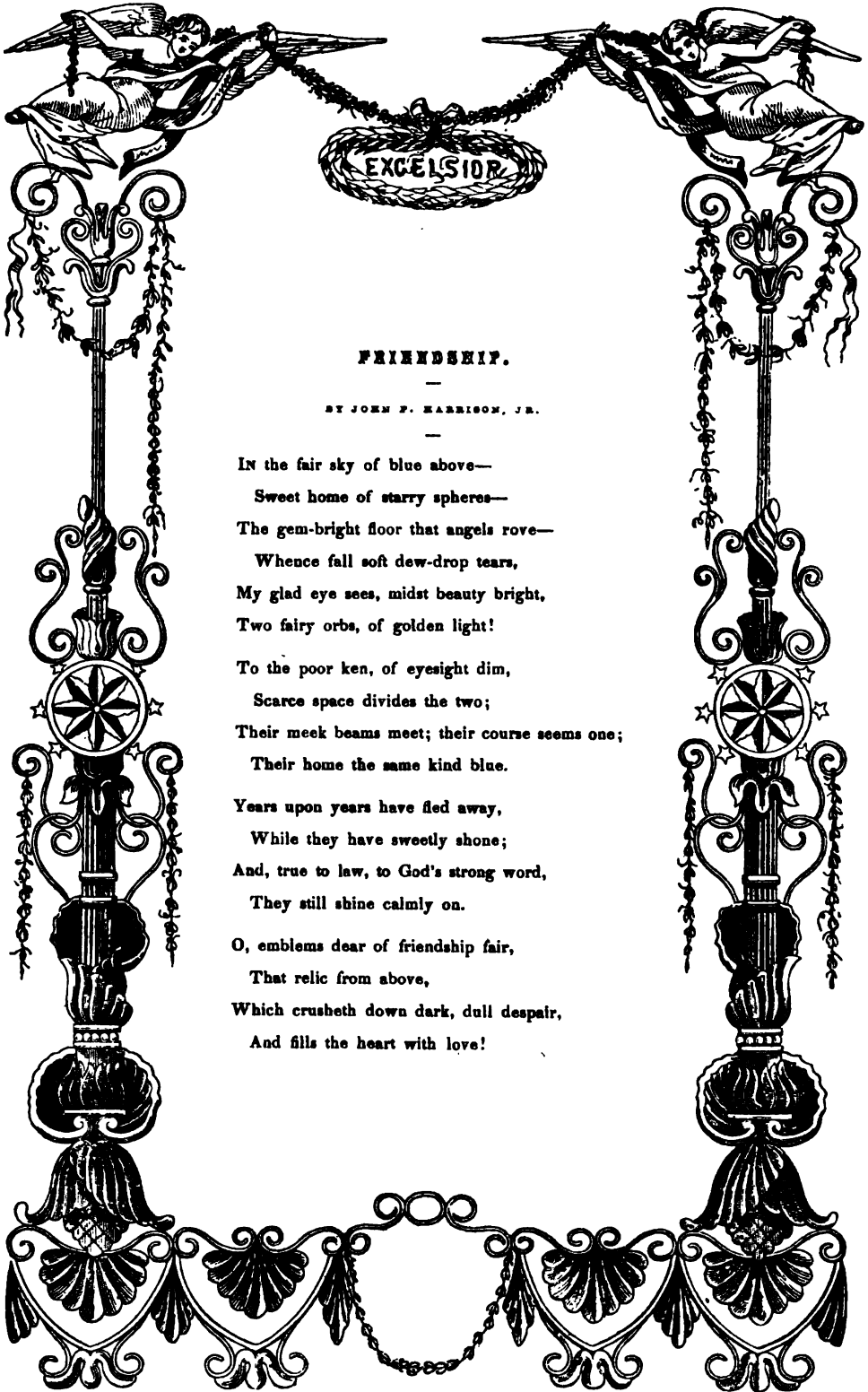
may be expected to fill the pages of the coming volume.

3. In the editorial department there will be an improvement. After our usual leading article, with whatever small pieces may be deemed worthy of a place, we shall hereafter give choice gems, modified to suit the genius of the Repository, gathered from every part of the literary world. This, we think, may be made a very attractive portion of the work.

4. Another feature, entirely new, will be given to the Repository during the year to come. We have taken great pains to furnish the work with a few foreign correspondents, who, it is expected, will keep us informed of all the interesting details of European life. This department will be not only literary, but domestic in its character, affording amusing comparisons, no doubt, between the doings of the old world and of our own. We have now on our table the first fruits of this negotiation, in an introductory article from a highly accomplished German lady, who writes in French. Her communications, however, we shall in every case translate. An English lady, now visiting the continent, has also *promised* us occasional notices of what she may see and hear. This portion of the work, if we can succeed in it as we hope, will be entirely fresh and new.

5. Yet, with all these additions and improvements, the reader need have no fears about the moral and religious character of the Repository. This shall, at every hazard, be inviolably preserved. Not a jewel, however rich or brilliant, which dazzles only to lure, or blazes only to make one blind, shall ever find a place in the diadem we covet for our work to wear. No person, who even writes for the unblushing, scintillating, trashy, novel-rivalling periodicals of the day, shall be permitted to desecrate our pages with his name.

Well, reader, we have now finished our table, the most ungracious part of our task, when duty to the work compels us to say so many things of our own poor efforts. You will also forgive our having written, during the year, as you will learn by the table of contents, one piece of poetry. It was because we had no other.



FRIENDSHIP.

BY JOHN F. HARRISON, JR.

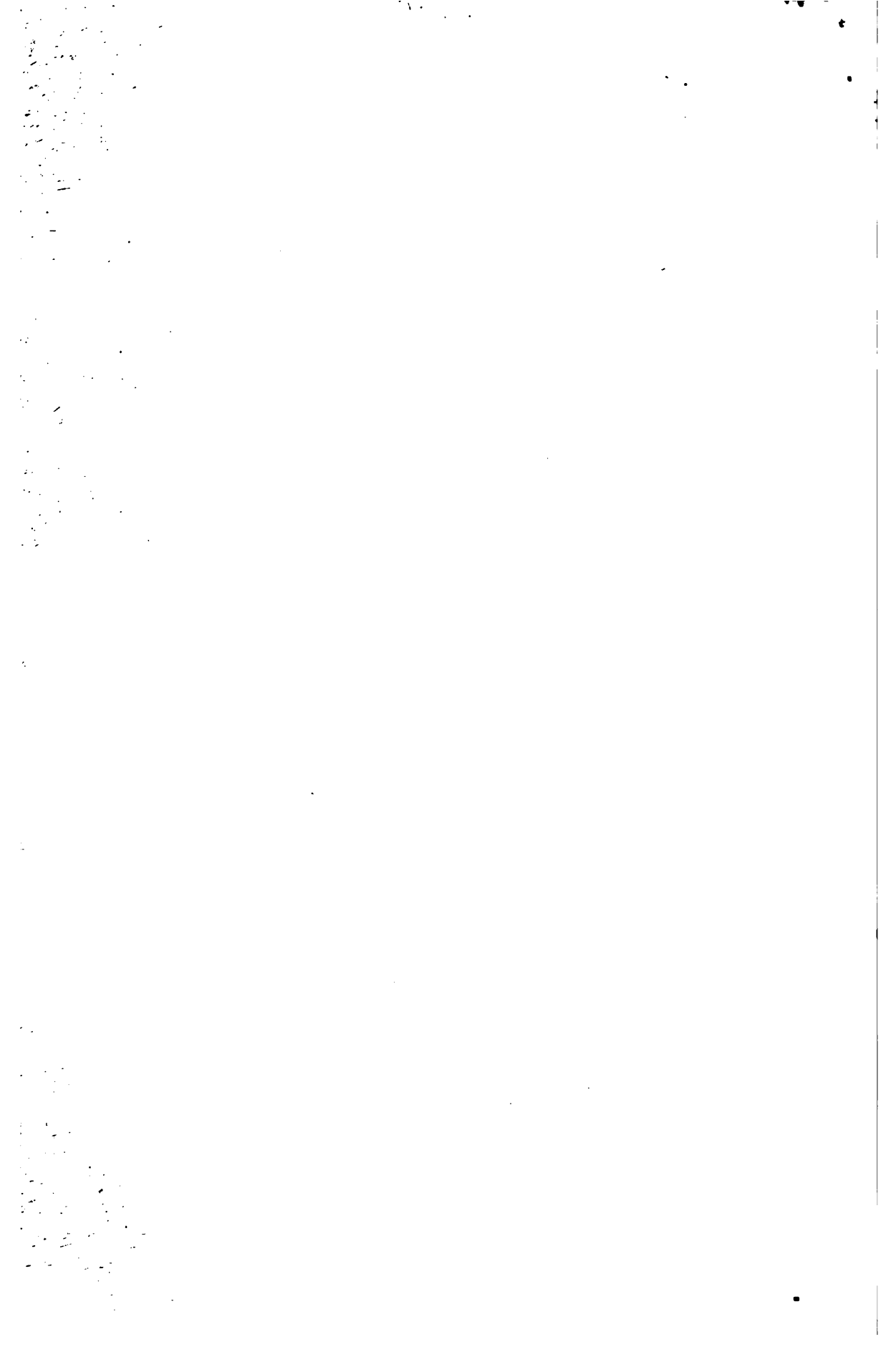
IN the fair sky of blue above—  
Sweet home of starry spheres—  
The gem-bright floor that angels rove—  
Whence fall soft dew-drop tears,  
My glad eye sees, midst beauty bright,  
Two fairy orbs, of golden light!

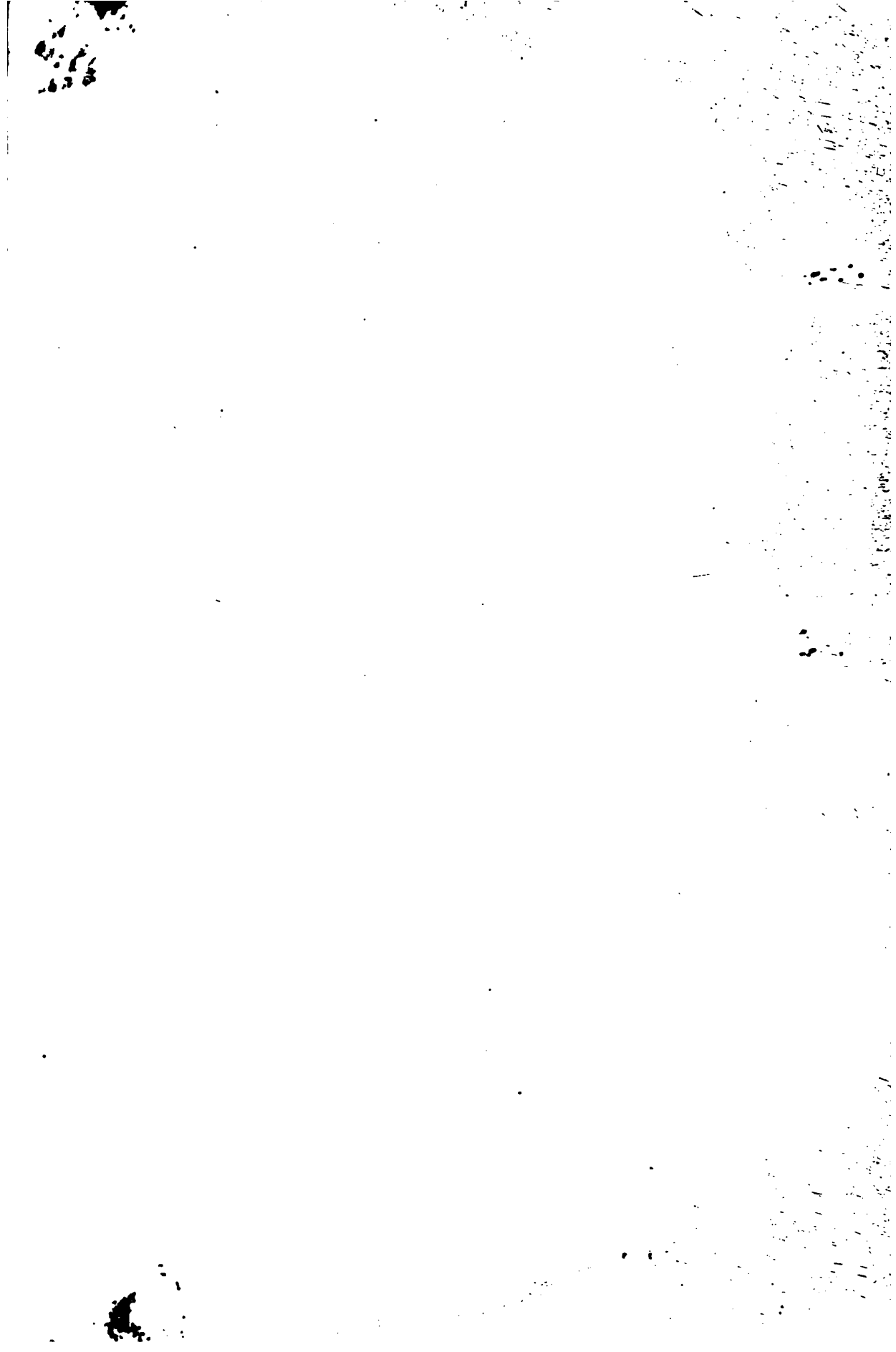
To the poor ken, of eyesight dim,  
Scarce space divides the two;  
Their meek beams meet; their course seems one;  
Their home the same kind blue.

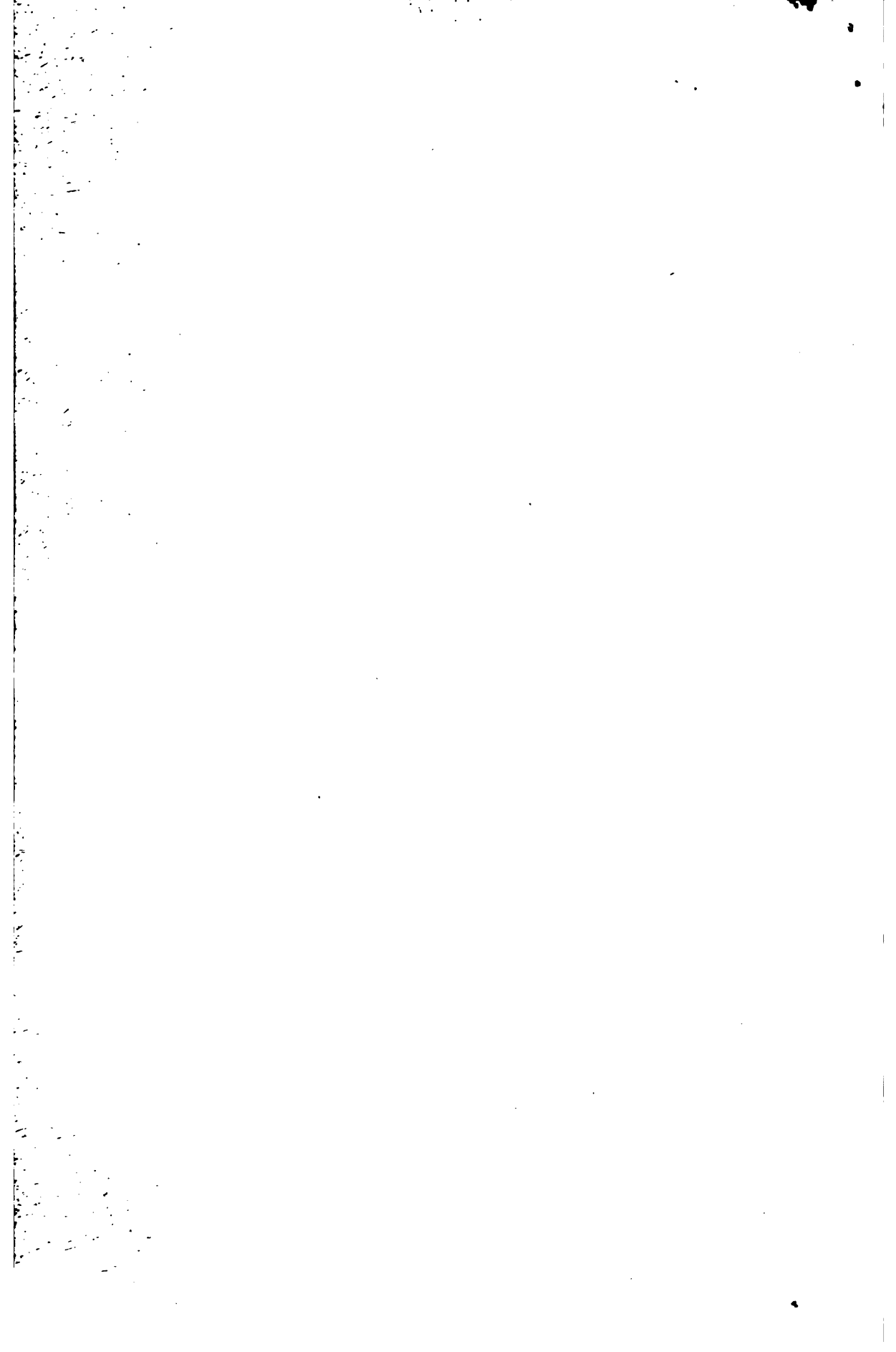
Years upon years have fled away,  
While they have sweetly shone;  
And, true to law, to God's strong word,  
They still shine calmly on.

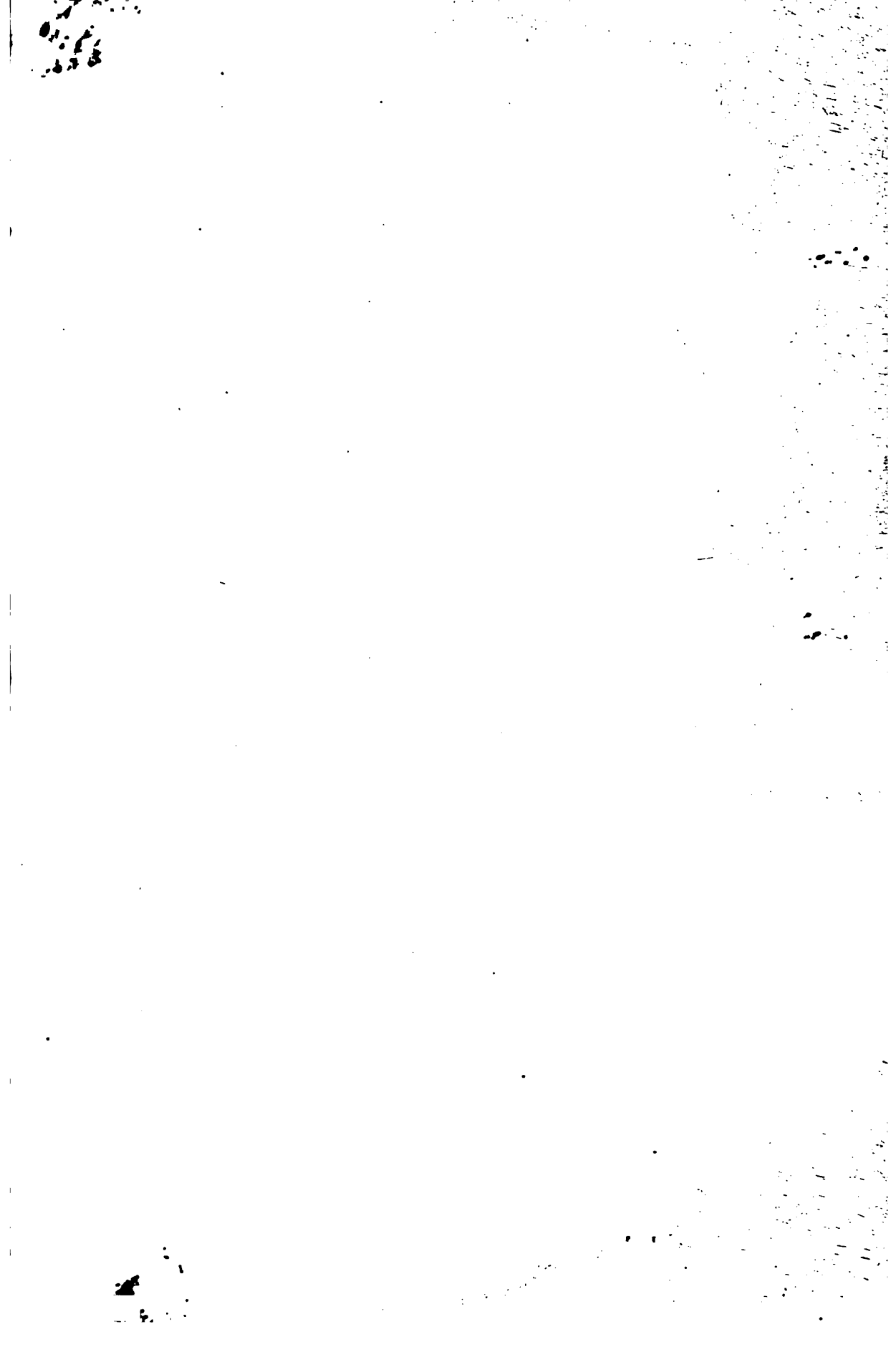
O, emblems dear of friendship fair,  
That relic from above,  
Which crusheth down dark, dull despair,  
And fills the heart with love!













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